RUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee."

The Golden Legend, by WYNKYN DE WORDE.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

25 CORNHILL.

1839.

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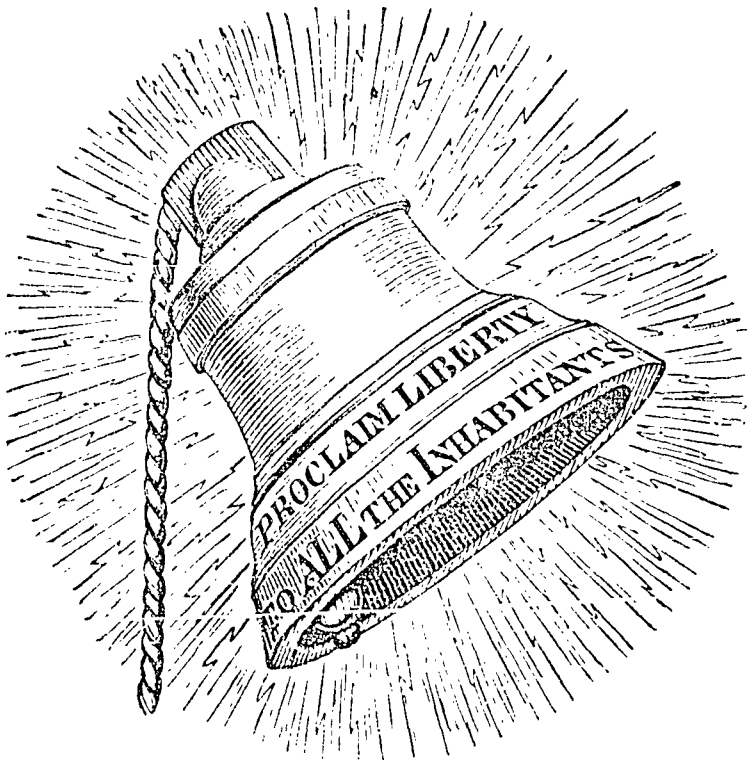

SONNET

SUGGESTED BY THE INSCRIPTION ON THE PHILADELPHIA LIBERTY BELL.

It is no tocsin of affright we sound,
Summoning nations to the conflict dire ; —
No fearful peal from cities wrapped in fire
Echoes, at our behest, the land around : —
Yet would we rouse our country's utmost bound

With joyous clangor from each tower and spire,
Till yon dark forms of mother and of sire,
Lifting their sullen glances from the ground,
Shall stand erect exultingly, while near
LIBERTY passes by, with lofty greeting! —
The hills are shaken by the shout of cheer
From slaves made free, and friends long parted meeting.
Join, thou true hearted one, — oppression shaming!
LIBERTY through the land, to *all* its sons proclaiming.

M. W. C.

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THE LIBERTY BELL.

INCENDIARISM OF ABOLITIONISTS.

BY GEORGE BRADBURN.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the declamation I have heard about the incendiary publications of abolitionists, I have never yet seen any writings of theirs, to which that odious epithet could be applied with any more appropriateness, than it might be to the Sermon of Jesus on the Mount; and I challenge any person to produce any such publication as this objection presupposes.

I once undertook a search for that purpose myself; I did not doubt that I should accomplish my purpose; for the ideas I then had of abolition were derived almost solely from its enemies. I had, indeed, heard a lecture on the subject, by George Thompson, that "foreign renegado," as he was called by the baser sort of our newspaper editors; but whom, nevertheless, all England delights to honor, as the man on whom has fallen the mantle of her glorious Wilberforce. I went to hear that "renegado," out of regard to a personal friend; being at the time deeply prejudiced against the "meddlesome foreigner." Never was I more disappointed. Never before had I listened to eloquence so pure and lofty. Never have I heard words from human lips that would so well have become an angel's. Among the excellent things he then said was this, that he "would not harm a hair of the slaveholder's head to liberate every slave in the universe;

for he would not do evil that good might come." But still I was not satisfied. True, I thought Mr. Thompson a wonderful man; but I remembered to have read, that Satan might be "transformed into an angel of light," and was not without some misgivings that I had now witnessed a case of such transformation. Still I was sure of finding incendiarism enough in the *writings* of abolitionists; but in this also I was disappointed. After the most diligent search, I could find nothing in their publications that answered at all to the descriptions I had received of them; none of the disorganizing, insurrectionary, fanatical, blood-thirsty doctrines, which my good friends had assured me were there. Instead of finding, as I had supposed I might find, the poor slaves exhorted to rise and break their chains at all hazards, and at any expense, even at the cost of their masters' lives, and hopes of assistance held out to them, I found the members of the American Anti-Slav-

ery Society had solemnly pledged themselves never, in any way, to countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force! And I found nothing inconsistent with that sentiment.

But though I was greatly disappointed in this search for incendiary matter among the publications of the abolitionists, it was one of the best things that ever happened to me. It taught me the invaluable lesson, that I was not to form opinions of men, or their measures, by what the world might say of them. I was wont to flatter myself I had that lesson pretty well by heart, before this occurrence; but the event showed I had learned it too imperfectly. I fear this is the case with many now; and to all such I would say, "Read the publications of abolitionists for yourselves. Read them candidly and faithfully; then, if you will, if you can, condemn them as incendiary, or fanatical."

LINES

TO THOSE MEN AND WOMEN, WHO WERE AVOWED ABOLITIONISTS IN 1831, '32, '33, '34, AND '35.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

The reader will recollect how the fiery cross of Clan-Alpine was hurried through the land by messengers, who paused neither for joy nor sorrow, life nor death, till the signal had warned every clansman of approaching battle.

Ye glorious band! Ye chosen few!
On whom God's Spirit came, —
Endowed with heart so bold and true,
And tongues of living flame; —

How memory kindles to review
The strife of recent years!
As the torch of Truth went struggling through
Contending doubts and fears.

That torch, like Alpine's fiery cross,
Flew fast from hand to hand,—
Through deadly peril, pain, and loss,
It lightened round the land.

Men saw the kindling watch-fires burn
From rivers to the sea,
And paused mid worldly gain to learn
Whence all this light could be.

They heard the stunning roar and clash
Of elements contending,
They saw the burning glare and flash
Sin's secret caverns rending.

Then rose the loud discordant yell
Of selfishness and power ;
The light too strong upon them fell,
In God's own searching hour.

In civil garb, or priestly guise,
The aged and the youth,
The prudent and the worldly wise
Combined against the Truth.

Ye smiled to see the war they waged,
And scorned their rash design ;
Ye knew how vainly Hell had raged
Against a truth divine.

Right valiantly ye kept your path,
And bore the beacon high,
While roaring in tumultuous wrath,
The stormy waves rushed by.

Boldly ye sent the signal forth!
Nor flashed the fire in vain;
For the South answering to the North,*
Reflected it again.

Now the whole land is filled with light,
And converts come like dew, —
God grant the torch may burn as bright,
As when our names were few!

In sooth, it somewhat grieves my heart,
That the world is coming in,
With its polluting, prudent art
Of compromise with sin.

* James G. Birney, James A. Thome, Dr. Nelson, Mr. Taylor, Angelina and Sarah Grimké, all Anti-Slavery lecturers and agents, from the slave-holding states.

For oh, it was a solemn joy,
That tide of sin to turn!
A holy and a blest employ,
To make those watch-fires burn!

God bless you with his love divine,
Dear brethren, tried and true!
And grant your light may brightly shine,
As when our names were few.

Written at Boston,
November, 1837.

MOTHER CŒLIA.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

A FEW weeks since, I paid a visit to a revered and beloved relative, who enjoys the evening of a long and well-spent life, in one of the most beautiful of our inland towns. Our conversation was chiefly of the past. We talked of the people and customs of times which preceded the Revolution; of the siege of Boston; of General Washington and Dr. Franklin; and of the officers of the French fleet, who, at a later period, were in habits of intimate intercourse with the family of her father — my great-grandfather, at Braintree, now Quincy.

Among other things, we talked of the "patriarchal system," as it existed in New England,

seventy years since. She told me of the attention which was paid to the religious instruction of her father's slaves; of their attachment to the family; (which, however, did not prevent their running away upon occasion,) and of the kind treatment they received. Distinctions, however, were made between them and the white servants, and they always sat at separate tables, though they were on the best possible terms.

My aunt spoke with particular affection of one of the slaves, who was her nurse, and who was known in the family as Mother Cœlia. I had before heard of Mother Cœlia; for an uncertain tradition had come down in the nursery of the family, even to my times, about her. I well remember the mysterious idea I had of her, as a child; and that, after dark, I would have made any reasonable circuit to avoid passing through the room in which she was said to have died. My aunt, at my request, gave me a

connected account of her; some particulars of which seem to me worth preserving.

Cœlia was brought to Boston from Africa at seven years of age, and was immediately purchased by my great-grandfather. In his family she remained till her death. She believed that she was made of the true porcelain clay of Africa, and that she would have been entitled to the rank and precedence of a princess of the Blood, had she remained in that country; and her opinion was confirmed by a sort of *tattooing*, supposed to be peculiar to royalty. She was an uncommonly handsome woman, of a strong mind and a true heart. She had, too, as good an education as was generally thought necessary at that period for women in any rank of life; that is to say, she had been taught to read and write. She received into her arms the members of a numerous family at their birth, and closed the eyes of many of them in death. She tenderly loved her master and his children,

and was regarded by them rather as an humble friend, than as a slave; but her high spirit could never become reconciled to her servile condition. The draught of slavery was still bitter, though commended to her lips by a kind and friendly hand.

Mother Cœlia would gather the little inhabitants of the nursery around her, and tell them how, at their tender age, she was literally taken by force out of her father's arms, and carried away into a strange land, and sold into hopeless captivity.

"I do not tell you these things, my dears," she would add, "to make you think hardly of your father for buying me; for he only did what everybody else does, and he has always been a good master to me; but when you grow up, don't you buy slaves."

"From that time," said my excellent aunt, "I have been an abolitionist."

Cœlia, in the course of her pilgrimage, had been married, and had ten children, all of whom died young. One day, my aunt, when sitting at play by her side in the nursery, said in all the heedlessness of childhood: "Mother Cœlia, are you not sorry that all your children are dead?"

"No, my dear," she replied, turning quickly upon her; "No, my dear; I do not want slaves to live!"

Just before the revolutionary war broke out, when liberty was as familiar in men's mouths as it now is, and somewhat nearer their hearts, many of the slaves throughout New England were unreasonable enough to think, that the principles which they heard daily maintained applied to Blacks as well as Whites, and unscrupulously helped themselves to their freedom. Of this number were most of the slaves of my great-grandfather. He was a zealous Whig; and to the credit of his consistency, be

it told, he took no measures for the recovery of his "property."

Cœlia had made up her mind to follow their example, when her intentions came to the ear of her master. He, in all kindness, expostulated with her on her determination. He told her he should make no oppesition to her plan, if she chose to adhere to it; but he reminded her that they had grown old together, that she had ever received the kindest treatment at his hands; and he described to her the difference she would find in her situation, when entirely dependent on her own industry for support, compared with what it would be if she had him to look up to.

"I know very well," said he, "that you can get a good living in Boston as a cook or confectioner, as long as your strength lasts; but the time must soon arrive when you will be too old to work; and your health may fail before that time comes. In such an event, you must be left to the charity of strangers, or come up-

on the parish; whereas, if you remain in my service, you may depend upon being treated, in age or in sickness, with the same tenderness I would bestow on a sister or a daughter. If you persist in your intention of leaving me, I shall give my consent; but I wish you to take a few days to reflect upon what I have said, and then decide."

These arguments, combined with her affection for her master's family, prevailed over her thirst for freedom, and she remained with him to the end of her days.

A few years after, she was seized with her last illness. On her death-bed her master addressed her to this effect: "Cœlia, did I not advise you well? You have now in your last sickness all the comforts and luxuries which my fortune can command, or that I would bestow on my wife or daughter. Are you not satisfied that you are much better off now, than you

would have been, had you taken your freedom, as you wished ? "

"No, Sir," replied the slave, turning her dying eyes upon her master, — "No, Sir ; for then I should have died FREE ! "

I do not know whether others will deem these traits worthy of a record ; but it appears to me, if these replies had been made by a Roman Matron, carried captive to Carthage, or into Pontus, historians would have inscribed them upon their pages, and Cœlia would have been as honored a name upon the lips of all posterity, as those of Arria or Cornelia.

ADDRESS OF A RUSSIAN TO THE CORPSE OF HIS FRIEND.

(See Madame De Staël's "Ten Years of Exile.")

BY ANN GREENE CHAPMAN.

Why dost thou leave us, beloved one,
To live and to suffer alone?
No more shall we hear thy glad voice,
Calling our sad hearts to rejoice.

Why hast thou abandoned us dear one?
Our home seems deserted, forlorn;
For thou wert the joy of the place,
Thy sweetness, thy love, its chief grace.

Didst thou feel weary of this life?
Did it seem to thee full of strife?

Friends would smooth the path before thee,
And to peace and joy restore thee.

Why, oh why didst thou leave this earth,
Thy home below, thy place of birth?
Why wouldst thou seek a happier land,
And leave thy friends on this distant strand?

But the dead returned no answer to the passionate appeal,
And its cold regardless silence no feeling did reveal.
But the spirit of our Father spoke to the despairing heart,
"Look upward unto Heaven, and thou shalt know why friends thus part."

TO THE MEMORY OF ANN GREENE CHAPMAN.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Among the best and loveliest of thy race,
No name doth Memory cherish more than thine:
Not Time shall easily its worth efface,
Graven as it is on Freedom's hallowed shrine.
Rare were the virtues that in thee were found,
Emitting splendor, like the stars of Night, —
Enfranchised Spirit! now with glory crowned,
Now dwelling in the blest abode of light.
Earth, with its golden follies, thou didst spurn,—
Ceaseless thy aim to do the will of God:
How deep for outraged nature thy concern,
And warm thy zeal to break the oppressor's rod!

PHILANTHROPY, — oh dear departed friend!
Mourns that a fearless advocate hath fled;
And captive millions groans do heavenward send,
Now thou art numbered with the silent dead.

Boston, Oct. 27, 1837.

LINES

Written on hearing the remark of a friend, that a large number of Abolitionists had died during the preceding years.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

Too true thy words! a glorious band have faded
from our side,
With aching hearts we vainly muse on them
the good and tried:
Mid scenes of joyous hope or trust their forms
before us rise,
Their shadowy presence girds our souls in hours
of sacrifice.
Is our path bright? we mourn that they its beauty should not share, —
Is the way dark? we would not fear, were they
but with us there.

But while in fervent grief we weep above each
lowly grave,
May we like them the weak protect, from wrong
the helpless save;
Their pure devotion, earnest faith, and love of
human kind,
Within our inmost souls let these an answering
echo find;
And should the hour of peril come, and free-
dom's friends turn pale,
The memory of the faithful dead shall prove as
triple mail.

But does yon world, the far, the unknown, be-
stow no thought on ours?
Do not fond memories of *us* yet linger in those
bowers?
Ah! yes, "a cloud of witnesses" are bending
round us now,
With life immortal on each cheek, and glory
round each brow;

The bitter scorn, the weary toil, on earth so meekly borne,
Have cast no shadows o'er the face whose absence here we mourn.

And as our onward path we tread, too oft perplexed and slow,
With what an earnest watchfulness they mark the path we go;
And when, despite the assailing world, we rally for the slave,
And in his cause its sharpest darts with calm endurance brave,
And when in all of human kind a brother's face we see,
Whate'er his color, creed, or clime, — whate'er his destiny,

Oh! does not then an answer come in thrilling tones of power,
Vouchsafing commune to our souls, even in an earthly hour,

And whispering to our inmost hearts, "Below
we meet no more,
But in the spirit-world thy soul even unto ours
may soar;
And not one holy wish or thought, that rises in
thy heart,
But meets its kindred in our souls of which it
forms a part."

Boston, December 19, 1837.

Blessed spirits, that have gone from mortal jars and earthly frowns to celestial welcome and eternal peace! Ye have learned from your Savior that God permits the highest services to humanity to be returned with ingratitude, in order to teach men that such missions can be performed *only* by the disinterested. These are the flaming cherubim to turn away the little and the worldly-minded, lest they should encumber righteous reform with selfish aid.

David Lee Child.

CHARITY BOWERY.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE following story was told me by an aged colored woman in New York. I shall endeavor to relate it precisely in her own words, so often repeated that they are tolerably well impressed on my memory. Some confusion of names, dates, and incidents, I may very naturally make. I profess only to give "the pith and marrow" of Charity's story, deprived of the highly dramatic effect it received from her swelling emotions, earnest looks, and changing tones.

"I am about sixty-five years old. I was born on an estate called Pembroke, about three miles from Edenton, North Carolina. My master was very kind to his slaves. If an overseer whipped them, he turned him away. He used to whip

them himself sometimes, with hickory switches as large as my little finger. My mother suckled all his children. She was reckoned a very good servant; and our mistress made it a point to give one of my mother's children to each of hers. I fell to the lot of Elizabeth, her second daughter. It was my business to wait upon her. Oh, my old mistress was a kind woman. She was all the same as a mother to poor Charity. If Charity wanted to learn to spin, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to knit, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to weave, she let her learn. I had a wedding when I was married; for mistress did n't like to have *her* people take up with one another, without any minister to marry them. When my dear good mistress died, she charged her children never to separate me and my husband; 'For,' said she, 'if ever there was a match made in heaven, it was Charity and her husband.' My husband was a nice good man; and

mistress knew we set stores by one another. Her children promised her they never would separate me from my husband and children. Indeed, they used to tell me they would never sell me at all; and I am sure they meant what they said. But my young master got into trouble. He used to come home and sit leaning his head on his hand by the hour together, without speaking to any body. I see something was the matter; and I begged of him to tell me what made him look so worried. He told me he owed seventeen hundred dollars that he could not pay; and he was afraid he should have to go to prison. I *begged* him to sell me and my children rather than go to jail. I see the tears come to his eyes. 'I don't know, Charity,' said he; 'I 'll see what can be done. One thing you may feel easy about; I will never separate you from your husband and children, let what will come.'

"Two or three days after, he come to me,

and says he, 'Charity, how should you like to be sold to Mr. McKinley?' I told him I would rather be sold to him than to anybody else, because my husband belonged to him. My husband was a nice good man, and we set stores by one another. Mr. McKinley agreed to buy us; and so I and my children went there to live. He was a kind master; but as for mistress McKinley —— she was a divil! Mr. McKinley died a few years after he bought us; and in his Will he give me and my husband free; but I never knowed anything about it for years afterward. I don't know how they managed it. My poor husband died, and *never* knowed that he was free. But it 's all the same now. He 's among the ransomed. He used to say, 'Thank God, it 's only a little way home; I shall soon be with Jesus.' Oh, he had a fine old Christian heart."

Here the old woman sighed deeply, and remained silent for a moment, while her right

hand slowly rose and fell upon her lap, as if her thoughts were mournfully busy. At last, she resumed:

"Sixteen children I 've had, first and last; and twelve I 've nursed for my mistress. From the time my first baby was born, I always set my heart upon buying freedom for some of my children. I thought it was of more consequence to them than to me; for I was old, and used to being a slave. But mistress McKinley would n't let me have my children. One after another — one after another — she sold 'em away from me. Oh, how *many* times that woman 's broke my heart!"

Here her voice choked, and the tears began to flow. She wiped them quickly with the corner of her apron, and continued: "I tried every way I could to lay up a copper to buy my children; but I found it pretty hard; for mistress kept me at work all the time. It was 'Charity! Charity! Charity!' from morn-

ing till night. 'Charity, do this,' and 'Charity, do that.'

"I used to do the washings of the family; and large washings they were. The public road run right by my little hut, and I thought to myself, while I stood there at the wash-tub, I might just as well as not be earning something to buy my children. So I set up a little oyster-board; and when anybody come along that wanted a few oysters and a cracker, I left my wash-tub and waited upon him. When I got a little money laid up, I went to my mistress and tried to buy one of my children. She knew how long my heart had been set upon it, and how hard I had worked for it. But she would n't let me have one! — She would n't let me have one! So, I went to work again; and I set up late o' nights, in hopes I could earn enough to tempt her. When I had two hundred dollars, I went to her again; but she thought she could find a better market, and she would n't

let me have one. At last, what do you think that woman did? She sold me and five of my children to the speculators! Oh, how I *did* feel when I heard my children was sold to the speculators!" *

After a short pause, her face brightened up, and her voice suddenly changed to a gay and sprightly tone.

"Surely, ma'am, there's always some good comes of being kind to folks. While I kept my oyster-board, there was a thin, peaked-looking man used to come and buy of me. Sometimes he would say, 'Aunt Charity, (he always called me *Aunt* Charity,) you must fix me up a nice little mess, for I feel poorly to-day. I always made something good for him; and if he didn't happen to have any change, I always

* Men who make a trade of buying up coffles of slaves for sale, as speculators buy up droves of cattle for the Brighton market.

trusted him. He liked my messes mighty well. Now, who do you think that should turn out to be, but the very speculator that bought me! He come to me, and says he, 'Aunt Charity, (he always called me *Aunt* Charity,) you 've been very good to me, and fixed me up many a nice little mess when I 've been poorly; and now you shall have your freedom for it; and I 'll give you your youngest child.'"

"That was very kind," said I; "but I wish he had given you all of them."

With a look of great simplicity, and in tones of expostulation, the slave-mother replied, "Oh, he could 'nt afford *that*, you know."

"Well," continued she, "after that, I concluded I 'd come to the Free States. But mistress McKinley had one child of mine; a boy about twelve years old. I had always set my heart upon buying Richard. He was the image of his father; and my husband was a nice good man; and we set stores by one another. Be-

sides, I was always uneasy in my mind about Richard. He was a spirity lad; and I knew it was hard for him to be a slave. Many a time I have said to him, 'Richard, let what will happen, never lift your hand against your master.'

"But I knew it would always be hard work for him to bring his mind to be a slave. I carried all my money to my mistress, and told her I had more due to me; and if all of it was n't enough to buy my poor boy, I 'd work hard and send her all my earnings, till she said I *had* paid enough. She *knew* she could trust me. She *knew* Charity always kept her word. But she was a hard-hearted woman. She would n't let me have my boy. With a heavy heart, I went to work to earn more, in hopes I might one day be able to buy him. To be sure, I did n't get much more time than I did when I was a slave; for mistress was always calling upon me; and I did n't like to disoblige her. I wanted to keep the right side of her, in hopes

she 'd let me have my boy. One day, she sent me of an errand. I had to wait some time. When I come back, mistress was counting a heap of bills in her lap. She was a rich woman, — she rolled in gold. My little girl stood behind her chair; and as mistress counted the money, — ten dollars, — twenty dollars, — fifty dollars, — I see that she kept crying. I thought may be mistress had struck her. But when I see the tears keep rolling down her cheeks all the time, I went up to her, and whispered, 'What 's the matter?' She pointed to mistress's lap, and said 'Broder's money! Broder's money!' Oh, then I understood it all! I said to mistress McKinley, '*Have* you sold my boy?' Without looking up from counting her money, she drawled out, 'Yes, Charity; and I got a great price for him!'" [Here the colored woman imitated to perfection the languid, indolent tones common to Southern ladies.]

"Oh, my heart was too full! She had sent

me away of an errand, because she did n't want to be troubled with our cries. I had n't any chance to see my poor boy. I shall *never* see him again in this world. My heart felt as if it was under a great load of lead. I could n't speak a word to reproach her. I never reproached her, from that day to this. As I went out of the room, I lifted up my hands, and all I could say was, 'Mistress, how *could* you do it?'"

The poor creature's voice had grown more and more tremulous as she proceeded, and was at length stifled with sobs.

In a few moments, she resumed her story: "When my boy was gone, I thought I might sure enough as well go to the Free States. But mistress McKinley had a little grandchild of mine. His mother died when he was born. I thought it would be some comfort to me, if I could buy little orphan Sammy. So I carried all the money I had to my mistress again, and

asked her if she would let me buy my grandson. But she wouldn't let me have him. Then I had nothing more to wait for; so I come on to the Free States. Here I have taken in washing; and my daughter is smart at her needle; and we get a very comfortable living."

"Do you ever hear from any of your children?" said I.

"Yes, ma'am, I hear from *one* of them. Mistress McKinley sold one to a lady that comes to the North every summer; and she brings my daughter with her."

"Don't she know that it is a good chance to take her freedom, when she comes to the North?" said I.

"To be sure she knows *that*," replied Charity, with significant emphasis. "But my daughter is pious. She 's member of a church. Her mistress knows she wouldn't tell a lie for her right hand. She makes her promise on the Bible, that she won't try to run away, and that

she will go back to the South with her; and so, ma'am, for her honor and her Christianity's sake, she goes back into slavery."

"Is her mistress kind to her?"

"Yes, ma'am; but then everybody likes to be free. Her mistress is *very* kind. She says I may buy her for four hundred dollars; and that 's a low price for her, — two hundred paid down, and the rest as we can earn it. Kitty and I are trying to lay up enough to buy her."

"What has become of your mistress McKinley? Do you ever hear from her?"

"Yes, ma'am, I often hear from her; and summer before last, as I was walking up Broadway, with a basket of clean clothes, who should I meet but my old mistress McKinley! She gave a sort of a start, and said in her drawling way, 'O, Charity, is it *you?*' Her voice sounded deep and hollow, as if it come from under the ground; for she was far gone in a consumption. If I was n't mistaken, there was a little

something about *here*, (laying her hand on her heart,) that made her feel strangely when she met poor Charity. Says I, 'How do you do, mistress McKinley? How does little Sammy do?' (That was my little grandson, you know, that she would n't let me buy.)

"'I 'm poorly, Charity,' says she; 'very poorly. Sammy 's a smart boy. He 's grown tall, and tends table nicely. Every night I teach him his prayers.'"

The indignant grandmother drawled out the last word in a tone, which Garrick himself could not have surpassed. Then suddenly changing both voice and manner, she added, in tones of earnest dignity, "Och! I could n't stand *that!* Good morning, ma'am!" said I.

I smiled, as I inquired whether she had heard from Mrs. McKinley since.

"Yes, ma'am. The lady that brings my daughter to the North every summer, told me last Fall she did n't think she could live long.

When she went home, she asked me if I had any message to send to my old mistress McKinley. I told her I *had* a message to send. Tell her, says I, to prepare to meet poor Charity at the judgment seat."

About a year after this conversation, I again visited New York, and called to see Charity Bowery. I asked her if she had heard any further tidings of her scattered children. The tears came to her eyes. "You know I told you," said she, "that I found out my poor Richard was sold to a Mr. Mitchell, of Alabama. A white gentleman, who has been very kind to me, went to them parts lately, and brought me back news of Richard. His master ordered him to be flogged, and he would n't come up to be tied. 'If you don't come up, you black rascal, I 'll shoot you,' said his master. 'Shoot away,' said Richard; 'I won't come to be flogged.' His master pointed a pistol at him, — and, — in two hours my poor boy was dead!

Richard was a spirity lad. I always knew it was hard for him to be a slave. Well, he 's free now. God be praised, he's free now; and I shall soon be with him."

* * * * * * *

In the course of my conversations with this interesting woman, she told me much about the patrols, who, armed with arbitrary power, and frequently intoxicated, break into the houses of the colored people, and subject them to all manner of outrages. But nothing seemed to have excited her imagination so much as the insurrection of Nat Turner. The panic that prevailed throughout the Slave States on that occasion of course reached her ear in repeated echoes, and the reasons are obvious why it should have awakened intense interest. It was in fact a sort of Hegira to her mind, from which she was prone to date all important events in the history of her limited world.

"On Sundays," said she, "I have seen the

negroes up in the country going away under large oaks, and in secret places, sitting in the woods with spelling books. The brightest and best men were killed in Nat's time. Such ones are always suspected. All the colored folks were afraid to pray in the time of the old Prophet Nat. There was no law about it; but the whites reported it round among themselves that, if a note was heard, we should have some dreadful punishment; and after that, the low whites would fall upon any slaves they heard praying, or singing a hymn, and often killed them before their masters or mistresses could get to them."

I asked Charity to give me a specimen of their hymns. In a voice cracked with age, but still retaining considerable sweetness, she sang:

A few more beatings of the wind and rain,
Ere the winter will be over —
Glory, Hallelujah!

Some friends has gone before me, —
I must try to go and meet them —
Glory, Hallelujah!
A few more risings and settings of the sun,
Ere the winter will be over —
Glory, Hallelujah!
There 's a better day a coming —
There 's a better day a coming —
Oh, Glory, Hallelujah!"

With a very arch expression, she looked up, as she concluded, and said, "They would n't let us sing that. They would n't let us sing that. They thought we was going to *rise*, because we sung 'better days are coming.'"

It is now more than a year since poor Charity went where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

BY CAROLINE WESTON.

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." — GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.

IN vain in proud Judea now
We seek her Temple's door;
Where stood the ancient Synagogue,
Its place is found no more.
The splendors of her votive train,
Her nobles' pageants gay,
Chief Priest and Scribe and Pharisee,
Alike have passed away.
Yet are enduring records read
Upon the breathing page,

Where faithful witnesses have told
The terrors of that age,
When one who spake with Godlike power
The hills of Israel trod,
And joyfully the faithful hailed
The promised Son of God.

Now let the spirit backward turn ; —
The world around grows dim ;
We hear from yonder stately fane
The full and swelling hymn,
And see the eastern Sun pour down
His bright and fervid ray,
Where hosts of kneeling worshippers
Hallow the Sabbath day.

Who rises mid the crowds that throng
The place — a surging sea,
To read the pure and searching word
Of ancient Prophecy ?

Who feels not, as those accents fall,
  Startling the heavy ear,
Soothing the heart with grief oppressed,
  The promised Savior near?

" The spirit of the Lord is mine ;
  His vows upon me rest
To preach his Gospel to the poor
  And heal the wounded breast :
To say to them who wear the chain,
  And feel the Oppressor's rod,
The chained and suffering ones of Earth,
  ' Deliverance comes from God.' "

A moment paused the living mass,
  Hushed by the tones of might,
Nor vainly fell the prophet-words
  Of ancient truth and right.

Then rose the clamor fierce and loud,
  The roar of rage and scorn,

The rich man's scoff, the sinner's curse,
Of pride and malice born ;
And some who felt, as Jesus spoke,
Their hearts confess his sway,
And knew the heavenly message *true*,
In terror turned away. —
For who may cry through Israel's coasts
The CAPTIVE SHALL GO FREE :
Who dare deliverance to the *Slave*
To preach in Galilee ?

* * * * *

Long ages pass whose rolling years
Are marked by direst crimes,
But still the Savior's words console
Mid evil tongues and times ; —
And as they roll, the Gospel spreads
To empire's farthest bound ;
The lonely islands of the sea
Have heard the joyful sound.

But in all lands, mid swelling hate,
The Heralds of the Cross
Their blessed tidings must proclaim,
With suffering, shame, and loss.
Fulfilled the Savior's warning words
Through latest time shall be ;
" The world shall still my *servants* hate,
Even as it hated me."

But now, from fair Judea's hills, —
From persecution's age,
Whose Martyr Zeal still sheds its light
On History's bloody page,
Turn we to Freedom's chosen home
Beyond the rolling seas ; —
Here Truth may freely pour her voice
Upon the mountain breeze.

Here riseth o'er some pilgrim graves
Full many a stately fane,

And haply here, in holy hearts,
The truths of God remain.
Alas! as erst in Galilee,
Upon the Sabbath air,
The thronging crowds are pouring forth
The hypocrite's vain prayer.
And now Christ's *faithful* servants here
Must walk with DANGER grim!
Who brooks amid our priestly train
Companionship with him?

They coldly hear the captive's moan,
They bind anew his chain; —
The widow and the fatherless
May breath their prayer in vain.

In vain beyond the ancient hills,
Where western prairies spread,
The herald of deliverance falls, —
The martyr's blood is shed.

But fear not, — faithful band and true!
Your Father's word endures,
His throne in Righteousness shall stand,
His Kingdom shall be yours.

December 19, 1837.

FREEDOM.

BY MARY ELIZA ROBBINS.

Not until the question, What is a Man? is satisfactorily answered, can the claims of each individual to entire freedom be firmly established. Admitting the prevalent notions of man's nature, what is liberty that he should desire it? But once believe man to be an incarnation of the Divine Mind, the "Word made flesh," and liberty becomes at once a necessary *element* for the soul *to be in.* It is the only conductor through which *soul* will consent to pass. It cannot exist without it. You might as well talk of animal life without atmosphere, as a man without perfect freedom.

That man, or that woman, who, by life and by speech, contributes to this end, is a true Ab-

olitionist; since he, or she, adds another *stubborn fact*, in confirmation of the doctrine that man was created to be free. When Man shall be understood, when he shall cease to be afraid of himself, the idea of supremacy among human beings will become as obsolete, as the notion of dividing this harmonious universe between a God and a Devil. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand."

LINES

Inscribed to the Intolerant, throughout New England and the Coasts thereof.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

THE slave is dying in his chain,
Unheeded and alone;
We see his tears, we feel his pain—
We make his wrongs our own;
But while we labor for redress,
Up springs a root of bitterness.
We thought, by baskets, caps, and collars,
We well might raise one thousand dollars,
By which, if properly expended,
Would right prevail, and wrong be ended.
But, wo the while, a recreant few
Refuse to stitch, or knit, or sew,

"Because," forsooth, "such fairs as these,
Go sore against their *consciences !*"
Now, Abolitionists, be true !
We fain would leave the case to you :
What kind of conscience can they have
Who will not labor for the slave,
By means of FAIRS ? are such defensible,
Rejecting means so indispensable ?
We cannot for one moment doubt
You 'll lend your aid to turn them out.
Yes, yes ! you yield — we 're of our men
sure —
Yet do it gently by a censure.
Resolve, that when this note they sounded,
The blessed cause they sorely wounded.
Tell them the verdict you have found,
Is, " wandered from the ancient ground."
Tell them, with tears, that every minute
They wrong the cause, by staying in it.
Tell them that when with lofty airs
They give their reasons against fairs,

Against the bleeding slave they sin ; —
" They 've dragged a Foreign topic in."
Heed not their free effectual pleading
And other labors for the bleeding : —
Rejecting fairs, they 've " widely wandered
From off the track," and " lowered the
standard."
If these just views you strongly word,
They 'll leave us of *their own accord*,
With satisfaction and content ; —
Colonized with their own consent.
If not, both duty and propriety
Call loudly for a new society.
We must have paper, type, and ink,
To rouse men's hearts, and bid them think ;
And surely all must see with one eye
We cannot get them without money , —
And loudly all our friends declare
We can't raise funds without a Fair. —
In demonstration oh what beauty !
Thus fairs become a " Christian duty."

Then down with Grimké, Kelly, Weld,
And all who wickedly beheld
The glories of our needle-cases,
With chilling brows or doubtful faces.
Denounce them "in the vein of Ercles,"
Who cast contempt on sewing-circles, —
Those "spheres appropriate" of woman,
By law divine as well as human.
To prove it to your heart's content,
We have a Bible argument :—
"She seeks (see Proverbs) flax and wool,
And girdles for the merchant maketh :
Of scarlet silk her house is full, —
Her hand the distaff taketh ;"
(By this, no doubt, the wise man meant
"The distaff of accomplishment.")
"And then that hand, (the text how sure,)
Relieves the needy and the poor."

What man is he, who proudly sneers,
As these strained arguments he hears

From custom, gospel, law, and chance
In favor of intolerance?
"Oh wad some power the giftie gie him,
To see himself as others see him!"
Oh would eternal Providence
Enlarge his soul — increase his sense,
To see that on this mole-hill earth,
A congress and a sewing meeting,
May each to like events give birth —
With like parade its members seating;
To see that one strong word of truth
Is mightier than a world's coercion; —
That bigotry, with tiger-tooth,
No chain can break, — no anguish soothe;
That *practice* far outgoes *assertion*; —
That oft the means which lightest task us
Excel the waters of Damascus; —
That even from reading doggrel numbers,
May Truth go with us to our slumbers.
That FREEDOM only is our goal: —
That every true and faithful soul

Must choose its own means to effect it;
And, be it ballot, be it fair,
Or free produce, or monthly prayer,
Bell, book, or candle, or what e'er,
Grant others freedom to reject it.

By the time that our "Liberty Bell" has struck its fifth annual peal, such phrases as "Staff of accomplishment," — "Lowered the standard," — "Dragged in a foreign topic," — will probably have become obsolete and incomprehensible. Suffice it to say here, that they are, at the present time, the popular slogan, — the battle-cry of treacherous intolerance in New England.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER,

FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Our greatest achievement, of late, has been the obtaining of the penny postage.* I question whether there be now time left for the working of beneficent measures to save us from violent revolution; but if there be, none will work better than this. It will do more for the circulation of ideas, for the fostering of domestic affections, for the humanizing of the mass generally, than any other single measure that our national wit can devise. Have you read the evidence before the Bankers' and Merchants'

* A law has recently been passed in Great Britain, by which all letters, of whatever size, or to whatever distance, can be sent for a penny each.

Committee? Did you see, for one instance, the proof that the morals of a regiment depend mainly on the readiness of the Commanding Officer in franking the soldiers' family letters? We are all putting up our letter boxes on our hall doors, with great glee, anticipating the hearing from brothers and sisters, — a line or two almost every day. The slips in the doors are to save the post-men's time, — the great point being how many letters may be delivered within a given time, the postage being paid in the price of the envelopes or paper. So all who wish well to the plan are having slips in their doors. It is proved that poor people *do* write, or get letters written, *wherever* a franking privilege exists. When January comes round, do give your sympathy to all the poor pastors' and tradesmen's and artisans' families, who can at last write to one another, as if they were all M. Ps. The stimulus to trade, too, will be prodigious. Rowland Hill is very quiet in the

midst of his triumph; but he must be very happy. He has never been known to lose his temper, or be in any way at fault, since he first revealed his scheme.

QUEEN ESTHER'S BANQUET.

BY HENRIETTA SARGENT.

CHARMED by the scene, perhaps you say,
While gazing on this proud array,
This feast, with golden vessels crowned,
The King, with all his court around,
All guests to her of beauteous mien,
"I too should love to be a Queen;
A golden couch should be my bed,
A golden circlet bind my head,
My pavement should Mosaic be,
And princes lowly bow to me."—
But have you Esther's self-control,
Obedience, purity of soul,
Firmness of purpose to pursue
A righteous cause, with death in view?

Before the King could you essay
Your people's sufferings to portray?
Then go! and be your mission blessed!
Go! plead the cause of *the oppressed.*
A fearful judgment threats the land,
Go! in the royal presence stand!
Quick, to the inner court repair!
In faith proceed! the King is there.
Go! lowly at his footstool bend;
Plead for the *Slave*, be there his friend,
Lo! your own kindred bought and sold,
Toil-worn, and chained, and scourged for gold.
Ask their release, describe their need;
Strong be your soul their cause to plead;
Urge your request, and feel no fear;
Believe! he lends a listening ear;
Your prayer accords with his decree,
The yoke *shall* break, and *man be free!*
View not the splendor of the place;

Rise not, nor pause a moment's space;
List not the choral strains that rise,
But, closed your ears, and veiled your eyes,
For all, like Haman, grace implore,
That they repent and sin no more.
A Gospel banquet then prepare;
And call the poor the feast to share.
Plenty and joy shall bless the scene,
And you *deserve* to reign a Queen.

ANECDOTE OF ELIAS HICKS.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE following anecdote was told to me by a member of the Society of Friends. It made a strong impression on my mind, because it shows so clearly the excellence of a bold meekness and Christian firmness in the discharge of duty; because it adds another fact to prove that he who trusts in moral power hath ever a brave indifference to threats of physical violence.

When Elias Hicks was preaching in Virginia, many years ago, he took occasion to bear a powerful testimony against the sin of slavery. Among the large audience collected together by the fame of his eloquence were several planters; and they, of course, were sorely aggriev-

ed by his remarks. One in particular was so filled with wrath, that he swore vehemently he would blow out the preacher's brains, if he ventured near his plantation.

When this threat was repeated to Elias, he quietly put on his hat and proceeded straightway to the forbidden spot. In answer to his inquiries, a slave informed him that his master was then at dinner, but would see him in a short time.

The preacher seated himself, and waited quietly until the planter entered the room. In serene tones he addressed him thus: "Friend, I understand thou hast threatened to blow out the brains of Elias Hicks, if he comes near thy plantation. I am Elias Hicks!"

What could brute force do in a dilemma like this? To have taken pistols and deliberately shot an unresisting guest would have been too assassin-like. It would have been a deed of ill appearance; and moreover it *could not* be done,

by reason of a restraining power within. Earnestly, as the planter might wish the preacher in heaven, he could not, under such circumstances, help to send him thither. He did the best he could to sustain his position. He stammered forth, in surly tones, an acknowledgment that he did make use of such a threat; and he considered it perfectly justifiable when a man came to preach rebellion to his slaves.

"Friend," replied Elias, "I came to preach the Gospel, which inculcates forgiveness of injuries upon slaves, as well as upon other men; but tell me, if thou canst, how this Gospel can be truly preached without showing the slaves that they *are* injured, and without making a man of thy sentiments feel as if they were encouraged in rebellion."

This led to a long argument, maintained in the most friendly spirit. At parting, the slaveholder cordially shook hands with the Quaker,

and begged him to come again. His visits were renewed; and six months after, the Virginian emancipated all his slaves.

SONNET.

The Anniversary of Lovejoy's Martyrdom.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

No tears to-day! A lofty joy should crown
A deed of lofty sacrifice, like thine,
LOVEJOY! and bid thy name with honor shine,
As to remotest time we hand it down.

That seed of Liberty, so gladly sown, —
We will not water it with grief and tears;
But, o'er its harvest in the future years
Rejoice, as those before whose gaze hath shone
A vision of the faithful, girt to die
Mid hostile crowds, in darkness, for the right.
Yet may we mourn that, ringing through the night,
Sharply to theirs thine answering shots reply.
Tears for the blood of others shed by thee;—
Joy for thy blood poured forth so joyously and free.

THE EMANCIPATED SLAVEHOLDERS.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE Anti-Slavery conflict is so prolonged, and so arduous, that even abolitionists of strongest faith at times grow weary, and need to have their hands upheld, lest the hosts of Amalek prevail against Israel. During such brief seasons of discouragement, nothing is more cheering, than proof that our appeals have not fallen powerless on the hearts of slaveholders themselves. From time to time, welcome tidings of this kind gladden our souls, and strengthen them for renewed effort. Professor Stowe, of Lane Seminary, recently told me an incident highly interesting and encouraging. He was travelling in the interior of Ohio, and found some difficulty in procuring a supper and lodging for

the night. Under these circumstances, he asked and received the hospitality of a family residing in the second story of a building filled with many occupants. A woman, with three or four children around her, spread the table and cooked supper in the same room, which, like the cobbler's stall, served them "for kitchen for parlor and all." The furniture was scanty, and the general aspect of things indicated a state of deprivation bordering on poverty. The woman herself was extremely pretty, intelligent, and lady-like. The delicacy of her hands, the refinement of her manners, and the cultivation of her mind, all implied that her life had not been passed among such scenes as now surrounded her. When her husband came in, his manners and conversation gave similar evidence. The curiosity of their guest was so much excited, that he ventured to inquire how such people as they obviously were came to be in such a place, and under such circumstances.

They told him they were formerly slaveholders in Virginia; but the more they thought upon the subject, the more difficult they found it to reconcile the system of slavery with the dictates of their own consciences. At last, they resolved to emancipate their slaves, to seek the wilds of Ohio, and earn a living for themselves and children by the labor of their own hands.

When asked whether she had not found the sacrifice a very great one, she replied, "At first, labor fatigued me so much, that I feared I never should be able to do all that was necessary for the comfort of my family; but now I have become accustomed to it, and find it easy. It is a privilege to dispense with the lazy, sluttish, and reluctant service of slaves. Never did we feel what it was to be truly free *ourselves*, till we had made *them* free."

Professor Stowe added that very many of the more reflecting slaveholders in Kentucky had removed to Ohio, within a few years; their con-

sciences having become ill at ease under the public discussion of slavery. A friend in Philadelphia informs me that a similar emigration is going on from Virginia to Pennsylvania.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE TO THE NORTH STAR.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

STAR of the North! though night winds drift
The fleecy drapery of the sky,
Between thy lamp and me, I lift,
Yea, lift with hope, my sleepless eye
To the blue heights wherein thou dwellest,
And of a land of freedom tellest.

Star of the North! while blazing day
Pours round me its full tide of light,
And hides thy pale but faithful ray,
I, too, lie hid, and long for night:
For night: I dare not walk at noon,
Nor dare I trust the faithless moon —

Nor faithless man, whose burning lust
For gold hath riveted my chain,—
Nor other leader can I trust
But thee, of even the starry train;
For all the host around thee burning,
Like faithless man, keep turning, turning.

I may not follow where they go:—
Star of the North, I look to thee
While on I press: for, well I know
Thy light and truth shall set me free:—
Thy light, that no poor slave deceiveth;
Thy truth, that all my soul believeth.

They of the East beheld the star
That over Bethlehem's manger glowed:
With joy they hailed it from afar,
And followed where it marked the road,
Till where its rays directly fell,
They found the Hope of Israel.

Wise were the men who followed thus
The Star that sets man free from sin!
Star of the North! thou art to us —
Who 're slaves because we wear a skin
Dark as is Night's protecting wing —
Thou art to us a holy thing.

And we are wise to follow thee!
I trust thy steady light alone. —
Star of the North! thou seem'st to me
To burn before the Almighty's throne,
To guide me through these forests dim
And vast, to liberty and HIM.

Thy beam is on the glassy breast
Of the still spring, upon whose brink
I lay my weary limbs to rest,
And bow my parching lips to drink.
Guide of the friendless negro's way,
I bless thee for this quiet ray!

In the dark top of southern pines
I nestled, when the Driver's horn
Called to the field, in lengthening lines,
My fellows, at the break of morn.
And there I lay till thy sweet face
Looked in upon " my hiding place."

The tangled cane-brake, where I crept
For shelter from the heat of noon,
And where, while others toiled, I slept,
Till wakened by the rising moon,
As its stalks felt the night wind free,
Gave me to catch a glimpse of thee.

Star of the North! in bright array
The constellations round thee sweep,
Each holding on its nightly way,
Rising, or sinking in the deep,
And, as it hangs in mid heaven flaming,
The homage of some nation claiming.

This nation to the Eagle* cowers;
Fit ensign! she 's a bird of spoil: —
Like worships like! for each devours
The earnings of another's toil.
I 've felt her talons and her beak,
And now the gentler Lion seek.

The Lion,* at the Virgin's* feet
Crouches, and lays his mighty paw
Into her lap! — an emblem meet
Of England's Queen, and English law:
Queen, that hath made her Islands free!
Law, that holds out its shield to me!

Star of the North! upon that shield
Thou shinest, — O, for ever shine!
The negro, from the cotton field

* The Constellations *Aquila*, *Leo*, and *Virgo*, are here meant by the astronomical Fugitive.

Shall, then, beneath its orb recline,
And feed the Lion, couched before it,
Nor heed the Eagle, screaming o'er it!

THE BRITISH INDIA SOCIETY.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

It would seem as if a word were hardly needed, to commend this newly-formed, but most important Society, to the warmest sympathies of American abolitionists. It is, in fact, doing their work for them, by bringing the free labor of British India in direct competition with slave labor; — by silencing the captious objector to a world-wide benevolence, when he says "why do not the English people reform their East Indian oppressions, before they speak of ours;" — by arousing the world with the grand idea of a great nation emulous of righteousness and freedom, laboring to make the beauty of its example flame out like a beacon-light to all its peers, till they shall see their cherished in-

stitutions of oppression, fade away beneath the splendor of its moral potency.

Even though the hearts of American abolitionists could fail to be deeply moved by this commencement of a mighty moral revolution, the heads of American statesmen will not fail to perceive its importance. They will clearly discern how the lower elements of national character will come in to aid the noblest, for the prosecution of such an enterprise. They see both the patriotism and the cupidity of Britain ready to aid her philanthropists, in any decided measure that would secure to British India the undivided demand of the British cotton-market. They will not fail to mark the cloud hanging over the great southern staple and the vast northern tonnage. Already a RUSH has hinted at the consequences of this idea, which a HUSKISSON deemed fully practicable, and a THOMPSON, a BROUGHAM, and an O'CONNELL have set in operation: — already he sees "the cotton of

India brought forward to England in ways and to an extent not now dreamed of."

The practical bearings of this Society upon the American slave-system have been happily touched upon by Wendell Phillips; at the present time, the representative of New England abolitionists in Europe. Would that he were now here to animate them with all the encouraging considerations presented by this subject, and which the worn and wearied laborers for Freedom so greatly need.

"We need thy blended eloquence of lip, and eye, and brow; —
We need the righteous as a shield: — why art thou absent now?"

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER,

READ BEFORE THE GLASGOW EMANCIPATION SOCIETY.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I AM rejoiced to hear of your new movement in regard to India. It seals the fate of the slave-system in America. The industry of the Pagan shall yet wring from Christian hands the prey they would not yield to the commands of conscience, or the claims of religion. Hasten the day, for it lies with you, when the prophecy of our Randolph (himself a slaveholder) shall be fulfilled, — that the time would come when masters would fly their slaves, instead of slaves their masters, so valueless would be a slave's labor in comparison with his support. To you, to the sun-

ny plains of Hindostan, we shall owe it, that our beautiful prairies are unpolluted by the footstep of a slaveholder; that the march of civilization westward will be changed from the progress of the manacled slave coffle, at the bidding of the lash, to the quiet step of families carrying peace, intelligence, and religion, as their household gods. Mr. Clay has coolly calculated the value of sinews and muscles, of the bodies and souls of men, and then asked us whether we could reasonably expect the South to surrender 1,200,000,000 of dollars at the bidding of abstract principles? Be just to India; waken that industry along her coast, which oppression has kept landlocked and idle; break the spell which binds the genius of her fertile plains; and we shall see this property in man become like the gold in India's fairy tales, — dust in the slaveholder's grasp. You cannot imagine the impulse this new development of England's power will give the Anti-Slavery

cause in America. It is just what we need to touch a class of men who seem almost out of the pale of religious influence. Much as our efforts have been blessed; much as they have accomplished; though truth has often floated further on the shouts of a mob, than our feeble voices could have carried it; still our progress has served but to show us more clearly the Alps which lie beyond. The evil is so deep-rooted; the weight of interest and prejudice enlisted on its side so vast; ambition clinging to political power; wealth, to the means of further gain; that we have sometimes feared they would be able to put off emancipation till the charter of the slaves' freedom would be sealed with blood; that our day of freedom would be like Egypt's, when God came forth from his place, his right hand clothed in thunder, and the jubilee of Israel was echoed by Egypt's wailing for her first-born. It is not the thoughtful, the sober-minded, the conscientious, for whom we

fear. With them truth will finally prevail. It is not that we want eloquence or Christian zeal enough to sustain the conflict with such, and with your aid to come off conquerors. We know, as your Whately says of Galileo, that if Garrison could have been answered, he had never been mobbed. But how hard to reach the callous heart of selfishness — the blinded conscience, over which a corrupt church has thrown its shield, lest any ray of truth pierce its dark chambers! How shall we address that large class of men with whom dollars are always a weightier consideration than duties, — prices current stronger argument than proofs of holy writ? But India can speak in tones which will command a hearing. *Our* appeal has been entreaty; for the times in America are those "party times," when

> "Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg —
> Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good."

But from India a voice comes clothed with the omnipotence of self-interest; and the wisdom, which might have been slighted from the pulpit, will be to such men oracular from the market-place. Gladly will we make a pilgrimage, and bow with more than Eastern devotion on the banks of the Ganges, if his holy waters shall be able to wear away the fetters of the slave. God speed the progress of your society! May it soon find in its ranks the whole phalanx of scarred and veteran abolitionists. No single, divided effort, but a united one to grapple with the wealth, influence, and power, embattled against you. Is it not Schiller who says:— "Divide the thunder into single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children; but pour it forth in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall shake the Heavens!" So may it be with you; and God grant that without waiting for the United States to be consistent, before we are dust,

the jubilee of emancipated millions may reach us from Mexico to the Potomac, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains.

PIOUS TRUST.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.)

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

We call on thee, with looks of gladness,
And on thy word we take our stand;
In vain with murder and with madness
Would hell deceive thy faithful band.
The world may crumble and decay:
Thy word will never pass away.

Faith conquers not by faint endeavor;
Such good is only won through pain;
Freely its juice the grape yields never,
'T is by the press the wine we gain;
And when an angel seeks the skies,
First breaks a human heart and dies.

Though in this life, full of dissembling,
Temples of falsehood may be raised,
And villains in high places, trembling
At power and wisdom, shrink amazed,
And with the coward's giddy fear,
The awakened people's murmurs hear ; —

Though brother turn away from brother,
Though bloody deeds of hate are done,
Though states the bonds of kindred smother,
Forgetting their true glory 's one ; —
And that united for the right
The world would own our country's might ; —

Yet never of thy help despairing,
Steadfast, O God, our trust shall be,
That thou, the tyrant's doom declaring,
Wilt set thy mourning people free :
And though far off this day of light,
Who knows but thou what day is right !

THE CAUSE OF EMANCIPATION.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

FALSEHOOD and impudence will have it, that I have seriously injured the sacred cause of liberty. Much do they care for the speedy triumph of that cause! Rather they care nothing, fear nothing about it, except that the abolitionists will succeed in putting the slave-system down. Will any man say that I have overrated the rights, privileges, enjoyments of liberty? — that I have eulogized it too strongly, painted its beauties in too glowing colors, represented it above its true value, advocated its universal prevalence too earnestly, defended it too vigorously against the assaults of its enemies? Who and where is that man? Is he a man? Is he an American, a Republican, a

Christian? Why, I have been taught from childhood to consider liberty an inestimable boon, — as something worth contending for, worth dying for, above all price, above all earthly considerations! It has been instilled into me, that

> "A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
> Is worth a whole eternity of bondage!"

I thought American freemen subscribed to the affirmation, that it is

> "Better to sit in Freedom's hall,
> With a cold damp floor, and mouldering wall,
> Than to bend the neck, or bow the knee,
> In the proudest palace of slavery!"

I thought it was the earnest inquiry in 1776, — "the times that tried men's souls" —

> "O! where 's the slave, so lowly,
> Condemned to chains unholy,

Who, could he burst his bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decayed it,
When thus its wing at once might spring
To the throne of HIM who made it?"

"O LIBERTY! O sound once delightful to every AMERICAN ear! Once sacred, but now trampled upon!" Arise from the dust, armed with immortal energy, and scatter thy foes as chaff is driven before the whirlwind! Knowest thou not that thou art destined to be the conqueror of the world, and that no weapon against thee can prosper? O, sublime is the conflict before thee, and right royally shalt thou triumph, to the joy of all heaven and earth!

That I have estimated a state of freedom too highly is impossible! The difficulty is, to appreciate it, in all its grandeur and glory. Never, never can I be too thankful to God, that I was

not born a slave; that my wife and little ones are secure from the clutches of the kidnapper; that my hearth-stone is sacred to purity and love; that it is not the horrible fate of myself and family, to be prized as goods and chattels, and herded with four-footed beasts and creeping things. O, to be free as the winds of heaven; to be restrained by nothing but love to God and love to man; to go and come, rise up or lie down, labor or rest, just as the free spirit shall elect; to stand up in the dignity of manhood, almost on a level with the angels of God, and find no superior on earth; to understand all knowledge, and know the why and wherefore of "the brave o'erhanging sky," and the outstretched earth, and pry into the mysteries of creation; — above all, to be instructed from those holy Scriptures which are able to make the seeker wise unto salvation, and which show what is the perfect will of God, and how we may become free indeed in Christ Jesus; —

this is to make life a blessing, and the reverse of it a curse. I have not, then, at any time, extolled liberty too highly.

But the popular cry against me is, that I have spoken of slavery, and slaveholders, and the apologists of slavery, in harsh, denunciatory language, so as greatly to injure the cause I profess to love. This is not only hypercritical, but, I fear, hypocritical, on the part of my accusers. Who ever knew men induced to love freedom less, because they were urged to hate slavery more? I scoff at such a conclusion! That my language has been rough, vehement, denunciatory, is true: but why? Because the exigency of the times demanded it; because any other language would have been inappropriate and ineffectual; because my theme was not a gentle one, about buds, and blossoms, and flowers, and gentle zephyrs, and starry skies; but about a nation of boasting republicans and Christians ruthlessly consigning to chains and

slavery every sixth person born in the land — about a land,

> " Where the image of God is accounted as base,
> And the image of Cæsar set up in its place " —

about one vast system of crime and blood, and all imaginable lewdness and villany — about the robbers of God's poor, those who keep back the hire of their laborers by fraud, those who sin against the clearest light, and in the most awful manner. Now, what words shall I use to express the convictions of an honest soul, in view of such atrocious impiety, and such unequalled meanness and baseness ? Shall they be gentle, and carefully selected, and cautiously expressed ? Away with such counsel : it is treason against the throne of God ! Call things by their right names, and let the indignant spirit find free utterance.

"On such a theme 't were impious to be calm!
Passion is reason, transport temper here!"

It may be said, this is all declamation, — why not argue the matter? Argue, indeed! What is the proposition to be discussed? It is this: whether all men are created free and equal, and have an inalienable right to liberty! I am urged to argue this with a people, who declare it to be a self-evident truth! Why, such folly belongs to Bedlam. When my countrymen shall burn their Bibles, and rescind their famous Declaration of Independence, and reduce themselves to colonial dependence upon the mother country, I will find both time and patience to reason with them on the subject of human rights. Argument is demanded — to prove what? Why, that one man has no right to make a chattel of another! that he is a thief who picks another man's pockets, and kidnaps his body and soul! that an American citizen,

who is a slave-master, and yet pretends to be a republican or Christian, is an arrant hypocrite! that to sell families by auction, like cattle, swine, in lots to suit purchasers, is a crime! that to forbid the instruction of almost one half of the southern population, and also the circulation of the Bible, under terrible pains and penalties, is to incur the displeasure of heaven! that it would be right, safe, expedient, to pay a laborer wages, recognise and treat him as a man, place him under the protection of equal laws, and cease brutalizing him without a cause! Are these propositions to be gravely discussed in the United States, in the nineteenth century? Not by me, whatever others may think proper to do. For there is not a slaveholder in all the land, who does not as certainly know that he is a thief and a tyrant, as that he exists, — whether he claims to be a titled divine, or a senator in Congress. How do I make good the assertion? By condemning him out of his own mouth: for

he acknowledges, that the sentiments contained in his country's Declaration are true, yet dares to put an equal brother under his feet! By appealing to his own nature: for, sooner than he would suffer himself to be placed in the condition of his slave, he would choose to encounter death in any form. No man ever yet hated his own flesh. Therefore, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," — and "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The day for admitting excuses has gone by! No man may now plead ignorance of his duty. The motives for immediate action are overwhelming. Two millions and a half of men, women, and children already in chains in our midst; seventy thousand infants, the offspring of slave parents, annually kidnapped from their birth; the right of petition trampled in the dust; the freedom of speech no longer sacred; the slave system defended as a divine

institution by the rulers in Church and State; and the whole country filled with pollution, violence, and blood; behold our situation, and what is to be our fate, as a people, if we will not amend our ways and our doings!

PERFECT FREEDOM.

BY MARY CLARK.

FREEDOM! Oh, 't is a lovely thought!
Freedom to do and to be as we ought.
To be free without, — to be free within, —
Mind, body, and spirit unshackled by sin.
This, *this* is the "glorious liberty;" —
He alone is the Freeman whom truth makes free.
Ring, Liberty Bell! till that echo thrills
From the ocean rocks to the inland hills!
Till the sound of the scourge and the fetter is o'er,
And wrong and bondage are known no more.

THE LAST HOPE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.)

BY CHARLES FOLLEN.

WHY knit ye the brow, so stern and so dark,
Why stare at the night so wild and so stark,
Brave spirits, who never should tremble?
The storm is howling, and heaving the tide,
The earth is reeling on every side;
Our trouble we will not dissemble.

The fires of hell are rising again,
Much generous blood has been lavished in vain,
Still the wicked, the powerful, glory;
But never despair: your help is in God;
Not in vain the beginning is crimsoned with blood,
'T is the day star that rises so gory.

If once there was need of courage and might,
Now gather all courage and strength for the fight,
  Lest the ship in the haven yet perish.
The tiger is crouching; ye young men awake!
Ye old men to arms! my countrymen, break
  From the slumbers of death which you cherish!

What avails it to live, if liberty fall?
What is there so dear in this Infinite All,
  As our own mother country that bore us?
We 'll free our dear country, or hasten our way
To the free, happy fathers — yes happy are they
  Who have died in the struggle before us.

Then howl on, ye storms, and roll on, thou tide,
And tremble, old earth, on every side!
  Our free spirits bid you defiance.
The earth that we tread on beneath us may sink,
As freemen we 'll stand, and never will shrink;
  With our blood we will seal our alliance.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee."

The Golden Legend, by WYNKYN DE WORDE.

BOSTON:

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

M DCCC XLI.

C.

CAMBRIDGE PRESS :
METCALF, TORRY, AND BALLOU.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Escaped from all the perils of the Sea—
Storms, Shoals, the angry and engulfing Waves—
Here stand we, on a savage Shore,—all free—
Thy freemen, Lord! and not of man the slaves!
Here will we toil and serve thee, till our graves
On these bleak hills shall open. When the blood
Thou pourest now, so warm, along our veins
Shall westward flow, till Mississippi's flood
Gives to our children's children his broad plains,
Ne'er let them *wear*, O God, or *forge* a bondman's chains!

December 5th, 1840.

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THE LIBERTY BELL.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BY B. GODWIN.

THERE are few things more remarkable in the present aspect of the world than the existence of two such nations as England and America. Separated by the great Atlantic, which for some thousands of miles rolls its waves between them, they claim the same origin, speak the same language, have the same literature, down to a recent period, the same

historical recollections, and generally the same habits. And yet with much that is similar there are many striking points of diversity. England has the strength of maturity, America the vigor of youth. One is decidedly monarchical, the other as firmly republican. In the old country there is a caution, we may say, a dread of change; the new country, by one mighty effort, started into a position which astonished the world, and made one of the most splendid experiments which the annals of the human race record. England, very confined in her own insular domains, throws out her colonies over every part of the globe; America, with a continental amplitude, which ages of multiplying population will not fill, neither has, nor needs, any distant possessions. England has, perhaps, reached the maximum of her greatness; America has before her prospects indefinitely great of enlargement and prosperity.

America and England must ever exercise a

reciprocal influence on each other. By their constant and increasing intercourse, their mutual commercial dependence, and the exchange of their literature, there is unavoidably a reciprocal action, which, notwithstanding occasional collisions of interests and opinions, must prove beneficial to both.

But, perhaps the most important view, which we can take of these two countries, is the influence which they now exert, and which, to a still greater degree, they are apparently destined to exert, on the condition of the whole globe. There are three things which give power to this influence. First, the extent of their connexion and intercourse with other nations. This spreads over a large part of the world. The sea is covered with their ships, their flags are flying in almost every port, they have dealings with men of all colors, and all climes. Secondly, the character of both nations is eminently influential. They are not either of them a timid, re-

served, and quiescent people; they tell what they know, they speak what they think, and they ask for all that others know and think. They do not shrink from collisions of opinion, nor dread contradiction, nor fear discussion; they do not hesitate to apply the flint to the steel if but a spark may be elicited. They are essentially active and enterprising, and must ever be doing something both at home and abroad. Difficulties do not discourage them, dangers only produce enthusiasm, and the greater the magnitude of any enterprise the more determined is the attempt to accomplish it. In addition to these, there is a third consideration to be taken into the account. These two countries largely possess all those elements of national happiness, the communication of which is highly adapted to benefit the world. Here knowledge, civilization, religion, exist to a greater extent, and with more diffusive power than in any other nation. In some few branches

of speculative knowledge, and in artificial refinements, they may perhaps be surpassed; and they may not vie with some nations in the pompous splendor of religious rites; but in all practical knowledge, in the application of the arts to the great purposes of life, in the science of government, in civil institutions, and especially in enlightened, vital, influential piety, they preeminently excel. Amidst all the noise and strife of political parties, they are working out for the benefit of mankind two great problems; — how far popular liberty can be preserved with the distinction of ranks, and an hereditary monarchy, — and to what extent the authority of law can be maintained, and order and general safety secured, in a pure democracy. And notwithstanding the activity of vice and a large amount of crime in both nations, benevolence the most disinterested, and charity the most expansive, associated with the fervor of enlightened piety, are ever creating and working mul-

tiplied institutions which bear on the temporal and spiritual well-being of their fellow-creatures, and which regard not only their own countrymen, but the world at large.

Placed then on so commanding a position, possessing such resources, distinguished by such a character, and comprising to such an extent all the elements of social happiness, who can contemplate the existence of two such nations at this period of the world, without considering them as special instruments in the hand of Divine Providence, designed to benefit and bless the human race.

But in order to give full efficiency to their salutary influence, in order to qualify them to discharge their high functions as benefactors of mankind, how important it is that those defects and abuses, which exist in each nation respectively should be removed, that their light may shine out with clearness, and the benefit of their example have nothing to weaken its force.

How desirable it is, that those inconsistencies should cease, behind which despotism and infidelity shelter themselves, and which the enemies of truth and freedom employ as their strongest weapons both of attack and defence.

In England much has been done towards this object during the last fifty years especially. Knowledge has been widely diffused, education has been greatly extended, the boundaries of civil and religious liberty have been widened, and a spirit of enlarged philanthropy, embracing a world's happiness, has been called into exercise. Her statutes are no longer disgraced by the Test and Corporation Acts; the Roman Catholic has been recognised as a citizen; the augean stable of borough-mongering iniquity has been cleansed; twenty years of hard and unremitting labor effected the abolition of the slave-trade, and after an armed truce of some time, a most arduous struggle of ten years more freed England from the crime and the disgrace

of Negro slavery. During the last half century some important truths have been gaining ground and gradually establishing themselves in public opinion. Among these may be reckoned the following; that coercion in religion is as unwise and unjust as it is unscriptural; — that the only legitimate object of all government is the benefit of the community; — that "for the soul to be without knowledge is not good;" — that the free interchange, among different nations, of the products of their soil and industry, is beneficial to all; — that human life is sacred, and capital punishments the worst expedients for the prevention of crime; — that war is madness; — and that slavery is sin. These are great principles, with the full recognition and practical operation of which the happiness of the world is intimately connected. But even in England, all these are not equally or generally understood, much less brought into action; much, very much remains to be done, by the

lovers of justice, the friends of humanity, and the followers of the Saviour, before this great nation shall be free from the reproach of inconsistency, and be qualified for her apostolic functions, as the messenger of mercy to the human race.

During the same period America has been proceeding with unparalleled rapidity in her career of prosperity, and her march of general benevolence. Her efforts to spread the benefits of education, and the blessings of religion have been prodigious. The immense sums raised and expended to meet the wants of her multiplying population, and to send the knowledge of divine truth abroad, have justly excited the admiration of all who are acquainted with the facts.

But there is one enormous delinquency, one great national disgrace, which mars her beauty and paralyzes her moral influence. AMERICA IS THE LAND OF SLAVES!! The very

soil on which her Capitol stands is moistened with the tears and the blood of the slave. The wailings of the broken-hearted captive, the shrieks of the bereaved slave-mother, the clank of the chain, the sounding of the lash, mingled with the curses of the slave-dealer, resound without the walls of that very senate-house, which within is ringing with the loud panegyric of universal freedom. The world stands aghast to hear that every sixth man, woman, and child, in the United States is a slave! that a thriving trade in human flesh and blood is carried on, that fortunes are realized by breeding slaves, and livings obtained by their prostitution! — and this in America, the enlightened, the free, the brave, who crushes beneath her feet in hopeless and bitter bondage, three millions of human beings!

America cannot possibly appreciate the effects of this enormous inconsistency on the freedom and happiness of the world in general. If the

expressions "American liberty" are pronounced in the ears of a despot, with a sardonic grin he replies, "American *slavery!*" The enemies of America always select this as a means of depreciating both her and her institutions. There is, say they, more despotism in this boasted land of freedom, than in the most despotic government in Europe; the only difference is this, in the arbitrary governments of the old world that portion of liberty which is enjoyed is more equally diffused; in America some have all and others none. If we point to the Western world, to the great experiment of a people's competency to govern themselves, they tell us it has failed eminently in the production of general happiness, and affirm, that in the worst governed state of the old world, the average amount of happiness is greater than where so large a proportion of the population are slaves. If we venture to speak of that manly spirit, and the noble independence which the freedom of a

republic generates, we are told that is only a selfish and haughty pride, which while glorying in its own liberty, can ruthlessly trample under foot the rights of those who are weak enough, and unfortunate enough to fall within their power.

When the friends of America speak of the active piety which prevails, and the vitality and power with which Christianity operates in the United States, we are again reminded of slave-breeding professors, and slave-holding ministers, and elders, deacons, and class leaders, who are equally expert at flogging and praying; we are told that all, or nearly all the religious denominations, who patronize home and foreign missions, and bible societies, are tainted with the crime of buying and selling their fellow creatures, or retaining in bondage those who have been thus cruelly deprived of their rights; — a crime from which the most flagitious among us would start, and to be charged with which the

infidel would deem it a deep disgrace. When the generous liberality with which America supports every benevolent institution is mentioned, it is again retorted on us, yes, even the treasury of the Lord is defiled with the price of blood. O America, of all nations of the earth beyond our sea-girt isle, the best beloved, and the dearest to English hearts, how deeply do we mourn the dishonor which slavery entails on thee; how bitter is our mortification when thy inconsistencies shut those mouths which would proclaim thy varied excellencies, and how incessant are our regrets, that the liberty which is thy boast, and the piety which is thy honor, should not only be neutralized in their influence, but that the curse and contamination of slavery should even bring on sacred liberty and Christian piety a foul reproach!

There is, however, hope that this plague spot will disappear. No American of noble mind and human feelings can approve the system.

In the solitude of retirement, and the silence of night, there is a small still voice which must be heard in condemnation of it. Long habit and the strength of prejudice may struggle hard, but truth, and justice, and humanity must finally prevail. Let then the friends of equal liberty to all, let those high-principled republicans, who wish fully to carry out the noble and the incontrovertible principle on which their own independence is based, pour the light of day on these enormities and inconsistencies, which are emphatically "the works of darkness." Let them with all the ardor of zeal, and mildness of charity, and steadiness of principle, address themselves to the great work to which they are called by the voice of suffering humanity, by the voice of honor and justice, by the voice of the world, by the voice of God. Let them bring to bear on this monstrous evil all the combined strength of public opinion, and individual effort, and fervent prayer, and success must finally crown their labors.

Many are the agencies which are at work in both countries, producing, in various ways, beneficial results. The scholar, the philosopher, the manufacturer, the merchant, the jurist, the statesman, all in their several vocations may contribute to their country's welfare and to the general benefit of man ; but no labors are more highly beneficial, or more truly patriotic, than those which tend to promote the interests of truth and virtue, and to free a beloved country from the stain of injustice and the charge of oppression. In this great and glorious work, then, let friends of God and man on both sides the Atlantic cordially unite and zealously persevere. There is much in the past to encourage them, and everything in the future to cheer them. The time is coming when " nation shall not lift up the sword against nation," when " they shall learn the art of war no more ; " when the weak, the innocent, and the unsuspecting shall no more fear the power of oppression or the wiles of

treachery; when, "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." And in bringing about this glorious consummation, will not England, with her possessions in every part of the globe, and America, stretching out to the shores of the Pacific, bear a prominent part. O, I think I see in the future, and my heart warms while the vision brightens on me, the kindred nations, having thrown off every incubus that presses on them, purified from all that

corrupts and degrades them, by their united efforts, and by the medium of their common language, spreading the illuminations of truth over every part of the globe, and communicating to a grateful world all the literature and the science, all the freedom and the piety, all the happiness and prosperity of England and America.

Oxford, (England,) July 2, 1840.

TO THE AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

We pleaded in the negro's cause,
Fought for his liberties and laws,
While million voices sung applause,
The many 'gainst the few :
Yours is a harder task, to lead
Few against many ; but the meed
Of nobler strife and bolder deed
Shall honor YOU.

Our fathers and *your* fathers bore
The spirit-stirring strife of yore,
Our shores flung on your welcoming shore,
The patriot-pilgrims' sail : —
And ye are worthy of the name,
And the bright ancestry ye claim ;
The same the sires — the sons the same —
Hail ! brothers ! hail !

Westminster, (England,) June 16, 1840.

THE BLACK SAXONS.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Thou 'lt guard thy country's freedom
To despotize in all the patriot's pomp ;
While conscience, mid the mob's applauding clamors,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers blood-stained tyrant.

Coleridge.

Mr. Duncan was sitting alone in his elegantly furnished parlor, in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina. Before him lay an open volume of the History of the Norman Conquest. From the natural kindliness of his character, and democratic theories, deeply imbibed in childhood, his thoughts dwelt more with a nation prostrated and kept in base subjection by the strong arm of violence, than with the renowned

robbers, who seized their rich possessions, and haughtily trampled on their dearest rights.

"And so that bold and beautiful race became slaves!" thought he. "The brave and free-souled Harolds, strong of heart and strong of arm; the fair-haired Ediths, in their queenly beauty, noble in soul as well as ancestry; these all sank to the condition of slaves;—and tamely submitted to their lot, till their free, bright beauty passed under the heavy cloud of animal dulness, and the contemptuous Norman epithet of 'base Saxon churls' was but too significantly true. Yet not without efforts did they thus sink; how often renewed, or how bravely sustained, we know not; for Troubadours rarely sing of the defeated, and conquerors write their own History. That they did not relinquish freedom without a struggle, is proved by Robin Hood and his bold followers, floating in dim and shadowy glory on the outskirts of history; brave outlaws of the free forest, and the wild moun-

tain-passes, taking back, in the very teeth of danger, a precarious subsistence from the rich possessions that were once their own; and therefore styled thieves by the robbers who had beggared them. And doubtless they had minstrels of their own; unknown in princely halls, untrumpeted by fame, yet singing of their exploits in spirit-stirring tones, to hearts burning with a sense of wrong. Troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered nation!"

These thoughts were passing through his mind, when a dark mulatto opened the door, and making a servile reverence, said, in wheedling tones, "Would massa be so good as gib a pass to go to Methodist meeting?"

Mr. Duncan was a proverbially indulgent master; and he at once replied, "Yes, Jack, you may have a pass; but you must mind and not stay out all night."

"Oh, no, massa. Tom neber preach more than two hours."

Scarcely was the pass written, before another appeared with a similar request; and presently another; and yet another. When these interruptions ceased, Mr. Duncan resumed his book, and quietly read of the oppressed Saxons, until the wish for a glass of water induced him to ring the bell. No servant obeyed the summons. With an impatient jerk of the rope, he rang a second time, muttering to himself, "What a curse it is to be waited upon by slaves! If I were dying, the lazy loons would take their own time, and come dragging their heavy heels after them, an hour after I was in the world of spirits. My neighbors tell me it is because I never flog them. I believe they are in the right. It is a hard case, too, to force a man to be a tyrant, whether he will or no."

A third time he rang the bell more loudly; but waited in vain for the sound of coming footsteps. Then it occurred to him that he had given every one of his slaves a pass to go to the Methodist

meeting. This was instantly followed by the remembrance, that the same thing had occurred a few days before.

We were then at war with Great Britain; and though Mr. Duncan, in conversation with New England relatives and friends, often boasted the attachment of his slaves, and declared them to be the most contented and happy laborers in the world, yet, by some strange coincidence of thought, the frequency of Methodist meetings suddenly suggested the common report, that British troops were near the coast, and about to land in Charleston. As suddenly came the remembrance of Big-boned Dick, who many months before had absconded from a neighboring planter, and was suspected of holding a rendezvous for runaways in the swampy depths of some dark forest. The existence of such a gang was indicated by the rapid disappearance of young corn, sweet potatoes, fat hogs, &c., from the plantations for many miles round.

"The black rascal!" exclaimed he: "If my boys *are* in league with him!" ——

The coming threat was arrested by a voice within, which, like a strain of music from some invisible choir, all at once struck up the lively ballad of Robin Hood; and thus brought Big-boned Dick, like Banquo's Ghost, unbidden and unwelcome, into incongruous association with his spontaneous sympathy for Saxon serfs, his contempt of "base Saxon churls," who tamely submitted to their fate, and his admiration of the bold outlaws, who lived by plunder in the wild freedom of Saxon forests.

His republican sympathies, and the "system entailed upon him by his ancestors," were obviously out of joint with each other; and the skilfullest soldering of casuistry could by no means make them adhere together. Clear as the tones of a cathedral bell above the hacks and drays of a city, the voice of Reason rose above all the pretexts of selfishness, and the

apologies of sophistry, and loudly proclaimed that his sympathies were right, and his practice wrong. Had there been at his elbow some honest John Woolman, or fearless Elias Hicks, that hour might perhaps have seen *him* a freeman, in giving freedom to his serfs. But he was alone; and the prejudices of education, and the habits of his whole life, conjured up a fearful array of lions in his path; and he wist not that they were phantoms. The admonitions of awakened conscience gradually gave place to considerations of personal safety, and plans for ascertaining the real extent of his danger.

The next morning he asked his slaves, with assumed nonchalance, whether they had a good meeting.

"Oh, yes, massa; bery good meeting."

"Where did you meet?"

"In the woods behind Birch Grove, massa."

The newspaper was brought, and found to contain a renewal of the report that British

troops were prowling about the coast. Mr. Duncan slowly paced the room for some time, apparently studying the figures of the carpet, yet utterly unconscious whether he trod on canvass or the greensward. At length he ordered his horse and drove to the next plantation. Seeing a gang at work in the fields, he stopped, and after some questions concerning the crop, said to one of the most intelligent, "So you had a fine meeting last night?"

"Oh, yes, massa, bery nice meeting."

"Where was it?"

The slave pointed far east of Birch Grove. The white man's eye followed the direction of his finger, and a deeper cloud gathered on his brow. Without comment, he rode on in another direction, and with apparent indifference made similar inquiries of another gang of laborers. They pointed north of Birch Grove, and replied, "In the Hugonot woods, massa."

With increasing disquietude, he slowly turned

his horse toward the city. He endeavored to conceal anxiety under a cheerful brow; for he was afraid to ask counsel, even of his most familiar friends, in a community so prone to be blinded by insane fury under the excitement of such suspicions. Having purchased a complete suit of negro clothes, and a black mask well fitted to his face, he returned home, and awaited the next request for passes to a Methodist meeting.

In a few days, the sable faces again appeared before him, one after another, asking permission to hear Tom preach. The passes were promptly given, accompanied by the cool observation, "It seems to me, boys, that you are all growing wonderfully religious of late."

To which they eagerly replied, "Ah, if massa could hear Tom preach, it make his hair stand up. Tom make ebery body tink weder he hab a soul."

When the last one had departed, the master

hastily assumed his disguise, and hurried after them. Keeping them within sight, he followed over field and meadow, through woods and swamps. As he went on, the number of dark figures, all tending toward the same point, continually increased. Now and then, some one spoke to him; but he answered briefly, and with an effort to disguise his voice. At last, they arrived at one of those swamp islands, so common at the South, insulated by a broad, deep belt of water, and effectually screened from the main-land by a luxuriant growth of forest trees, matted together by a rich entanglement of vines and underwood. A large tree had been felled for a bridge; and over this dusky forms were swarming, like ants into their new made nest.

Mr. Duncan had a large share of that animal instinct called physical courage; but his heart throbbed almost audibly, as he followed that dark multitude.

At the end of a rough and intricate passage, there opened before him a scene of picturesque and imposing grandeur. A level space, like a vast saloon, was enclosed by majestic trees, uniting their boughs over it, in richly fantastic resemblance to some Gothic cathedral. From the points of the arches hung wild vines in luxuriant profusion, some in heavy festoons, others lightly and gracefully leaping upward. The blaze of pine torches threw some into bold relief, and cast others into a shadowy background. And here, in this lone sanctuary of Nature's primeval majesty, were assembled many hundreds of swart figures, some seated in thoughtful attitudes, others scattered in moving groups eagerly talking together. As they glanced about, now sinking into dense shadow, and now emerging into the red light, they seemed to his excited imagination like demons from the pit come to claim guilty souls. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to ob-

serve that each one, as he entered, prostrated himself till his forehead touched the ground, and rising placed his finger on his mouth. Imitating this signal, he passed in with the throng, and seated himself behind the glare of the torches. For some time he could make out no connected meaning amid the confused buzz of voices, and half-suppressed snatches of songs. But, at last, a tall man mounted the stump of a decayed tree, nearly in the centre of the area, and requested silence.

"When we had our last meeting," said he, "I suppose most all of you know, that we all concluded it was best for to join the British, if so be we could get a good chance. But we did n't all agree about our masters. Some thought we should never be able to keep our freedom, without we killed our masters in the first place; others did n't like the thoughts of that; so we agreed to have another meeting to talk about it. And now, boys, if the British

land here in Caroliny, what shall we do with our masters?"

He stepped down, and a tall, sinewy mulatto stepped into his place, exclaiming, with fierce gestures, "Ravish wives and daughters before their eyes, as they have done to *us*. Hunt them with hounds, as they have hunted *us*. Shoot them down with rifles, as they have shot *us*. Throw their carcasses to the crows, they have fattened on *our* bones; and then let the Devil take them where they never rake up fire o' nights. Who talks of mercy to our masters?"

"I do," said an aged black man, who rose up before the fiery youth, tottering as he leaned both hands on an oaken staff. "I do;—because the blessed Jesus always talked of mercy. I know we have been fed like hogs, and shot at like wild beasts. Myself found the body of my likeliest boy under the tree where buckra rifles reached him. But thanks to the blessed Jesus, I feel it in my poor old heart to forgive them.

I have been member of a Methodist church these thirty years; and I've heard many preachers, white and black; and they all tell me Jesus said, Do good to them that do evil to you, and pray for them that spite you. Now I say, let us love our enemies; let us pray for them; and when our masters flog us, and sell our pickaninnies, let us break out singing:

"You may beat upon my body,
But you cannot harm my soul;
I shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

"You may sell my children to Georgy,
But you cannot harm their soul;
They will join the forty thousand by and bye.

"Come, slave-trader, come in too;
The Lord's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

"Come, poor nigger, come in too;
The Lord 's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

"My skin is black, but my soul is white;
And when we get to Heaven, we 'll all be alike:
We shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

That 's the way to glorify the Lord."

Scarcely had the cracked voice ceased the tremulous chant in which these words were uttered, when a loud altercation commenced; some crying out vehemently for the blood of the white men, others maintaining that the old man's doctrine was right. The aged black remained leaning on his staff, and mildly replied to every outburst of fury, "But Jesus said, do good for evil." Loud rose the din of excited voices; and the disguised slaveholder shrank deeper into the shadow.

In the midst of the confusion, an athletic, gracefully-proportioned young man sprang upon

the stump, and throwing off his coarse cotton garment, slowly turned round and round before the assembled multitude. Immediately all was hushed; for the light of a dozen torches, eagerly held up by fierce, revengeful comrades, showed his back and shoulders deeply gashed by the whip, and still oozing with blood. In the midst of that deep silence, he stopped abruptly, and with stern brevity exclaimed, "Boys! *shall* we not murder our masters?"

"Would you murder all?" inquired a timid voice at his right hand. "They don't all cruellize their slaves."

"There 's Mr. Campbell," pleaded another; "he never had one of his boys flogged in his life. You would n't murder him, would you?"

"Oh, no, no, no," shouted many voices; "we would n't murder Mr. Campbell. He 's always good to colored folks."

"And I would n't murder my master," said one of Mr. Duncan's slaves; "and I'd fight

anybody that set out to murder him. I an't a going to work for him for nothing any longer, if I can help it; but he shan't be murdered; for he's a good master."

"Call him a good master, if ye like!" said the bleeding youth, with a bitter sneer in his look and tone. "I curse the word. The white men tell us God made them our masters; I say it was the Devil. When they don't cut up the backs that bear their burdens, when they throw us enough of the grain we have raised to keep us strong for another harvest, when they forbear to shoot the limbs that toil to make them rich, there are fools who call them good masters. Why should *they* sleep on soft beds, under silken curtains, while *we*, whose labor bought it all, lie on the floor at the threshold, or miserably coiled up in the dirt of our own cabins? Why should I clothe my master in broad-cloth and fine linen, when he knows, and I know, that he is my own brother? and I, meanwhile, have only this

coarse rag to cover my aching shoulders?" He kicked the garment scornfully, and added, "Down on your knees, if ye like, and thank them that ye are not flogged and shot. Of *me* they 'll learn another lesson!"

Mr. Duncan recognised in the speaker the reputed son of one of his friends, lately deceased; one of that numerous class, which southern vice is thoughtlessly raising up to be its future scourge and terror.

The high, bold forehead, and flashing eye, indicated an intellect too active and daring for servitude; while his fluent speech and appropriate language betrayed the fact that his highly educated parent, from some remains of instinctive feeling, had kept him near his own person, during his lifetime, and thus formed his conversatien on another model than the rude jargon of slaves.

His poor, ignorant listeners stood spell-bound by the magic of superior mind; and at first it

seemed as if he might carry the whole meeting in favor of his views. But the aged man, leaning on his oaken staff, still mildly spoke of the meek and blessed Jesus; and the docility of African temperament responded to his gentle words.

Then rose a man of middle age, short of stature, with a quick, roguish eye, and a spirit of knowing drollery lurking about his mouth. Rubbing his head in uncouth fashion, he began: "I don't know how to speak like Bob; for I never had no chance. He says the Devil made white men our masters. Now dat's a ting I've thought on a heap. Many a time I've axed myself how pon arth it was, that jist as sure as white man and black man come togeder, de white man sure to git he foot on de black man. Sometimes I tink one ting, den I tink anoder ting; and dey all be jumbled up in my head, jest like seed in de cotton, afore he put in the gin. At last, I find it all out. White man al-

ways git he foot on de black man; no mistake in dat. But how he do it? I'll show you how!"

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he took out a crumpled piece of printed paper, and smoothing it carefully on the palm of his hand, he struck it significantly with his finger, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Dat's de way dey do it! Dey got de knowledge! Now, it'll do no more good to rise agin our masters, dan put de head in de fire and pull him out agin; and may be you can't pull him out agin. When I was a boy, I hear an old conjuring woman say she could conjure de Divil out of anybody. I ask her why she don't conjure her massa, den; and she tell me, 'Oh, nigger neber conjure buckra — can't do't.' But I say nigger can conjure buckra. How he do it? Get de knowledge! Dat de way. We make de sleeve wide, and fill full of de tea and de sugar, ebery time we get in missis' closet. If we take half so much pains

to get de knowledge, de white man take he foot off de black man. Maybe de British land, and maybe de British no land; but you tell you sons to marry de free woman, dat know how to read and write; and you tell you gals to marry de free man, dat know how to read and write; and den by'm bye, you be de British yourselves! You want to know how I manage to get de knowledge? I tell you. I want right bad to learn to read. My old boss is the most begrudgfullest massa, and I know he won't let me learn. So, when I see leetle massa with he book, (he bout six year old,) I say to him. What you call dat? He tell me dat is A. Oh, dat is A! So I take old newspaper, and I ax missis, may I hab dis to rub my brasses? She say yes. I put it in my pocket, and by'm by, I look to see I find A; and I look at him till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa, What you call dat? He say, dat is B. So I find him on my paper, and look at him till I know him

bery well. Den I ask my young massa what C A T spell? He tell me cat. Den, after great long time, I can read de newspaper. And what you tink I find dere? I read British going to land! Den I tell all de boys British going to land. What you *do*, s'pose British land? When I stand behind massa's chair, I hear him talk, and I tell all de boys what he say. Den Bob say must hab Methodist meeting, and tell massa, Tom going to preach in de woods. But what you tink I did toder day? You know Jim, massa Gubernor's boy? Well, I want mighty bad to let Jim know British going to land. But he lib ten mile off, and old boss no let me go. Well, massa Gubernor he come dine my massa's house; and I bring he horse to de gate; and I make my bow, and say massa Gubernor, how Jim do? He tell me Jim bery well. Den I ax him, be Jim good boy? He say yes. Den I tell him Jim and I leetle boy togeder; and I want mighty bad send Jim someting. He tell

me Jim hab enough of ebery ting. Oh, yes, massa Gubernor, I know you bery good massa, and Jim hab ebery ting he want; but when leetle boy togeder, dere is always someting *here*, (laying his hand on his heart). I want to send leetle backy to Jim. I know he hab much backy he want; but Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I want to send Jim someting. Massa Gubernor say, bery well Jack. So I gib him de backy, done up in de bery bit o' newspaper dat tell British going to land! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it!!"

He clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and turned somersets like a harlequin. These demonstrations were received with loud shouts of merriment; and it was sometime before sufficient order was restored to proceed with the question under discussion.

After various scenes of fiery indignation,

gentle expostulation, and boisterous mirth, it was finally decided, by a considerable majority, that in case the British landed, they would take their freedom without murdering their masters; not a few, however, went away in wrathful mood, muttering curses deep.

With thankfulness to Heaven, Mr. Duncan again found himself in the open field, alone with the stars. Their glorious beauty seemed to him, that night, clothed in new and awful power. Groups of shrubbery took to themselves startling forms; and the sound of the wind among the trees was like the unsheathing of swords. Again he recurred to Saxon history, and remembered how he had thought that troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered people. A new significance seemed given to Wat Tyler's address to the insurgent laborers of *his* day; an emphatic, and most unwelcome application of his indignant ques-

tion, why serfs should toil unpaid in wind and sun, that lords might sleep on down, and embroider their garments with pearl.

"And these Robin Hoods, and Wat Tylers, were my Saxon ancestors," thought he. "Who shall so balance effects and causes, as to decide what portion of my present freedom sprung from their seemingly defeated efforts? Was the place I saw to-night, in such wild and fearful beauty, like the haunts of the *Saxon* Robin Hoods? Was not the spirit that gleamed forth there as brave as theirs? And who shall calculate what even such hopeless endeavors may do for the future freedom of their race?"

These cogitations did not, so far as I ever heard, lead to the emancipation of his bondmen; but they did prevent his revealing a secret, which would have brought hundreds to an immediate and violent death. After a painful conflict between contending feelings and duties, he contented himself with advising the magistrates

to forbid all meetings whatsoever among the colored people, until the war was ended.

He visited Boston several years after, and told the story to a gentleman, who often repeated it in the circle of his friends. In brief outline, it reached my ears. I have told it truly, with some filling up by imagination, some additional garniture of language, and the adoption of fictitious names, because I have forgotten the real ones.

THE TRUMP OF JUBILEE.

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound, * * * * * And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty *throughout all the land* unto all the inhabitants thereof. — Lev. xxv. 9, 10.

HARP of my boyhood! thou hast rung
To songs of liberty full oft;
And if in vain thou wert not strung
With feeble hand untaught and young,
Still let thy numbers swell aloft;
And as again, another song
Shall thrill thy trembling chords along
My unharmonious lyre —
May joyous freedom hover o'er
Thy strings, and as the notes I pour,
Send thee her soul of fire!

And thou, fond Hope, thy presence bring,
And let the willing spirit spring
Exultant on thy buoyant wing,
And upward soar, unchained and free,
Above the dark reality,
That broodeth here below;
For why should freedom's hymnings swell
Unceasing on her harp to tell
Of freedom's overthrow?
Why should her bards for ever mourn
The darkness of our moral night,
When cloudless day shall soon return
And Freedom's glorious sunlight burn
Unquenchable and bright?
Let others pour the song of sadness,
But mine shall be the notes of gladness.

Hark! in our valleys, on our hills,
O'er caverned rock, and mountain lone,
Through all the quivering air there thrills
A deep and mighty trumpet tone.

More startling than the unearthly sound,
When o'er the sullen thunder-cloud,
Spirit to spirit calls aloud,
Its voice is echoing round.
From where the torrent of the lakes
The wild and hoarse Niagara breaks,
Chainless and strong and free,
O'er river, mountain, plain, and rock,
All downward to the rolling sea,
Rings fiercer than the tempest-shock
The Trump of Jubilee.
It sends no deadly tones afar
To wake the frantic yell of war,
But long and loud it pours abroad
A summons o'er a land of slaves,
To call them from their living graves,
And bring from darker depths of woe,
The panting, fettered soul, into
The freedom of the sons of God.
A slumbering land hath heard the sound,
And starting from her deep repose,

Shakes off the fetters that have bound
Her spirit in its sleep profound ;
As if the angel's Trump of Doom
Had burst the portals of the tomb,
And upward from the starless gloom,
That slumbered o'er their chilly bed,
The cold, and pale, and shrouded dead
  Once more to life and light arose.
Up from the eternal shade, that broods
Among the dark Floridian woods,
That lend a covert to the poor,
  Despised, and stricken Indian —
A refuge from the evil doer,
  Where man may flee the wrath of man,
Whose dim and leafy aisles resound
The baying of the savage hound,
  And yell of fiercer men,
And echo to the din of war,
The shot, the groan, the fierce hurrah,
The fearful war-whoop, when for life
Or death, the reeking scalping-knife

Gleams horrid o'er the bloodhound strife —
Mid triumph shout, or rallying word,
Along the smoking glen,
Loud booming over all is heard
That voice which bids the world be free,
The trumpet tone of Jubilee.
At once the spoiler's hand is staid,
He pauses in his fell career,
Down falls to earth the dripping blade,
The tomahawk and spear;
And where the tide of slaughter ran,
Man meets and owns a friend in man,
For Freedom hath a power to turn
The tide of carnage in its track,
And where the fires of vengeance burn,
To bear the hand of ruin back.
Not for the sable brow alone
Is Liberty her garland twining,
But for the poor and stricken one,
Beneath the weight of outrage done,
And bitter trials pining;

Where'er oppression's iron hand
Hath torn the wreath from manhood's brow,
And to another's stern command
One human soul is made to bow.
Through all the fair and far Southwest,
Rings o'er the hills that trumpet-tone,
Where circled with a blooming zone
Upon her everlasting throne
Doth fair-haired summer rest;
Where Nature, o'er the sunny land,
Her brightest, loveliest robe hath spread,
And decked it with a cunning hand,
In colors that may never fade,
To rival all the hues of light
That quiver on the sunset sky,
Or folding clouds that skirt the night
And veil the western canopy.
The bondman by the water's side,
Whose burning tears, in secret flowing,
Had rolled unheeded with the tide,

As weary years in toil were going,
Hath caught the thrilling trumpet-sound,
And rises, from his chains unbound,
In limb and spirit free.
Not the bright waters at his feet,
That dancing to the music sweet
Of quivering bough and answering bird,
Or vine-leaf by the current stirred —
Glide ocean-ward to their retreat,
Chainless, and bright, and strong, and fleet,
Are joyous now as he.
Where with the wail of Afric's daughters,
Nightly in mournful hymnings blending,
The murmur of Oconee's waters
Is o'er the slumbering land ascending.
That trumpet-peal fills all the air,
And startles from her torturing thought
The anguished mother bending there
In stern communion with despair.
As the glad sound her ear hath caught,

O ! to the generous soul 't were worth
The thousand meaner joys of earth,
By wealth and honor dearly bought,
To see that ransomed mother now,
Grief's record blotted from her brow,
And hope rekindled in the soul,
Drink deep of Joy's o'erflowing bowl.
She knows Oppression's night is o'er,
Its shadows past to come no more,
And as she clasps her infant boy
To her full heart, doth deeply feel
What bonds and chains may not reveal, —
The fullness of a mother's joy.
Right onward speeds the thrilling sound,
The Carolinas hear the tone ;
Their towering hills and depths profound
Have lent their tongue to bear it on.
Above Virginia's reeking plains
Redoubled swell the echoing strains,
The trodden-down redeeming ;

And o'er her mountain peaks, that mock
The fury of the lightning shock,
When down the firm and pillared rock
The hissing bolt is gleaming,
A trumpet-peal rings strong and clear,
That even the very dead might hear —
The buried fathers of the land,
Who drew in wrath the avenging brand,
When o'er the unconquerable West
Oppression reared his purple crest
In pomp of regal pride.
And as the deepening signal rings,
Victorious Freedom upward springs,
Rejoicing, on her snow-white wings,
Her tresses floating wide —
While Tyranny with shriek and yell
Reels backward to his home in Hell,
Born down on sable pinion,
And ransomed thousands join to swell
The shout of joy o'er hill and dell,
Through Slavery's " Old Dominion."

O'er all the fair and sunny land,
Made barren by Oppression's hand,
Where over every vale and height,
A southern sun is smiling bright,
Though sorrow's saddening moans be rife,
In every perfumed zephyr's breath,
That trumpet-tone awakes to life
Its thousands from their more than death.
And where oppression's temple stood,
O'ershadowing with its horrid wall
The sons of robbery and blood,
Behold the greatness of its fall!
Upon its ruins wild and dark
Pure Freedom plants her spotless banner,
And o'er the crash and tumult, hark!
How rings to heaven that loud hosannah!
For lo! a million fetters break,
And the galled limbs at once forsake,
And over hill and mountain top
A million shouts of joy go up
From men, who long have drunk the cup

Of bitterness, whom years of woe
And untold wrongs have spoiled and crushed,
Till meted out and trodden low,
Purple and warm their life-blood gushed.
Before that deepening trumpet-blast
The blood-red scourge to earth is cast,
And beauty in eternal youth
Reigns over all the sunny south,
And o'er our own rock-girdled hills,
Whence leap to life the joyous rills,
That rushing to the sea,
Clap their glad hands, and onward sweep
Their bubbling waters to the deep,
Bright, beautiful and free,
The victor's trump of Freedom rings
The note of perfect liberty!
Up from his bitter bondage springs
The wasted hireling now, and flings
His golden chains away,

And the rejected poor man feels
The heavy weight of galling heels,
Removing from their cruel rest,
Upon his scarred and bleeding breast,
And rising from his fall abject,
He stands in manhood's strength erect,
  Blessing the new-born day.
Still up and onward rolls that sound,—
  God speed the thrilling voice!
Till to the earth's remotest bound
  Shall every soul rejoice.
Lo now, the renovating tone,
Borne by the viewless breezes on,
Whose home no living soul can trace,
Is ringing through the "hallowed place,"
Where man with heaven-defying pride,
  That trembled not to trample on
  God's image, even before his throne,
In human temples sanctified,
  To service of the *Holy* One,

Hath said to him who came to bow
Before the throne a darker brow,
" Off, I am holier than thou !"
And even there hath dared to reign
O'er man as with an iron rod,
And with an impious hand profane
The holier temple of our God : —
There Freedom waves her spotless plumes,
As thrills her startling trumpet-call
Along the arched and echoing wall,
And as the worshippers adore
A righteous God, their shrines before,
Love warms, and Truth each soul illumes ;
Truth perfect, that hath made them free,
Love, pure as mortal love can be.
Brothers unscorned, with brothers bow
Before the sacred altar now,
No color, sect, or station known,
For in Christ Jesus all are one.

Pleasant Height, Nov. 15, 1840.

LETTER TO A STUDENT OF HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

My Dear C.,

Is it indeeed true, that at your age, — the age of romance, as it is called, — you find the notion of an Elixir Vitæ so absurd as that you have no sympathy with the searchers of the Middle ages, — no patience with the fictions which have grown out of this search? — You would be sorry to be as old, and as far from romantic as I am; yet I own to you, that there is no indication of the mind of past ages which moves me much more than the belief in, and the search for the Elixir Vitæ. There is something to me very touching in the irrepressible hope, the irresistible belief, that time might be withstood, and age conquered by means placed

within the intelligence of man. When, moreover, I see that the essence of life has, from age to age, been found, (though not always, nor oftenest, by express seekers,) I cannot ridicule even men who believed that a liquor, drunk from a cup, could efface wrinkles, turn grey hairs dark again, make the joints supple, the animal spirits vigorous, and the mental faculties bright.

"Found!" you cry. "The Elixir Vitæ has been found! and often!"

Yes; found, as I said, from age to age. Not in the laboratory was it found; not in the drugs of the mine, nor among the herbs of the field; but close at home, — in the human soul. There alone, as we now know, ought it to have been looked for; for life alone is the source of life. In every age, to him that had much has more been given. In every age have there been souls that, laden with toils, were not toilworn, — beset with cares, were not careworn. In every age,

while the sluggish were growing languid, anxious, and infirm, there have been some, born on the same day, who, through vigor of soul have borne an unfurrowed brow, bright eyes, an elastic step, a strong and gentle voice, — a thoughtful head, and a gay heart to the last.

"Where were these discoverers?" you ask; "and what was their secret?"

They were not dreaming before the mirror of preserving their beauty; nor planning at table to recover their youthful appetite and relish; nor calculating, as the hours of night slipped by, the years of pleasure they might yet contrive to live. One might be found in a cave of the rock, deep buried in some wilderness, drinking of the stream, eating of roots and herbs, while marking God's smile in every dawn, reading his will in the alphabet of the stars, and hearing his voice in the sweet melodies of the winds, and the solemn harmonies of the forest.

"The anchorite!" you exclaim. "I thought

the anchorites were men aged before their time, — withered and degraded from their manhood, by following out an unnatural course of life."

This is true enough of the class, — of the many who were devotees through imitation, or through a selfish primary desire for the salvation of their souls. But the original anchorite became so through a living principle of Devotion. The love of God led him into the wilderness, and made it for him blossom as the rose, while his own soul bloomed in the midst, preserved in its everlasting youth by one of the vital principles of the Gospel. I pity those who see only folly in the life of the primitive anchorite. Human error dwarfed and enfeebled it; but assuredly the devotee, by practically grasping a vital principle, opened up to himself one of the sources of life, so that those who might see him waiting for death, might find that his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

Nowhere, perhaps, were deeper draughts of

the essence of life drunk than in the cell of the primitive nun. I have nothing to say for the conventional nun of later days, shut into a long imprisonment by her own vanity and ignorance, and her parents' cupidity. But for the early devotee, — the original worshipper of the gospel principle of Purity, — if you would conceive of the celestial and immortal youth of her soul, gaze for hours upon the Madonnas of Raffael.

Look next in a very different place, — the crowded amphitheatre, where the aged Christian stands calmly eyeing the tiger about to spring. You are aware how frequent of old was the remark respecting these obstinate heretics, — that though their heads were white as snow, there was bloom on the cheek, fire in the eye, and heart-stirring music in the voice. The spirit was unworn, and the spiritual organs had not grown old. Such martyrs had drunk deep of that pure essence of life, — the Faith of the

Gospel. In such, the mirth of children, and the enterprise of manhood were joined with the serenity of age, constituting a being little indeed lower than the angels.

Other pictures will now rise up before your mind's eye upon mere suggestion. You see the Crusader, war-worn in inferior conflicts, endowed on a sudden with the power of a Hercules, by the principle of Zeal for Christ and the Gospel. You see the primitive Jesuit, uniting almost inexhaustible powers of bodily endurance with gifts of insight, — like the intuition of youth protracted into age, till it becomes almost a power of prophecy; you see him preserving his youthful power of sympathy, so as to unlock all the hearts around him; and you find that those powers are inspired by his devotion to the principle of Union and Comprehensiveness in the Church. You see the kindred power, shown (in both assault and endurance) in the opposite argument, by Luther, struggling for

the principle of Salvation by individual faith and righteousness. The virgin vigor of his life bore the toils and sufferings which would have brought old age upon a score of ordinary men.

"How," you ask, "is this cup of immortal youth to be tasted by ordinary men in quiet times?"

This is, in other words, asking for the secret whereby the frames of these men, like the garments of the wandering Israelites, waxed not old, nor were worn away. This ought to be no secret; and will be none when men shall truly desire life, and lay hold on all that God has given them of it. What is this secret, but the full reception of some one of God's truths? How should it be otherwise when we know that truth is life? What was it but Devotion which inspired the anchorite, — Purity the nun, — Faith the martyr, — Zeal the Crusader, — Loyalty the Jesuit, — Fidelity the Reformer? To these add, in the quiet days of modern times,

the Charity, which carried Howard unharmed through the putrid caverns of the dungeons of Europe, and the spirit of Gospel Liberty, which gives immortal youth to the souls which do and suffer most on behalf of the slave, in all the climates of the globe. Look round, and see if it be not as if a double portion of life were given to those whose life is given to the assertion of the glorious liberty of the children of God. See how, in regions of frost, the slaves of selfishness wither, — how in the lands of the sun they faint, amidst the comforts they have gathered around themselves, and, being dead while they live, tremble over the work of burying their dead; while they, who have apprehended somewhat of the glad tidings of Freedom, (like the chiefs of every class who have likewise apprehended somewhat of the same Gospel,) glow amidst the frosts of the pole, breathe freely under the glare of the tropics, and bathing fearlessly in the streams of truth,

however stricken and weary, feel their whole man renewed from day to day.

Do you here say that I am speaking of the life of the soul, and not of the body?

I aver that these two are so closely united, that it is rash to cherish either apart from the other. Life consists not in length of days, but in capacity of feeling, thought, and action. Lay open the mind to truth, and you have firm nerves and a sound brain, in comparison with the intellectual sluggard. Feel for the wronged, and you are insensible to the stings of selfish cares and woes. Break the yoke of the bondman, and in the strength of a sound mind in a sound body you shall mount as the eagle.

Your memory suggests as you read this, that godliness has the promise of the life that now is.

Even so. Despise not the notion of searching for the essence of life. Rather than that the notion should be lost, let the search be carried on through the bowels of the earth, and the

tangled depths of the forest, and through the wide regions of physical science. While the spirit of God breathes through his universe, it will not fail to whisper to his wandering children, — "Not there! Not there! Watch within for the chills of death. Keep your heart with all diligence, for thence are the issues of life."

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

BY HENRIETTA SARGENT.

"Of the five sorts of slaves, who may be legally held in perpetual slavery in India, any or all may be at any time enfranchised, by the sole favor and act of their master, who, in performing the ceremony of manumission, is pronounced a benevolent man. 'Let the Benevolent man, who desires to emancipate his own slave, take a vessel of water from his shoulder,' (the usual way in which water is carried by a slave,) 'and instantly break it,' (denoting the discontinuance of servile duties.) 'Sprinkling his head with water, containing rice and flowers, and thrice calling him free,' (thus confirming his emancipation,) 'let the master dismiss him with his face towards the east. Thenceforth, let him be called 'one cherished by his master's

favor ; ' his food may be eaten and his favors accepted ; and he is respected by worthy men."

Slavery in India. By William Adam.

Mount up ! exclaims the Spirit, in its circle round the earth !
Mount up ! thou spotless Lily, from the vale that gave thee birth !
And from thy crown of piercing thorns, O matchless Rose, ascend !
And let your beauty and perfume symbolically blend.

Mount up, thou pearl of wondrous price ! shine forth thou Diamond bright !
The kingly crown your place should be, — teach while you charm the sight.
Teach man to bring his treasures forth, with Virtue's kindly glow,
Of worth beyond the sea's famed pearl, or gems the mines bestow.

Mount up, the passing Spirit says, to the lark in lowly nest.
Thou hast a morning song to sing; soar upward from thy rest; —
Tell man, from out some fleecy cloud, like thee to soar on high,
And bid his heaven-born spirit raise its thoughts above the sky.

Mount up, the Spirit paused to say, for the Spirit mourned to see
A son of Adam bowed to earth, his fellow's thrall to be.
On India's sultry plains he toiled; a load his shoulder bore, —
A jar of water for his lord, and its weight oppressed him sore.

The Spirit roused his turbaned lord, and moved
his haughty heart;
Mount up! it said; thy brother free! choose
thou the better part.
And straight the master from his neck that
heavy weight unbound;
In token that the slave was free, he dashed it to
the ground.

Then sprinkled thrice the captive's head with
water from a vase,
Where rare and beauteous flowers combined
the act divine to grace,
Another mystic rite remained before his bond-
age ceased;
The master raised the prostrate slave and turned
him to the east.

And then, with words of heavenly grace, he thrice proclaimed him free,
No more a scorned and smitten slave, a *brother* now to be.
Respected of the good, for him the banquet they prepare,
Their love is yielded to his claim, his love they gladly share.

Oh, may we like the Lily fair, a lowly lot adorn,
Our virtues rise like Sharon's Rose above the crown of thorn!
Though seas of grief around us roll, O, let the pearl be there.
Let Faith and Truth about us shine above the Diamond's glare.

And let our song of praise ascend — O, let it
rise above
The lark's sweet warbling from the cloud, a
strain of praise and love,
And may we by the Spirit's power the galling
chain unbind,
And free the wasting captive's frame, and free
the heaven-born mind.

Oh! be their blessed mission ours, who freedom's
boon bestow,
Who lead the blind in lofty faith, where Siloa's
fountains flow,
Who wake the dead in sin, to hear strange
words of life and truth!
So mount, my soul, like eagles mount, and thus
renew thy youth!

JAMES C. ALVORD.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Our characters are many-colored webs, — and how many of their hues we owe to others. Impressions deepen into habits. There are those with whom a few months' intimacy bears fruit in qualities which mark us for life. And in those moments when we dare to fix our eyes, with trembling, on what we deem valuable in ourselves, how pleasantly come thronging back upon our memories the names of such, while every pulse quickens with gratitude for all that we owe them. To me one of those names is that of Alvord.

It was in 1833, while a student at Harvard Law School, that I first knew him. On the death of our regular instructer, he took the

place for a while, — and I well remember the warmth with which he was welcomed among us, and the influence which his strong mind, his acquirements and winning manners immediately gained him. He was peculiarly fitted to control by securing the confidence, the respect, and something warmer than either, the affection of those about him. For his heart was large and frank, and head and heart were entitled to them all.

The purity of his character was remarkable. He had kept all the freshness of early feeling. His heart wore still undimmed the mirror of childhood, — in its relish for simple pleasures, — its keen, delicate perception of right and wrong, — its ready indignation against everything low and base, however concealed under customs which the world approves. The practice of the law is said to blunt these sensibilities, and prison conscience in the statute book. If it be so with others, the profession had found Al-

vord's heart too warm to chill. He was generous in acknowledging the merit of others. The little are visible only by levelling those around them. "The great," as Story said of Judge Marshall, "are never in each other's light." I never knew one so ready to appreciate, or so frank to acknowledge the claims of those who were pressing forward with himself. He loved worth too much to ask where it was found. He delighted to praise.

His mind was remarkably independent in its workings, *ponderibus librata suis:* — with all that confidence in the soundness of its own conclusions, so necessary to decision of character. Joined with this was a high degree of fearlessness in the expression of his opinions, without regard to those about him, friends or foes, — even if among the former were men for whose characters he entertained the highest respect. His course in regard to the License Law, however we may differ from his views, was a strik-

ing illustration of this. He took his stand in the Senate against that measure — in opposition to almost every one of his political party, and against the urgent remonstrances of the friends of Temperance, with whom he always wished to be identified; — at a time too, when opposition was looked upon as equally wicked and unpopular. But there his convictions carried him, and there consequently he was found, without a glance on either side, to see by whom he was accompanied, or backward to see whether he would be deserted or upheld. Yet he was ever gentle in his manner. The quick kindly sympathies of his nature, anticipating principle, made him always in his treatment of another, first place himself, in imagination, in that other's stead. Keenly sensible to unkind words himself, he was even more anxious to avoid them towards others.

His mind was acute in its perception and broad in its grasp. The whole weight of the

technical details of the most laborious of the professions, was no burden to one, who delighted in the discussions of great questions, and was equal to the investigation of the grandest truths.

He was a rare instance of an universal favorite with a positive character. Of few could it be said with more truth that their popularity was no temptation to them.

His services to the cause of Anti Slavery in the Legislature of Massachusetts cannot be too highly estimated. Entering that body, with more influence, perhaps, than was ever accorded to one of his age before, — with talents not only of the highest order, but with the rare fortune of having won by them his just place in the public confidence, — with a mind stored with all the learning of his profession and matured by a wide practice, as well as early cultivation, he was ever ready to throw his whole weight into the scale of humanity. The Right of Trial by Jury to persons claimed as slaves was gained

almost without opposition, not only because his arguments were unanswerable, but because it was he who urged them. For few lawyers cared to measure a lance with one whose choice of a position was proof it was impregnable, — and politicians, whatsoever their opinions, cared as little to oppose one, well known to monopolize the affection and trust of the western counties. Of his Report on that subject, it is not too much to say, that it exhausts the subject; — and whenever, in any state, that right is to be battled for again, the weapons and the shield are provided for the champion.

The rest of his reports are equally able and sound. I well remember the wide research and deep investigation, which preceded each, and then the rapidity with which they were written. That unanswerable and beautifully clear reply to Preston's Resolution, in the report on Texas, was impromptu, and merits, equally with Lord Mansfield's celebrated paper, the title '*reponse*

sans replique.' He has left on record in the body of the Report on the District of Columbia, his wish to have gone further in the Resolutions, than the majority of the Committee were willing. The friends of the cause will remember the manliness and courtesy with which he presided at the sessions of that Committee, when Miss Grimke was heard in behalf of the petitioners, — an act of justice to woman, almost if not wholly unexampled in the history of states, and due, I doubt not, mainly to him.

In times to come, when constitutional questions are to be argued at the bar of the nation, we shall feel the want of that influence and aid which acknowledged high professional standing, and almost unexampled acquirements had gained for Alvord, — of that sound judgment and skilful logic, which none possessed in a greater degree than himself, and which were so freely given to the cause of the slaves.

I feel how feebly my words at least, if any

words, can portray the image which stands bright and beautiful before me. For it was not his intellect, with its wealth of acquisitions, that first attracted attention. It was the affectionate disposition, — the whole-souled heartiness of manhood, — the uncommon purity of his character, — the remarkable elevation of his principles of action; and yet so untouched was he by intercourse with the world, that, child-like, these were feelings as much as principles, so quick, intuitive, and warm was their influence, — and last, it was the earnest sense of religion as motive and end. He was loved long before one had time to admire him. His heart had not withered, overshadowed in the growth of his intellect.

"He has run his course and sleeps in blessings,"

but the most precious "tears" that are "wept on him" are shed not for the idol of his party, or the profoundest lawyer of his years; — but for one whose heart and life were such, that to

him a warm political opponent on his death-bed could entrust his property and his children.

London, 1840.

THE LONELY HEARTED.

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

Sadly above her stricken rose-tree bending,
Marking its withered leaves with plaintive moan,
Which with the summer wind's low sigh is blending, —
A little child is sorrowing alone.

Vainly her playmates on her name are calling;
Their shouts and laughter pass unechoed by,
And all unheeded are the sunbeams falling
On her dejected brow and tearful eye.

The hum of insects soothes her ear no longer;
The flowers spring unnoticed at her side;

For memory, with a deeper spell, and stronger,
Recalls the hopes, that, one by one, have died.

She is a slave, — but not in outward seeming,
For she has fallen into gentle hands;
They have supplied the body, little dreaming
How much more urgent are the soul's demands.

The insult of the lash is never offered,
Light are her fetters, lighter are her tasks,
And ample recompense is freely proffered, —
All, all but love, when love is all she asks.

No gentle eyes bend over her in sleeping;
From all her kindred she was early torn,
And often-times her eyes are dim with weeping,
That she is left thus utterly alone.

The heart must have its idol — and she cherished
Each living thing, that on her love relied,

Till bird and flower, one by one, have perished
The rose-tree was the last, — that too has died

She starts — for now a happy troop advances;
Her master's children hurry gaily by;
She marks their clinging hands, their loving glances,
And gazes after them with wistful eye.

"Oh! that I too could know such thrilling pressure, —
Could clasp a little sister's hand in mine!
How lavish on her all my hoarded treasure
Of love, the unloved only can divine.

"Your winning beauty I would never covet,
Though well I know the power it doth possess;
The soft eye, with the fair, pure brow above it,
That waving hair the loving winds caress.

" Nor do I covet your abode of splendor ;
The beauty beaming from its pictured walls ;
Nor the rich robes, and jewellry, which render
New radiance to those fair and stately halls.

" But O ! how oft with vain and restless longing,
I languish for the love you do not prize ;
Sweet visions in the lonely night come thronging,
That bend above me with fond, earnest eyes.

" Visions that wear the features of my mother,
When last she pressed me to her breaking heart,
Till rude hands sought her piteous shrieks to smother,
And sternly forced her clinging arms apart.

" Come, Death ! dark vision, but no longer fearful —
Oh ! lay me once more on my mother's breast !

I shrink not from the cold, still house, though tearful,
My yearning heart will there, at least, find rest."

Portland, December 1, 1840.

THE LONDON CONVENTION.

You wish me to explain more fully the impression of regret which I felt on one point, while attending the meetings of the Anti-Slavery Convention. It appeared to me, that the Delegates were so engrossed with the plans and measures applicable to the present generation, as to neglect the most essential provision for the succeeding one. Can the bodies of the African, or the minds of the European race, be liberated in the course of this century from all the chains which avarice has thrown around them? What will acts and treaties avail, if they, who are now children, should be unfriendly, or even indifferent to the cause?

It has been stated by Dr. Lushington, that the anti-slavery laws were often virtually cancelled by the very administrators of them. How then

can we prevent such hostility or indifference in those who are to follow us? How can we enter into a covenant with the future? Education is that covenant. I am not indeed one of the believers in its magic power to "make children either virtuous or vicious." Could it effect this with certainty, it would absolve the educated from all responsibility, and would transfer it from parents to parents, through each generation, back to the first of all. Granting, however, that there are original endowments of mind, both moral and intellectual, which can neither be created nor destroyed by human agency, and also that the individual cannot be deprived of a self-forming power; education must still remain the great instrument for improving mankind. It may even become more influential when forbidden to waste its efforts in a visionary sphere, as Natural Philosophy has advanced more rapidly, since it relinquished the vanity of

speculation, and confined itself to the province of fact.

But, what, it may be asked, can Education do, in European countries, for the extinction of Slavery? Its most effectual agency will, I believe, be an *indirect* one. Generous and benevolent feelings were never fostered under the shadow of a stern despotism; for men, in general, are prone to do unto others as others have done unto them. The most advanced education of the present day is, I rejoice to see, of an anti-servile tendency, in consequence of its more benignant character — and above all, of its abolition of the lash; but this improved system has been, as yet, applied in England only to a few hundred children; nor can it any where be considered the popular one, unless in Switzerland, the country where it originated. The friends of universal freedom should exert themselves to diffuse those more Christian principles; should labor to make the school-master as unlike

the slave-holder as possible. Hitherto, almost every practical attempt of that kind has been directed to the children of the peasantry, and it might be inferred from the exclusion of other classes, that *gentle* blood belied its name, and refused obedience to gentle discipline. The true reason, however, appears to be, that there is a better prospect of success in schools for the poorer classes, because the combination of manual labor with intellectual culture has, in a great measure, the effect of a safety-valve. It affords an outlet and channel for those propensities to physical and mental conflict, — for that redundant energy, which would otherwise explode in passion and insubordination. Until the Aristocracy shall adopt this view, — a view which has been proved sound whenever submitted, as by Dr. Fellenberg, to the test of experiment, — and shall devise means of interesting their young heirs in the application of force to useful and productive purposes, such as gardening, mechan-

ics, &c.; we must continue to be reminded by what passes in most schools for gentlemen's sons, of the characteristics of arbitrary power; and we must anticipate from those pupils, when grown up, a corresponding disposition to resort to harsh measures, owing to their inexperience and mistrust of the efficacy of moral influence. Without adverting to any of the party questions in Education, might not the delegates declare as their opinion, that the mildest and most generous discipline *practicable* would be most conducive to their object, by its appeals to sentiments of kindness and conscientiousness? It is of great importance, in order to convince the world how much can be accomplished by moral influence, when joined with proper arrangements, that every institution in which it is mainly relied upon, should be made the subject of the fullest inquiry.

That the friends of the colored race should have omitted to employ direct and specific

teaching, combined with the general influence of Pestalozzian discipline, for the purpose of enlightening the public of the coming age, is a matter of surprise to me. If the understanding and feelings of youth can be impressed and guided, as is generally acknowledged, in regard to other questions, why not also on this? The partisans of opposite political opinions endeavor to secure the adoption, by the young, of their respective principles; and it would appear that, in the majority of instances, their efforts are repaid by success. The conservative presents, at an early period, to the mind of his son such historical passages as may excite veneration for old institutions, and attachment to the depositories of legitimate power, whilst he perpetually dwells on the horrors of anarchy, and he calls especial attention to those of the French revolution. The Whig, on the contrary, expatiates on the abuses of irresponsible power, portrays the victims of tyranny or intolerance, and turns the

young affections towards those who have asserted the rights of the people, either on the field or the scaffold. It is not, however, on domestic pleading alone, that the politician relies; his choice of the place of instruction for his child is governed by the same persuasion, that he *can* be influenced in favor of one side or the other, through the effects of association and of partially directed studies.

On my suggesting a similar course with reference to the slave question, it has been objected to me, that narratives of cruelty and atrocity have a pernicious effect upon many excitable minds. To this, I reply, First. Why should we shrink from such representations in the present case only? If the objection be a valid one, let the Conservative erase the revolutionary pages of his annals, — the Whig those stained by records of persecution and martyrdom. Nay, we shall be led, in pursuance of this principle, to close the Jewish Chronicles,— to " blot out for

ever" the sanguinary traces of the chosen people. We cannot consistently stop even there, — the darkness of oblivion must be spread over Calvary!

Secondly. There is no danger of creating a taste for the exercise of savage power, through sympathy with the slave-driver or his master, unless the representation be of a most unnatural kind, and neglect to awaken our sympathies with the victim; or unless we defeat our own object by exaggeration and personal animosity, which always dispose the lover of justice to take part with the accused. A moment's reflection will show, that there can be no analogy between the effects produced by the wrongs of guiltless sufferers, and by the criminal exploits of those whose career subjects them to the penalty of the law. There is, however, one evil, which is apt to result from the frequent excitement of emotions of a tragic character; — an evil, which is by no means to be disregarded, and against

which it may be necessary to warn philanthropists more particularly. It is an invariable physiological law, that over-excitement is followed by reaction; and, if carried beyond certain bounds, by paralysis of the function involved. Dugald Stewart has shown, too, that passive emotions exhaust themselves, and thus leave the ascendancy to another, — often an opposite, — class of feelings. I would limit the appeals to sensibility by the consideration of these facts in our nature. The child should rarely be excited by details of suffering, unless the *passive* emotion could be made to prompt the *practical* kindness; for then, as the same philosopher observes, the injurious effect upon the mind does not ensue. Occasions might easily be found, in which even the schoolboy's mite would contribute towards the spread of emancipation. Shall he be taught to sympathize with the bondage in Egypt, and not with the more cruel bondage of his own times?

The practical steps to be taken for this object, in schools, appear to be very simple. Let there be no formal lectures, no positive injunctions, on any question concerning humanity. There are many circumstances connected with this one, which would afford opportunities of touching upon it incidentally, and with effect. In lessons of geography and natural history, the birth-place, as well as the grave of bartered man, is rendered fascinating to the imagination, by the grand scenery of tropical climes; by the wild, the terrible, or the beautiful. If human beings are not excluded from the picture, a lasting association will be formed between their condition and the most impressive aspects of those foreign countries.

In a course of historical reading, likewise, a comparison might be introduced between the state of the freeman, the serf, and the slave; and our blessings might be made to recall the fact, that they are withheld from millions of our

fellow-creatures. Biography might give her aid by producing traits of Negro character, (beginning with Toussaint's) to show that our colored brethren, notwithstanding their degradation, are not incapable of moral greatness. Better still would it be, to have at every large school one at least, of these "Children of the sun," to claim in person a nature identical with our own, by the exhibition of common feelings and impulses, — of a heart that can be moved or misled, like that which beats in the white man's breast. May I venture to recommend this last suggestion to the superintendents of American schools? The cause of Freedom allies itself, as was remarked at the Convention, with every other good and holy cause; and if the Friends of education and the friends of freedom will cordially unite, we may rejoice in the belief, that Anti-slavery principles will be transmitted to yet abler and better supporters.

SONNET.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

A LITTLE child! and yet he spake as one
Having authority of God to pour
The living words of liberty before
The wise and prudent, till his life was done.

Oh, in that hour a nobler day begun!
And all who would the broken heart restore,
Or open wide the bondman's prison door,
Are brethren of that well-beloved Son.
His spirit is upon them when they preach
Liberty to the captive, and unbind
By the free utterance of the word they teach
The spirits of long manacled mankind.
They thank thee, Father! that thou hast revealed
Thy counsels unto babes, though aged eyes are sealed.

A MORNING WALK.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

We are apt to suppose that solitude is necessary for contemplation, that she cannot plume her wings except in the green shade; that the murmuring of brooks, and the melody of birds are her only proper accompaniment, or else that in the privacy of our chambers or the retirement of our studies, we must court her heavenly presence; but it is not so. The most active and unprepared scenes of life, the busy crowded street, is often the place for the deepest and the highest contemplation. There almost every variety of human life is moving before you, all its intense interests, its unbounded desires, its strong passions, all its faults and its excellencies, its glory and its meanness are pre-

sented to you; individuals at our bidding form themselves into classes, passing occurrences become histories, and the story of the passing moment is the true chronicle of the times. Almost every one's experience has brought him to these conclusions.

I one day while walking in the street fell into a contemplative mood, or as some would say into a reverie. The degradation of the extremely poor was the subject of my thoughts. They all of them, I said to myself, have souls; immortal souls, capable of and destined for an infinite happiness; their extreme poverty almost condemns them to vice and ignorance; what can they do to raise themselves, and to revive within them the consciousness of their native dignity? How can they for a moment free their spirits from the contamination around them? All their energies are employed in seeking for a bare subsistence for the body; they hardly know that they have souls. Except

from the greater acuteness of their sufferings, they have nothing to distinguish them from the brutes that perish. All the delights of knowledge are denied them, the world of imagination has never been revealed to them, all the beauty, all the charm of existence is unknown to them, from all intellectual pleasures they are excluded; from the light of life they are "cut off, and only cloud instead, and ever during dark surrounds them." But most of all they are deprived of the joy of doing good, the pleasures of benevolence; the poor have nothing to give.

I had been led into this train of thought by the sight of an unusually large number of the abject poor in the streets. In our country this is a small class, but it does exist. The fine weather, for it was a mild winter day, had brought them out from their dark cellars and hiding places, partly to sun themselves after the extreme cold which had preceded, and partly to obtain some means of subsistence.

I observed two or three miserable looking beings, shivering with cold, who had not clothes to cover them, and who looked pinched with hunger, and as if the slightest assistance would be a mercy to them. All passed them by without noticing them, some were too busy to stop, some had no inclination to give, some thought there were charitable institutions enough, and that it was never right to give without knowing whether the object of charity was a deserving one, others thought nothing about it.

I went on in my train of thought till I entered a retired street. Just before me there was a colored man whose dress indicated great poverty, but still it was decent, his clothes were patched though with all the colors of the rainbow, he looked weak and old and as if he had been sick. He had his saw on his shoulder, and appeared to be going home from his work. "He has a home," I said, "and a good wife — those

patches speak her praises; poor fellow! I suppose he has earned his dinner."

At a little distance coming towards us I saw a colored woman, scarcely covered with her miserable ragged garments; she looked very sick, and trembled with the cold. The poor man met her first as he was a few yards before me. He stopped her, and I saw him take out some money and give it to her. I saw her dark face light up with gratitude and joy. I saw her make an effort to speak, but her muscles seemed rigid. I had my purse in my hand, and when I came up to them I added something to the poor man's mite, and said, as I did so, "I am glad to follow such a good example." "Oh ma'am," said the poor fellow, "we must do something for these poor creatures." He seemed to think it was only a common duty he had performed, and one so unquestioned as to deserve no praise or thanks. He walked along by my side speaking of other things, and as if

he felt that our mutual interest in this poor sufferer, and our joint act of charity, had for a time levelled the distinction which society had raised betwen us. But *he* had given perhaps the half of his all, *I* an insignificant trifle from my comparative abundance; I felt depressed in comparison with him.

This was the only alms-giving I had witnessed in the course of my walk, and it was from the number of those who I thought were debarred the luxury of giving. He was not only a poor man, but he was one of the despised people of color. My heart was cheered up at this proof I had witnessed, that they are not deprived of the pleasures of benevolence. Out of his small pittance, this poor man had been able to bestow enough to gladden the heart of one poorer than himself, the smile of gratitude and joy had come at his bidding. Let the rich man line his walls with inanimate representations of human sorrow, or of joy, of divine beauty, or of hu-

man excellence, this is well ; but let not the poor man envy him, if he can yet, though but for a moment, light up the dead eye of sickness and sorrow, for he is not destitute of the means of the highest happiness ; he has still his luxuries. Did the rich use this divine power to the extent of their ability, did they strengthen as many feeble hands as they might, did they bind up as many broken hearts, did they light up as many sad faces, as their means enabled them to, did they surround themselves with a living throng of grateful, happy, human faces, then we might be tempted to envy them, and to complain of the unequal distribution of wealth. But we too often see the abundant stream returning back upon itself, and forming a stagnant pool around its own source, instead of flowing onward, dispensing life and beauty on its joyful way.

I was very glad that the lesson I had received had been given me by a colored man. If they, in spite of all their wrongs, in spite of the

hardening influence of the contempt, in which their race is held, if they still have compassion towards others, it must be a strong original principle of their nature; it strengthened my hope for the final elevation of this much injured race.

I lately heard an anecdote of a colored woman, that pleased me much. Some may smile at the simplicity of character it displayed, but more will be touched by the child-like trust in God and gratitude for his goodness, that it evinced.

She was a free woman; she lived in a family, to which she was very much attached, and who treated her with the greatest kindness; her life was a very happy one. It was noticed, that every day at a certain hour she left her work, and for a short time no one knew where she was gone or what she was doing. At last they watched her and discovered that at this hour she went and dressed herself in her best clothes, put on a nice clean apron, and went to a partic-

ular place in the garret, and there she folded her hands and made a low courtesy, and with the deepest feeling of reverence said, "I thank you, God."

Oh that the day might be at hand when all her brothers and sisters in our country may have cause for an equal gratitude; oh that their chains might be struck off, their rights restored, their wounds healed, the hitherto untouched springs of joy opened in their hearts, and that these, our fellow beings, might for a while leave their labors, and, dressed in their holiday clothes, bow the knee before the Father of mercies, and with hearts full of devotion and joy, unite with one voice in saying, "we thank you, God."

SONNET TO LIBERTY.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THEY tell me LIBERTY! that, in thy name,
I may not plead for all the human race;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame:
With my whole soul, I spurn the doctrine base,
And as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim!
Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
GOD NEVER MADE A TYRANT, NOR A SLAVE:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image!—for to all HE gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate;
And by a mighty hand the oppressed HE yet shall save.

Boston, Dec. 14, 1840.

SONNET

ON COMPLETING MY THITY-FIFTH YEAR.

DECEMBER 10, 1840.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

If, to the age of threescore years and ten,
God of my life! thou shalt my term prolong,
Still be it mine to reprobate all wrong,
And save from woe my suffering fellow-men.
Whether in Freedom's cause, my voice or pen
Be used by thee who art my boast and song,
To vindicate the weak against the strong,
Upon my labors rest thy benison!
O! not for Afric's sons alone I plead,
Or her descendants; but for all who sigh

In servile chains, whate'er their cast or creed :
They not in vain to Heaven send up their cry ;
For all mankind from bondage shall be freed,
And from the earth be chased all forms of tyranny.

ALL IS IN ALL.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

THIS is an axiom of that method of education somewhat known in this country, and much pursued on the continent of Europe, under the name of JACOTOT. It is one of the mighty but noiseless agencies, arising in the Present to control the Future. It is eminently fitted to unfetter minds, and thereby unmanacle hands. It is a key to self-culture. It opens to the weak and lowly the strongest holds of human skill and learning. By no royal road is this access obtained, but by vigorous and sustained effort. It is the most thorough of methods. It is the deepest and most patient digging for pure water; and this gushes up with a spontaneousness and plenty proportioned to the labor.

The meaning of the axiom is, that anything once learned is the beginning of a thread, which being carefully felt and followed will guide to *all* knowledge. The idea is kindred to Cicero's common bond and sisterhood of the sciences; and is expressed in Carlyle's quaint figure, "Any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the world!" That the same law applies to moral, as well as scientific truth, is startling to timid minds of narrow vision. Hence things which naturally grow out of each other, like branches from the root, seem to them altogether foreign and extraneous. Hence their dismay, lest others should travel out of their sphere, if they leave their own firesides; or, at any rate, go beyond the limits of their own village, where, under ministerial guidance, they may form cent-a-week societies for missionaries, or help to erect military monuments, under the control of patriotic committees.

While I was in Paris, an exhibition of Jacotot pupils was held at the Hotel de Ville. The striking characteristic of these youths was the perfect possession and easy command of their knowledge. They solved scientific problems, wrote impromptu themes, and delivered opinions on moral principles and historical facts, with a readiness, self-possession, and propriety, which I had hitherto regarded as the privilege of the long robe, and the chairs of universities. Poor children of ten or twelve years, played on the piano extempore compositions, which Parisian professors pronounced correct and beautiful.

There was in the same city, on every Sunday, a gathering, which to me was not less charming than that of the Hotel de Ville. On these occasions, lectures on the system, and practical illustrations of it, were given by gentlemen in the unpretending capacity of class-leaders. Passages of books were paraphrased from memory by the learners, and opinions expressed on

any critical or ethical question, suggested by the subject or manner of these exercises. It was deeply interesting to see the French working-women, with their neat caps and fresh faces, stand up as calm as senators, and far more honest and free; uttering themselves with a penetration of thought, propriety and force of language, and a purity of moral sentiment, which would grace the grandest halls, and shamed the low and selfish civilization wherewith they remained content.

These scenes are sunny spots in the memory of my travels. I contrast them with the confusion and dispersion of a School for Mutual Instruction, which I witnessed in Cadiz, when that city was re-captured for Ferdinand the Seventh, by the army of D'Angouleme, and the fetters of Spain were re-rivetted. Those chains are now shivered again.

Thus in all things we see the dawning rays of a better age. In all things the Equalizing Prin-

ciple manifests itself. In Anti-slavery associations, the democracy of morals; in Free Schools, the democracy of Intellect; in Phrenology, the democracy of metaphysics; in Daguerrotype, the democracy of painting; in the invention of the Hand-Harmonicon, and the theory that every man may be a singer, the democracy of music; in Free Trade, the democracy of commerce; and in Jacotot's system, the genuine democracy of education. Verily, all is in all.

SONNETS.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

I.

THE chiming of the distant bell comes borne
On the faint wings of the flower-laden air ;
It breaks the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
And summons to the rites of praise and prayer ;
But I no more may in that worship share,
No longer bend at that familiar shrine ;
The altar that my heart hath deemed so fair
Is lit no longer by a light divine.
No prayer goes upward from yon temple high,
For the deliverance of the trampled slave !
His cruel wrongs, his bitter destiny,
In yon proud courts may no remembrance crave.

From such a spot my heart in sorrow turns,
And for a purer, holier worship burns.

II.

What though my footsteps may not press the
floor,
By human hands made consecrate to Thee,
And though I may not mid the crowd adore,
Yet Father! wilt thou not vouchsafe to me
The beauty of thy holiness to see,—
And on the glory of thy face to gaze
With heart alike from pride and passion free,
As though the proudest dome that man could
raise
Were witness to the sacrifice I bring?
Were *mine own heart* for Thee a temple
meet,
The praises through the loftiest roofs that ring,
Would not be incense in thy sight more sweet,

Than its unuttered worship. Father, hear,
And in my inmost heart thine altar rear!

Sunday Morning, in the country,
June, 1840.

DINAH ROLLINS.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

All the world knows, that the blessings of the patriarchal system were not always monopolized by our Southern brethren. New England, also, once rejoiced in its benign influences. Although the Fathers of New England did not exactly make "Slavery the corner stone of their republican institutions," (for the science of political ethics was then in its infancy,) still they were not so fanatical as wholly to reject it from the fabric of their new state. The scarcity of laborers in those early days reconciled some of them to a system, which, when first proposed, they rejected with abhorrence, and the obvious convenience of having their work done, without having to pay for it, might well help to silence

any fantastic scruples as to the justice of the arrangement. Others, again, in whom the religious principle predominated over the economical, thought they discerned the finger of Providence indicating the spiritual things which were to be imparted to the involuntary immigrants in exchange for their carnal things; and they hailed every fresh importation of African heathens, as so much raw material, to be worked up into American Christians, and thus, before the inception of the foreign or domestic missionary enterprises, united the benefits of the former plan with the conveniences of the latter. The privilege of extending the advantages of modern civilization and Christianity to these savage and pagan strangers, whose experience of both during the middle passage would favorably prepare them for their reception, reconciled these good men to any apparent hardship in the mode of bringing their neophytes within the sphere of their influences. The happy project

of re-shipping them, or their descendants, to their native country, after they had been fully saturated with the blessings of that of their adoption, had not then been developed, or the philanthropy of their benefactors would have received a new impulse from the beatific vision of these new apostles carrying back the civilization and religion, they had learned during their sojourn in this favored land, to that of their birth; which, if truly reported to their savage countrymen, as preached and practised by the vast majority of ministers and people of almost every denomination, could not fail of awakening in their breasts an holy emulation, and of inducing an instant renunciation of their favorite barbarisms of fighting, killing, and enslaving one another. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, our good ancestors satisfied their consciences as well as they were able, in one way or another, and submitted to be served without wages, with the best grace they could. In justice to their

memories, however, it should be said that New-England slavery was the very mildest form of involuntary servitude. The nature of the agricultural and mechanical productions of that day, the difficult communication and comparatively infrequent intercourse between the different colonies, and the severe morality which marked the character of that peculiar people, prevented the overworking of the slaves, the separation of families and disruption of natural ties, and that toleration, if not compulsion, of the grossest vice and licentiousness, which form the most hideous features of the system, as it exists at the present day, in this country. Tradition relates that the old slaves often ruled with almost absolute sway over the farm-houses in which they had passed their lives, while by the wealthier families they were frequently indulged more like spoiled children than favorite domestics. Many circumstances might be related to show that the value of "this peculiar species of prop-

erty" was very different in those days and these; or else that our fathers were not the wise men in their generation, that they are reputed to have been. I will only mention the advertisements which are not unfrequently found in the curious little newspapers of the times, to this effect. "To BE GIVEN AWAY, a likely negro child of five years old; apply to the printer." Now among the many modern slave advertisements which I have consulted, whether in the columns of Southern newspapers themselves, or when transferred to the collections of the curious in such matters, as affording the most indisputable, unimpeachable evidence of the true character of the system, (unless, indeed, it be true, as was once suggested to me by an elderly gentleman of respectable appearance in a stage-coach, that they are inserted in the Southern papers by the abolitionists, for the purpose of making an impression at the North,) it never has been my fortune to light upon an adver-

tisement of this description. Now, as generosity is well known to be the inseparable companion of chivalry, it cannot be supposed that the absence of such advertisements is owing to any lack of a giving spirit. It must be accounted for either by modesty which shrinks from such a parade of liberal designs, or by a change in the value of the gift, which makes such a proclamation unnecessary in order to find one willing to accept it. The reader must settle this point for himself, while I proceed to my *historiette.*

It was in that world before wages, but towards the close of those happy days of primitive simplicity, that our heroine made her first appearance upon this disjointed scene of things. She was "born," about seventy years since, "in the house" of Judge Rollins, of Somersworth, New Hampshire; a circumstance, which we learn, from high authority, brought her as effectually within the protection of the scriptural sanc-

tions of slavery, as if she had been "bought with his money." * If her master happened to be troubled with any silly scruples about his relation to poor Dinah and his other slaves, it is a thousand pities that he lived too soon to enjoy the ghostly consolations just quoted, and others equally cogent and to the point; as for example, the positions recently maintained by a reverend divine, (Rev. R. Fuller, of Beaufort, South Carolina,) that "the domestic relations here existing" are authorized by God, not condemned by Jesus Christ, and "expressly authorized" by the Holy Ghost; and that, consequently, their condemnation by abolitionists is "a direct insult to the Unchangeable and Holy One of Heaven." †

* See the passage on this subject in the work on Moral Philosophy, by the Rev. Jasper Adams, D. D., President of the College in Charleston, S. C.

† See his Letter to the Rev. Elon Galusha, in the Recorder and Watchman.

In default of such comforters, however, Judge Rollins and his family appear to have quieted their conscientious scruples, if they had any, by treating their slaves in the kindest manner. As long as any of the family survived, Dinah remained an affectionate inmate of their household. At length, however, the Rollins family became extinct, as was the case with many others of the old New Hampshire families, which helped to transmute the most aristocratic of the colonies into the most democratic of the states; and poor Dinah was left without anybody to take care of her. The reader will perhaps conclude from this, her unhappy predicament, that she either immediately took to begging, if not to stealing, or else transported her poverty to another state, or, at best, came upon the parish. No such consequences ensued, although we are credibly assured, that such must be the inevitable effects of emancipation. She migrated no farther than Portsmouth, where

she obtained an honest livelihood, by serving as hostler in a livery stable.

I apprehend that a less authentic historian than myself, priding himself on the dignity, rather than the truth of his narrative, might be tempted to soften this circumstance, if not to suppress it entirely. For in the course of a pretty extensive and careful circle of studies, including most of the Annuals and Souvenirs of the last dozen years, and other kindred branches of literature, I do not remember to have read of a single heroine, whatever might have been the extremity or the variety of her distress, who was reduced to rub down horses and sweep out stables for her support. I am apprehensive, too, lest my Dinah should seem to some masters in our Israel to have been "impatient of her proper sphere," and to have "stepped forth to assume the duties of the man" in her choice of a field of labor; and that she may even come within the range of the fulminations of the Pastoral

Letter of the Massachusetts General Association of Congregational Ministers, and be exposed to be likened unto "a vine, whose strength and beauty is to lean upon the trellis-work, and half conceal its clusters," but which "thinks to assume the independence and over-shadowing nature of the elm." I am concerned, also, lest a distinguished gentleman, who stands in the first rank, if not in the first place, of our Republic of Letters, and who has lately discoursed eloquently to an elegant audience, on the sphere of woman, or some of his admirers, (should this little story fall under the observation of any of them,) may condemn her as deficient in that perfect propriety and feminine delicacy, which form the chief ornaments of the sex. My business, however, is to relate facts and not to extenuate them, and I must leave poor Dinah to the mercy of all censors, whether clerical or laïc, who may choose to sit in judgment upon her. I must, in justice, however, state that

great as may have been her deviation, in this particular, from the gentle elegancies and graceful proprieties of perfect womanhood, it was not owing to anything unfeminine in her education. I am not sure that she is even possessed of those elements of reading and writing, which, according to Dogberry, "come by nature;" and I think that I can assure the fastidious reader, that she is perfectly innocent of the knowledge of the classics, of metaphysics, of the higher mathematics, and in general, of all the eminently masculine branches of learning.

Whatever may be the opinion of the learned, or of posterity, as to the abstract fitness of Dinah's position in the livery-stable, there she was, when the circumstance occurred which I have thought worthy of recital. While she was thus engaged in the charge of steeds, an occupation for which, I forgot in the proper place to say, she had the example of the Homeric princesses and of the dames of chivalry, she was one day

accosted by a white woman, who had once lived at service with her, and who told a piteous tale. She had spent a long life in menial service, and after having drudged for many years, and endured the caprices and exactions of many masters, she was now in her old age, and when disabled from labor by infirmity, thrown destitute upon the world. No resource seemed left her but the Alms-house — for which she entertained the dread so common to honest poverty, and which seems to argue some vice in the system, which cannot be entirely subdued, even when it is administered in the most humane and enlightened manner. It was a common tale, and of every-day distress, such as would excite but little attention at the corners of the streets, but it went straight to the good heart of Dinah. Here was an old friend in want, and what could she do for her? When the heart is opened to receive a friend in distress, the door does not long remain closed. If the

heart is large enough, the house is seldom found too small. Accordingly Dinah soon remembered that her habitation — though small enough for one, was still large enough for two. And as for the increased expenses of her establishment, — why, she must work the harder to meet them, that was all. Her plan was soon arranged in her mind, and as speedily reduced to practice. She took her old companion to her humble home, and has ever since (it is now several years) shared it, and all that it contains, with her. So little did she think that she had done anything out of the common way, that it was a long time before her remarkable action became known. Since then she has been an object of interest and of good offices to many benevolent individuals. What has seemed most extraordinary to those who have observed her proceedings, has been the natural delicacy and good breeding, which has taught her so to dispense her bounty to her helpless charge, as to

take from it the appearance of an obligation. This, no doubt, arises from the circumstance, that she does not think of herself as conferring one; and having the things, benevolence and forgetfulness of self, it is but natural that she should possess the politeness which is but their visible sign. If she had ever read Cicero, (which, as I have already observed, I do not think probable,) she might cite in support of her philosophy, the wise saying of Socrates, which he quotes, "Whatever you would seem, be." I will mention one instance of her delicacy in her treatment of her guest, which will perhaps be more highly appreciated by some of my readers, than by others. "Knowing, as she said, "that white folks don't like to have colored folks live with them," and having but one room for their joint accommodation, she divided it into two parts by means of a line hung with old clothes, that she might give her guest a separate apartment, in deference to her supposed preju-

dices. Her conduct, in every respect, towards her unfortunate friend, I am assured, by those who are well acquainted with the facts, might serve as a model of disinterested kindness to persons of much higher pretensions and greater advantages.

I was told this story, during a visit which I lately made to the beautiful town of Portsmouth, and I conceived a strong desire to see the scene and the heroine of it. It was the annual Thanksgiving of New Hampshire, and I was invited, though a stranger, to join an affectionate and accomplished family circle on that domestic festival. The rain poured in torrents, but we heeded it not, for "our sunshine was within." Notwithstanding these inducements, both within doors and without, to stay where I was, I stole away, after dinner, from the hospitable table, and proceeded with an old college acquaintance, one of the clergymen of the town, to the abode of Dinah Rollins. She was not at

home when we first arrived at her door, but soon made her appearance from a neighboring alley. And now, shall I describe her? A more prudent historian would leave his readers to imagine how she looked, but I feel it due to them and to Dinah to portray her appearance. She certainly was a very different person from the heroines of the generality of the "hot-pressed darlings," which are annually furnished forth by "the trade" to friendship and love, as gifts for Christmas and New Year. She would find herself brought acquainted with strange company in the Book of Beauty or the Flowers of Loveliness. Her face was of the intensest black, and her features of the strongest African cast; but still there was an expression of goodness and benevolence pervading her countenance, which, if it did not amount to positive beauty, at least made amends for the want of it. She was between four and five feet high, very broadly and strongly built. She wore a man's

hat upon her head, a cloth cape, like that of a man's great-coat, coming down to her waist, over her shoulders.

She received us kindly, and invited us into her house, or rather room, which presented a different aspect, to be sure, from the scene of elegant hospitality I had just left. The room contained a few rude articles of furniture and a stove. The plastering had parted from the laths of the ceiling, so that the sawdust of the mechanic's shop over-head would shower down at times upon the floor. Within the enclosure of counterpanes and old clothes we found "the old lady," as Dinah always calls her, who has been bedridden for a long time, being eighty-four years old, and so deaf as to be absolutely impervious to sound. She seemed, however, sensible of the kindness of our intention in coming to see her. The devotion of Dinah to her, and her absolute unconsciousness that she was doing anything remarkable, was perfectly beautiful.

She did not seem to know but that such a scene was acting in every house in Portsmouth.

In a sort of shed, behind her room, she showed us a hog of huge proportions, which she was raising for winter supply, and also her harvest of Indian corn, which she had garnered there. For the infirmities of her old friend requiring more time than her office of mistress of the horse could spare, she had resigned it, and turned her attention to other more manageable modes of getting a subsistence, among which was farming on a small scale. She cultivated to good purpose, as I should judge from her crop, a small piece of land belonging to the town; and to the honor of the town be it told, that it refuses to take any rent of her; thus affording an exception to the general rule, that corporations have no souls. She showed us these stores with an honest pride, and evinced none of the shame, or indeed of the consciousness of poverty.

I do not know but some scrupulous persons may be disposed to find fault with Dinah's *protegé*, for being willing to be a burden upon her scanty revenue. Possibly some admirer of the Caucasian race may think it especially unworof a daughter of that superior family to receive her support from one of African descent. I would entreat such an one to desist from his speculations at once, lest he should find himself tampering with "delicate subjects," or, peradventure, meddling with what is none of his business. I would, however, in justice to my old friend at Portsmouth say, that she is kept in countenance by multitudes of reverend divines, learned judges, and honorable women in the Southern States; who are provided with board and lodging and supplied with pocket-money by negroes. Nay more; that not a few of the most eloquent advocates of the rights of man, and the boldest opposers of monopolies, in both branches of the national legislature, and some, at least, of

those who from the chair of state have uttered forth the oracles of democracy, are, or have been, dependent for their daily bread and necessary clothing upon the earnings of colored men and women. So I conceive that Dinah's friend is borne out by the example of these illustrions paupers, and is not to be called in question by any one, as to her means of subsistence. Moreover, it should be remembered, that her support is given her cheerfully and voluntarily, which, it is said, is not always the case in the other instances I have cited. So that it appears the difference is in her favor in the particular in which the cases are not parallel. I did not hear, indeed, of any attempt on her part to flog, brand, or even sell her benefactress, upon any temptation of pique or profit. But we must make allowances for the disadvantages of her former condition, and for the defects of her early education.

What I saw and heard at this visit seemed to

imply, that slaves may be able to take care of themselves, and to dispense with the providence of a master, without danger of starvation or beggary. I also gathered from it, that they were competent, not only to take care of themselves, but of white people too, even though they might not stand to them in the relation of proprietor. Moreover I perceived, that goodness of heart and refinement of feeling are not limited by color or conferred by education. I discovered, too, that the truest riches may be possessed by the poorest person, and that there are nobler acts of munificence than those chronicled in religious newspapers. Grateful for these lessons, I took a kind farewell of her who had imparted them, and heartily bade God bless her; and if ever I am tempted to take a gloomy view of life, or to despair of the improvement of the race, I shall refresh my spirit by reverting to my interview with DINAH ROLLINS.

CHARLES FOLLEN.

"He had the gentleness of a child, and the energy of an angel." His name is never uttered but with tears and benedictions, by those who knew him as no other Americans did — the American Abolitionists. Of the mingled cup which they have drunk together, the deepest joy and the most bitter sorrow, has been the life and the death of Charles Follen.

His "Farewell to Life," is probably the last verse he ever wrote. He intended it for the Liberty Bell last year; and though we now place it on our page with something of the feeling with which one listens to a noble strain he is to hear no more, our immortal natures testify against our sorrow; and tell us that feelings, thoughts and words, like these true and fitly

chosen ones, can never die; but must needs live thus noble and beautiful, forever.

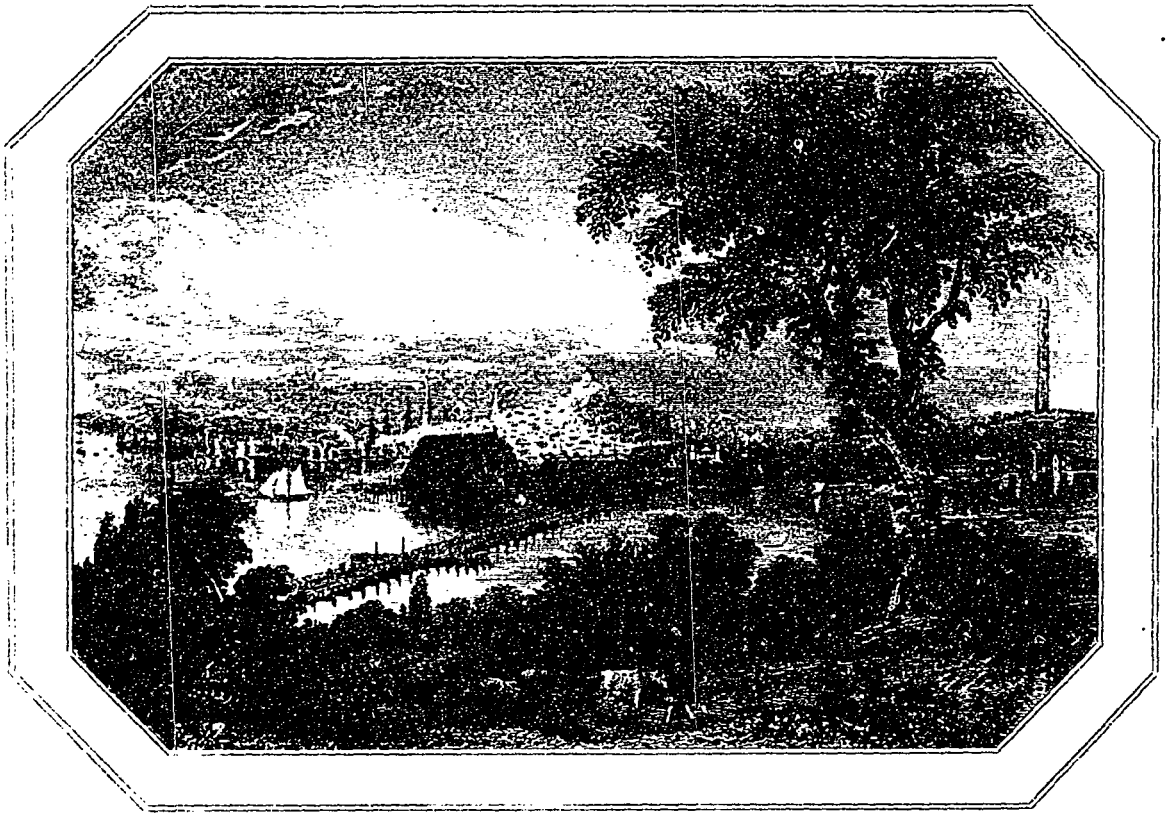
FAREWELL TO LIFE.

[From the German of Körner; written by him when dangerously wounded and helpless, he lay in a forest expecting to die.]

BY CHARLES FOLLEN.

This smarting wound — these lips so pale and chill —
My heart, with faint and fainter beatings, says,
I stand upon the borders of my days.
Amen! my God, I own thy holy will.
The golden dreams that once my soul did fill,
The songs of mirth, become sepulchral lays.
Faith! Faith! That truth which all my spirit sways,
Yonder, as here must live within me still.

And what I held as sacred here below,
What I embraced with quick and youthful glow,
Whether I called it Liberty or Love —
A seraph now I see it stand above ;
And as my senses slowly pass away,
A breath transports me to the realms of day.



THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee."

The Golden Legend, by WYNKYN DE WORDE.

BOSTON:

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

M DCCC XLII.

C.

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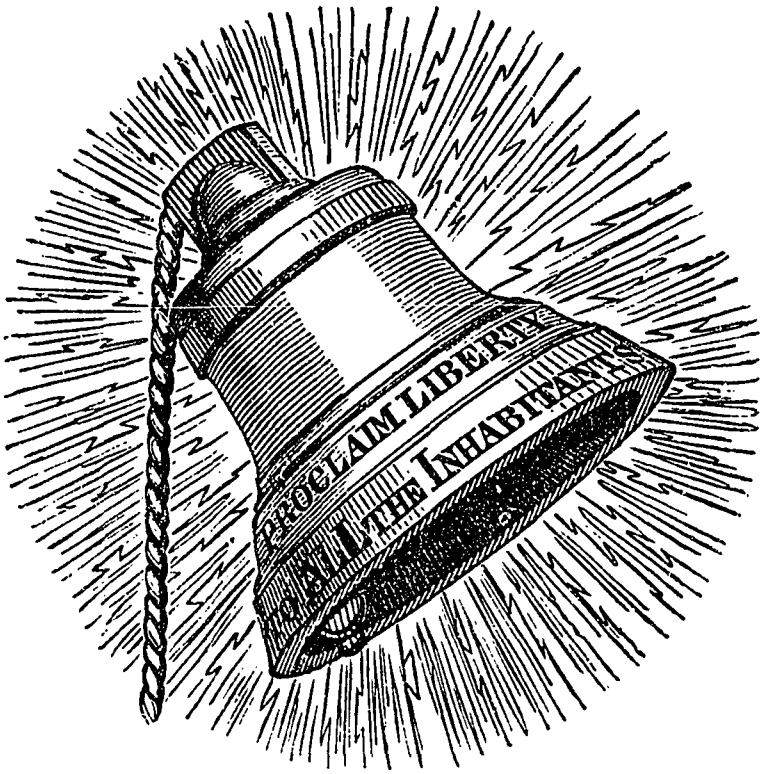


THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

The Liberty Bell — The Liberty Bell,
The tocsin of Freedom and Slavery's knell,
That a whole long year has idle hung,
Again is wagging its clamorous tongue!
As it merrily swings,
Its notes it flings

On the dreamy ear of planters and kings,
And it gives them a token,
Of manacles broken ;—
And all that the prophets of Freedom have spoken.
With tongues of flame,
(Like those which came
On the men who first spoke in the Saviour's name,)
Comes over their soul
As death-bells knowl,
Or the wheels of coming thunder roll !
Our Liberty Bell —
They know it well,
The tocsin of Freedom and Slavery's knell !

Our Liberty Bell ! let its startling tone
Abroad o'er a slavish land be thrown !
Nay, on the wings of the North-East wind,
Let it reach the isles of the Western Ind —
Those isles of the sun
Where the work is done

That, here at the North, is but just begun.
Let the Bell be swung,
Till old and young,
That dwell New England's hills among,
Shall wake at the peal,
And, with holy zeal,
Beside their mountain altars kneel,
And pray that the yoke
From the necks may be broke
Of the millions who feel the "continual stroke"
Of the despot's rod;
And that Earth's green sod
No more by the foot of a slave may be trod.

Let the Liberty Bell ring out — ring out!
And let freemen reply with a thundering shout,
That the gory scourges and clanking chains,
That blast the beauty of Southern plains,
Shall be stamped in the dust;—
And that thrice-gorged Lust,

That gloats on his helpless bond-slave's bust,
Ere long shall see
That slave set free,
And joining in Liberty's Jubilee.
That Jubilee song!
"O Lord, how long"
Must the world yet wait for that Jubilee song?
Yet, come it must;
Jehovah is just,
And his Truth and his Spirit we cheerfully trust.
That truth to tell
Comes the Liberty Bell,
And that spirit shall make it strike Slavery's knell.

Our Liberty Bell! let its solemn chime
Fall on the ear of hoary Time,
As onward — onward to its goal
He sees the chariot of Liberty roll;
While, with shout and song,
The swelling throng

Of the friends of the bondman urge it along.
Let the same chime fall
On the ears of all,
Who tread on the neck of the negro thrall,
Till they start from the ground,
As they will at the sound
When the trumpets of angels are pealing around.
And the murdered slave
Comes forth from his grave,
And smiles at the flash of th' Avenger's glaive,
And the world shall accord
In the righteous award
To both tyrant and slave, in that day of the Lord.

WOMEN'S WORK.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

WHAT have women to do with the abolition of Slavery? what can they do? What is the use of women's meddling with it? Let them mind their own affairs, they only make men angry, they do no good. Let women work in their own sphere, &c. &c. Every one knows, as soon as these questions are asked, the whole catechism to which they belong, and the whole list of stereotyped answers, which the sticklers for the prerogative of men are ready to give. Much has been said on both sides of this question, and perhaps argument has done all that it can do for the right, as well as for the wrong side of it. To those who are willing to reason, it has been proved, that men and women have

equal duties upon all moral questions, and that these duties, on both sides, are limited only by their powers.

With regard to the abolition of slavery, however, I would ask if there is not a greater claim, a higher call upon women for exertion, than even upon men?

Is it not natural and right that women should feel most for the sufferings and degradation of their own sex? And are not women the greatest sufferers from slavery?

The physical strength of a man, even when he is a slave, inspires a degree of fear and respect, even from his master, which is some little protection — not so with the poor woman. Weak and trembling, she stands before her tyrant, utterly defenceless, entirely subjected to his power, crushed soul and body, the willing or the unwilling victim of his brutal will. Doubtless the men in slavery suffer much, but what pure mind would not prefer the hard work, the

cruel lashes, all that a man can endure, to the hideous catalogue of miseries, to which the female slaves are often doomed? At times it seems to me as if the condition of the men was freedom and joy, compared to that of the poor, wretched, helpless women. The moral corruption, which grows out of this degradation of women, spreads far and wide, and all around breathe a tainted atmosphere; and the pale, sensitive, fine lady of the South, knows this too well.

And cannot women do something for their suffering sisters? Yes; they can send in their names by thousands and hundreds of thousands, to those places where men meet to make good laws and unmake bad ones, in humble petition for mercy and justice. Every woman's name counts one; let it go to add to the weight and eloquence of the general prayer for the liberation of women from the vilest bondage.

When such petitions were sent in to the En-

glish parliament, there was no one to utter the vulgar things which American *gentlemen* have said upon this subject, but on the contrary, they said — "Here are the names of our mothers, our sisters, our wives — now we must yield."

Women have a right to be heard, for they are all sufferers. Let no woman set herself apart, and say she has nothing to do with the corruption of woman at the South; it is not so. She has much to do with it: directly or indirectly, it touches her; and if not, are they not Christians? and will they not one day be called upon to say what they have done for the least of these, the brethren of the Saviour of men? What will they answer at that day?

It is hardly extravagant to say, that the women of the free states could abolish slavery in this country merely by using their right of petition.

Let no one say that women are incapable of judging of this question because they are not

politicians. They are on this very account more able to judge of it, for they regard it only in its true light, as a question of right or wrong. Being neither money-makers nor law-makers, they are more likely to look at it with the clear eye of justice, truth, and purity. Yes; woman's faith, and woman's courage, and woman's love might break the fetters of the slave. Every woman can deserve the blessed words of Jesus — "She hath done what she could," she can ever stand ready to enter her solemn, her fearless protest against sin, and she can learn to understand, and feel, and reason, for human rights. Is there any one who is honestly convinced she can do no good to the slaves by any positive act — I would say to her, "You can remember them, you can pray for them. If you are a happy mother, when your children are gathered around you in the security of love and freedom, then you can think of the mother of slaves, who never sees her children all together without

fearing that it may be the last time, who sees ever the vultures hovering over her dear little ones. If you are a happy wife, enter, if you can, into the feelings of her who hears the sound of the voice of the auctioneer over her or her husband's head, and knows that they are to part, you can try to feel the sword of separation that enters their hearts when their master receives the price of innocent blood, and she and he are left desolate.

If you say — "Why should I make myself so unhappy for nothing? I cannot relieve these sufferers," — I answer, Suppose you were a prisoner for life, and never looked for the light of hope to enter your dungeon, would it not be some comfort to you to know that there was even one human heart that pitied you, that longed to release you, that the invisible but all-embracing arms of a heavenly compassion were around you and would, if it could, comfort and sustain you in your loneliness and sorrow, and

that while your withered heart had almost lost its faith in God, and could not even pray, that this heart often turned from its own full cup of joy, to think of you and pray the God of mercy for your deliverance? Oh yes; there would be a divine blessing to you in the knowledge of this pitying love hovering over you — and we know not the mysterious efficacy of such prayers, of such holy desires.

The abolition of slavery is indeed women's work. As imitators of him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, we are called to it. Let neither fathers, nor brothers, nor husbands, nor false or weak friends keep us back from it. Let us imitate those holy women, who heeded not the angry multitude, nor their infuriated cries of "crucify him, crucify him," but fearlessly followed him, who was to suffer an ignominious death, to his cross, despising the shame, knowing that though hated and reviled of men, he was the Son of God.

A FACT AND A REFLECTION.

BY SUSAN CABOT.

THE following short anecdote may suggest to others, as it has done to myself, a long sermon. I relate it simply as I heard it from a friend, who knew it to be true. We had been discussing the subject of abolition, he differing from me in supposing that the abolitionists were advancing the cause of emancipation. He, however, in the midst of our warm discussion, could not forbear, as he reverted to what he himself had witnessed, relating the following anecdote, which occurred to him from the sympathy excited in him by the pain I had showed at the sufferings of the slaves, and the terrible injustice of their relation to their masters. He said, while I was in the South, I knew of a woman,

who, becoming vexed with her slave, struck her in the face; it so happened that the blow came upon her mouth, and with such force, as to knock out some of her front teeth. This blow caused her, who inflicted it, a wound upon the hand, that produced the lockjaw of which she died.

Now we are disposed to ask, what must have been in her soul, when she found that this act was to send her thus uncalled into the presence of her Judge. Did she then feel that she was the child of God, and that her slave was not. Did she in her visions on her last bed think she heard those encouraging words, "well done, thou good and faithful servant." Did she then think that her white skin would answer for a wedding garment, that should make her welcome to sit down with Him who came to save those that were lost!

UNION OF THE OLD AND THE NEW WORLD

BY JOHN BOWRING.

The mighty majesty of steam,
O'er waters and o'er winds supreme,
  Hath mastered the Atlantic main;
From shore to shore, we speak — we hear —
And hemisphere to hemisphere
  Echoes in swift response again.

Look! for heaven's golden bow, new-strung,
Is on the old Ben-Nevis hung; —
  Yet ere that bow shall be outspread
Into the "full-orbed shield" * your eye
May watch it in Columbia's sky,
  O'er Allegany's distant head.

* Ossian.

Blest thought! between the ebb and flow
Of one fleet moon we come and go
From world to world. Remotest lands
Towards union and communion tend; —
And shall not closer concord blend
Our words and works and hearts and hands?

An Iris-bow shall arch the sea
Where angels shall glide smilingly,
Heralds of truth and love and light,
Across the deep. In dream serene,
As by the ancient patriarch seen,
Ascending and descending bright.*

Yes! in one glorious league combined,
The great confederacy of mind
Shall from the oppressor save the opprest;
Man be redeemed — and liberty
The inheritance of nations be,
And every, every wrong redressed.

London,
26 September, 1841.

* Genesis xxviii. 12.

VIRGINIA.

BY WILLIAM ADAM.

SLAVERY, in the French colonies, is approaching a consummation devoutly to be wished, and the following case, which was adjudicated on appeal in the Court of Cassation at Paris, on the 1st of March, 1841, affords an illustration both of the reasonings which are still employed by its advocates, and of the powerful influences which are arrayed against it.

Virginia was a slave in the service of Madame de Bellecourt, an inhabitant of the island of Guadaloupe, who by her will, dated 16th April, 1822, bequeathed liberty to Virginia and four other slaves, whom she thus sought to recompense for their zeal and fidelity. Virginia had afterwards two children, Amelia and Simon, born, one

in 1826, and the other in 1829, and Madame de Bellecourt died in 1832, without having made any change in the dispositions of her will, and without having given any intimation of her intentions regarding the two children.

The legal effect of this bequest was to entitle Virginia to her liberty at the period of her mistress's decease, but she does not appear to have obtained it until the 18th of February, 1834, when she was declared free by an official act of the Governor of the island. The heirs of her mistress, however, refused to liberate her children who were then, the one eight years, and the other four years and a half old, and she accordingly took legal steps, calling upon them to show cause why her children should not be judicially declared free and absolved from all servitude and slavery, and requiring that the necessary official formalities should be attended to, in order to obtain for them their patent of liberty. An unfavorable decision was

pronounced by the primary Court of *Point a Pitre*, and subsequently by the Royal Court of *Guadaloupe*. The decree pronounced by the latter Court, and the counter-decree by the Court of Cassation, will be rendered more intelligible by previously quoting Article 47th of the edict of March, 1685, belonging to the Code Noir, of which, in its application to the present case, the most opposite interpretations are given by the two Courts.

"Art. 47. Husband and wife and their children under age shall not be held and sold *separately*, if they are under the power of the same owner. We declare null and void the purchases and sales that may be made of them; and we will also that this rule should apply *to voluntary alienations* under the penalty, to be inflicted on those who make such alienations, of being deprived of that slave or of those slaves whom they may have kept, and who shall be adjudged to the purchasers without their being required to make any addition to the price."

The obvious purpose of this provision of the Black Code was, even under the operation of an unnatural and anti-social system, to recognise, however imperfectly, the natural and social rights of husband and wife, parent and child. The following is the reasoning by which the Royal Court of Guadaloupe escapes from this recognition.

" Considering that gifts, (*les liberalités*,) cannot be extended by means of interpretations founded on analogies beyond the defined purpose of the donor:

" Considering that Madame de Bellecourt had no intention to grant liberty except to the said Virginia, and that she persisted in this intention to the time of her death, since she did not grant the same favor to the two children of Virginia, which she could have done in her codicil of 1832, a period subsequent to the birth of the children:

" Considering that the donee cannot derive

his right except from the will, and that Virginia cannot find there the enfranchisement of her children, who, born in slavery, cannot escape from it except by a will as clearly expressed as that which bestowed on her personally the benefit of liberty:

"Considering that article 47th of the edict of 1685 includes a penalty for cases expressly described, and that penalties are never extended beyond their object by means of inferences, so that the will of the legislator remains fixed and definite:

"Considering that the testator who grants liberty to one of his slaves does not make the alienation of which Article 47th speaks, which supposes the transmission of a thing to a third party, since the slave who receives his liberty is at the same time the legacy and the legatee, so that the delivery is made of itself from the very nature of the legacy:

"Considering that the freedom given by a

master to his slave strengthens the bonds of attachment, which already existed between them, and leads the enfranchised slave to remain near his children, in order to make them useful to his former master and to inculcate on them the principles of fidelity and devotion which have procured him his liberty, so that in this manner that liberty, far from causing a separation, produces a nearer approximation :

" Considering that the alleged necessity imposed on the master of including in a testamentary gift all the children born, and to be born of the slave, whose services he wished to recompense by the gift of liberty, would paralyze all the generous sentiments of masters, by exposing them to the danger of finding their certain ruin in a particular act of beneficence, and that this necessity, far from being useful to the progress of enfranchisement, would on the contrary obstruct it at its source :

" Considering that article 1018 of the Civil

Code * is altogether inapplicable, since it treats of accessaries without which the thing bequeathed cannot have an existence useful to the legatee; that nothing in the colonial system prevents the simultaneous existence of a free mother with children born in slavery; that this state of things is very common, and flows from the impossibility, under which the master is placed, of extending his liberality beyond certain limits without ruining himself and injuring his creditors: Therefore," &c.

Virginia, undismayed by defeat, appealed the case to the Court of Cassation, which after receiving a report from M. Berenger on the facts, and hearing an able argument by M. Gatine and the Procureur General, M. Dupin pronounced the following decree.

* In the proceedings from which this account is taken, Article 1018 of the Civil Code is not quoted in full, and I have not the means of referring to it.

"Keeping in view Article 47th of the edict of March, 1685:

"Seeing that the favor, with which the liberty of man is regarded, requires that the law, which directly or indirectly has for its object to extend that liberty, ought to be interpreted in the widest sense:

"Seeing that Article 47th of the edict of 1685, which prohibits the possession and sale, separate from the husband, of the wife and of the children under age, when they are under the power of the same master, is a law of humanity, conformed to natural right, which requires that children should not be deprived of the care of their parents, so long as the tenderness of their age renders it necessary to them:

"Seeing that the separation which the legislator intended to prohibit would be as complete, and consequently as fatal to children under age, and would as much oppose the rights of humanity and the principles of natural law, if it

occurred as a consequence of the enfranchisement of the mother, as of her purchase or sale:

"Seeing, therefore, that the prohibition, contained in Article 47th of the edict of 1685, must apply to the one as well as to the other case:

"Whence it follows, that the Royal Court of Guadaloupe, which in particular has refused to make this application, and to extend to the children of Virginia the benefits of the liberty, which had been bestowed on her by the will of Madame de Bellecourt, her mistress, has falsely applied and by consequence violated the said article:

"This Court repeals and annuls the decree of the Royal Court of Guadaloupe; directs that the Procureur General should cause the present decree to be printed and transcribed on the registers of the said Court; in order that perfect justice may be done, remits the cause and the parties to the Royal Court of Bordeaux; and condemns the defendants to pay costs."

The remittal of the case to the Royal Court of Bordeaux was for the purpose of taking it out of the jurisdiction of the Colonial Court, which could not be expected to execute the decree of the Court of Cassation with much zeal. That decree is deemed a remarkable one, constituting, in the opinion of French Abolitionists, "a judiciary gospel" to the French Colonies, not so much with reference to the particular case, as to the general principles favorable to liberty and opposed to slavery, which it proclaims. Slavery in the French colonies has received its death-warrant, and it must be abolished. In the language of French Abolitionists, "This is the '*Delenda Carthago*,' not of Utopians and Visionaries, but of statesmen, of legislators, of distinguished and upright jurists; nay it is the wish of many among the Colonists themselves. This dishonor of our age and of our civilization, this social plague, which fixes a stain on the noble escutcheon of France, cannot any longer subsist.

This is what is felt and repeated everywhere. In a word, Emancipation is on the eve of accomplishment."

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

When the late Lord B—— was seven years old he lost a brother, — his playmate, who was within a year and a half of his own age. While suffering under his loneliness in the nursery, his wailing afflicted the heart of his maid, and she tried to comfort him. She told him that his brother was in heaven, where God would make him very happy. "Happy!" exclaimed the boy, "then I'm sure God must make him forget me."

The owners of negroes call them children in mind. The foregoing is a child-like thought, which has dwelt no doubt in the bosoms of a multitude of the enslaved race. How is it with their child-like hearts, when they are torn asun-

der, — when families are parted, — not by the gentle agency of death, — not at the mild call of a

> "Mercy carried infinite degrees
> Beyond the tenderness of human hearts,"

but by selfish tyranny, for sordid purposes? How is it with such bereaved hearts, when they are offered the consolation that their departed ones are under "a good master?" If the dead cannot, by the unpractised in faith, be conceived to be happy, even in the bosom of God, while preserving their human affections, how is it with those who are carried off, not to heaven, but to that lowest of earthly places, — a slave-plantation? Tell the lonely mother that her children are gone to be happy, and she says in her heart, "Then they must learn to forget me." And can she wish that they should so learn?

As time and wisdom advance, men will discover more truly what powers and acts of God

they may aspire to imitate, and what they may not touch. They may direct the thunderbolt, and fly on the wings of the wind, but they will leave the parting of human families to Him who can reunite them, and meanwhile sanctify the sorrow of the interval, during which those who love cannot "forget."

THE DYING SLAVE MOTHER.

BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

COME to my dying bed,
Brother, and raise my head,
That I may see yon sunset clouds awhile,
That in bright colors drest,
Hang o'er the blushing West,
Cloud upon cloud upheaved, a glorious pile!

O, when the sun went down
Last night, in shadows brown,
What then I saw no human tongue can tell!
On such a sunlit cloud
There came an angel crowd,
Such as afar in heaven's bright mansion dwell,

And bending lowly down,
Had lent to me a crown,
But that I had not quite forgiven the wrong,
And all the evil done
By the oppressive one,
Who long hath bound us in his fetters strong.

They turned, and in the sky
Wheeled their bright ranks on high,
And waved the token from the clouds above,
And as they soared, they sang
Till heaven's blue temple rang
With songs of Hope, of Mercy, and of Love.

I saw amid that band,
With golden lyre in hand,
My murdered Leon, whom the robber slew;
To me, how passing fair
His ebon features were,
Amid that bright and glorious throng, to view.

And there my darling boy
Poured out such songs of joy,
As make my spirit leap with rapture now,
While cherubs, rosy fair,
Hovered above in air,
And bound a garland on his sable brow.

Forward from his bright cloud
My gentle Leon bowed,
And smiling, waved to me his chainless hand,
And still he swept the lyre
In concert with the choir,
As came his soft voice on the zephyrs bland.

"Mother, O come to me!
Come where the slave is free,
In the blest land where tears may never flow;
Here is no coiling whip,
Whose cruel lashes drip
With gore, as threatens in thy path below;

" But all is joy, and peace,
And love, that cannot cease,
And rest, the hunted seek in vain on earth;
The dark hue of the skin,
Is no foul mark of sin,
But hand in hand the ransomed all go forth.

" The holy men of old,
Of whom thou oft hast told,
When midnight bound the oppressor's eyes in sleep,
They stand around the Throne,
To God, in solemn tone,
Striking their lyre, with never-ceasing sweep.

" And O! enthroned with Him,
Whom all the Seraphim
With heart and tongue, in burning ranks, adore,
And to whom Angels raise
Loud songs of endless praise,
God in the Highest, now, and evermore,

"Is that meek Man of Woe,
Who died long years ago,
On Calvary's brow, for men of every hue;
O love him ever, Mother!
Like Him there is no other,
So meek, so gentle, and so Godlike too.

"When Death's dark valley through,
My trembling spirit flew,
I sunk in fear, to think that I was *dead*;
But when the Saviour spake,
Words of such kindness brake
From his pure lips, that all my terror fled.

"Mother, O Mother, come!
Come to thy peaceful home;
Here is no tyrant with his cruel chain;
But cherubs, all their days,
Sing to the Lord in praise, —
And to the Lamb, that on the earth was slain."

Then, as their rapturous song
Died on the air along,
And the soft sunshine faded from the sky, —
The glittering ranks rolled back
Upon their joyous track,
And darkness settled on the dazzled eye.

And Brother! I will go,
And leave this home of woe,
Its joys and griefs, its fetter-links, and thee,
And with my Boy above,
Join in sweet songs, of love
And praise to God, through all eternity!

Upon yon cloud-hill's brow
I see my Leon now,
Waving his hand from his bright home to me;
O God! forgive the wrong,
That man hath done me long, —
Brother, farewell! My Boy, I fly to thee!

Plainfield,
November 11, 1841.

SONNETS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

GREAT Truths are portions of the Soul of man;
Great Souls are portions of Eternity,
Each drop of blood, that e'er through true heart ran,
With lofty message, ran for thee and me;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
Hath been and still forevermore shall be
That every deed, to overlive Time's span,
Must goad the Soul to be erect and free;
Slave is no word of seed immortal sprung,
Too many noble souls have thought and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
And our good Saxon, from lips purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause denied.

II.

If ye have not the one great lesson learned,
That grows in leaves, tides in the mighty sea,
And in the stars eternally hath burned,
That only full Obedience is free, —
If ye in pride your true birthright have spurned,
Or for a mess of pottage beggarly
Have sold it, how in Truth's name have ye earned
The holy right to fight for liberty ?
Be free, and then our God will give a sword
Wherefor Orion's belt were not too bright,
There shall be power in your lightest word
To make weak Falsehood, pierced with arrowy light,
Writhe, dying of her own most foul disease,
Within her churches and her palaces !

THE EFFECTS OF SLAVERY.

BY EDMUND JACKSON.

In the Autumn of 1819, in travelling South, I deviated from my direct way to visit Mount Vernon, with something of the purpose of a pilgrim to the tomb of his Prophet, or a devotee to the shrine of his Saint. It is not necessary for the present purpose to enter into particulars, or to describe the feelings still freshly remembered, which thronged upon me, as I stood on the grass-covered tomb, and recalled the history and contemplated the character of the man: the nature and force of these will be readily imagined by every one.

The devotion, with which Washington long indulged in the pursuits of agriculture, led me to anticipate an exuberant soil and well cul-

tivated plantations. I was therefore proportionally disappointed to observe only barren enclosures and unreclaimed forests. Is this, I enquired of a gentleman who overtook me on the road, Mount Vernon; — is this the plantation of Washington? Yes; was the reply. "But this is a miserable soil. Where are the fields, which experienced his care, and repaid with abundant crops a liberal cultivation?" "There they are," he replied, "before you; but they are worn out; and so is all the land in this neighborhood."

Worn out! — I did not understand the phrase, but further inquiry made it plain, and after acquaintance with eastern Virginia and much of the low country South, showed a large portion of it in the same melancholy condition.

Soon after leaving Mount Vernon, I overtook a man on horseback, with three others handcuffed and marching before him. In my simplicity I asked, aside, "What have they done

that you are taking them to jail in this manner?" honestly supposing the group to be a civil officer and three criminals. "Nothing," he replied; "I am not taking them to jail; I have bought them for the Tennessee market, and am going to Lynchburgh, where I have seventy more, which, with these and a few more I expect to pick up on the way, will make up my drove." He was a slaver. "They are unwilling to go, I suppose, that you manacle them thus?" "No," he replied, "they say they are willing, but they have wives in this neighborhood, and I do not like to trust them so near home, for fear they should give me the slip!" Alas! thought I, for the Ancient Dominion — the land of Washington! — her soil worn out — her children led away captive — surely a curse has fallen upon her: why is it so?

Ignorant slaves and indolent tyrants prove but unthrifty cultivators, who take everything from, but return nothing to the soil. Energy

is paralyzed, labor dishonored, intellect darkened, and the soul crushed. The accursed system spreads over the community a moral, as over the soil a physical sterility, and points to a fearful destiny already at hand in Eastern Virginia. Where are now the sumptuous dwellings and productive plantations which formerly adorned the banks of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and James Rivers? Their glory has departed — the thorn and the bramble have sprung up in their gardens — premature decay lowers around; and the mansion of the Aristocrat and the hut of the slave are following hard upon the fate of their own Jamestown.

Where now is that noble band of patriots and statesmen of Virginia, who from 1760 to 1790 were the glory of our country — each and all of whom solemnly protested against slavery, and many of whom earnestly advocated Abolition? The places which then knew them now know them no more. In their stead have sprouted up

unblushing advocates of slavery; demagogues, wrangling over the spoils. Such have claimed the large mantles of their sires, with which to cover a multitude of sins. These pseudo-patriots

> "May flourish or may fade;
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
> But a sound yeomanry — their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

BOSTON.*

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

SEE domes and spires where, centuries agone,
Three barren hills against the cold blue sky
Rose to the sea-worn pilgrim's wondering eye,
Who sought the God of Freedom in the lone,
Comfortless places of a land unknown,
Without control to worship Him most high,
Exulting in the wilderness to die
In that free worship of his changeless throne.
His will for man is freedom evermore, —
Changeless, though these "perpetual hills do
bow:" †

* See Frontispiece.

† Habakkuk. The tops of the three hills which gave Boston its first name of Trimountain are now levelled before the builder.

That everlasting purpose then adore,
And let thy worship evermore and now,
Oh, city of the pilgrim fathers, be
To do his will by making all men free!

DIVISIONS.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WHENCE come divisions among us?

The man, who joins an unpopular cause from impulse, will fall away as soon as his soul is fretted in feeling, that half of life is spent in what seems merely kicking against the pricks.

He who rushes in, unbaptized of truth, from heedless devotion to others, will soon reach some leap which even his blind idolatry must stand, broad-eyed, to gaze at, — some tone, for which even his ready lip has no Amen.

One who, in a moment of virtue, has caught a dazzling glimpse of some great principle, and bowed unconsciously to its power, finding in a little time how broad are its relations, what a whole self-sacrifice it asks, will turn from the

strait and narrow way, whenever his besetting sin enters to hedge up his path.

Enthusiasm, dwelling a while in the clear upper sky, expands into fulness of love, but shrivels back in the atmosphere of the actual world, only the colder for its moment of inspiration, — as the lightning leaves death where it has passed. How often close on the heels of the kindled enthusiast presses the narrow bigot.

Some join the crusade without ever counting the cost. These reluct at the painful journey, the unwonted voyage, and their hearts are lead in their bosoms, when they touch the hot sands of the Holy land — "Obey God rather than man." Feeble words to draw on such mighty duties. "The more foes the more honor," said Georg von Frundsberg, the German Bayard, — "at their sound how the imagination kindles to stand in Thermopylæ. But if fancy only, and not the heart bids us join Leonidas, how soon weariness throws off the harness, and lets the lust

of the world and the pride of life take 'the prisoned soul and lap it in "their" elysium.'"

Some come thirsting to lead — some with ears aching to echo their own names — and some steal in, scouted from every other band, thinking the "feeble folk" will welcome anybody to count one.

Last in the catalogue lags on the "painted hypocrite," often only half conscious of his seeming — half convinced he means to serve God, when he wishes only to gain man's applause. But he soon finds strict clinging to truth will never gain those "most sweet voices";—gazes on, appalled, through long vistas of unpopular years; foresees the final triumph of his cause, (sad mixture, as such triumphs always are, of right and wrong, of the perfect and the possible,) carried at last by a motley mass, whose consciences the shrill clarion of truth has wakened into only an oyster life — a coward mob, whom the bayonets of true soldiers have pushed into the field, — he

notices how few of those who meet the enemy in the province are found in the car of triumph as it climbs the Capitol, — anticipates with sickening zeal the verdict of history as she will note the fanaticism of his associates — the folly of their pretensions — their injudicious measures, damning a few with faint praise, culling here and there a name to point a jest, and giving the rest to oblivion. From such thoughts and prospects our hero rushes into compromise with the world, for just so much of a reformer as she can afford to grant him without forfeit of his character as a judicious man — mixes two parts of the wisdom of the serpent to one of the harmlessness of the dove, and crystallizes into the *man of sound common sense* who never does any harm and only *thinks* of doing good.

Do you seek those who have really turned the world right side up? You must unearth them from beneath the ribaldry and foul scorn with which history has covered them. Catiline

and Cromwell, Pym, Lilburne, Bunyan, and Vane, how long were they lost under epithets! If "truth be the daughter of time," as the proverb says, she is surely the child of his very old age.

The only man who can benefit a cause is he who comes to it self-impelled, — from sense of duty, — his eye fixed on God, careless of effects or of success, if he be only certain he has laid on its altar "all that he has, even all his living," *Fellow-worker with God* is his title, leaving to his great leader the times and the seasons. For such

> Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
> Nor in the glist'ring foil
> Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies;
> But lives and spreads aloft in those pure eyes,
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

BY RICHARD D. WEBB.

The Barony of Forth forms the south eastern extremity of the County of Wexford. It is bounded on the north by the Forth mountain, and on the south and east by a shallow and dangerous coast. It was settled by the early English invaders, who followed Earl Strongbow from England. The spot where he first landed is shown at Bajeubon point, visible from Forth mountain. There are relics of the old Saxon dialect to be heard among the people. I have myself heard it spoken. There are also many remnants of manners and customs, that savor more of old England than of young Ireland. The mountain of Forth is one of the least amongst mountains, and yet in ruggedness, rockiness, wildness, desolation, and picturesque dignity, he is not a whit inferior to some of the most aspiring of his brethren. From the highest point, looking northwards, you have a vast amphitheatre speckled with hills and surrounded by mountains — the Comraghs in the County of Waterford, Slieunamaun in Tipperary, White Mountain in Kilkenny, Blackstairs, and Mount Leinster between Carlow and Wexford, and Crodghan Kinsella, the locality of the famous Wicklow gold mines. This landscape possesses great historic interest, as it was the thea-

tre of most of the remarkable battles which took place in 1798, during the terrible and sanguinary insurrections of that year. The names of Ross, Scullabogue, Fooks's Mills, Vinegar Hill, Tara, the Three Rocks, &c. are familiar to every Irishman, who has read or heard of these disastrous times. The following lines were suggested by a visit to "The Mountain," and were intended as a slight tribute to a beloved friend, my Uncle JACOB POOLE of Growtown, one of the most gentle, upright, and simple-hearted of men. He died in 1827, and his memory is still revered in that country.

THE MOUNTAIN OF FORTH.

FRESH were the winds, the sky was blue, and
beautiful the day;
Broad Forth's old Saxon barony stretched far
beneath me lay,
As seated on Forth's rugged hills, and looking
towards the sea,
Thick thronged sweet thoughts of other days
and other friends on me.

Dreams of the blossomed bean-fields so odorous and green; *

The woodbine covered cottages along the way-side seen;

The causeway that Saint Patrick built to march across the seas; †

The foaming of the wild waves against the wild Saltees.

The seaman's dread and guide from far, lone Tuskar's rocky isle;

The pleasant fields of farthest Carne; old Bargie's lordly pile;

* The Barony of Forth is famous for its beans. In the season of blossoms, the gales from the bean-field, breathe of Arabia the Happy.

† "Saint Patrick's Bridge" is a natural causeway, trending from the shore towards the Saltee Islands. It is formed of loose flat stones, and is said to have been commenced by our patron saint with the intention of continuing it to France. It was of course constructed by miraculous agency. Why it was left unfinished, history saith not.

The leaning tower that nods beside our Lady's
Island Lake; *
The ancient language buried there which the
elder people spake.

The sculptured forms and epitaphs that on the
tombs are found,
Of Strongbow's feudal followers within the
church-yard ground;
That ancient Culdee temple, the Church of old
Saint Vogh,†

* There is an old castle near the pilgrim-haunted lake of our Lady's Island, at the southern extremity of the barony, which resembles the leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna.

† The church of Saint Vogh, like that of Saint Uerius and some others in the neighborhood, is one of those very ancient buildings coeval with the introduction of Christianity into Ireland in the 4th or 5th century. It is very small, and a part only of the walls is now standing. The Culdees were the primitive Christians of Scotland and Ireland.

Ask an Irishman to pronounce the words Vogh and Lough for you.

The roaring of the sea-stream across the Bar of Lough. *

These names are rough to polished ears nor suit the stately line,
But they call up thoughts of happy days within this heart of mine;
Bright visions of the youthful hours which there I spent, together
With one whom as a friend I loved, and reverenced as a father.

His cheerful talk, his frequent sigh, his looks both mild and holy;
His counsel that allured to heaven, and warned from sin and folly;

* The rushing of the returning tide across the Bar into the salt-water inlet of Lough, may be heard in fine weather, and with a favorable state of the wind, at the distance of more than ten miles.

His lowly, peaceful, Christian mien, his eyes
with kindness beaming,
His honest heart that never learned this false
world's hollow scheming.

But oh! these scenes so beautiful, such long
loved charms displaying,
Recall the time, the bitter time, that saw thy
light decaying,
When sank thy gentle spirit down, and shrank
thy form away,
As, fed by hope or racked by fear, I watched
thee day by day.

These scenes too vividly recall that night of dark
November,
When by thy dying couch I sat, within the si-
lent chamber; —
Heard the last words, caught the last sigh, and
marked the last faint shiver,
As winged thy soul her joyous way to realms of
light forever.

How throbbed my heart, how shook my frame,
what thrilling awe came o'er me,
As breathless, lifeless, soulless, lay that honored
clay before me;
In the dread presence of the Dead how waned
earth's joys and pleasures!
How my soul panted for the Fount of never-
failing pleasures!

Thy grave is deep on Forrest's side, unmarked
by cross or column,—
Man's vain attempts to consecrate the holy and
the solemn;
The ash tree waves her soft green leaves, the
daisy opes her blossom,
Where lowly lies thy place of rest on earth's
maternal bosom.

As the beloved of later days in converse sweet
sate round me,
These pensive visions of the past upon the
mountain found me;

So did I muse on Forth's dark hills on that
bright summer morning;—
To Forth's dark hills my fond heart thus is ever-
more returning.

Dublin.

A VOICE FROM ERIN.

BY JAMES HAUGHTON.

LIBERTY BELL! Liberty Bell! How peculiarly beautiful the title,—the dream of some mind nearly akin to poetry and to Heaven. There is something delicious in the silvery notes of even the tiny bells; and how sublime the grand and melodious swell of the large-mouthed bell, flinging its magnificent tones to the winds of heaven. Heaven seems around and within us, when such peaceful and sweet music rests upon our ear.

So it is when we wake the echoes of our mountains; the sound bursts forth in full and magnificent volume, wandering from hill to hill, momentarily getting fainter until it dies away, seeming never entirely to lose all trace of its sweetness.

If my friend, G— B—, should chance to cast his eyes on these lines, they will serve to recall to his memory a happy day, spent with a far, far away friend among the mountains of our sweet county Wicklow, where we made lake and mountain ring again, until echo seemed to carry the beloved names on its untiring pinions to earth's remotest limits; — names familiar as household words in the affections of the friends of humanity, and dreaded sounds in the ears of "soul-drivers," all the world over. We gave them freely to the echoes which they woke in this wild scenery where we stood, and it seems to me that they will never be allowed to die away, until the voices of the mountains are hushed by the chant of "Peace on earth and good will to man."

Is this too fanciful or too enthusiastic an idea? I *hope not* — I *believe not.* The liberty Bell is fixed on the world's watch tower — devoted watchmen have hold of its cord; and as the

sacred fire in the temple was ever kept alive, so will its cheering tones ever ring out amid Freedom's passes, until every chain shall be broken, and one loud shout shall proclaim the glorious Jubilee of universal emancipation.

Is it to be Tyrants amid Slaves that Americans, with Liberty glowing on every page of their history, and the glorious declaration of Independence upon their lips have been found willing to degrade themselves? Shame on you! your blotted escutcheon is the scorn of the world. Your slave states, bankrupt in reputation, are rapidly verging to bankruptcy in property. Shake off the vile incubus which depresses you! Make real your empty professions of freedom, and be what God designed you to be — the greatest and the noblest people on the face of the earth. Oh! it is a sad thing to witness the degradation of such a people as you are. No American from any of the slave states can now place his foot upon the soil of my

country, without feeling in his heart, that he is an object of pity, if not of contempt. Slave-owners, men-stealers, soul-drivers — (all synonymous terms,) may affect to despise these feelings on the part of Foreigners, but you must first change your nature before such contempt, shot into your very soul from truth's own quiver, can fail of its effects. You may taunt us with our own guilt. It is true we are guilty. Millions of shackles in the East Indies proclaim how guilty we are. But who holds there his fellow man in bondage? Principally, if not altogether, the demi-civilized man, unacquainted with the mild precepts of Christianity: while with you, on the contrary, the great wickedness is upheld and justified by the *elite* of your society — by your cultivated minds. But the greatest and most intellectual men in your land feel how untenable is your position; how unjustifiable on any of the principles which Christendom acknowledges as the tests and touchstones of our

lives. A cold, heartless *expediency* is the rotten and unholy foundation on which alone you can build your misshapen frame of society. If you do not at once place it on the sure and permanent basis of justice and truth, it will fall to pieces, and bring destruction on yourselves and on your children.

Dublin,
34 Eccles Street.

SONG OF THE ABOLITIONIST.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

AIR — *Auld Lang Syne*

I.

I AM an Abolitionist!
I glory in the name;
Though now by SLAVERY'S minions hissed,
And covered o'er with shame:
It is a spell of light and power —
The watchword of the free: —
Who spurns it in the trial-hour,
A craven soul is he!

II.

I am an Abolitionist!
Then urge me not to pause;
For joyfully do I enlist
In FREEDOM'S sacred cause:

A nobler strife the world ne'er saw,
Th' enslaved to disenthral;
I am a soldier for the war,
Whatever may befall!

III.

I am an Abolitionist —
Oppression's deadly foe;
In God's great strength will I resist,
And lay the monster low;
In God's great name do I demand,
To all be freedom given,
That peace and joy may fill the land,
And songs go up to heaven!

IV.

I am an Abolitionist!
No threats shall awe my soul,
No perils cause me to desist,
No bribes my acts control;

A freemen will I live and die,
In sunshine and in shade,
And raise my voice for liberty,
Of nought on earth afraid.

V.

I am an Abolitionist —
The tyrant's hate and dread —
The friend of all who are oppressed —
A price is on my head!
My country is the wide, wide world,
My countrymen mankind:
Down to the dust be Slavery hurled!
All servile chains unbind!

Boston,
Nov. 10, 1841.

SKETCH OF "A FOREIGN INCENDIARY."

Richard Allen of Dublin has been heard of in America, and almost everywhere else. Would you wish to know something more of him? As a philanthropist he is second to none in Ireland but father Mathew himself. Never lawyer had so many clients as Richard Allen; he has more than half the world to plead for. Atlas supported only as much of the old world as was known in his time; Richard Allen shoulders both new and old together. The poisoned, plundered Chinese, whom the English are warring against, in the hope of making them swallow opium and "the blessings of a purer religion" together — the Hindoos, who are forced to grow the opium, and taxed for the

support of Juggernaut, and made to worship "the books" of the "Honorable Company" once a year — the German Lutherans, who are banished, and plundered, and oppressed by the Protestant king of Prussia — galled horses, overdriven cows and sheep, little chimney sweeps, American slaves, and slaves every where — the criminal trembling under the anticipation of legal slaughter — the unhappy drunkard — every one of the innumerable forms of suffering humanity — are sure of his prompt or active sympathy. You would think he feared a violent death, he labors with such energy to abolish the office of the hangman; and that "all the ills that flesh is heir to" were his in prospect, his life is such an incessant struggle for their overthrow. He is in business, and his time is fully occupied, as time is wont to be with business men. But he *defies* Time. I never knew any one else who so completely sets at defiance the spectre with the scythe and hourglass. Nine

tenths of all that is written in the Irish papers, on all the subjects that I have hinted at, are from his pen. He is a rare instance of what perseverance can do. In a few minutes he will pen a newspaper article on anything. In half an hour he will draw up a report for an Anti-slavery Society that will take you half an hour to read. He corresponds with "all sorts of people." Joseph Sturge is his intimate and attached friend —so is William Lloyd Garrison —so is Wendell Phillips —so is Thomas Clarkson. Ever so many among the great and powerful are his correspondents — some from choice, some because they cannot help it, for he lets nobody alone whom he can enlist. He will stop you in the street "for half a minute" — Heaven help you! it will prove to be half an hour or more. He has the affairs of "this visible diurnal sphere" to lay before you, and this cannot be done in half a minute, say what he will. He is always ready, night, noon, and morning —

always at leisure for the promotion of any good thing. He is about seven and thirty — in manners kind and courteous, — with an innocent boldness and confidence, which carry him through where less hopeful people would fail.

He is secretary to the Hibernian Anti-slavery Society, the Hibernian British India Society, the Hibernian Temperance Society. Though his heart is Irish it beats for the world. Though a staunch orthodox quaker, he has a good word for every good man ; and neither sect, party, nor geographical boundary, confines the sphere of his efforts for the happiness and welfare of his fellow men.

Amongst the great men of this age and nation, there are few so deserving of the approbation of the Christian and the Citizen of the world, as the subject of this rough and hasty outline.

SONNET,

TO ELIZABETH PEASE, OF DARLINGTON, ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

A NATIVE dignity and gentle mien;
An intellect expansive, clear, and strong;
A spirit that can tolerate no wrong;
A heart as large as ever yet was seen;
A soul in every exigence serene,
In which all virtuous excellencies throng;—
These, best of women! all to thee belong;
What more of royalty has England's queen?
Thy being is absorbed in doing good,
As was thy Lord's, to all the human race;

With courage, faith, hope, charity endued
All forms of wretchedness thou dost embrace;
Still be thy work of light and love pursued,
And thy career shall angels joy to trace.

Boston,
Nov. 30, 1841.

AMERICAN CHIVALRY.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

"THE CHIVALRY OF THE SOUTH!"

Southern Speeches and Newspapers *passim.*

BURKE was never more mistaken in his life, than when he said that "the Age of Chivalry was gone." Though he had attained "to something like prophetic strain," and though he did see the end of the French Revolution — or rather the end of the beginning, from the first, as none other of his contemporaries discerned it, still, even his philosophy did not dream of all the things that are in heaven and earth. Could he but have survived to our day, his boding heart would have been relieved of half its gloom by the discovery, that the spirit of chivalry had not fled, with Justice, to Heaven,

but that it still animated bosoms warmed by Anglo-Saxon blood. He knew a good many things, considering his advantages, and a good deal more about the North American Colonies, than most of his generation ; but he never imagined that the institution which was hallowed in his memory by so many elevating associations of story and of song, and the departure of which he lamented as a sore calamity, was not, as he had supposed, extinct, but only translated to a more congenial sphere on another continent. It is a pity that the closing years of that great man's life should have been clouded by dark presages of evil, which was to come upon mankind through the decay and disappearance of the old feudal spirit, and its chivalric manifestations, when, if he could only have looked at things in the light of the nineteenth century, he would have seen that the sacred flame was as bright and as warm as ever, and still inspired its votaries to knightly deeds, though it had been snatched from its crumbling shrines in the Old

World, to new altars beneath other skies. His eyes were held that he should not see the glories that were about to dawn upon the world. He died without the sight of the beneficent influences which American Chivalry was destined to shed abroad upon mankind. Science had not unrolled to his eyes the *arcana* which she has revealed to us. Philosophy was in her nonage then. Religion did not understand the high and holy purposes of her mission, till she had completed her education on this side of the Atlantic. It is no wonder that the English Tully, standing as it were upon the bridge of sighs which connected the Old with the New, the Past with the Future — should have gazed with a gloomy eye into the formless void before him, and have turned a lingering look of regret at the brilliant but vanishing images behind. It is no wonder that the shades of Beaconsfield resounded with lamentations at the imagined flight of the days of chivalry. It was his misfortune and not his fault, that he lived half a century too soon.

It is our happiness to live in days of more cheerful light and of better hope. The Age of Chivalry survives for us. We are not left to mourn over its vanished glories. Though its highest achievements and proudest deeds are performed upon a distant soil, fairer than ours, and which the Creator has placed nearer the sun; still its beneficent influences overleap the imaginary line of separation and bless the remotest corners of the land. The signs of its presence are everywhere around us. The monuments of its power and the trophies of its prowess adorn the Capitol of the nation, decorate the legislative halls of the separate states, dignify the Courts of Justice, illustrate the Exchange, "where merchants most do congregate," and impart an added odor of sanctity to the temples of Religion. Its right supremacy over the nation is scarcely questioned by any one. The aspiring Statesman must do it homage as its vassal, and swear eternal fealty to it, as the

condition of success. The sages of the law declare the Constitution of the country to be its Charter, — a compact designed for the perpetuation and extension of its blessings, accomplished by a compromise of which all the concessions are in its favor. The holy men, who minister at the altar, trace its institution to the Father of Mercies, establish its claims to the reverence of mankind by inspired examples and by proofs from Holy Writ, are ever ready to bless its framers and magnify its victories, and to give it the encouragement of their smiles and the sanction of their prayers. No tribute is deemed oppressive, which the support of the institution demands of us its remote dependencies. A ready submission is yielded to any measures of policy which its interests seem to require. The test of public virtue and of private excellence is allegiance to its sovereignty and devotion to its behests. Blasphemy against its divine origin, or its beneficent manifestations

is promptly punished by exclusion from the offices of state, banishment from the saloons of fashion, and ejection from pulpits and communion tables, if not by severer visitations of the outraged majesty of the people. Self-respect and even self-interest are forgotten in the enthusiasm its merits excite. Though we are precluded by the misfortune of our local habitation from having this knighthood laid upon our shoulder, and from sharing in its privileges and its glories, still we are permitted to follow in its train, in the humble, but still important capacity, of squires. And though, like Sancho, we find that the greater share of the drubbings falls to our lot, we do not, like him, ingloriously complain of this distribution of the rewards of Chivalry, but endure it with the most unrepining alacrity. And should any discourteous varlets presume to speak evil of the knightly character of our masters, or to deny the sacredness of their office, we are ever ready to chastise the inso-

lence of the losel scouts, should they be beyond the reach, or unworthy of the arm, of our liege lords. The increasing number of these miscreants, indeed, is such, as in some degree to threaten the fair fame, if not to endanger the existence, of the sacred order, and promises to open a wide field of adventure to the high emprize of our modern paladins, as well as to the humbler virtues of their trusty squires.

Some writers on European Chivalry, in tracing back its origin, have thought to ennoble it by indicating points of resemblance between its customs and the usages of the old heroic times, as portrayed in the pictured pages of the Iliad. And it cannot be denied, that some ingenious analogies are made out between the Homeric period and the age of Chivalry. I have room to mention only one. Robbery and Piracy were honorable in both. Now I protest against being supposed to imply that these are features of the American institution. I merely mention these

incidents of ancient chivalry to soothe the wounded sensibilities of our modern heroes, by showing them, that even if these charges which are brought against them by their maligners were true, that they are not without high and reverend examples for their consolation and encouragement. But those were dark and semi-barbarous ages. The light of liberty and of religion had hardly dawned upon them. They did not dream of the changes in the relations of things which civilization and Christianity were to effect in happier days. They knew nothing of the blessings of republicanism. They did not imagine how the boundaries of property would be extended by the possession of equal rights, the exercise of impartial justice, and the enjoyment of perfect and universal freedom. They had not learned the magic by which the relieving a man of himself and all that he possesses, is transmuted from a capital felony into a deed of Christian beneficence and heroic virtue. If

they had, they would not have tried to satisfy their consciences by appealing to the lion's law, and vindicating their deeds by the right of the strongest; they would have magnified their office by showing that it was established by the Deity for the benefit of those very men from whose pockets they eradicated the root of all evil. They would not merely have justified their picking and stealing, as a necessary incident of their vocation, they would have gloried in it as essential to its due performance — as indispensable as their belt or spurs. As to piracy, great diversities of opinion have prevailed, as to its proper limits and true nature among the learned and the practical part of the community, from the times of Jason and Paris downwards. But the light of modern civilization has dispelled many prejudices and errors, which anciently overshadowed the subject, and has placed the crime upon a footing which convicts those of gross injustice, who would impute it to the Chiv-

alry of America. The law of nations has been regarded, like the common law, as the perfection of reason; but its perfection was not absolute — it had not received the finishing touch — until it had undergone the revision of minds strengthened and expanded by the free influences of the Model Republic. But it is now fully established that a traffic, which is by the general consent of nations piracy, if conducted upon the high seas, is a lawful and honorable commerce, if carried on coast-wise or by inland caravans. And thus we see the same act which would elevate its perpetrator to the bad eminence of the gallows, if committed upon the ocean, exalting its achiever to embassies, to seats in the Senate and in the Cabinet, yea, to the Presidential Chair itself, if it be performed within soundings or upon dry land. Nothing, therefore, can be more unjust or ungenerous than to attribute these vices of ancient chivalry to the improved form of the system, which obtains in this refined age and enlightened country.

The admirers of the decayed European institution no doubt thought that they had done it good service, when they had traced its rudiments back to the heroic ages. But the heralds and genealogists, to whom is committed the keeping of the archives and the maintenance of the honor of the order of American Knighthood, disdain so modern and so heathenish a pedigree for their charge. They go back for its institution to the earliest ages of the world, and will accept of no less than a patriarchal descent. Though the institution doubtless flourished long before his time, yet, so uncertain are human records, Abraham is the first Grand Master of whom we have any authentic account. His authority is accordingly regarded as final as to the rightful existence of the institution, and his example held up as an incentive to generous emulation in this part of his career. His memory is venerated, not indeed as the founder of the system, but as a chosen servant, to whose care its Divine Author

committed his wisest and most beneficent contrivance for the good of his creatures. Malicious tongues have whispered, indeed, that reverence for the authority of their great exemplar has induced his followers to adopt some other customs of the patriarchal age, which are not regarded as strictly within the bounds of Christian Morality; and they adduce as proof of their assertion, the testimony written in living lines upon the countenances of a portion of their people. But, though it must be admitted that there is a degree of plausibility about this assertion, still it is fully disproved by the horror which is unanimously expressed by themselves and their followers amongst us, at the bare idea of the amalgamation of different races. These impartial historians find evidence of the existence of the spirit of Chivalry in all the successive ages of the world,— under the Christian as well as the Jewish dispensation. But perhaps no example of its respectful recognition is more entirely

satisfactory to a pious as well as to a chivalric spirit, than that of the Apostle Paul. His position in life, indeed, did not permit him to aspire to the honor of this knighthood, but the alacrity with which he is represented to have discharged the office of a faithful squire, in restoring to one of that order an article of property, which is its peculiar badge, is at once animating and edifying. His conduct in this respect is a sharp rebuke to some among us, who would fain be wise above what is written.

One of the most engaging traits of modern, as it was of ancient Chivalry, is its devotion to the protection of the defenceless, and its care for those who cannot take care of themselves. Indeed, it is the charge of more or less helpless persons, that constitutes the very essence — the necessary badge — of an American knight. Evil disposed persons have, indeed, affirmed that this relation is maintained only for the advantage of the knightly protector. But such a

calumny is amply refuted by the zeal with which he endeavors to shield them from the diverse temptations of idleness and of opulence, the pains he takes to preserve their minds from evil influences from without, and the trouble he is at to reclaim and restore them to the blessings of their condition, should they ever ignorantly seek to escape from them. The inducements and arguments, which he is sometimes obliged to use to persuade his beneficiaries to appreciate and enjoy their happy lot, are also sometimes urged in derogation of his thankless office. A most futile and unphilosophical objection. For if the system be beneficial, as I presume few will deny, then whatever is necessary to its effectiveness is right. The scourge, the chain, and the branding iron are as indispensable to the due discharge of the beneficent office of the modern knight, as were the sword, the shield, and the lance to that of his prototype of the middle ages.

Some cavillers have hinted that the whipping of women is not a practice sanctioned by knightly usage. I will not contend that precedents can be found in the books of chivalry, precisely to this point. But such busybodies should remember that we are not bound in this free and enlightened country to a servile adherence to any examples, however venerable, and that improvements upon old systems should be the theme of praise instead of blame. For it would be manifestly unjust to confine any of the advantages of a general system of beneficience to one favored sex. The silly outcry about the cruelty of our favorite arrangement should then be silenced forever, as far as these things are concerned. Truth, however, compels me to say, that there have been acts of cruelty and wrong connected with it, which are enough to make each particular hair to stand on end upon the hearer's head. Some recreant and craven knights there have been, base enough to hew off

their own spurs and unbelt themselves, by deserting their defenceless charge, and leaving them to their own resources. This extravagance is not common, but still enough so to demand the inhibition of special enactments by some of the states.

One notable instance of this inhumanity I feel called upon to record, as it was the act of a sovereign State. The capitol of the State of North Carolina took fire one day and was consumed. During the conflagration one of the favored class, at the imminent risk of his life, rescued the archives of the State — the very charter, perhaps under which he enjoyed his peculiar privileges. And what was his reward? Did the State of North Carolina order him a thousand lashes on the bare back well laid on? Did she reduce his allowance to half a peck of corn a week? Did she even pass a law securing the blessings of his present estate to himself and his posterity forever against the possi-

ble caprice of his lord? No such thing. She purchased of his protector his right of providence, and turned him loose upon the world to shift for himself! An act of barbarity, which I think it would puzzle the logic of a patriarchal Doctor of Divinity to justify or even to palliate. Why, the very pagan Romans showed more gratitude to the geese that saved the Capitol!

But the most solemn and interesting aspect of this great institution, and the one in which it most favorably resembles the mediæval system, is its eminent devotion and practical piety. We have seen that nothing short of a divine institution of their order will satisfy the aspirations of our most religious knights. Indeed one of them, who belongs to the holiest class of the order,* has solemnly proclaimed that it was established by God the Father, not condemned by God the Son, and "expressly authorized"

* Rev. R. Fuller of Beaufort, S. C.

by God the Holy Ghost, and that, being thus recognised by all the persons in the Godhead, jointly and severally, the assaults of its enemies upon it are "a direct insult to the Unchangeable and Holy One of Heaven." The same spirit of piety pervades all the practical details of the system. An exclusive devotion to the interests of their helpless dependents shows that the golden rule has been adopted as the law of their life by the disinterested lords. A proof of their unselfish spirit is to be found in the fact, that they are daily impoverishing themselves, and, to use the words of one of themselves, "murdering their lands," in order to maintain their benevolent institution. They are, in fact, virtually dependent on the faith and charity of the less favored portion of the country for the necessaries of life for themselves and their charge. And to the credit of the merchants and artificers of the North be it told, that they cheerfully furnish them with the means of dispensing their

charities — looking not for their own again. It is credibly asserted, that the value of goods furnished gratuitously for this benevolent end, within a few years, amounts to no less a sum than five hundred millions of dollars. The toils of this devoted order for the accomplishment of its ends — their labors in season and out of season to imbue their dependents with the virtues of industry, of patience, of resignation — the bodily fatigues which they sometimes undergo in urging their disciples along the path of rectitude — are almost incredible, and may well compare with any of the labors and privations of Sir Launcelot or Sir Gawain. Even Sunday sometimes "shines no Sabbath day to them." Perhaps some of my readers may remember a passage in his own Southern experience related by an eminent Baptist clergyman of Boston, at a public meeting a few years since. One of his Baptist brethren, with whom he was residing, on the Sabbath, with the labors of the sanctuary

before him, thought it not too much to apply his strength to the reformation of one of his beneficiaries, who had sinned in the matter of blacking his boots, until he stood in a puddle of his own blood, and then went up to the house of God with a good conscience, though with a weary arm, to break the bread of life to his flock. Such self-sacrifice, though it may be hardly credited in this working-day region, is believed to be not uncommon in that privileged portion of the country. And in justice to the religious part of our own community, I must say that, as a general thing, they fully appreciate these excellencies in the character of their Southern brethren, and that there are no men who are more cordially welcomed to their pulpits and communion tables than these holy confessors. Nor do these pious men confine their labors of love to the promotion of the spiritual and temporal welfare of their immediate dependents — relieving them of the vexatious re-

lationships of husband and wife, parent and child, from the care of their own advancement and the education of their children — their sympathies leap forth to supply the spiritual wants of the perishing heathen of other lands. They forget even the respect which is due to "the peculiar domestic institutions" of other nations, in their zeal to overthrow those of Ceylon and Hindostan. And this inconsistency is only apparent, and not real, — for the latest discoveries in ethics teach that what would be an impertinent intermeddling with other men's matters — worthy of a felon's death — when applied to the arrangements of our neighbors, becomes a sacred duty when its sphere is transferred to the Antipodes. Indeed, it may be regarded as an axiom of American Christianity, that our duties to our fellow men increase in the geometrical ratio of the distances at which we are removed from them. Their holy zeal in the great cause of evangelizing the world is analogous to that

which precipitated their predecessors upon the holy land for the rescue of the Sepulchre. Though they do not often go in person upon this sacred service, still their benevolence often contrives to make even their vassals share in the holy work, by converting them into money —by a magical process well known to all true knights-errant — and then pouring it with joyful alacrity into the treasury of the Lord. And the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—the great machine for working up Paganism into Christianity — cheerfully receives the gift and applies the price of the bodies of their countrymen to the salvation of pagan souls. It has been said, indeed, that this illustrious body itself, in its corporate capacity, has been invested with the insignia, and has exercised all the peculiar rights and privileges, of the knightly office. Truly, how beautiful upon the mountains of Heathenesse are the feet of those who bring to it the glad tidings of American Christianity!

I might go on forever chaunting the praises and magnifying the glories of American Chivalry. But its virtues and achievements demand an abler panegyrist. I might recount its courtesy, its generosity, its hospitality, its nice sense of honor, its life in arms, its judicial combats, its casual rencounters. But I forbear. I have already devoured the lion's share of our scanty pages. If I have thrown any new light upon the institution which is the peculiar blessing and glory of our land, I have accomplished my fondest hope. If I have inspired a single breast with fresh love and admiration of its virtues, or rekindled a single spark of dormant loyalty and zeal, I have left myself nothing to desire. I have not lived in vain.

SONNET TO LIBERTY.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THY cause, O LIBERTY! can never fail,
Whether by foes o'erwhelmed, or friends betrayed:
Then be its advocates of nought afraid;
As GOD is true, they surely shall prevail.
Let base oppressors tremble and turn pale;
They, they alone may justly be dismayed;
For TRUTH and RIGHT are on thy side arrayed,
And the whole world shall yet thy triumph hail.
No blow for thee was ever struck in vain;
Thy champions, martyrs, are of noble birth;
Rare honors, blessings, praises, thanks they gain,
And Time and Glory magnify their worth!
A thousand times defeated, thou shalt reign
Victor, O LIBERTY, o'er all the earth.

Boston,
Dec. 1, 1841.

BRITISH ABOLITIONISM.

BY N. P. ROGERS.

We have something to do this side the water with the above named type of philanthropy, now that modern ingenuity has brought the old world and the new into juxtaposition. The ocean is no longer a gulf of separation, as it used to be, before the daring genius of our times had bridged its illimitable expanse; — before steam had *laid down* her audacious rail-road track along the *hilly* Highway of Nations: and where Columbus adventured and wandered, a century or two ago, in disregard of coast and stars, and trusting to the quivering needle, to hunt amid the wilderness of waters after a *conjectured* world, Cunard has set him up a mail route, and now carries the world's mail every fortnight,

and talks of carrying it every week, from hemisphere to hemisphere. Since all these *improvements* Britain and America are morally at each other's doors. It is well that, among other things, we understand the character of British Abolitionism. It has been misunderstood among us, as I think, and greatly overrated. I will guess at some of the causes. Lord Mansfield had decided that *Slavery was not law* in Old England. Granville Sharpe, who wrote his lordship into that opinion peradventure, was an Englishman or a Briton. Poet Cowper of England had said, in his famous line, that "slaves could not breathe" there. "They touch our country," said he, "and their shackles fall." Orator Curran, whose flaming eloquence had transmuted him from a downtrodden Irishman to a recognised Briton, — he had ranted gloriously of its "sacred soil," and of "the altar and the gods sinking together in the dust, the moment" captivity set foot upon that soil, from

whatever quarter of the enthralled earth; and how the young Yankee imagination has been fired by his flaming bursts in the school-book, about "the irresistible genius of universal emancipation!" — We verily believed that genius lived and had her home "within the four seas of Britain." Wilberforce lived, spoke, and died in Britain — and there Clarkson labored against the slave-trade. Fox's humanity, and even Pitt's policy were anti-slavery, and both were British. A British Parliament abolished the African slave trade — all for love of Liberty and mankind of course! — England, too, had *compelled* the weaker despotisms around her into *treaties,* for the suppression of the infernal trade, and her naval war dogs had hunted and taken the private slaver, while Columbia's stars and stripes had winked at the black flag, if not courtesied to it, as they passed each other, "doing the business" of *Christendom* "in the great waters." And last, though not least, Britain

had freed her West Indies, and her philanthropy had summoned the "World to meet in anti-slavery convention" at her capital. — Oh, was not Britain the Land of Freedom, and London Liberty's chief town! and her very provinces too, — her American provinces, they were a refuge to the fugitive slave of the Republic. The north star had *gone* and *stood over* her Canadas, and led the *wise men* of the *South* there, to offer gifts to the infant Liberty. We went over to Britain's capital, to attend the World's anti-slavery meeting. One glance from the gallery of Freemason's Hall, however, awoke us to the realities of her abolitionism. It needed but a glance. Why, anti-slavery can't live in England! — not "slaves," as Cowper says, but *Anti-slavery* "cannot breathe in England!" There is not elasticity enough in her atmosphere to give the breast of Liberty a single respiration. Liberty dies there, as in an exhausted receiver, and the whole land is strewed with her whitened

bones. Humanity lies prostrate and *subject* in Britain. I know they have law there, but it is stern as the despotism of the Lion's den. They tell of the "British Lion." There is a "Lion in the way," in England. He roars at every corner of the streets — and the people of England at times tremble at the shaking of his mane, as well as the threatened and disquieted nations of the earth abroad. Brute force is the Law and the Liberty of England. The flashing of steel is the glance of her eye, and the exploding powder-burst the breath of her nostrils. Man does in England what power permits him to do. Thus far shalt thou go, it says to his footstep, and no farther, and here shall the proud waves of thy humanity be stayed. The Briton ramps in his Liberty, but his vehemency is as the watch dog's of his own guarded home. He falls to the ground, when he gets the length of his subject chain. All are vassals in England. The colossal Brougham is but a vassal.

He is but a giant *subject.* Wellington is a *subject.* He conquered Bonaparte, but he has to do homage at the foot of a British girl. He wears her collar on his ducal neck. And the mighty O'Connell, whose genius measures the earth, and whose voice "agitates" it, — he is a subject of that same British damsel. He owes her allegiance and fealty. Her will is his law, and he does public homage in the face of Britain and the world, to her Royal baby, as his fellow subject, the nurse, dismounts the little Royal Highness from its poney-phaeton in Saint James's Park. Victoria's brass collar glitters on the neck of O'Connell. And GEORGE THOMPSON, too, the philanthropist, as well as the orator, the anti-slavery champion of the old world — the advocate of both the Indies — whose "cloud-cleaving" genius mounts to the sun, and gazes it in the face — even he has to come down again and own allegiance to his *Queen.* The *cable of subjugation*, fixed about

his imperial talon, *anchors* him to the monarchy of England, and he lights down from his career among the storms, a panting, breathless, baffled British *subject.* And the poor little Queen herself is a slave among the rest, and the most of a slave of them all. She wears a crown on her head, and a sceptre in her small hand, (if her hand be small,) a crown that dazzles and a sceptre that scares more people than any other perhaps of the earth's surface, — yet she is involved inextricably in the iron entanglement of subjection, with all her *subjects.* She is the key-stone of the *subject* arch, and as free to move, and no freer, than the key of one of the arches of her old London bridge. Nothing can disenthral her but an earthquake revolution, that should shake the civilized world — and that earthquake is brewing. God speed the moral Chartism of Britain to avert it — or rather American abolitionism diffused beyond the waters, which may, or may not reach them in time.

Britain can aid us but little in the overthrow of slavery — Ireland can more. But the waves of moral revolution must start from an agitation *here.* They cannot move it there. We have freedom here, or it is at least *possible* to individuals — When we get it we can impart it. We are in moral insurrection, and, once at liberty, we dispense freedom to the slave — or rather the bursting of our own voluntary shackles, here under New England's sky, will unrivet the fetters that gall the limbs and souls of the plantations, and slavery will disappear from the land. The disenthralment would not probably stop in this country, or anywhere short of the deliverance of mankind.

British subjection is not to State only; she has to bear also the Church. Her monarchy "kills the body," but she has a Hierarchy that "kills both soul and body in Hell." That is to say, it claims power so to kill, and the mass of the *subject* people acknowledge the claim; a

load on the backs of the wretched subjects enough to sink even the navy they have to carry, among their other burdens. Oh the castles and palaces, the abbeys, cathedrals, ministers, and churches, reared by Royalty, Nobility, and Popery (Catholic and Protestant) over that beautiful Island; built by the half-requited labor of a starved and *houseless* people. Britain's Religion, instead of "not having where to lay its head," has turned the People out of house and home, and itself dwells in palaces. It is richer than Dives, and fares more sumptuously every day. The abolitionism of Britain is as fat as its Religion.

A word more of that "World's Convention," for "Liberty Bell" *rings*, and we have but a moment of time. We passed by its threshold, and behold LUCRETIA MOTT repulsed from its doors. The credentials of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, its broad seal palpable as the sun in the firmament, that should have given the

bearer credit and welcome, the anti-slavery world over, lay there soiled and dishonored in the sooty dust of London streets, its ample sheet torn and trampled under foot by the *thick soaled* heel of "British Usage." At the opening meeting, preliminary to the sittings of Conference, presided that Princely *incident* to her Royal Majesty, His Royal Highness Prince Albert. On the platform, if I mistake not, sat O'Connell, called for by the People, but unpermitted to speak, by the *anti-slavery* Committee. At all events, at the winding up meeting, GEORGE THOMPSON and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, both sat mute upon that platform, (a phenomenon in an anti-slavery meeting,) not allowed to speak by the committee of arrangements, while the advocacy of the World's anti-slavery cause was left to the Royal Sussex, and to Messrs. Lushington of London and Birney of Kentucky. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, presided at the meeting, and one of the

London Committee humbly "thanked His Royal Highness for his condescension"!! — Her Grace, the Duchess of Sutherland supported His Royal Highness in the chair, though LUCRETIA MOTT was not allowed a seat in the anti-slavery conference, because she was a woman. Is Her Grace more than a woman! This a sample of British abolitionism. Another sign of it — GEORGE THOMPSON sat almost a *mute* spectator during the whole Conference. Is it an *anti-slavery* atmosphere, where GEORGE THOMPSON droops and desponds!

A word of the vaunted Emancipation Act, and but a word, for "Liberty Bell" *tolls*. (It is Slavery's knell.) That boasted Emancipation Act, which gives Britannia the philanthropic mistress-ship of the world, as her navy claims it of the ocean, — what is it? Why, it was and is nothing but a base, *proslavery* act of Parliament! It was a legislative manœuvre to baffle the humanity of the subject people of Britain.

George Thompson had exasperated them at the chattel slavery of the West Indies. They had no colorphobia in their imaginations, and it was easy to kindle their common humanity to a flame of indignation. Parliament saw the necessity of giving it vent somewhere else than on itself. It let it off through the channel of Apprenticeship, a cold-blooded device, which protracted slavery and deferred the hope of heart-sick philanthropy, for six long years — in wicked expectation, doubtless, that meantime the atrocities of the apprenticeship might reconcile the people and the slave to the reëstablishment of slavery, — or that something might turn up to give the dragon system a chance of *restoration.* The mass of the subject petitioners were deluded by the trick, and compromised with Parliament; and then to punish the people for their temerity in petitioning, Parliament imposed on them the most atrocious tax ever inflicted by greedy tyranny on the back of labor.

Twenty million pounds sterling — a hundred millions of dollars, they imposed on emaciated, "bread-taxed," British Labor, wringing the last morsel from the insufficiency of a fainting people, to compensate the slaveholder for his disquietude under the agitation. This is the vaunted Emancipation Act. It is as humane an act as Parliament or Congress ever did, or could enact. They have "no soul," or heart, and can manifest none. But such was the enormity of this piece of "British abolitionism," that some of the slaveholding islands preferred immediate emancipation, and adopted it on the spot, and left the Emancipation Act standing alone in the gaze of the world, with nothing in their limits to operate upon, and in 1840, when the act was consummated, the slaves of Bermuda and Antigua had been free *six years in spite of it.* And the slaveholders of the other islands could not brook the "Emancipation Act" its whole time. They were sick of its atrocities, or em-

barrassed by its foolish impolicy, and they proclaimed Liberty, in the teeth of it, Aug. 1838, and left it for two years "alone in its glory." This is the whole of the parliamentary philanthropy of Britain. An attempt to defer Liberty six dreary years, and a plundering of the people, who asked for it, of an hundred millions of dollars, as a present to the slaveholders. Hail, Britannia!

Of course I need make no exceptions here in behalf of the glorious individuals in Britain and Ireland, whose spirits do not brook this subjection, and who will work themselves free of it. They are beginning to feel the chains they were born and bred to, though they press upon them with the unseen weight of the air they breathe. Anti-slavery chemistry is discovering that there is burden, (and not support, as in the air,) in the *subject* atmosphere of monarchy and hierarchy, and they will by and by refuse to inhale it. Truth will purify it, till they can respire freely

in it, and Liberty Bell shall agitate it, with its wild music, and "proclaim throughout all the land — to *all* the Inhabitants thereof," that inestimable boon, that "one thing needful" to universal humanity — that *sine qua non* of tolerable human existence — LIBERTY; with which life is a blessing, and without which it is a curse.

Concord, New Hampshire,
Dec. 1, 1841.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

FREEDOM is wealth, health, strength—the serene
throne
Of the strong will — the birth-right nature gave;
God hath not portioned out the wind and wave,
Nor the thick stars in heaven's blue distance
sown.
The gates of nature are wide open thrown,
And what the soul can take, that may it have.
Sin is the brand that nature gives the slave,
But Truth is Freedom, that all souls may own.
Falsehood shall not endure the high calm face
Of the free day — nor feel its stern rebuke.
And for that fallen and oppressèd race,
Do Nature's universal voices plead,
And the great human heart, that will not brook,
That Justice beneath Custom's lash should bleed.

Dec. 2, 1841.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

Put back the swelling ocean with thy hand!
Leash up the winds—the seasons' course control,
Then quench the burning spirit, like a coal,
And puff Hope's breath away, by which 't is fanned —
But never until then; not surer stand
The fadeless stars, that circle round the pole,
Than Truth and Justice in the immortal soul,
Which man can sear not out with Slavery's brand.
All noble souls will yearn to the oppressed,
Nor canst thou dam that inward sympathy,
That tide-like swelleth ever in the breast,
Even as the restless soul of the broad sea
Heaves its fresh waters up to purify
The stagnant pools, that on the marshes lie.

Dec. 3, 1841.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ENGLAND! I grant that thou dost justly boast
Of splendid geniuses beyond compare;
Men great and gallant — Women good and fair —
Skilled in all arts, and filling every post
Of learning, science, fame — a mighty host!
Poets divine, and benefactors rare —
Statesmen—philosophers—and they who dare
Boldly to explore Heaven's vast and boundless coast.
To one alone I dedicate this rhyme,
Whose virtues with a starry lustre glow;
Whose heart is large, whose spirit is sublime,
The friend of liberty, of wrong the foe:
Long be inscribed upon the roll of Time,
The name, the worth, the works of HARRIET MATINEAU!

Boston,
Dec. 1, 1841.

THE QUADROONS.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"I promised thee a sister tale
Of man's perfidious cruelty;
Come then and hear what cruel wrong
Befell the dark Ladie." — *Coleridge.*

Not far from Augusta, Georgia, there is a pleasant place called Sand-Hills, appropriated almost exclusively to summer residences for the wealthy inhabitants of the neighboring city. Among the beautiful cottages that adorn it was one far retired from the public roads, and almost hidden among the trees. It was a perfect model of rural beauty. The piazzas that surrounded it were covered with Clematis and Passion flower. The Pride of China mixed its oriental-looking foliage with the majestic magnolia, and the air

was redolent with the fragrance of flowers, peeping out from every nook, and nodding upon you in bye places, with a most unexpected welcome. The tasteful hand of Art had not learned to *imitate* the lavish beauty and harmonious disorder of Nature, but they lived together in loving unity, and spoke in according tones. The gateway rose in a Gothic arch, with graceful tracery in iron-work, surmounted by a Cross, around which fluttered and played the Mountain Fringe, that lightest and most fragile of vines.

The inhabitants of this cottage remained in it all the year round; and perhaps enjoyed most the season that left them without neighbors. To one of the parties, indeed, the fashionable summer residents, that came and went with the butterflies, were merely neighbors-in-law. The edicts of society had built up a wall of separation between her and them; for she was a quadroon; the daughter of a wealthy merchant of New Orleans, highly cultivated in mind and

manners, graceful as an antelope, and beautiful as the evening star. She had early attracted the attention of a handsome and wealthy young Georgian; and as their acquaintance increased, the purity and bright intelligence of her mind, inspired him with a far deeper sentiment than belongs merely to excited passion. It was in fact Love in its best sense — that most perfect landscape of our complex nature, where earth everywhere kisses the sky, but the heavens embrace all; and the lowliest dew-drop reflects the image of the highest star.

The tenderness of Rosalie's conscience required an outward form of marriage; though she well knew that a union with her proscribed race was unrecognised by law, and therefore the ceremony gave her no legal hold on Edward's constancy. But her high, poetic nature regarded the reality rather than the semblance of things; and when he playfully asked how she could keep him if he wished to run away, she

replied, "Let the church that my mother loved sanction our union, and my own soul will be satisfied, without the protection of the state. If your affections fall from me, I would not, if I could, hold you by a legal fetter."

It was a marriage sanctioned by Heaven, though unrecognised on earth. The picturesque cottage at Sand-Hills was built for the young bride under her own directions; and there they passed ten as happy years as ever blessed the heart of mortals. It was Edward's fancy to name their eldest child Xarifa; in commemoration of a Spanish song, which had first conveyed to his ears the sweet tones of her mother's voice. Her flexile form and nimble motions were in harmony with the breezy sound of the name; and its Moorish origin was most appropriate to one so emphatically "a child of the sun." Her complexion, of a still lighter brown than Rosalie's, was rich and glowing as an autumnal leaf. The iris of her large, dark eye

had the melting, mezzotinto outline, which remains the last vestige of African ancestry, and gives that plaintive expression, so often observed, and so appropriate to that docile and injured race.

Xarifa learned no lessons of humility or shame, within her own happy home; for she grew up in the warm atmosphere of father's and mother's love, like a flower open to the sunshine, and sheltered from the winds. But in summer walks with her beautiful mother, her young cheek often mantled at the rude gaze of the young men, and her dark eye flashed fire, when sôme contemptuous epithet met her ear, as white ladies passed them by, in scornful pride and ill-concealed envy.

Happy as Rosalie was in Edward's love, and surrounded by an outward environment of beauty, so well adapted to her poetic spirit, she felt these incidents with inexpressible pain. For herself, she cared but little; for she had found

a sheltered home in Edward's heart, which the world might ridicule, but had no power to profane. But when she looked at her beloved Xarifa, and reflected upon the unavoidable and dangerous position which the tyranny of society had awarded her, her soul was filled with anguish. The rare loveliness of the child increased daily, and was evidently ripening into most marvellous beauty. The father rejoiced in it with unmingled pride; but in the deep tenderness of the mother's eye there was an indwelling sadness, that spoke of anxious thoughts and fearful foreboding.

When Xarifa entered her ninth year, these uneasy feelings found utterance in earnest solicitations that Edward would remove to France, or England. This request excited but little opposition, and was so attractive to his imagination, that he might have overcome all intervening obstacles, had not "a change come o'er the spirit of his dream." He still loved

Rosalie; but he was now twenty-eight years old, and, unconsciously to himself, ambition had for some time been slowly gaining an ascendency over his other feelings. The contagion of example had led him into the arena where so much American strength is wasted; he had thrown himself into political excitement, with all the honest fervor of youthful feeling. His motives had been unmixed with selfishness, nor could he ever define to himself when or how sincere patriotism took the form of personal ambition. But so it was, that at twenty-eight years old, he found himself an ambitious man, involved in movements which his frank nature would have once abhorred, and watching the doubtful game of mutual cunning with all the fierce excitement of a gambler.

Among those on whom his political success most depended was a very popular and wealthy man, who had an only daughter. His visits to the house were at first of a purely political nature;

but the young lady was pleasing, and he fancied he discovered in her a sort of timid preference for himself. This excited his vanity, and awakened thoughts of the great worldly advantages connected with a union. Reminiscences of his first love kept these vague ideas in check for several months; but Rosalie's image at last became an unwelcome intruder; for with it was associated the idea of restraint. Moreover Charlotte, though inferior in beauty, was yet a pretty contrast to her rival. Her light hair fell in silken profusion, her blue eyes were gentle, though inexpressive, and her healthy cheeks were like opening rose-buds.

He had already become accustomed to the dangerous experiment of resisting his own inward convictions; and this new impulse to ambition, combined with the strong temptation of variety in love, met the ardent young man weakened in moral principle, and unfettered by laws

of the land. The change wrought upon him was soon noticed by Rosalie.

"In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more the estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would show."

At length the news of his approaching marriage met her ear. Her head grew dizzy, and her heart fainted within her; but, with a strong effort at composure, she inquired all the particulars; and her pure mind at once took its resolution. Edward came that evening, and though she would have fain met him as usual, her heart was too full not to throw a deep sadness over her looks and tones. She had never complained of his decreasing tenderness, or of her own lonely hours; but he felt that the mute appeal of her heart-broken looks was more terrible than words. He kissed the hand she of-

fered, and with a countenance almost as sad as her own, led her to a window in the recess shadowed by a luxuriant Passion Flower. It was the same seat where they had spent the first evening in this beautiful cottage, consecrated to their youthful loves. The same calm, clear moonlight looked in through the trellis. The vine then planted had now a luxuriant growth; and many a time had Edward fondly twined its sacred blossoms with the glossy ringlets of her raven hair. The rush of memory almost overpowered poor Rosalie; and Edward felt too much oppressed and ashamed to break the long, deep silence. At length, in words scarcely audible, Rosalie said, "Tell me, dear Edward, are you to be married next week?" He dropped her hand, as if a rifle-ball had struck him; and it was not until after long hesitation, that he began to make some reply about the necessity of circumstances. Mildly, but earnestly, the poor girl begged him to spare

apologies. It was enough that he no longer loved her, and that they must bid farewell. Trusting to the yielding tenderness of her character, he ventured, in the most soothing accents, to suggest that as he still loved her better than all the world, she would ever be his real wife, and they might see each other frequently. He was not prepared for the storm of indignant emotion his words excited. Hers was a passion too absorbing to admit of partnership; and her spirit was too pure to form a selfish league with crime.

At length this painful interview came to an end. They stood together by the Gothic gate, where they had so often met and parted in the moonlight. Old remembrances melted their souls. "Farewell, dearest Edward," said Rosalie. "Give me a parting kiss." Her voice was choked for utterance, and the tears flowed freely, as she bent her lips toward him. He folded her convulsively in his arms, and im-

printed a long, impassioned kiss on that mouth, which had never spoken to him but in love and blessing.

With effort like a death-pang, she at length raised her head from his heaving bosom, and turning from him with bitter sobs, she said, "It is our *last.* To meet thus is henceforth crime. God bless you. I would not have you so miserable as I am. Farewell. A *last* farewell." "The *last!*" exclaimed he, with a wild shriek. "Oh God, Rosalie, do not say that!" and covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

Recovering from his emotion, he found himself alone. The moon looked down upon him mild, but very sorrowful; as the Madonna seems to gaze on her worshipping children, bowed down with consciousness of sin. At that moment he would have given worlds to have disengaged himself from Charlotte; but he had gone so far, that blame, disgrace, and duels

with angry relatives, would now attend any effort to obtain his freedom. Oh, how the moonlight oppressed him with its friendly sadness! It was like the plaintive eye of his forsaken one, — like the music of sorrow echoed from an unseen world.

Long and earnestly he gazed at that dwelling, where he had so long known earth's purest foretaste of heavenly bliss. Slowly he walked away; then turned again to look on that charmed spot, the nestling-place of his young affections. He caught a glimpse of Rosalie, weeping beside a magnolia, which commanded a long view of the path leading to the public road. He would have sprung toward her, but she darted from him, and entered the cottage. That graceful figure, weeping in the moonlight, haunted him for years. It stood before his closing eyes, and greeted him with the morning dawn.

Poor Charlotte! had she known all, what a dreary lot would hers have been; but fortunate-

ly, she could not miss the impassioned tenderness she had never experienced; and Edward was the more careful in his kindness, because he was deficient in love. Once or twice she heard him murmur, "dear Rosalie," in his sleep; but the playful charge she brought was playfully answered, and the incident gave her no real uneasiness. The summer after their marriage, she proposed a residence at Sand-Hills; little aware what a whirlwind of emotion she excited in her husband's heart. The reasons he gave for rejecting the proposition appeared satisfactory; but she could not quite understand why he was never willing that their afternoon drives should be in the direction of those pleasant rural residences, which she had heard him praise so much. One day, as their barouche rolled along a winding road that skirted Sand-Hills, her attention was suddenly attracted by two figures among the trees by the way-side; and touching Edward's arm, she ex-

claimed, "Do look at that beautiful child!" He turned, and saw Rosalie and Xarifa. His lips quivered, and his face became deadly pale. His young wife looked at him intently, but said nothing. There were points of resemblance in the child, that seemed to account for his sudden emotion. Suspicion was awakened, and she soon learned that the mother of that lovely girl bore the name of Rosalie; with this information came recollections of the "dear Rosalie," murmured in uneasy slumbers. From gossiping tongues she soon learned more than she wished to know. She wept, but not as poor Rosalie had done, for she never had loved, and been beloved, like her; and her nature was more proud. Henceforth a change came over her feelings and her manners; and Edward had no further occasion to assume a tenderness in return for hers. Changed as he was by ambition, he felt the wintry chill of her polite propriety, and sometimes in agony of heart, compared it

with the gushing love of her who was indeed his wife.

But these, and all his emotions, were a sealed book to Rosalie, of which she could only guess the contents. With remittances for her and her child's support, there sometimes came earnest pleadings that she would consent to see him again; but these she never answered, though her heart yearned to do so. She pitied his fair young bride, and would not be tempted to bring sorrow into her household by any fault of hers. Her earnest prayer was that she might never know of her existence. She had not looked on Edward since she watched him under the shadow of the magnolia, until his barouche passed her in her rambles some months after. She saw the deadly paleness of his countenance, and had he dared to look back, he would have seen her tottering with faintness. Xarifa brought water from a little rivulet, and sprinkled her face. When she revived, she clasped the be-

loved child to her heart with a vehemence that made her scream. Soothingly she kissed away her fears, and gazed into her beautiful eyes with a deep, deep sadness of expression, which Xarifa never forgot. Wild were the thoughts that pressed around her aching heart, and almost maddened her poor brain; thoughts which had almost driven her to suicide the night of that last farewell. For her child's sake she conquered the fierce temptation then; and for her sake, she struggled with it now. But the gloomy atmosphere of their once happy home overclouded the morning of Xarifa's life.

"She from her mother learnt the trick of grief,
And sighed among her playthings."

Rosalie perceived this; and it gave her gentle heart unutterable pain. At last, the conflicts of her spirit proved too strong for the beautiful frame in which it dwelt. About a year after Edward's marriage, she was found dead in her

bed, one bright autumnal morning. She had often expressed to her daughter a wish to be buried under a spreading oak, that shaded a rustic garden-chair, in which she and Edward had spent many happy evenings. And there she was buried; with a small white cross at her head, twined with the cypress vine. Edward came to the funeral, and wept long, very long, at the grave. Hours after midnight, he sat in the recess-window, with Xarifa folded to his heart. The poor child sobbed herself to sleep on his bosom; and the convicted murderer had small reason to envy that wretched man, as he gazed on the lovely countenance, that so strongly reminded him of his early and his only love.

From that time, Xarifa was the central point of all his warmest affections. He employed an excellent old negress to take charge of the cottage, from which he promised his darling child that she should never be removed. He em-

ployed a music master, and dancing master, to attend upon her; and a week never passed without a visit from him, and a present of books, pictures, or flowers. To hear her play upon the harp, or repeat some favorite poem in her mother's earnest accents and melodious tones, or to see her flexile figure float in the garland-dance, seemed to be the highest enjoyment of his life. Yet was the pleasure mixed with bitter thoughts. What would be the destiny of this fascinating young creature, so radiant with life and beauty? She belonged to a proscribed race; and though the brown color on her soft cheek was scarcely deeper than the sunny side of a golden pear, yet was it sufficient to exclude her from virtuous society. He thought of Rosalie's wish to carry her to France; and he would have fulfilled it, had he been unmarried. As it was, he inwardly resolved to make some arrangement to effect it, in a few years, even if it involved separation from his darling child.

But alas for the calculations of man! From the time of Rosalie's death, Edward had sought relief for his wretched feelings in the free use of wine. Xarifa was scarcely fifteen, when her father was found dead by the road-side; having fallen from his horse, on his way to visit her. He left no will; but his wife with kindness of heart worthy of a happier domestic fate, expressed a decided reluctance to change any of the plans he had made for the beautiful child at Sand-Hills.

Xarifa mourned her indulgent father; but not as one utterly desolate. True she had lived "like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft;" but the sunshine of love had already peeped in upon her. Her teacher on the harp was a handsome and agreeable young man of twenty, the only son of an English widow. Perhaps Edward had not been altogether unmindful of the result, when he first invited him to the flowery cottage. Certain it is, he had more than once

thought what a pleasant thing it would be, if English freedom from prejudice should lead him to offer legal protection to his graceful and winning child. Being thus encouraged, rather than checked, in his admiration, George Elliot could not be otherwise than strongly attracted toward his beautiful pupil. The lonely and unprotected state in which her father's death left her, deepened this feeling into tenderness. And lucky was it for her enthusiastic and affectionate nature; for she could not live without an atmosphere of love. In her innocence, she knew nothing of the dangers in her path; and she trusted George with an undoubting simplicity, that rendered her sacred to his noble and generous soul. It seemed as if that flower-embosomed nest was consecrated by the Fates to Love. The French have well named it *La Belle Passion;* for without it life were "a year without spring, or a spring without roses." Except the loveliness of infancy, what does earth

offer so much like Heaven, as the happiness of two young, pure, and beautiful beings, living in each other's hearts?

Xarifa inherited her mother's poetic and impassioned temperament; and to her, above others, the first consciousness of these sweet emotions was like a golden sunrise on the sleeping flowers.

"Thus stood she at the threshold of the scene
Of busy life. * * * *
How fair it lay in solemn shade and sheen!
And he beside her, like some angel, posted
To lead her out of childhood's fairy land,
On to life's glancing summit, hand in hand."

Alas, the tempest was brooding over their young heads. Rosalie, though she knew it not, had been the daughter of a slave; whose wealthy master, though he remained attached to her to the end of her days, had carelessly omitted to have papers of manumission recorded.

His heirs had lately failed, under circumstances, which greatly exasperated their creditors; and in an unlucky hour, they discovered their claim on Angelique's grand-child.

The gentle girl, happy as the birds in spring-time, accustomed to the fondest indulgence, surrounded by all the refinements of life, timid as a young fawn, and with a soul full of romance, was ruthlessly seized by a sheriff, and placed on the public auction-stand in Savannah. There she stood, trembling, blushing, and weeping; compelled to listen to the grossest language, and shrinking from the rude hands that examined the graceful proportions of her beautiful frame. "Stop that," exclaimed a stern voice, "I bid two thousand dollars for her, without asking any of their d—d questions." The speaker was probably about forty years of age, with handsome features, but a fierce and proud expression. An older man, who stood behind him, bid two thousand five hundred. The first

bid higher; then a third, a dashing young man, bid three thousand; and thus they went on, with the keen excitement of gamblers, until the first speaker obtained the prize, for the moderate sum of five thousand dollars.

And where was George, during this dreadful scene? He was absent on a visit to his mother, at Mobile. But, had he been at Sand-Hills, he could not have saved his beloved from the wealthy profligate, who was determined to obtain her at any price. A letter of agonized entreaty from her brought him home on the wings of the wind. But what could he do? How could he ever obtain a sight of her, locked up as she was in the princely mansion of her master? At last by bribing one of the slaves, he conveyed a letter to her, and received one in return. As yet, her purchaser treated her with respectful gentleness, and sought to win her favor, by flattery and presents; but she dreaded every moment, lest the scene should change, and

trembled at the sound of every footfall. A plan was laid for escape. The slave agreed to drug his master's wine; a ladder of ropes was prepared, and a swift boat was in readiness. But the slave, to obtain a double reward, was treacherous. Xarifa had scarcely given an answering signal to the low, cautious whistle of her lover, when the sharp sound of a rifle was followed by a deep groan, and a heavy fall on the pavement of the court-yard. With frenzied eagerness she swung herself down by the ladder of ropes, and, by the glancing light of lanthorns, saw George, bleeding and lifeless at her feet. One wild shriek, that pierced the brains of those who heard it, and she fell senseless by his side.

For many days she had a confused consciousness of some great agony, but knew not where she was, or by whom she was surrounded. The slow recovery of her reason settled into the most intense melancholy, which moved the compassion even of her cruel purchaser. The beau-

tiful eyes, always pleading in expression, were now so heart-piercing in their sadness, that he could not endure to look upon them. For some months, he sought to win her smiles by lavish presents, and delicate attentions. He bought glittering chains of gold, and costly bands of pearl. His victim scarcely glanced at them, and the slave laid them away, unheeded and forgotten. He purchased the furniture of the cottage at Sand-Hills, and one morning Xarifa found her harp at the bed-side, and the room filled with her own books, pictures, and flowers. She gazed upon them with a pang unutterable, and burst into an agony of tears; but she gave her master no thanks, and her gloom deepened.

At last his patience was exhausted. He grew weary of her obstinacy, as he was pleased to term it; and threats took the place of persuasion.

* * * * * * *

In a few months more, poor Xarifa was a raving maniac. That pure temple was desecrated; that loving heart was broken; and that beautiful head fractured against the wall in the frenzy of despair. Her master cursed the useless expense she had cost him; the slaves buried her; and no one wept at the grave of her who had been so carefully cherished, and so tenderly beloved.

Reader, do you complain that I have written fiction? Believe me, scenes like these are of no unfrequent occurrence at the South. The world does not afford such materials for tragic romance, as the history of the Quadroons.

GELON KING OF SYRACUSE.

"The most beautiful treaty of peace ever spoken of in history, I believe to be that which Gelon made with the Carthaginians. — He required of them that they should abolish the custom of sacrificing their own children. How admirable! after having defeated three hundred thousand Carthaginians, he exacted of them a condition, useful only to themselves; or rather he stipulated for the human race." — *Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws, Book* 10, *Ch.* 5.

GELON OF SYRACUSE.

A SONNET.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

SPIRIT OF GELON! from the realms on high
Canst thou not come and visit earth once more?
Angel of Light! the world of man explore;
Refine his virtue! fit him for the sky!

Thy palm of conquest still may time defy,
Still bloom perennial from the days of yore!
Come! to thy conquered foes at once restore
The blessing lost of nature's holiest tie.

See! in this land of Freedom's darling choice,
The pallid parent, deaf to nature's voice,
Doom his own offspring to the servile chain!
Oh! come and conquer! then thy law proclaim,
And bind the Anglo-Saxon father's fame,
Never to sacrifice his child again.

A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

THE gloom of Life's departing day
Is darkening round a royal bed,
And on a cheek and brow like clay
There falls that nameless shadow dread,
Which tells that death draws darkly nigh
To solve of Life the mystery.

The chief of Brunswick's ancient line,
With fading eye and anxious heart,
Watches the sinking sun's decline,
And as the shadows come and part,
He marks the crimson radiance fall
Where hang the pictures on the wall.

There by some skilful limner's hand
Was many a foughten field portrayed;
There haughty chief and warlike band
Their strength in feats of arms displayed;
And all the pageantry of strife
Glowed with the coloring of life.

And days of youth and strength and hope
Before the dying warrior rose,
Days when his arm and sword could cope
With valiant and unnumbered foes;
The clash of spears, the trumpet's note,
Seemed through the quiet room to float.

A few brief moments, — and the dreams
So fraught with power and glory fade;
How light his proudest memory seems
In Truth's unmoving balance weighed!
The solemn hour has come at last,
When Conscience truly notes the past.

His wearied mind rejects them all —
The hurried scenes of years gone by,
As council board, and banquet hall,
And battle field before him lie.
With sickening heart he turns away
For holier memories to pray.

And as the deepening twilight pours
Its shadows through that lonely room,
That worn and waiting spirit soars
Above the clouds of night and gloom;
Light on those pallid features breaks
As thus, in broken tones, he speaks.

"At length the hour of darkness lifts
Its weight from off my fainting soul,
And Peace and Joy, those gracious gifts
Of God's free spirit o'er me roll.
The strife, the sin of years long past,
Beneath my feet I gladly cast.

"One blest remembrance shall remain
To pour its light around my way,
And in the midst of care and pain,
Its influence shall my spirit stay.
List, while in few and faltering words
My voice Christ's faithfulness records.

"Fain would my failing mind recal
The memory of that April day,
When bound for Worms's council hall
The thronging thousands took their way.
There king and bishop, priest and peer,
Had come a simple monk to hear.

"In all the pomp of earthly power
Charles and his courtiers graced the hall,
While Rome's proud legate felt that hour
An earthly empire far too small;
A throne, a sceptre, baubles these
To him who claims St. Peter's keys.

"I too was there, and through my breast
A thrill of scornful pity ran,
As, in his humble vestment drest,
Uprose one solitary man.
The lowly monk, the miner's son,
Stood forth unaided and alone.

"Nor earthly help, nor human aid,
He needed in that trial hour;
Strong in the truth and undismayed,
He witnessed to that mighty power,
That fires the lip and nerves the heart
God's sternest counsel to impart.

"I listened and my brain swam round
At the free fearless words he spoke,
But as their inmost sense I found,
A blaze of light upon me broke.
The pulses of my heart were stirred
As that heroic voice I heard.

" He ended, and the crimson flood
Passed from his cheek and brow away,
Pale and subdued and calm he stood,
While wonder, terror, and dismay
Were marked on every listening face
That filled the vast and crowded space.

" On him alone *my* eyes were turned,
And as his fainting glance I met,
My very heart within me burned
With anxious pity and regret.
A cup of wine I poured in haste,
And bade his lip its virtue taste.

" He drank; and as he drank, he prayed
That in the stern and final strife,
When sins and follies darkly weighed
Upon my parting hours of life,
The memory of that act of love
Might prove a blessing from above.

"That prayer ascended not in vain, —
Its answer is the gentle peace
Unmixed with aught of fear and pain
In which my spirit waits release."
He finished — and the watchers by
Felt it were easy thus to die.

The shadows of three hundred years
Divide us from that dying hour,
But still the Saviour's promise cheers
All who have strength to prove its power.
A cup of water in His name
Shall still His blest remembrance claim.

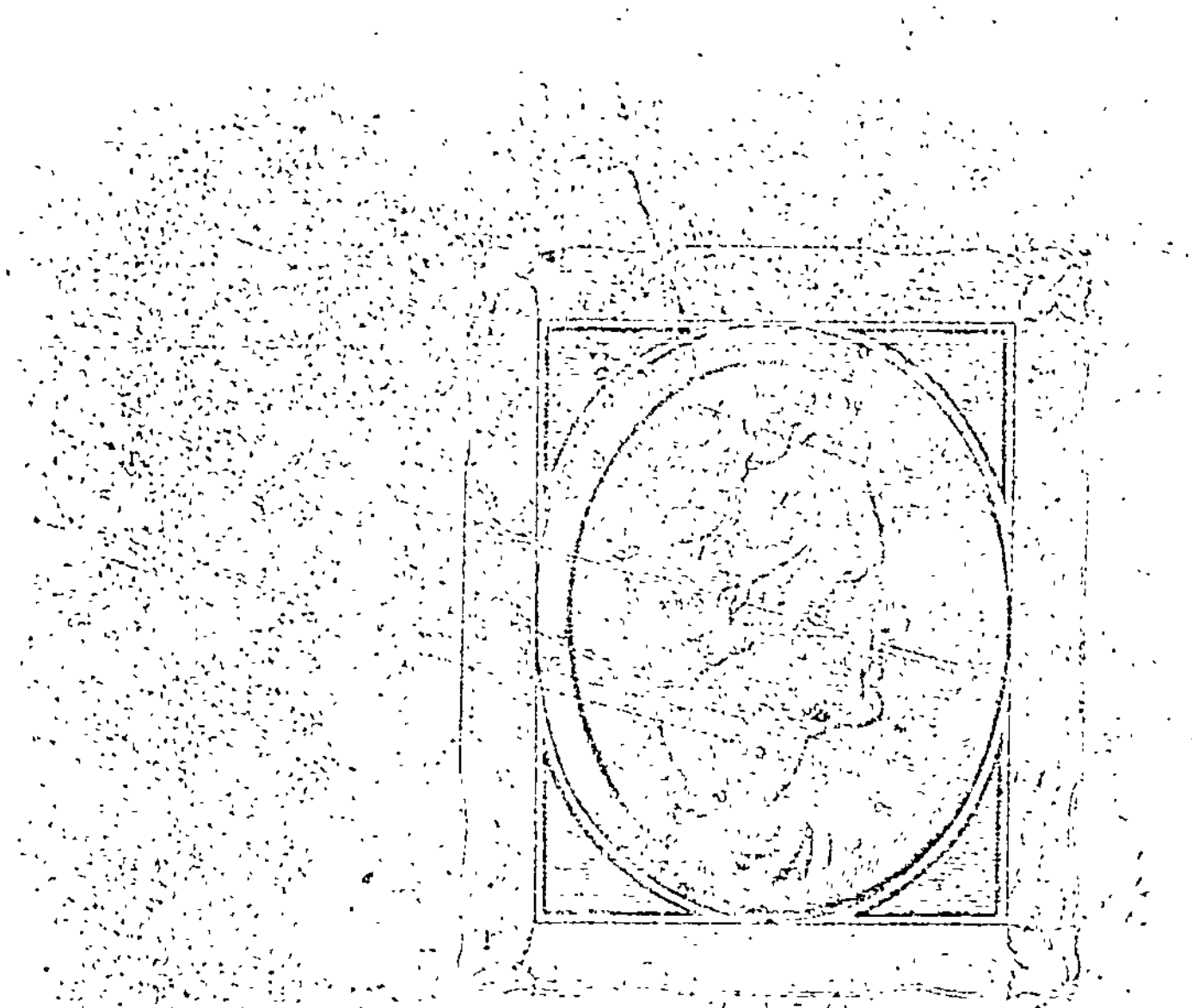
Where'er a human voice is heard
In witness for the true and right,
Where'er a human heart is stirred
To mingle in Faith's glorious fight,
That voice revere, — that heart sustain!
It shall not be to thee in vain.

THE PLACE TO SPEAK.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY.

There are many who say to me, "were you in a Southern State, it might be well enough for you to speak as you do on the subject of Slavery; but you are speaking to no purpose or a bad purpose here, where slavery was long since abolished." I tell such persons, what they should know already, that I should not be permitted to speak at the South, nay, not to live. A free man cannot live the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. If one, in whose bosom the flame of impartial liberty burns brightly, dares to descend into that mine of Slavery, where millions of human beings are buried alive, toiling in darkness, he must hold his breath, or the fire damps will explode, and tear him limb from

limb, or burn him to ashes. H[illegible] therefore speak for God and humanity her[illegible]r nowhere in our land.



PIERPONT.

SONNET.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE hungry flame did never yet seem lot
To him who won his name a crown of fire,
But it doth ask a stronger soul and higher
To bear, not longing for a prouder lot,
Those martyrdoms whereof the world knows not,—
Hope sneapt with frosty scorn, the faith of youth
Wasted in seeming vain defence of Truth,
Greatness o'ertopt with baseness, and fame got
Too late:—yet this most bitter task was meant
For those right worthy in such cause to plead,
And therefore God sent poets, men content
To live in humbleness and body's need,
So they may tread the paths where Jesus went
And sow one grain of Love's Eternal Seed.

THE MIDDLE COURSE.

BY JOHN A. COLLINS.

"In medio tutissimus ibis."

"A middle course is the most safe."

THE sentiment here quoted is of heathen genealogy, and, as now understood, is worthy of its parentage. Well would it have been for us had it never been incorporated into the popular Christian theory, or made the basis of the popular republican practice; — had it only been lodged in our museums as a relic for antiquarians to examine. Of all men in society who claim and secure a respectable standing, those whose practice is governed by this principle are the most loathsome. They have an instinctive dread of moral agitation. The only excitement they

ever experience is that of dodging between the rain-drops of public opinion. Though, like the church at Laodicea, they are neither cold nor hot, they make it their business to watch the thermometer of the times, that they may announce themselves as being at the exact temperature it indicates. Right action, with them, has no other foundation than the ever-shifting sands of expediency. This *Jack-a-lanthorn* is their polar star. When these claim to be reformers, alas, for the prospects of reform. Every benevolent enterprise is burdened with such, whose stagnant minds, like the dead waters of a pool, engender moral disease and death. The Anti-slavery enterprise is loaded with such. They admit that slavery is a great, *very great* evil, — they exhaust their vocabulary for epithets to heap upon it; yet they anathematize every measure which may be used for its overthrow. Between positive good and positive evil, between abolition on the one hand and slavery

on the other, they raise their hands, as if between Scylla and Charybdis, and cry out,

"In medio tutissimus ibis."

Rhode Island,
Dec. 1.

WOMAN AND HER PASTOR.

I HAVE come from a scene of such piercing woe,
That my soul is oppressed, and my heart beats low.
I have seen, I have heard, and it shall not rest
Like a dream untold in my silent breast;
Though a thousand tongues, were they mine, would fail
To tell the half of that fearful tale;
Oh! dark indeed, and of crimson dye,
The fearful tale of slavery.

"Cease, cease, for thy nature is too much stirred
By things which perchance thou hast seen and heard;
But lisp them not, for it may not be
That one of gentle mould, like thee,
Should join the rude and the vulgar throng
Who so idly rave of abuse and wrong.

Thy voice is too soft to be raised on high;
And thy form too fair for the public eye;
And much there is, which thy woman's ear
Should still, though permitted, refuse to hear.
And shouldst thou speak, would it ever make
One task more light, or one fetter break?
No; then let thy bosom's troubled tide
Be calmed, for thou mayst not — thou canst not bide
Such contest, and ill would it suit with thee
To conflict with the strong, but go bend thy knee
At the throne of grace, and in secret pray
Till the gush of thy feelings shall pass away."

I seek not flattery, and fain would spare,
The pains thou hast taken to call me fair;
For howe'er thy sex may such trifling prize,
It should hold small place in a woman's eyes;
And a motive more high than the empty praise
Of a passing hour should direct her ways.

Thou bidst me pray; it is well, for there
Is my tower of strength, and the dread despair,

That broods so oft o'er my spirit's sky,
Melts down into hope, as I humbly lie
At the feet of Him, whose unfailing word
Is pledged that no suppliant shall go unheard.
But, if thou thinkst that a purpose true,
Or a pure resolve, like the morning dew,
Can vanish away in that very hour,
When heaven stoops down with its light and power,
To strengthen the weak for their time of need,
And to nerve the heart for each holy deed,
Thou hast strangely erred, and 't were far more meet
Thou shouldst bid me fly from the mercy seat,
Than seek to extinguish by faith and prayer
In my soul, what heaven has enkindled there.

"Is it true that thy nature can thus resent
Words kindly said, and so kindly meant?
Then terms more strong must be sought to bring
Thy mind from its fevered wandering.

Though it is not for lack of a feeling heart,
Or a conscience quick that I act such part,
For my tears are ever in haste to flow,
And my heart to melt at the tale of woe;
But it is for thy peace, even more than this,
For thy honor, thy fame, and the happiness,
Which woman alone in her humbler sphere
May hope to obtain, or to merit here;
Yet bear it in mind that I chide thee not
Because thou hast mourned o'er the hapless lot
Of those, who so sadly toil and sigh
In their bitter bondage and poverty.
But how madly vain for thy sex to try,
In their weak ambition to soar on high
Above restraint, and at once be free
From our just control, as the powers that be.
Though, mark me, I charge not a heart like thine,
With such foolish, sinful, and base design,
And trust that thou better wilt learn where lies
The field of thy labors, and sympathies."

I take thy meaning, but stay not now
To ask of thee when, and where, and how,
It is mine to speak, or to act, and be
From censure still and reproaches free.
Has heaven bestowed a diviner light
On thy soul than mine, that thou claimest the right
To dictate thus, and instruct me how
My thoughts to bind, and my soul to bow,
As if each power, though by heaven bestowed,
Were unwisely placed in such frail abode?
Presumptuous one, in thy daring say,
Canst thou answer for me, in that awful day,
When he, who hath suffered for thee and me,
Shall say to the boasting Pharisee,
Inasmuch as not to the least of Mine,
Not unto *Me* were those works of thine!
The unerring word of His truth is free,
And its pages are open to thee and me.
Let us learn of Him who esteemed it right,
The taunts of the straitest sect despite,

To heal, and send on their joyful way,
The sick and lame on the Sabbath day.
Has aught so much of Heaven a share,
That Mercy and Love may not mingle there?
Is there aught in the militant church on earth,
Too pure for deeds of celestial birth?
Then far from me be such standard high;
I have sought to live, and I hope to die,
In that narrow path, though its thorns are sore,
In which my Saviour has trod before.

Oh! tell me not of a woman's sphere,
When from day to day, and from year to year,
I see her forced o'er the blood-stain'd soil,
To the utmost stretch of her strength to toil,
Not knowing even at the set of sun,
If the bitterest part of her task be done.
Talk not to me of a woman's sphere,
When the horrid sound I can almost hear
Of the brutal lash, as it echoes by
With the wail of the new-born infant's cry:

Say not I am moved by some tale o'erwrought,
For my knowledge, alas, was more dearly
bought.
My eyes have seen, and my ears have heard,
What the burning pulse of my soul has stirred.
I have seen her blood gush forth in streams,
I have heard the sound of her dying screams,
While the dearest rights of her nature lay
Like chaff which the zephyr might bear away.
Shall I close my lips, and in silence wait
For time or chance, to avert her fate?
No. By the free, pure blood that flows
Through limbs, which no tyrant fetter knows,
By the solemn vow which I made to heaven,
When first my heart to its God was given,
I will raise my voice, I will stretch my hand,
I will plead her cause with a guilty land.
And if perchance the chilling frown
Of oppression's champion would look me down,
Or if the cold, ungenerous sneer
Of a brother man, on my woman's ear

Should fall with its bitter and withering power,
I will turn me aside in that trying hour,
And ask my heart which it most should prize,
Earth's heartless smiles, and its flatteries,
Or that heavenly peace, which alone can spring
From duties performed to the suffering.

New London,
Connecticut.

HAÏTI.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

"Je renaîtrai de mes cendres."

THIS second American Republic has a history that would fill volumes; and, as the past is the parent of the present, some knowledge of that history is necessary to a just estimate of the position of Haïti as a nation, and to a true understanding of the character of its people. Its history is a warning — a rebuke — a proud, triumphal peal of warlike jubilee — oppression's funeral knell. But here is no room for its resonance. One can only refer to one or two absolutely essential particulars.

All human judgments are but acts of comparison. In forming an opinion of Haïti we

must in fairness do as we have done in estimating our own national character. We compare ourselves with those from whom we are descended; and we are thus helped to the solution of many a problem and to the better understanding of many a fact. We consider the manner of life of the generations immediately preceding our present race of New Englanders, and we are enabled to comprehend the New England character — to see the reasons for its peculiar excellencies and defects, and therefore to avoid undue eulogy or dispraise.

So we must do in considering the Haïtians, if we would be wise and just. The frugal, industrious, exact, and moral descendant of the free puritans must not approach the mingled blood of southern Europe and central Africa, expecting to find its flow as measured as that of his own. For the effects of climate there must be great allowance. Divine Providence has not laid upon the Haïtian that inevitable ne-

cessity to labor, which, in the process of ages, makes the character of a people so enterprising and so strong. *His* pilgrim fathers were the Buccaneers. Of course no scions of courtly and refined nobility accompanied them in deep devotion to religious freedom to the new clime, to be the mothers of the future race. For many years there were no women at all to help onward that settlement on the northern coast of the then island of St. Domingo, which was the terror of Spanish America. When at length, the free-booters were assured of a foothold, women of the most despicable Parisian class were sent out, and, "to encourage industry and prevent *quarrels*," as the first historians say, they were *sold* to the colonists,* for a term of years.

* The *Banns* of this sort of marriage were made by the Buccaneers as follows: "I take thee without knowing or caring whence thou art. If any body from whence thou comest would have had thee, thou wouldst not have come in quest of me. But that does not signify. I do not ask account of thee for thy past conduct, be-

A century after, when the plunderers had become planters, and had found their way to the coast of Africa for laborers, another motive strengthened the hereditary prejudice against marriage. The Parisian, who had been tempted hither as to a miser's and to a sensualist's paradise at once, left his wife and family in France, and supplied their place by some beautiful slave, despising her caste and color, yet dreading that she might not share his feeling of contempt. Thus originated the jealous fierceness which edged the scorn of the white colonist, and thus freedom and slavery have both contributed to the licentiousness which is the grand sin of

cause I have no right to be offended at it, at the time when thou wast at liberty to behave well or ill at thine own pleasure. I need not be ashamed of anything thou wast guilty of, when thou didst not belong to me. Give me only thy word for the future — I acquit thee of the past." Then striking his musket he added, "this will revenge me of thy breach of faith. Though *thou* shouldst prove false, *this* will certainly be true to my aim."

the French part of the Island. The Spanish part, though the form of marriage is more general there, can hardly lay claim to superior virtue. It is only characterized by greater hypocrisy. Comparing in this respect the mass of the inhabitants with those of New England, appearances are greatly to their disadvantage. Comparing them in the same manner with the Southern States, the comparison is greatly in their favor. M. Monteil, a highly intelligent Parisian, who has been travelling for ten years in South America, and whose travels will probably be soon published, assures me that Haïti is far in advance of any South American State in civilization; and that the Haïtian city of the Cape, is in a superior moral condition to the French city of Paris. The educated Haïtian, no less than the foreign observer, is liable to form a wrong estimate of his own people, and undervalue the progress they have made, unless he carefully surveys the point from which they started.

France and Spain have lost their foothold in this most beautiful land — this Queen of the Antilles, as they were fond of calling it when it was their own ; but their impress is strong upon the people, who are but slightly modified Frenchmen and Spaniards. By their color only they hold to Africa. Their birth and languages make them European and American. What a shock to the tyrant — what joyful triumph to the lovers of Freedom does their possession of this island give ! I cannot express the satisfaction with which I look upon its unequalled beauty, and think of it as the home, the possession, the heritage of a people so unjustly despised, and so cruelly oppressed, as are these children of the Sun among the pale Americans.

I shall never lose the impression of its splendid beauty, as we approached it from the North, having left behind us the low-lying shores of iron-bound New England, covered with their January snows. A whole day we sailed against

its blue mountains, after having caught the first sight of them, as of distant clouds, from the deck. Nearer and nearer we came and more and more beautiful it grew — higher and higher in stature — deeper and deeper in coloring it stood before us; — the giant Cape, in all its grandeur and its beauty. But one loses the idea of the grand as one looks upon it, so clothed with loveliness, — "an island of the blest."

As we slowly floated towards it before a four-knot breeze, watching its blue darken into purple, and its purple, gradually roughening, become flecked with vivid green, new mountain peaks and islands on either hand became visible, as if the coming paradise were spreading abroad its arms to receive us. The ocean, too, took tints new and beautiful as we neared the shore, growing of an emerald green in its clearness, except where shadows of purple stretched like bars, far across its surface, to where it seemed

almost to wash the inland mountains, at whose foot, and actually touching it, lies that fertile plain of the Cape of an extent and fertility that would supply New England with coffee and sugar if under cultivation. In front of all stand the eternal guardians of the harbor, protecting it from the violence of the ocean, and making foreign invasion more difficult; — those sunken rocks or reefs all of the rich and valued coral, a single branch of which those, who come to our Anti-slavery Fair, look upon with admiration. Over these wonderful rocks the water breaks white at frequent intervals, with an effect to the eye like the manes of giant horses, — to the ear like the roar of an impatient populace. On all this the citadel of Christophe, crowning the loftiest mountain-top of the more distant chain, looks down from its blue distance, shaming those who say that the black man has no genius. This kingly-minded man, the Napoleon, or rather the Peter the Great of Haïti, had that loftiest genius

— the power to discover and avail himself of the ability of others. Unfortunately, like Napoleon and Peter, his tyranny equalled his genius.

And now, as we swing nearer, show the masts of shipping bearing the flags of every European and American nation, and behind them shoots up from the plain the noble palm, — that token of the tropics. And now the town itself, — the old Cape-Français, — the Cape-Henry of the fleeting monarchy, the present Cape-Haïtien, starts into visibility round the base of the foremost mountain. Repeatedly destroyed, as far as its buildings of fire-proof brick and stone could be so, by the storm of civil war, it has been as often rebuilt, and is now so far restored as to leave on the eye, that sees it from the water, no images of desolation, but those few crumbling arches and that roofless masonry that lend an added charm to the scene of beauty by suggesting the associations of a splendid past.

And one's reminiscences even of tyranny are unmingled with aught save pity, as

> "Each crumbling arch, each fallen stone
> Pleads haughtily for glories gone."

Here are no wharves, vexing the "Long-stepping" billows; (old Hesiod must have been well acquainted with sea-nymphs to have characterized them so happily,) but the town runs a mile and three quarters along the water's edge, faced in part by a stone battlement, which in peace is a delightful promenade, and in war a platform for cannon. From beneath this you see a silver thread which seems to join the city to the sea. It is the outlet of those bright mountain-streams, which, after supplying the public fountains, thus pour their riches into the water-casks of New England top-sail schooners, and the tanks of British packets; and whose springs the inhabitants will poison, at the first gun-fire of invasion, as they retreat into the mountains, leaving their blazing cities behind them.

How lovely are the dwellings notched into the mountain-side, a thousand feet above the thin blue smoke of the city. No coal or wet wood are burnt here, — the very charcoal smoke seems to obey the law of the spirit of beauty, and hides no aloe or acacia-tree overrun with convolvulus and passion-flower, of all that rich growth that so thickly clothes the mountain. The whole scene seems Faëry; or rather it enters now into our hearts to conceive how "the verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung." The soft splendors of the tropical skies, the genial airs, that seem from whatever point they blow to come straight from heaven, bearing healing, — this emerald and amethyst sea, — these hills that look fit haunt of angels, — how joyfully the soul receives their bright impressions, made brighter still by the thought, that here, too, is the dwelling of FREEDOM; which even to earth's most desolate places "is as the sun of the sea, the mountain, and the air."

At the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, Spain acknowledged the claim of the French to the western part, which the Buccaneers had settled, and from that day to this, the island has been spoken of as French Part and Spanish Part. The French were aware of the importance of this cession of the most fertile part of the island. They formed companies to extend its cultivation and increase its population. The slave-trade went briskly on. All was activity and enterprise. The French were lively as a brood of serpents in spring. The Spaniards, having glutted themselves with the destruction of the whole aboriginal race, were torpid, as if benumbed by winter. All the old Spanish writers speak of the difference between the two divisions of the island, and attribute the prosperity of the French to the slave-trade. Isabella had done all in her power to prevent slavery; and so a shadow of disrepute rested upon it in the Spanish part. Then a quarrel sprung up between the followers

of St. Dominic and St. Francis, which was better founded than the generality of religious quarrels, for it was about the nature of slavery. The Spanish Saint, Dominic, was made to throw his influence against slavery ; while St. Francis, the favorite French Saint, was declared by his followers to be clearly of opinion, that the whole traffic and system was religious. So the Spanish part languished for want of labor, while, for a hundred years longer, the French part was as prosperous as sin could make it. The emblem of the land, now the royal palm, or tree of Liberty, might then have been the Psalmist's green bay tree. They planted — they builded — they sent whole fleets of merchandise to France — the fruit of compulsory labor. They staked out the vast luxuriant plains into habitations, and the nobility of France, who owned them, named them after their own names. They made temporary establishments on the coast of Africa, and encouraged the same process in every other

nation, buying up the imprisoned inhabitants of whole villages, and transporting them to their own habitations. They could buy a cargo of human beings, and pay for them out of the next year's crop the cargo would raise. The continent of Europe rung with the noise of their exulting prosperity. Their St. Domingo was a garden. Cities were built up with beautiful regularity. On every estate noble piles of buildings were raised. The reign of the magnificent Louis the Fourteenth was illustrated here, as well as in France, by the architects of the planters. The rich red earth abounded on every plantation, and the work of the French slave, like that of the Egyptian, often lay much in the making of bricks. A thousand able-bodied men wrought on the cane fields of Gallifet, now owned by a friend of ours, a merchant of the Cape, whose high intelligence the merchant of any other land would find it difficult to overlook, because of his color. We passed a week at his

friendly mansion, and rejoiced in the new order of things, by which he finds it difficult to procure sixty laborers under the code rural. The old dungeons of these estates are useless — the chains and the scourges lie mouldering on their deserted floors, only brought forth occasionally from their long obscurity, to prove the horrors of the Frenchman's yoke. There is no other witness of the toils and sufferings of that period. Those sufferers were brought dumb from Africa; and if they died by thousands under the lash that compelled their vast toils, or the avarice that grudged them the needful plantain-field, they were replaced by fresh thousands, and none of them were skilled in the learning of their conquerors, so as to be able to chronicle the tale. They were the victims of avarice and lust, as are the slaves of our sister States of the South this day. And then, and there, as now at the South the reckless youth, who wantonly caused his slave to be scourged to labor

till he died, and seized his wife or daughter for the gratification of a savage licentiousness, would feel a touch of humanity when he looked upon his child, and would provide for its freedom and livelihood. He could not degrade himself to marry the slave mother, but he educated and portioned the son and daughter. Three generations of *brilliant prosperity*, as it was called, went on thus, and the third was the most guilty and the most prosperous of all. The mixed race thus sprung up, as it is now doing at the South, numerous and hated, attracting, yet repelled, — often educated, yet shut out from all the prizes of life, — rich, yet despised — free, yet oppressed, — the sons of whites, yet unacknowledged in civil and social existence — the sons of blacks, yet aspiring to a more honorable position, and therefore ashamed of their parental stock; — ever in a false position, and suffering all the agonies of a wounded spirit, as their African progenitors had

done the no less intense tortures of the body. Their wealth often enabled them to vie with their European parents in vice and magnificence, but they might not be priests or lawyers, physicians or schoolmasters, or exercise any honorable employ. The law struck off the hand of the richest man of color that was raised against a white of the lowest condition, while the assailing white would only be punished with a slight fine. Upon this some of our Southern States improve in severity, making the offence, on the part of the man of color, death.

The year 1789 witnessed in St. Domingo what the year 1842 witnesses in our own land; a mixture of princely magnificence, sustained by rigorous bondage, — of pomp and festivity with unutterable suffering, — of all that the world has to show of prosperity and of misery, in their greatest extremes.

But the halo of this world's glory obscures the real forms of things, and so dazzles the eye,

that even their most fearful outlines take a touch of the false splendor, that deludes the judgment of the beholder, and destroys the foresight that is given to all for the direction of their course.

An undazzled eye could not have failed to foresee that four hundred thousand slaves, ten thousand masters, and forty thousand free men of color, as a torch to light the pile, must soon exhibit conflagration. These fated men had not even the foresight of our Southrons, to forbid a foreign slave trade and seek a temporary safety-valve by devising a colonization society, and modifying their laws, so as to force away their free colored progeny But our farthest sighted Southrons fail to perceive that all their pains-taking with Liberia does but keep the fast-creeping flame for an hour from their thresholds.

Little was it in your day, oh doomed ten thousand of St. Domingo, that your funeral pyre was made of things so precious! Heap up your

possessions high upon your three thousand plantations of cane, coffee, cotton, indigo, cocoa, with all their superincumbent weight of palace-dwellings, distilleries, slave-barracks, refining-houses, sugar-mills, and great aqueducts; — your lime-kilns, your brick-yards, and your potteries — your tanneries and your great herds of horses and horned cattle — your four hundred and fifty thousand human cattle, the valuation of the whole of which will not go in hundreds of millions. No: — one billion four hundred and eighty seven millions eight hundred and forty thousand is its valuation, all told in livres of colonial currency. You pile it up with exultation, sons of that island, queen of the Antilles. Just so bound the haughtiest hearts of Charleston, and Savannah, and New Orleans, when the cotton-crop and the cane-crop mount highest! Oh, blinded by pride and sin; — it is but the readier for the flames! They foresaw nothing the very hour before their destruction.

But the thoughtful observer saw their end then as clearly as he does that of the Southern Republics this day. Before them also, by the everlasting order of the universe, lies the same termination, unless they repent. An everlasting note of warning to the South is the fate of St. Domingo. Other voices are vouchsafed to her too, but the voice of conscience once stifled — can the human soul be awakened by any other?

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"Why have you been so many years in restoring the Cape? a city which under the French had eighteen thousand inhabitants, and is now only half rebuilt and has but nine thousand?" — is the question *speered* at the people of Haïti by stray Englishmen, Germans, and Americans, who pass them by. "Because," might the people reply, "we were, when we destroyed this city, a horde of doubly barbarized barbarians, whom oppression had made mad, as it will even a wise man; and we have had an education to

gain, a government to establish, and the weapon has been more in our hand than the building tools. We had one splendid and most nobly endowed soul among us, whose one thought it was to keep secure and bright the chain of friendly intercourse between us and France, while he cast away the chain of bondage. He saw how long our fair 'land of mountains,' as the first ancient people named her, must be in rising from her ashes, if once the flame of bloody revolt passed over her, and dried up and cut off the sources of improvement and civilization. But the French misunderstood Toussaint. We, his own people, misunderstood him, and he perished as all such mediators do, in the attempt to reconcile the selfish, the treacherous, and tyrannical with the wronged and the simple-hearted. His deliberate wisdom was not visible to our bodily eye, but even to that outward sense the French treachery was plain, and our souls rose up against it. The tyrant would

fain force even history to his ends. But he strives in vain to make ours serve his purposes. We rose against intolerable bondage, after having seen our children broken alive on the wheel, in the *place d'armes* yonder, because they claimed to be men like others. Shall any man, who means to draw the sword for his own and his children's life and liberty, dare to blame the deed? Embarrassed by their foreign relations, our tyrants yielded to the stress of circumstances and gave us a sort of Freedom. Eight years we enjoyed it, and then, to purchase of England the freedom of their blockaded ports, they consented to quench again that flame of Liberty, which she feared might spread to her West Indian possessions. They strove to accomplish it in vain. Without knowledge, save the knowledge of our mountain fastnesses, without discipline or arms — save the barrel-hoops of our Masters ground into Sabres, or the iron bars of their splendid gate-ways

sharpened to spear-heads, and with the instinct of freedom alone to aid us against the world, we attained our nationality through rivers of blood. Was not this a process to make us seek a bloody redress for the slightest injuries among ourselves, after the attainment of our object? Is not civil war a process to scatter all those feelings of security and peace, under the influence of which *only* will a man till and plant and build? Situated as we have been, with enmity without and uncertainty and ignorance within, is it not the *true* wonder, that a single dwelling has been rebuilded? Or that a single field, trebly scathed as ours have been by battle, should have been reclaimed by agriculture? Or that the strong associations of regularity and labor with slavery should not have utterly prevented the organization of government and the return of industry? That under such circumstances as ours, we should have won freedom and independence from one of the most

powerful of European nations, and overleaping feudalism and monarchy, those customary stages between personal slavery and civil freedom, should have founded a republic of which 'to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us,' and that slavery be forever abolished, are the constitutional maxims, and in which the people are directly represented, — to have done thus much (might not this people say) is it not somewhat? How many centuries was it before England had the shadow of a parliament? The standing Haïtian apology — 'nous sommes jeunes,' — may properly stand a few centuries yet, as nations reckon their ages. We have laid the moral foundations of a great nation. Do you ask for steam-boats and manufactures and white sugar also? Remember we were not like the colonists of New England, — at the climax of civilization, and with little else to do but carry it forward. We cannot show you white sugar, because if men can choose their occupations, the

severe, complicated sugar-making is one that a man, who can live and get rich, if he chooses, by the facile tobacco-planting, will not adopt. Instead of the thousand-handed gangs of former days, each man now sits down upon his own four-acre lot and raises coffee. Ourselves and our fathers were kept in brutal ignorance, lest we should become too wise for the yoke. Our children are not growing up thus. There are twelve schools at the Cape and fifteen at Port-au-Prince; and we hoard the fruit of our toil, that we may give our children the advantages of foreign travel. When they come upon the stage qualified for life, and when labor and slavery shall be wholly dissociated in the minds of our people, we may be able to show you the products which come but from forced labor or extensive mutual aid. When we trampled on the former system, we did it with a violence which incapacitated us for the adoption of the latter. Our children will show you a noble edifice, which we men of blood were not worthy to build.

We must live out our lives under that military yoke, which we took up to help us in breaking our slavish one. Comfort yourselves, you who care for Haïti when you hear rumors of revolt and disorder. Probably they will be false, for, as you have seen, the Haïtian is gentle and peaceful. If true, what then? They are the triumphs of liberalism, for as you have seen, all our tendencies are onward. Do you doubt the intelligence of our government? Read Boyer's proclamations, Inginac's 'Etrennes à mes concitoyens;' or the reports of our various commissions. Do you say that our government is not true to the principles of our constitution? Show us the government, that is more so. The freest government yields to the tyrant, Expediency. Do you feel disposed to taunt us because we are behind our Sister Republic of the continent? Consider how few advantages we are allowed in the race. When *she* hears of the progress of other nations in the

arts of life and in the path of civilization, she can open wide her gates to the artisan and the philosopher, without the fear of finding that the guests are enemies. She can send her sons abroad to study stupendous public works and national improvements, without exposing them to ignominy or danger. No deadly prejudice prevents the interchange of benefits. But we must close our doors against the knowledge, that can only enter with those, who think habitually of the man of color as a slave, and not as a pupil.

'Aucun blanc, quelle que soit sa nation, ne pourra mettre les pieds sur ce territoire à titre de mâitre ou de proprietaire.'* This is what will make our progress as a nation as slow as that of France or England during those earlier times, when *they* took no lessons from without. Until the white man's heart changes towards our

* Constitution d'Haiti, tit. 1er, art. 38eme.

race, attrition with his hard and tyrannous nature will but crush and rend, — not polish us. Until that time his presence among us is not improvement but destruction."

Eastward from the Cape as one penetrates into the island, the stronger grows the united charm of beauty in the clime, and of hospitality in the people. How many of its charming landscapes and family-pieces I shall always remember! the good peasants at quartier Morin and Limonade who so kindly entertained us with their steaming coffee and naïve conversation, telling us all we wanted to know about their habits of mind and of life; — how carefully they slung our hammocks, and spread a rush-mat over our saddles on the earth-floor, if we should prefer a steadier pillow; — with what interest they inquired if we had left children behind us "au continent;" how softly they stepped through the apartment to gratify their curiosity with a look at the white people

as they slept, unsuspecting that we too were gratifying ours by looking through our half-closed eyes, and taking the marks and numbers of the rustic ménage.

How brightly gleamed over us those strange Southern Heavens, as we mounted at midnight, and keeping the southern cross over our right shoulder, pushed on over plain and through river till day break! How suddenly rushed the day upon us as we rode, lighting up the *Savanna Larga*, with its rich clumps of trees, so like the smoothest park-scenery of England, and showing, at distant intervals, the belted and sworded herdsman or laborer galloping across, greeting us with a courteous "buenos dias" which spoke his Spanish ancestry, and raised in our imaginations a vision of "old Castile and Arragon."

Then the little paradise of Escalente, spotted with shining cattle, and shaded with great tamarind trees, putting one in mind of the plain of

Mamre; and where, as the people sat round their doors at night-fall,

"Depainted seemed the patriarchal age,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land!"

The illusion was dispelled by the kind offer of a cigar, which I accepted as a kindness, though I suspect it would have been a matter of great astonishment to the youth, who offered it, to have learned that there was a señora on earth to whom it could be unacceptable for itself alone.

I must hasten by Santiago, a city of ten thousand inhabitants, where we passed a month, and learned much about laws, manners, morals, customs, &c., though not without a tribute to the refinement, courtesy and intelligence, we found there, and the general air of comfort and happiness observable in the whole people.

There are but few whites in the island. Since 1822, the date of the union of the Spanish part with the Republic, (a union effected, as Boyer's

proclamation upon the occasion exultingly declares, without the shedding of a drop of blood or a tear,) they have been emigrating to Spain, Cuba, or South America, till now, one can almost count them on one's fingers.

We were glad to have witnessed the fine cultivation between Santiago and Moca. Great tabacco and plantain fields, neat cottages and habitations, from which the evening lamp gleamed pleasantly across the way, reminding us of home,—the plain before them covered with hundreds of the tall palmiste trees, and the hills behind, relieved against the blue, overtopping mountains, all that we saw filled the mind with happy images. On Palm-sunday we made a short excursion, still farther inland, and on our return to the house of the excellent old commandant of Moca, Medard Mathieu, whose pride in the prosperity of the place, and whose untiring hospitality, we remember with so much pleasure and gratitude, we fell into conversation

with him and the préposé, Charles Brieux, upon the condition of the island. "I thought of you," said the latter, "during mass this morning, and wished you had been present. Though you might not have entered into it as a religious service, I am sure you would have been gratified with the appearance of the people. From their tasteful dress and kind and graceful manners, you would not have failed to draw just inferences as to their abundant means of livelihood, and the peace and happiness in which they live." We had met the same population as we went, with their palm-branches over their shoulders, spurring their horses up the steep bridle-path to the church, the white mantillas of the women streaming back in the wind, showing the roses in their straight black hair, (when it is *not* straight they wear the gay madrass,) the satin shoe and silk stocking of some, compelling observation, and the neatness and taste of all, secured admiration; and we had not

failed to draw the desired inference. "Suffer me to inquire," said he, "if one among the numbers you met on your journey, looked at you as if he thought you had no business here. Were not all courteous and obliging and anxious to aid you, whenever you needed aid, and seemingly unconscious that your *epiderme* was unlike their own?" We gratefully bore testimony to the fact. "Pardon me," said he, "for the inquiry, and also for begging you to remember it, whenever in your own country, you see a Haïtian struggling with all the disadvantages that prejudice throws in his way." It may be imagined that it was with satisfaction that we assured him that we had no need to feel ashamed to receive the kindness, which all we met in Haïti, from the richest to the poorest, had offered us as strangers; for, that we were, at that moment, actually identified with the proscribed race by our disregard of the prejudices of our fellow-citizens; and our friend expressed great satisfac-

tion that there existed exceptions to the general wrong feeling in the United States.

On leaving Moca, as we advanced, the trees grew heavier and taller. We were penetrating directly into the heart of the island, the central chain of Cibao looming high in the southwest distance.

"This forest," we said, "remains evidently just as it was when Columbus first struck across its solitude from Caracole or Isabelique. These giant trees, the mighty ceybas, the trunks of which make canoes that will hold fifty men, these palmistes, sixty feet high before you reach the foliage, which grow straight upward, side by side, so closely that it seems at first as if your horse could not force an entrance,—just so this unbroken forest met Columbus." But not only was the way impeded by trees; the ground under foot became rough and stony. At what sports has nature been playing here, in past ages, that there are so many rolling stones?

Has some river changed its bed? this is common enough with the rivers of Haïti. Grand Rivière at the Cape has done so since the revolution, and left the arches of the aqueduct, that once watered seven plantations, herb-covered and dry, of no value but to the landscape painter.

But these are not all stones, we ascertain as we are speculating upon the causes of the strange appearance; there are moss-covered bricks among them; and "voila l'eglise de la Vega Real!" cries our *pion*, as its massive arches are imperfectly seen through the wood that overgrows them. "Là-bas, vous voyez le fort qu'a battu Christophe Colomb, et derrière etait sa maison!" Not these then the trees that met the eye of Columbus. Vast and majestic as they are, they have overgrown his city of Conception de la Vega, since the earthquake that prostrated it. This, then, is that Royal Vega, whose fort he built in 1495. He was

not the first who had broken the stillness of this solitude. A numerous people had planted themselves in this immense plain, which as we saw it stretching away for two and thirty leagues, with its forest tops moving like a wind-swept sea, far below the eye that views it from the mountain of Santo Cerro, and the cloud-shadows chasing each other over its vast arena till they are lost in the ocean-like blue of the far extremity, took such forcible hold of our admiration. The name only remains of that kingdom, that here met the proud, astonished glance of Columbus, though its inhabitants were then more in number than now are to be found in the whole isle. *Magua* was its name; and just here, where the fort was built in such solid masonry that an earthquake has not destroyed it, dwelt Guarionex, the Cacique of the kingdom of the plain. His choice of a dwelling was a goodly one in the eyes of the Spaniards, and they made it their own "in the name of God

and for the honor of the Christian religion;" and the massive walls of the church still stand hard by the fortress. Great heaps of the disjointed brick-work lie around, which once formed the sides, but the front is almost entire. Within and without are giant palms, bound together by the serpent-like vegetation of the tropics, which still continues to grow, so that time, for the next century, will strengthen rather than efface the ruins. From the branches of these trees the parasite fingers have reached downward, till they felt the ground, and thence, taking root, have ascended again, in such a sort, that the tree and the huge vines together encircle the *clocher*, almost hiding it from the view.

From these very portals swelled the notes of the first grand mass that the new world ever heard. Just there, methinks, where the pool of stagnant water lies, within the wall, stood the high altar, where Bartholomew de las Casas displayed that "cathedral'd pomp of prayer."

High curled the incense-smoke, as the white stoled enfans du chœur swung their censers. And here, by the chancel, stood the proud, pale Christopher, inwardly triumphing over the grandees of Spain, that gather round him, as the post of honor during the imposing service. These are they whom the thirst for gold has drawn into the scheme of profit, which they scorned when it was but a noble thought in embryo. Half-cracked, you said his brain was! Court-puppets! You stupid seven and twenty quartered De Castros, or whatever your names are! 't is through such cracks as these, that the light from a higher world than this gold-dust-hunting one you live in bursts through! "Two hundred and forty thousand crowns' worth of gold last year, from yonder Cibao!" thought the many-quartered Castilians. "A new world to Castile and Leon!" thought the high-souled Genoese; — "a jewel, that shall well replace those

that Isabella bartered from her regal coronet to send forth my slender armament!"

Sixty years, and the earthquake came, and left the city of the royal Vega, as we see it now, save the trees. Two hundred and fifty years more and this jewel was reft from the crown of Spain by the procession of events. Kings must lay aside their coronets. Each man has discovered that he too is a king, — nothing less. And amid deep mourning for pride of birth, and pomp of chivalry, and sentimentality of loyalty — (of which none, I feel, more truly understand the charm, than the ultra radical, upon conviction,) — kings have faded into pale phantoms before the uprising people. Woman, too, woe the while — each here in Haïti rushes to the field of labor, with whatever masculine implement lies nearest at hand. Is she not ashamed? Why should she be? She keeps house, shop, herds, or farms, as her occasions require, like any other body. The laws of the republic

uphold her in it. "It *is* well done, and fitting for a princess!" she would exclaim, had she reading and writing enough. But she feels it, all the same; and the Haïtian priesthood, if it ever were contrary-minded, has long ago changed its mind; for to the priesthood it did not fail clearly to appear that where war has left seventeen women to one man, as was the case in the northern part of Haïti, the women must show themselves brave men, or there will be no tythes.

The three millions of the harmless red people have entirely disappeared in the march of ages. Only a trace of them remains on a few countenances in the interior. They are superseded by that mixture of Norman, Gothic, Arabic, and Moresque, which calls itself French and Spanish, with the blood of Central Africa. The chivalric manners of one, and the gentle ones of the other line of progenitors have descended unchanged amid slavery and war. Although deprived of collision with more advanced peo-

ple, which operates so unfavorably upon their prospects for the future, they have, in the most complete, majestic, and philosophic of the European languages, a key to the riches of the past.* With their schools, and their newspapers, their amateur dramatic representations, their increasing civil, and their decreasing military reliance, their growing industry, and enterprise,† their orderly cities, and their safe and quiet country, they are showing, what a magic is "LIBERTY AND EQUALITY" for the creation of nations.

* The French spoken among the peasantry, the *Creole*, as it is called, is a corrupted *Patois;* but the Spanish is far purer: while, by the cultivated portion of the people, both are well spoken.

† Proposals for the formation of a Steamboat Company have just been issued.

CHARLES FOLLEN.

THE FAITHFUL DEAD.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?'

THE scorned and trampled Slave before thee lies,
And, as thou readest in his mournful face
How few his friends, how strong his enemies,
Do doubt and terror in thy heart find place?
Dost thou, unmindful of God's strengthening grace,
Promised to those who battle for the Right,
Dishonor Freedom, and the Truth debase,
By dreading those whose numbers make their might?
O, faint of heart! be cheerful—call to mind
The crowd of witnesses that round thee bend;
Their ministry was for this hour designed,
That thou might'st labor faithful to the end.
They who may aid thy work on earth no more,
Yet live, thy helpers, on the Eternal shore.

Mrs Sarah Allen

THE

LIBERTY BELL.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

ALR

'It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee.'

The Golden Legend, by WYNKYN DE WORDE.

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THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

The Liberty Bell is hung aloft,
On the transatlantic shore;
And we hear its echoes, oft and oft,
Wafted the waters o'er:
And welcomed shall those echoes be!
Music of Liberty!

Liberty for the white — the few —
From the oppressor's thrall?
Nay! but Liberty, — Liberty, too,
For the blacks, — for all!
Slavery shall not stamp her ban
On any men, — or man.

See! there are flowers of every shade
Over earth's bosom spread;
All by the same Great Artist made,
By the same bounty fed;
Brightened by sunshine, freshened by showers,
All those beautiful flowers.

So in the heavens, but differing, far
Differing, in glory and might;
But glorious every one, star by star
Rolls in the car of night;
All outpouring, — all, in their turns, —
Light from their golden urns.

Flowers and stars, — in heaven, on earth, —
The feeblest as the first,

The impress bears of a glorious birth,
And is in glory nurst;
And is led onward gloriously,
Through its varied destiny.

Despised there is none — degraded none;
Each holds its ordered place;
But 't is man — usurping man, alone,
Who hath stigmatized his race;
Who hath giv'n his fellow — O shame! O shame!
A *slave's* ignoble name!

But, the heavenly elements, which mould,
In man, God's effigy, —
They were never meant to be controlled
To a slave's destiny;
Nor shall they long; — for the slave shall be
As the free-born — aye, as free!

Come, then, that bright and benignant time,
When Liberty's blessed Bell,
All earth re-echoing it, shall chime

Slavery's final knell;
And Slavery's dreary tales be told
As a mythic page of old!

London, 8 Sept. 1842.

SLAVERY AND THE CHURCH.

BY HENRY INGERSOLL BOWDITCH.

It was a Sabbath morning. Men, women, and children, had just been crowding through the streets of the city of N., on their way to the temples of *Christian* worship! Every thing was so quiet; the hum of the great populace was so entirely hushed, that my own tread sounded loudly and coldly on my ear, as with saddened step I trod the pavement leading to the home of the slave-catcher. I had business of importance with him, for I sought to free a human being from his hands; but my soul loathed him. He was a poor man, and, if fame said truly, a fit person, from his previously dishonest life, to become that vile *thing*, a Northern slave agent. I can believe that one,

born and educated under Southern influences, may so far belie his own nature, and forget the nature of the slave, as to hold men in bondage, and not think it wrong to do so. Strange it is, however, that, at the present day, even such an anomaly as this should exist. Nevertheless, I can conceive of such. But, that a Northern born man can so lower his own lofty views of human liberty, as to condescend, *for money*, to become the tool of a Southern slaveholder, is to me perfectly incomprehensible. No trade seems to me so mean and contemptible; and all who engage in it, from the lawyer to the agent of the slaver, are fit only to be slaves.

As I entered the gate-way leading to the dwelling, I was met by a stout, full, red-faced man, who greeted me with more cordiality and courtesy than I had anticipated. He invited me to sit down in his little parlor; and while waiting for a private interview, I observed an incident that taught me much in regard to

the present influence of the Church. Doubtless, were we to watch for them, we should find such specimens every day of our lives; for if the Church did not exert a decidedly enslaving influence upon the community, emancipation would have taken place long since. This man had several beautiful children, between the ages of three and sixteen years. Two black-eyed, graceful girls were flitting about the room as I entered; an intelligent lad, of about eight years of age, stood watching me closely; and one fair child was frolicking upon the floor. Her merry laugh and bright eye made my heart leap; for the unconscious child always makes me joyous; but I sighed to think that that pure soul would be stained with slavish thoughts. Suddenly, with a loud cry of pleasure, she ran towards her father, and, putting one hand upon each knee, looked up, laughingly and lovingly, into his face. He caught up the little one, and, lifting her high

above his head, looked with a father's love into her sweet face; then, quickly dropping his arms, and bringing her down at the same time, covered her neck and face with the warmest kisses. She was evidently the youngest, the pet; and by the intense expression in the man's face, I saw the token of a father's love. 'Surely, this man must have a heart,' thought I. But, while raising her as I have described, a little golden ornament fell from her hands upon his bosom.

'Ah! my dear, what have you got? O, I see now; it is Emma's gold cross;' and saying these words, he took from his breast that emblem of self-sacrifice for man, and continued thus: 'Why, where did you get Emma's cross? She will want it, I think; she is going to church. Should not you like to go to church?' and again he pressed the cherub to his heart. I, meanwhile, sat musing. In the few words that had fallen from this traitor to his own

humanity — this pretender to Christian faith — I saw shadowed forth the present influence of the Church. Let no sect lay a flattering unction on its soul and say, 'This man is a Catholic; but, were he one of us, such an event could not have taken place. Catholicism, of course, produces nothing but evil.' No — he is a Protestant; and Catholicism and Protestantism are alike faithless to humanity. Men meet for worship, — for *Christian* worship, they say, — Sunday after Sunday, yet are unwilling to pray for the poor bond slave! If this be Christianity, thank Heaven! I have come out from holding converse with it. Men go to church, and, with the aid of priests, *worship;* but to do justly and love mercy, to remember those in bonds as bound with them; these weightier matters of the law are reckoned of no worth. The Southern Church of the present day allows a man to sell his brother into wretched bondage; and the Northern Church

says '*Amen*' by its ominous silence. It cannot even *pray* for the slave! It is satisfied if men will meet to worship, to support the clergy, and all missionary enterprises. As I looked at that man-catcher caressing his child, who had Christ's cross in her hand, I could not but think that the Church had done him a grievous wrong. He evidently has a loving heart, and doubtless has had some conscience. He goes to church, and sends his children there; and the Church, in return for his submission to her, quiets his conscience! It really *teaches* him to disregard the laws of human brotherhood. *It absolutely* PREVENTS *him from seeing the difference between right and wrong.*

But how different the influences exerted by the mild precepts of Jesus! For, if they were truly the rule of our lives, we should realize on this earth that fabled republic, which philosophers have sought after, and philanthropists sighed for, since the foundation of the world;

in which every man would regard all others as equal with himself, before high Heaven, and *no human being would kneel, save to his God.*

Boston, November, 1842.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF Dr. CHANNING.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

I do not come to weep above thy pall,
And mourn the dying out of noble powers;
The poet's clearer eye should see in all
Earth's seeming woe the seed of Heaven's flowers.

Truth needs no champions: in the infinite deep
Of everlasting Soul her life abides;
From Nature's heart her mighty pulses leap,
Through Nature's veins her strength undying tides.

Peace is more strong than war; and gentleness,
Where force were vain, makes conquests o'er the wave;
And Love lives on, and hath a power to bless,
When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

The sculptured marble brags of bloody fields,
And Glory's epitaph is writ in blood;
But Alexander now to Plato yields,
Clarkson will stand where Wellington hath stood.

I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and tears, —
One onward step of Truth from age to age.

The poor are crushed; the tyrants link their chains;
The poet sings through narrow dungeon-grates;
Man's hope lies quenched; — and lo! with steadfast gain,
Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates.

Men slay the prophets; faggot, rack, and cross,
Make up the groaning record of the past;

But Evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth;
Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name.

Therefore I cannot think thee wholly gone;
The better part of thee is with us still;
Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath thrown,
And only freer wrestles with the Ill.

Thou livest in the life of all good things;
What words thou spak'st for Freedom cannot die;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love hath wings
To soar where hence thy Hope could barely fly.

And often from that other world on this
Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine,

To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
And clothe the Right with lustre more Divine.

Thou art not idle: in thy higher sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks;
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

For sure in Heaven's chambers there is room
For love and pity, and for helpful deeds;
Else were our summons thither but a doom
To life more vain than this in clayey weeds.

At once thou wanderest from star to star,
Or standest with us 'neath thy church's roof;
To thee no more is any near or far,
Putting thy new-found wings to gladsome proof.

From off the starry mountain-peak of song
Thy spirit shows me, in the coming time,

An earth unwithered by the foot of wrong, —
A race revering its own soul sublime.

What wars, what martyrdoms, what crimes
may come,
Thou knowest not nor I; but God will lead
The prodigal soul from want and sorrow home,
And Eden ope her gates for Adam's seed.

Farewell, good man, good angel now! this hand
Soon, like thine own, shall lose its cunning, too;
Soon shall this soul, like thine, bewildered
stand,
Then leap to thread the free, unfathomed blue.

When that day comes, O may this hand grow
cold,
Busy, like thine, for Freedom and the Right;
O may this soul, like thine, be ever bold
To face dark Slavery's encroaching blight!

This laurel-leaf I cast upon thy bier;
Let worthier hands than these thy wreath entwine;
Upon thy grave I shed no useless tear, —
For me weep rather thou in calm divine.

Boston, November, 1842.

A WORD FROM IRELAND.

BY RICHARD D. WEBB.

I HAVE nothing ready for the Liberty Bell. Nothing. Every week the Standard or the Liberator comes across the wide waters, each of them filled with a dozen better articles than I could write in a life-time; — gems for any Liberty Bell. I don't know how to write 'articles.' I never could write a proper article. I had thoughts of trying to write one, as I was invited to contribute; but, after all manner of self-examination, after beating my brains as a child beats the bushes when seeking for birds' nests, I have given up the notion altogether.

Buckingham, the famous traveller and lecturer and temperance advocate, was here a few weeks since, looking as hearty as before

his three years' travel in America. While there, he avoided all communion with the 'Abolitionists,' and the consequence is what might have been expected. He has returned hopeless of any good from 'Abolitionism,' as such, whether in her primitive attire of moral suasion, or in her modern disguise of Liberty Party. His whole confidence reposes in Brother Jonathan's sense of the value of dollars and cents, and of what he will do when he opens his keen eyes wide to the *worth* of the British experiment of West India Emancipation. He thinks that Joseph John Gurney's 'Winter in the West Indies,' with its cool *argumentum ad pocketem*, will do more to loosen the slaveholder's gripe, than all that the Abolitionists have done and said and suffered since Garrison first unfurled the Liberator. He thinks the Abolitionists use 'harsh language,' and do no good by their 'intemperate proceedings.' Faithful watchmen, they do not whisper while Jona-

than's house is on fire. And it is on fire; the wasting flame of slavery is sapping the foundations of the great Republic. May their lungs hold out until Brother Jonathan is thoroughly awakened to his guilt and his danger.

There is a large class of delicate, sensitive people, who don't like to call bad things by their right names. If this using of hard words be so very wrong, why do hard *actions* pass unreproved? You may imprison a man if he robs you, but pray don't *call* him a thief. Let it be thought perfectly right, and lawful, and Christian, to hang the man who shoots your neighbor, but on no account *call* him a murderer. War is wrong, to be sure, but don't *say* so. This squeamishness about words covers an enormous amount of indifference and hypocrisy.

I mention Buckingham 'in this connexion,' as Remond used to say, because I wanted to tell you how he looked, as an Abolitionist, after

his long sojourn in the land of stripes and stars. His great celebrity, his vast ability, and the zeal and energy which he has shown in the prosecution of many philanthropic and popular objects, naturally excite no common interest. Perhaps no better example could be found than in his case, of the influence of a long stay in the United States, amongst that portion of the pious, the benevolent, the just, the lovers of equal rights, and the patriots, lovers of their country, with whom

> 'Hope retires, and terror and dismay
> Wave their black ensigns,'

at the bare idea of immediate and universal emancipation to one-sixth of your population.

While here, he related a circumstance, which interested me exceedingly. There is a Moorish merchant living in London, who has made his fortune, retired from business, and selected England as the place of his rest; a strange fancy for a follower of 'old Mahmoud' and a

'child of the sun.' His name is Sidi *something*—no matter. He was in Ireland lately, on a visit to a nobleman in the neighborhood of Kilkenny. While there, he astonished the natives by addressing them in their own pure Irish—a dialect of the ancient Celtic—a language as different from English, as Stephen Foster is from a popular Doctor of Divinity. This aboriginal lingo is still spoken by a large portion of our eight millions of fierce democracy, in the more primitive districts of the island. Our Moor assured the natives aforesaid, (when he had astonished them as aforesaid,) that he was neither Irish in blood nor in faith, but a Mahometan and a Moor, and that he had learned their language in the mountains of Atlas, while trading with the descendants of the old Carthagenians, who were driven to the hills by the Vandals and Visigoths, when they ravaged the Roman provinces of Africa. In confirmation of this strange revelation, I have

since heard some of the sages of the Royal Irish Academy tell of Moors talking Irish, which they had learned, not in Connaught or Munster, but in the recesses of Atlas, amidst lions and orange-groves. What a subject is here for an article! — enough to set a college of archæologists and antiquarians 'all agog' with the ardor of investigation. If the wild Irish of Philadelphia had but known, before the riots, how many cousins they have in Africa, perhaps they would not have behaved so brutally the other day. Yet I don't so much wonder at Paddy. Tyranny begets tyrants. Six hundred years of oppression, ignorance and superstition, *could* produce no genuine and consistent love of freedom. Had not the Greeks their helots, the Romans their slaves, the Poles their serfs? Have not you your 'peculiar institutions'? And why should not we, when we fly from injustice at home, be permitted to taste some of the luxury of power

abroad? And do not your *gin*tlemen patronize our ferocity? If we were better aware of our brotherhood to the whole human race — if some benevolent antiquary would draw up a huge family tree, for all the sons of Adam, so that we could all see it, don't you think we should have more of the feeling of relations for each other?

Dublin, October, 1842.

SONNETS.

WORLD-HARMONIES.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

I.

O God! what heavenly harmony once ran
Through all thine empire in its primal day,
When the young Stars went choiring on their way,
And radiant Angels their new song began,
Harping in concert with unfallen man;
One universal song went up for aye,
And infinite worlds, through all their bright array,
Gave not a note to mar the general plan:
Wo that man's sin should check th' eternal flow

Of Nature's melody, and rudely break
Earth's concord with the lyres of Heaven; wo! wo!
That the high Soul, for sordid Mammon's sake,
Should fashion fetters for its brother Soul,
Binding the thoughts, which mount where the star-anthems roll.

II.

How harsh, how hateful, on undeafened ears
Rings the loud cry of Tyranny and Wrong,
Drowning the sweetness of the one great song,
Whose music thrills through all the chiming spheres;
How sad the harp whose wires corrode with tears;
How wild the dying tone it pours along,
As its strained chords, once musical and strong,

Snap one by one, wasted through many years;
So sad — so wild — the withered, broken heart,
Spoiled by Oppression, gives its dying tones.
Long unremembering its serener part
In the glad chorus of the choiring zones:
O, shall our world return and sing no more,
With worlds which never sinned, the hymns they sung before?

III.

Shall Wrong forever peal its dissonant cry,
And pining Sorrow load the wind with moans?
Shall suffering hearts provoke the very stones
To thunder out against man's tyranny,
Or the harsh jeers of scorn and obloquy
Pour endless discord 'mid the gladder tones
Of the world-choir, till God himself disowns
The earth he made? Spirits of love! reply.
No! Heaven forbid. Earth hath some souls in store,

Who choir with God, good Angels, and the
Spheres;
Our world shall join the mystic band once more,
And chime harmonious through th' eternal
years;
Man's soul shall triumph o'er its evil fate,
And Love, divine and pure, his heart shall
renovate.

IV.

Sing on, bright Cherubs of th' Eternal Choir!
Worlds beyond this, where wrong was never
known,
Still chant in concert round the great white
throne.
Hymn loud, ye Souls endued with heavenly
fire;
Strike for high Truth the bold, majestic lyre;
So shall your kindred spirits, one by one,
Catch and re-wake the long-forgotten tone,

And with like truth the brother soul inspire.
Then shall the world to sinless peace return,
And ancient glory crown the fields thereof;
No more man's soul with wasting passion burn,
For wrong shall all be swallowed up in Love;
While myriad Seraphim, with harps re-strung,
And all the Stars, shall sing as when the world
was young.

Plainfield, Conn.,
Oct. 22, 1842.

PERSEVERE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE dungeon in Joux Castle, in the Jura, which was the living grave of Toussaint L'Ouverture, was not closed with the tragedy of his life. The next occupant was the Marquis (afterwards Duc) de Rivière, first French Ambassador to Constantinople. He liked, in the days of his freedom and greatness, to speak of his dungeon, of the years he spent there, and of the extraordinary mode by which his release was procured. I derive the story from the wife of his Secretary, who declares the facts to be as follows.

In the midst of a happy and reciprocated attachment to the beautiful Madamoiselle de la Ferté, the Marquis was arrested, by Napo-

leon's order, and by his order thrown into the dungeon vacated by the death of Toussaint, — no cause being alleged, from first to last. It appears that he was forgotten, for many weary months: but at last, Madamoiselle de la Ferté's applications became annoying to the Emperor, renewed as they were in every imaginable form, and on every possible occasion. She received an intimation that the prisoner would be the worse for any further interest shown by her. In her despair, the tender-hearted Josephine assisted her. An exact model of the dungeon, on a small scale, being made, it was placed, by Josephine's own hands, on the bureau of the Emperor.

'Ah! fi, donc!' said Napoleon, uneasily, when he saw it, 'Ah! fi, donc! quel est ce lieu abominable?'

Josephine answered, coolly, that it was one of his Majesty's state-prisons.

'Impossible!' cried the Emperor. 'No man

could live four and twenty hours in such a den.'

'The Marquis de Rivière has lived there three years, however,' replied Josephine:—'three of the last years of his life has he languished there,—it is said by your Majesty's commands.'

'Otez-moi ça!' cried the Emperor, tartly. 'Cette vue me fait frémir.'

Josephine took away the model. Was there a remorseful thought of Toussaint amidst the shudder of which the tyrant complained? Did it warn him not to be guilty of another murder by the same means,—by the agency of cold, damp, and sickness of the heart? However this may be, the Marquis was soon after released, and, hastening to Germany, was there met by Madamoiselle de la Ferté, and married to her.

There is a world of encouragement in those involuntary words, 'cette vue me fait frémir.'

If to our bodily eyes could be presented evidences of the suffering caused by every act of selfish will, — if, in the careless moods of our minds, we could be surprised into a clear view of what we have inflicted by even the very slightest breach of the golden rule, — the sight might make the best of us shudder. To do this, — to exhibit to the conscience of the oppressor the injuries of the oppressed, — is *your* work, friends of the slave! Persevere! Never relax! Heed not the testy command, 'Otez-moi ça!' Withdraw the picture only to present it again, assured that in the retirement of the chamber, in the silence of solitude, the disturbed conscience must, sooner or later, make the avowal, 'cette vue me fait frémir;' and the victims will ere long be let go.

TO THE MARTYRS FOR FREEDOM.

(A Free Translation from the German of T. G. Salis.)

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

Still trust, all ye who are oppressed!
Though Hope no ray of light may shed,
Garlands of sacrifice aye rest
On dying Virtue's martyr head:
Though Glory's tinsel crown may be
Awhile the lucky villain's prize,
Yet, springing from your graves, we see
The amaranth-wreath that never dies.

Ye who in evil times were born!
Ye who have dared to strive with power!
Ye shall be heralds of the dawn,
But ye must know the darkest hour.

Ye who your lives have nobly spent,
From sin and woe your race to save,
The ruin you could not prevent
Shall shed a glory round your grave.

Then do we feel Fate's iron might,
When the blasphemous plot succeeds;
When on pure honor, simple right,
The brood of human vipers feeds:
O, still serenely trust — e'en then,
Though reptiles hiss, foul vapors rise;
The light that rises from the fen
Deceitful shines, and quickly dies.

In the cloud-tent of distant skies,
Truth calmly waits, with balance true,
Casts off traditionary lies,
And gives to Justice homage due.
Reason proclaims eternal laws;
Mad mobs and tyrants, in their hour —

Aye, for whole ages, hurt her cause,
But never can destroy her power.

When for the rights of man you fight,
And all seems lost, and friends have fled,
Remember, in misfortune's night,
New glories rest on Virtue's head:
Duty remains, though joy is gone;
On final good then fix thine eyes;
Disdain all fear, and though alone,
Stand ready for the sacrifice.

Though every bark of promise sink,
And Hope's last broken fragments fall,
And you that mystic cup must drink,
Which cures all pain, which comes to all;
Yet Justice, banished, hated, slain,
Is with you in the holy strife —
Says to your soul, 'We meet again,'
And promises eternal life.

Freed from its dust, from that great hour
  Your spirit, on the noble band,
Acts with a new, immortal power,
  Inspires each heart, and nerves each hand.
For Time and Truth, then, calmly wait,
  Ye who for human rights contend;
Oppression has a transient date,
  Eternal Justice has no end.

LETTER.

CASTLE HOWARD, October 28, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. CHAPMAN:

YOUR note has followed me across the Atlantic, reminding me that when you once asked me, 'for the cause's sake,' to write a page or two for your annual publication of 'The Liberty Bell,' I promised that 'I would think of it.' I now write to tell you that I have thought of it, and the result of my ripe reflection is a conviction, that, 'for the cause's sake,' it would be better for me to decline the honor of being one of your contributors.

I say emphatically, 'for the cause's sake.' Since I had the pleasure of meeting you, all my personal observation of slavery has been

made, and it has been spread over a large surface. I have been present at debates on the subject in Congress; I have witnessed the working and effects of the institution in the South and South-west of your Republic, and in the Island of Cuba; I have conversed with its friends, its enemies, and with neutrals, for such there are; I have met, among planters and their families, with persons not only of most agreeable and refined intercourse, but of high honor, of real humanity, of deep and unaffected piety. Yet, so far from my view of the system having become modified, I should not feel myself precluded by any sentiments of delicacy, or even of gratitude towards them, from giving the fullest and most public vent to my opinions or my feelings, if I could think that 'the cause' would thence derive the slightest benefit. The same grounds would induce me to concur in any use to which it might please you to put what I now address

to you, even with the purpose of proving that I should be out of place among the regular ringers of the Liberty Bell.

Not, most assuredly, is it from want of sympathy that I should abstain from being enrolled in that good fellowship. While slavery does not strip all its advocates and agents of many high qualities and exalted virtues, so will not a zeal for the abolition of slavery ensure an exemption from faults and inconsistencies, errors in judgement, and blunders in conduct. But I have learned to look upon you, and those with whom you are associated, formally or virtually throughout the wide Union, with a respect and interest scarcely to be inspired for any other 'cause's sake' on the globe. Upon the soil of your own continent, abounding and abiding indeed are the stores of pleasant and instructive retrospect which I have garnered up for myself, from delightful acquaintanceship; from a face of Nature, rich, various, in

some at least of its features unparalleled; from subjects and undertakings, which, in their development or progress, must powerfully interest every one who is alive to the advancing destinies of his species. Among these, the purpose which has banded you together appears to me to assume the place of the highest dignity, it may be of the greatest difficulty. I know not, in these latter days, of any other enterprise which combines so much of the spirit of lofty chivalry with so much of the sobriety of genuine piety; which relies so closely on the logic of the most statistical calculations, and appeals so largely to the impulses of the most fervent humanity; which looks for such fruits on earth, and has such root in heaven.

From a contact like this, why can I even seem to shrink? It is plain that the conduct of all well-wishers to the cause ought to be resolved to one simple issue — the good of the

cause itself. Now I am inclined to believe that the admitted difficulties by which it is beset, would only be aggravated by the intervention of foreign co-operation; sufficient jealousy is on the alert among the tobacco, rice, cotton and sugar growing States, against the proceedings of Massachusetts and Ohio; I see no occasion for having it whetted anew against the grasping and perfidious Albion, who, reeling, as we are often told, from the effect produced by her Act of Emancipation upon her own doomed dependencies, now unceasingly strives to level all the balmy domains of slavery in one common ruin. Desperate as may be the obtuseness of conscience which I thus evince, I must plainly state, that if there is a topic on which I can bear with the most unmoved equanimity any amount of reprobation, whether lavished from the Tribune at Paris or from the floor of the Capitol, it is on the motives which inspired the part taken by my

country in the emancipation of her slave population. Within all the corners of her territory, upon the free billows of the common ocean, I should be the last to bid her shrink from any right or effort which her municipal law, or the legitimate claim of general humanity may exact or counsel. But, inside the precincts of your own Republic, amid the complicated relations of your several States, beneath the obligations of their federal Constitution, it would appear to me that all foreign interference whatsoever, probably at the best ill adapted and ill instructed to meet the special niceties of the question, would only tend to irritate the elements of strife, give a fresh point to the aims of prejudice, and clothe the insinuations of self-interest with the dignified garb of wounded national honor. I am conscious that I may seem to you to magnify any possible effect that might proceed from some probably very pointless scrap of composition; but, in all

these matters, it should be more a question of principle than of degree. I have seen before now, that the susceptibility of nations can stoop very low, as well as soar very high. If a foreign chime should be detected in the peal of the Liberty Bell, I know not what startling echoes it might not awaken in the deepest recesses of Accomac. There is a line which we happen to have often heard quoted among ourselves:

—— 'know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?'

Now, strong as my opinion would be upon the supposition of a possible permanence of the present system, I should think him a bold man, who could contemplate without shuddering the issue of a negro insurrection. The true application of the line in your case is this:

Who would *make* free, themselves must strike the blow.

And, moreover, if the peculiar difficulties of the struggle seem to point exclusively to Amer-

ican efforts for their solution, so for American brows ought to be reserved the undivided laurel of the triumph. Though I may have chanced to use the metaphors of war, yet it is plain, from the nature of the contest, from the relative number of the partisans, from the temper of the weapons employed, that if victory is to crown your exertions, it must be as was the case in our own analogous, though less arduous achievement, a victory of argument, of reason, of patience, of conscience, of religion. Though I have forbid to myself the meanest place in your ranks, I shall remain no indifferent or unimpassioned spectator of the continuing conflict. The more obvious marks of public attention, on either side of the sea, may be diverted to other fields of action; you will dispute about Presidents, and we shall wrangle over Tariffs. I am not underrating the importance which attaches to such considerations; but, after having trod the confines of slavery,

after having traced our dark-colored brethren in every condition, from the boy with the crescent mark of native royalty on his brow, just sold into eternal servitude upon the shore of Cuba, to the erect and disciplined recruit, who firmly treads the soil of Canada, I feel that henceforth the main portion of my interest, hopes and aspirations, as to the course of public events in the world around me, must be directed to the onward march of human Freedom. In that imposing cause, the friends of the slave in the United States of North America appear to me to hold the most forward and critical position. May all your armoury be worthy of the service in which it must be wielded—the gentleness that subdues, the discretion that guides without keeping back, the zeal that never cools, but never inflames. To say all, may you do the work of Heaven with the spirit of Heaven, accompanied by the sympathies, the hopes and the prayers of the Christian

people of all nations, but relying alone on the Everlasting Arms beneath you, and your own good use of the means entrusted to your disposal.

Believe me,

My dear Mrs. Chapman,

With the most sincere esteem

And good wishes,

Your most faithful servant,

MORPETH.

IMPROMPTU.

TO VISCOUNT MORPETH.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Paused the 'Blanche Lion' when he reached the border,
Though scoffing wardens fiercely gave him warning?
Sternly he nerved him at the insulting order,
The deadly brunt of feudal warfare scorning.
And now, when broader, holier fields before him
Stretch far into the depths of coming ages,
Summoning forth the blood that watches o'er him,
Where moral strife the immortal soul engages,
Shall names and nations keep that banner furled?
Thy foray guiltless — be thy field the world!

A FRAGMENT.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

* * * The Chartist is fated, as Milton once described himself, 'through the chance of good and evil report, to be the sole advocate of discountenanced truth.'

'Few companions shalt thou have,' writes Petrarch to Colonna, 'in thy better way: so much the more do I pray thy gentle spirit not to leave off this magnanimous undertaking.'

In assigning him his place among the actors of our age, let us take into account the 'misfortune' he suffers, according to our own John Cotton, 'of being born before his day.' It is often wise to question the world's judgment of men and things. Current coin has always more or less alloy, and in politics, at least, the

idols of the day too often prove madmen or knaves. The martyrs and heretics of one age are sure to be the saints of the succeeding, and to the graves of those whom the fathers treated no better than with exile and the faggot, their sons are proud to go in pilgrimage.

Within the walls of Santa Croce, Dante's empty mausoleum reminds us that four hundred years ago, Florence thrust him in scorn from her walls. The persecuted exile tells his story to the world. Embalmed in the shrine of his genius, it floats, longwhile unheeded, 'down the tide of time' — and at last, the very children of his enemies cry shame on their fathers' memory — take sides against their country, and, in all humility, or in the pride of their penitence, pile this monument to one, whose steps their ancestors followed with confiscation and the sword. Repentant Florence sues, with all the eloquence of Angelo and her Medici, for the priceless legacy of his bones.

History, Sculpture, Eloquence, and Poetry, beg of their countrymen the rich reward of being his eulogists.

Puritan! how the wits of Charles II. rinsed their mouths with rich wine after uttering the disgusting name! little thinking that Liberty would soon crown the despised party as her noblest apostles. To 'crop-eared knaves' of 1649, Governments now are proud to trace their pedigree. When has Genius mounted higher, 'in her singing robes,' than when she ministered at the altar of their memories! The wits, like the flies in amber, owe being remembered to the folly of having mistaken these giants for dwarfs. * * * *

TO HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHRISTIAN ENDURANCE.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, M. P. FOR PONTEFRACT.

Mortal! that standest on a point of time,
With an eternity on either hand,
Thou hast one duty, above all sublime:
Where thou art placed, serenely there to stand.

To stand undaunted by the threatening death,
Or harder circumstance of living doom,
Nor less untempted by the odorous breath
Of hope that issues even from the tomb.

For hope will never dull the present pain,
Nor fear will ever keep thee safe from fall,
Unless thou hast in thee a mind to reign
Over thyself — as God is over all.

'Tis well in deeds of good, though small, to thrive;
'Tis well some part of ill, though small, to cure;
'Tis well with onward, upward hope, to strive;
Yet better and diviner, to endure.

What but this virtue's solitary power,
Through all the lusts and dreams of Greece and Rome,
Bore the selected spirits of the hour
Safe to a distant, immaterial home?

But in that patience was the seed of scorn,
Scorn of the world, and brotherhood of man;
Not patience, such as in the manger born,
Up to the cross endured its earthly span.

Thou must endure, yet loving all the while;
Above, yet never separate from thy kind;
Meet every frailty with a tender smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil blind.

This is the riddle, thou hast life to solve;
And in the task thou shalt not work alone:
For, while the worlds about the sun revolve,
God's heart and mind are ever with his own.

A DAY IN KENTUCKY.

BY WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

A tap with a riding whip on the door roused me from my book, and, opening it, I saw before me an elderly man of some sixty years, tall in stature, erect as an Indian, with a cheek where the brown and red were blended in perfect health, and whose long white hair floated over his shoulders.

'Allow me,' said he, with an air of sweeping and graceful courtesy, 'to announce myself as Judge Kemp. I heard from my friend S. that you were here; and propose to you to take a ride to my farm. The morning is glorious; the horses at the door; the road good; my boy will bring your portmanteau; the ladies will be glad

to see you; my sons are noble fellows; I promise you a pleasant time; and will take no refusal.' And, shaking me by the hand, with a warm, yet dignified welcome, he seated himself till I should be ready.

The morning was glorious, as he said; bright and soft as October everywhere is, in the Western valley. A blue haze hung round the horizon; the woods were glowing with golden and crimson; on shady slopes the frost still glittered on the grass; the birds, with chirping notes of song and twinkling wings, flew in and out of the bushes; the lizard and the adder were sunning themselves; and the squirrel overhead rustled the leaves as he sprang on the cracking boughs; the smoke curled steadily up from the brush-fires; long silvery lines of gossamer floated on the air; and the tilting leaves twirled circling down upon our path. The air and scene unloosed our tongues and hearts; and, as we passed along, with the

swinging trot of the Kentucky horses, we talked with the openness of old friends.

Slavery, of course, was one of the topics; and I found on this occasion, as I invariably have, that a Southern man could unhesitatingly say a hundred things of the evils of this relation, which many a Northern man would blush and stammer over, and apologize for, and explain about. Amongst other things, the Judge said: 'Young B. of Boston, was here somewhile ago, and sought to ingratiate himself with me, by speaking of slavery as favorable to free-mindedness in the masters. Shame on such sycophants!' cried he, rising in his stirrups as he spoke, and dashing with his whip a burr from a chestnut tree, beneath which we were passing, as if in uncontrollable impatience. 'Shame on the sycophants! when we are sick at heart with this social cancer, to force their nauseous flattery down our throats, as you would give opium to a dying man. If he had

not been my guest, I would have horse-whipped him for a mean spirited fool, as he was.'

I shall not soon forget that day; — the quiet luxury and yet simplicity of the style of living; the frank courtesy, the confident, self-respecting and respectful, bold and gay air of the men; the somewhat haughty, yet gentle and easy manner of the women; above all, the overflowing affectionateness to each other, and the hospitality, without a reserve or an effort, to me, a stranger. But, on this point, I cannot dwell; — I wish to relate what was told me in the afternoon, by one of the daughters, as we walked over the estate.

'It all looks bright, and peaceful, and happy, does it not?' said she, as standing on a little knoll under a group of hickory trees, she pointed over the wide fields to the family mansion and the cluster of slave huts, at whose doors the children, in swarms, were playing, with the noisy glee of the African. 'But,'

she continued, after a gloomy pause, 'to us, who know what slavery is, this peace is the green corruption of a stagnant pool — the peace of death. Oh! worse, far worse! It is the yawning grave of humanity. Do you see that spreading beech yonder, just on the edge of the hemp-field, where the ditch runs? It was there that my brother Frank received the blow on the forehead, of which you observed, perhaps, the scar. I will tell you about it. It was his duty at that time to keep the nightly watch. For you know,' she said, turning to me with a smile of bitter irony, ' that we have to be *guardians* to these poor friends, who love us so as never to leave us. Well, Frank kept the nightly watch. Armed to the teeth, with a dark lantern, he passed once or twice, or oftener, round the plantation. One stormy night, some two years since, he had reached that spot, when suddenly he heard a crackling sound through the hemp stalks. He

cloaked his lantern, drew a pistol, and stepped behind the tree. In a moment, a man, with stealthy tread, approached the ditch, which is the boundary of the farm on that side. Frank flashes the light upon him. It was his own favorite slave, Ned;—of the same age with himself—almost a foster brother, for his mother was Frank's nurse; his fellow rambler in the woods, his play-fellow through early years. Hunting, fishing, swimming, nutting, taming horses, every sport had been shared by them. Frank loved that man, and Ned, I believe in my heart, loved him. He was high-spirited and manly, though a negro; strong, bold, and somewhat passionate; and, as we found out afterwards, had been struck that day by the overseer. It was a dreadful meeting. 'Ned,' said my brother, 'turn back! I cannot in honor let you go. I am my father's watchman. You pass that ditch only over my body. Come! turn back. You know I am your

friend. We all are your friends.' 'Master Frank,' answered the noble fellow — for he was so, though he almost killed my brother — 'Master Frank! God knows I would die for you, but I forewarn you I will not be taken. That wretch shall never lay his hand on me again. Let me pass, I beseech you! let me pass.' Frank stood firm. Again Ned besought him in vain. He then turned to leap aside. Frank cried, 'Beware! I shall fire;' and quick as thought, Ned struck him a stunning blow. He fell utterly insensible. And what did that man do! Did he leap the ditch and fly? No! he took my bleeding brother on his shoulders; he carried him to the nearest slave-hut; roused the inmates; set him erect by the door; and then, and not till then, made his escape. Time enough elapsed before Frank could come to himself, and be carried to the house, and my father waked, for Ned to get clear off; the darkness, too, and the storm favored him. He

was gone. And I do believe we were all glad. Frank never blamed him. How could he? In the same case, would he not have done the same? Well, two months passed away, when, early one morning, the overseer found Ned asleep under some bushes, and brought him to the house. I will tell you where he had been afterwards; but see the cunning of the creature; a cunning and deceit that we sow in all slaves, and therefore ought to reap. He knelt to my father, and said, 'Pardon, master! Pardon! I have tried free bread, and it is not good. No friends for the poor slave among the mean white folks, over the river, and so I have come back to you, master.' My father did not have him punished, but ordered him to be bound with ropes and left in an empty room. The day passed, — two or three days, indeed, — and Ned was still bound. Meanwhile, the overseer threatened him with *being sent down the river.* You know what that means, don't

you? It means, sent to sweat and starve, and die by inches, in the sugar-fields of Louisiana. Ned caught the alarm. By connivance of some one, he got a knife; and, when all was still, cut his ropes, and cautiously made his way out of the house. It was a stormy night — his tracks were plain; but he could not help it. He ran to the neighboring plantation yonder, where his wife lived, and gave his peculiar whistle under her window. She was awake, and heard him. Poor soul! I dare say she had hardly slept, from anxiety, for the two months after he ran away. She raised the window. 'Jump down!' whispered Ned. 'Jump down, just as you are. Wait not a second.' She jumped; and, catching her in his arms, they escaped together.

'Next morning, pursuit was made from both plantations; not that my father wished Ned to be taken, but our neighbor was not willing to lose the woman, who was a house servant, and

very valuable. The pursuers, however, were deceived by the tracks, which were half buried up, and chilled and blinded by the storm, which was uncommonly severe for this part of the world; and at night gave up the hunt. We heard no more of them till last summer, when travelling through Canada, whom should we find, as servant at a hotel in Prescott, but this rascal Ned. At first, he was shy and grave, and affected perfect ignorance. But it was always a saying of my father's, 'If a nigger has sense enough to run off, and get safely out of the States, he must be a smart fellow, and has sense enough, too, to take care of himself, and he shall be free and welcome;' and Ned soon saw that we were his friends, and told us his adventures. It seems, that when he first escaped, he made his way good to Canada; but, no sooner did he feel himself safe, than the thought of his wife in slavery so overcame him, that he instantly resolved to

return, at all risks, and free her too. Night and day, he travelled back, till he reached our plantation, when, utterly overcome with fatigue and hunger, he fell asleep and was taken. Then, as I have told you, he 'played possum,' as the negroes say, till he caught the hint of being sent away, when he again escaped. And now see how a kind Providence aided those poor creatures. Would you believe it? The men, who pursued them, came to the very barn, into which they had crept for concealment when the day broke; they trod, over and over again, upon their bodies, which were covered by the heaps of straw and hay; they cursed and swore, and consulted together, and vowed to take them at the very ears of their victims; and yet they were kept safe. As soon as it was night, they set off again through the snow, and hid themselves a second day in a wood, half frozen and famished. The third night they reached the Ohio, by good fortune

found a boat, paddled themselves over, and were safe. Friends forwarded them to Canada; and, when we saw them, they were as happy as people could be, with every prospect of success. And now,' said the beautiful girl, drawing herself up to her full height and folding her arms, 'I know not what you may think, for some of you Northerners seem to me, with all deference, to have the spirit of slaves yourselves; but, Kentuckian as I am, and on this slave soil, I dare to say it, Ned is a hero — a hero, whom, if he had lived in the good old days of Greece, would have had his deeds immortalized in the strains of some Homer.'

The conversation of this spirited woman gave rise to some thoughts, which I will briefly state, for the benefit of those dull folks, who are too lazy to crack a nut and pick out the kernel.

1. *All* slaveholders are not insensible to the great outrages daily committed by slavery

upon justice and affection, nor indifferent to the welfare of those whom they know to be brethren. There are pure-hearted men and women at the South, deserving our respect, our sympathy, counsel, aid, and prayers.

2. If a Northern man relishes contempt and insult, he can find it, in any quantity and intensity, by professing to be an admirer of their 'peculiar domestic institutions' at the South. Southerners rarely believe such professions, and are apt to think him who makes them a hypocrite, or, if they suppose him sincere, to despise him for a mean-spirited, stupid booby.

3. If, even under slavery, the African race exhibits such heroic and lovely traits, would they not be noble men, if bound to their white fellow-freemen by the triple bond of gratitude, and mutual confidence, and generous emulation?

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

Be of good cheer, ye firm and dauntless few,
Whose struggle is to work an unloved good!
Ye shall be taunted by revilings rude,
Ye shall be scorned for that which ye pursue:
Yet faint not — but be ever strict and true;
Greatness must learn to be misunderstood,
And persecution is their bitter food,
Who the great promptings of the spirit do:
Though no one seem to hear, yet every word
That thou hast linked unto an earnest thought,
Hath fiery wings, and shall be clearly heard,
When thy frail lips to silent dust are brought.
God's guidance keeps those noble thoughts that chime
With the great harmony beyond all Time!

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

SLAVERY is wrong, most deeply, foully wrong :
Yet shame to those who madly plead its cause,
Trampling on duties, charities and laws!
Do they not know that Truth alone is strong?
That temperance doth at her side belong,
And lofty Justice? that this world's applause,
And this world's blame, but mark, like idle straws,
Which way the popular current sets along?
Truth hath stepped down from off her lofty seat,
And her white robes of Justice are defiled,
When she in angry factions sets her feet,
And fires the pyre that Bigotry has piled.
Still let her words be calm, her action high;
Thus will she surely stab the heart of Slavery.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

FREEDOM! august and spirit-cheering name!
When will thy blessed light encircle all?
How long in Slavery shall the wretched thrall
Pine in an ignorance begot of shame?
How long in grovelling sense, debased and tame,
Shall man's aspiring spirit cringe and crawl,
And, with crushed hopes, hug round that moral pall,
Where life is reft of will and noble aim?
Such questions ask I of the swelling sea;
Such of the roaring winds, and boundless sky;
And, like a trumpet-blast, I hear their cry,
'He who is true unto himself is free!
When to the Truth man's spirit shall be wed,
Freedom shall be his law, and Peace his bed.'

TWO NIGHTS IN ST. DOMINGO.

'AN OWER TRUE TALE.'

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

It was a gay night at the Habitation du Plessis, that of the 22d of August, 1791. The evening breeze, fresh from the cool fields of the ocean, had breathed a new elasticity into hearts that had been all day fainting beneath the vertical sun of a tropical midsummer. The first rustle of its wings, as it stirred the trees that embosomed the mansion, had summoned the scattered guests from their various inventions for speeding the weary day, and assembled them in the great hall that occupied the whole depth and heighth of the central building. The lofty doors were flung open, and

the tall windows, on either side of them, expanded their slender valves, from the floor to the ceiling, to welcome the healing gale. The small party, consisting of some half dozen, besides the master and mistress of the house, were dispersed over the spacious apartment, in various attitudes and different employments. A card table engrossed the souls of the elder and more sedate division of the company. A younger group was clustered around the harp of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Mirecourt, the sole heiress of this noble estate and its thousand slaves And when her song had ceased, the gay Abbé de Valnais showed, by the brilliancy of his sallies, and the piquancy of his *bon mots*, that he had left neither his wit nor his good spirits behind him at Paris, when he fled from it with the first emigration. While the hall rung with the gay voices and merry laughter of this mercurial circle, Mr. Vincent, a young American, newly arrived in the

island, and but that day at the Habitation, stood by himself beneath the broad verandah, and looked out upon a scene of such beauty as he had never before gazed upon. Beneath him lay the Plain of the Cape, sleeping in the mellow light of a moon that might well put to shame most of the sins of his colder skies, skirted by shadowy mountains, standing around it like guardian giants, and terminated in the far distance by the ocean, that gleamed in the moonlight like a sea of molten silver. All around him was a wilderness of trees and shrubs, new to his Northern eye; the multitudinous sounds of a tropical night fell strangely, but not unharmoniously, on his ear; while the air that played about his temples came loaded with perfumes, such as might have breathed from 'the spicy shores of Araby the blest.' He turned his eyes to the scene within, and it was scarcely less a scene of enchantment to one who had sprung up to early

manhood on the rocky shores of New-England. The lofty and beautifully proportioned hall, filled with all the appliances and means of tropical luxury, — somewhat too massive and gorgeous in its furniture, perhaps, to please a severe eye, and better suited to the meridian of Paris than of St. Domingo, but all splendid, with gilding and carved work, in the rich, though somewhat questionable taste of the later days of the French monarchy, — seemed as if it might be the palace of Armida rising in the midst of her enchanted gardens. Out of the hall opened a noble library, rich with the spoils of all past time. Next to it, the billiard-room invited the lovers of such pastime. On the opposite sides, the saloons, or, as they would now be called, the drawing-rooms, their walls glittering with gilding and flashing with mirrors, and furnished as only French upholsterers then knew how, seemed as if some magician had transported the saloons of Paris

many a league across the ocean, from the banks of the Seine to this distant isle. Adjoining them was the dining-room, furnished with equal richness, though in a more quiet style, the splendid sideboard groaning beneath the ancestral plate of many a generation, and its walls hung with choice cabinet pictures, chiefly of festive and joyous scenes, suggestive of wine and mirth. But, at this torrid season, the hall, from its greater height and airiness, was the chosen scene of the re-unions of the household. As the young American turned from the scene of beauty without to that of splendor within, he thought only of the happiness which must be the attendant of such boundless wealth; his mind dwelt as little at that moment on the misery and wrong upon which all this splendor was upreared, and on the ruin which the upheaving of those foundations was about to work, as it did upon the volcanic fires that lay beneath the exhaustless

soil and superb vegetation that surrounded him, and which might, in a moment, make the whole paradise a waste.

And the Marquis de Mirecourt himself, as he laid down his cards and joined the rest of the party, when supper was announced, for a moment forgot, as he gave himself up to the enchantment of the scene, that he was an exile from that Paris he so dearly loved. Though surrounded with every luxury that the most unbounded wealth could furnish, in the most delicious of climates, and in the midst of the divinest of scenery, he still sighed in secret for the narrow streets, formal gardens, and crowded saloons of the metropolis of senses. He had left France amid the very first mutterings of the Revolutionary storm, and, leaving his paternal chateau in Dauphiné to the mercy of his white slaves, whose hour had at last come, he betook himself to the estate in St. Domingo, which he had received by marriage with a

young creole heiress, whom he espoused from the convent, whither she had been sent for her education. On this night, however, his heart was glad within him; for he was surrounded by kindred spirits, men of high birth, of aristocratic habits, of refined tastes — such as had been the companions of his happier days. The supper-table was laid in the centre of the hall. In all its appointments, it would have done no discredit to the most historical of the houses of the age of *petits soupers.* Candelabras of massive silver poured down a flood of light upon the repast, tall shades of the clearest crystal guarding the wax candles from the welcome gale. The most exquisite of French dishes, (for M. de Mirecourt had not been so improvident as to leave his *chef de cuisine* behind him) served upon solid plate, gave place, at their due time, to the most delicious of the tropical fruits, glowing in the beautiful porcelain of Sévres — a gift of Roy-

alty, when Royalty was something more than a name. The richest and rarest of wines, cooled to a charm, were marshalled in that festive procession, which the experience of successive generations of *gourmets* had established as their due order of precedence. The delicate chablis ushered in the feast, the frolic champagne, and the freshness of the fragrant Rhine-wine, enlivened its solemn march as it moved onward, while

'The gay, serene, good-natured Burgundy,'

threw a sunset glow over its brilliant conclusion. A slave, in the rich livery of the de Mirecourts, stood behind every chair — in seeming, an automaton of ebony, moved only by the will of him whom he was appointed to serve. A white Major Domo, in plain clothes, stood by the temporary sideboard, to anticipate the slightest wish, and to prevent the labor of its utterance. Nothing that wealth could summon from the four quarters of the globe, to heighten

or add a poignancy to luxury, was absent from that splendid banquet.

And the circle for which it was furnished forth was not unworthy of the magic feast. Besides the Marquis and his beautiful daughter, there was Madame de Mirecourt, a beauty somewhat passed her prime, who had superinduced an affectation of French vivacity upon her native Creole apathy and indolence. Here was the Abbé de Valnais, of whom honorable mention has already been made, and the Chevalier de Tillemont, who had served with distinction in America under Rochambeau, and now commanded one of the regiments at Cape Fançois, with the cross of St. Louis suspended from his button-hole. A cadet of a noble family in France, who was attached to the general government of the island, — at that time swayed by M. de Blanchelande, — a wealthy planter and his Parisian wife, who were on a short visit at Plessis, and the Amer-

ican, Vincent, to whom the knowledge of these particulars is due, made up the rest of the party. All were in the highest spirits. The national festivity of spirits, relieved for the time from the anxieties caused by the progress of the Revolution at home, and the sympathetic excitement of the colonial extremities of the French monarchy, which had checked its genial current, gushed forth with the joyousness of a fountain leaping from its cavern. Exile, and impoverishment, and blighted prospects, and disappointed hopes, and homesick yearnings, were all forgotten. The magic of the present hour triumphed over them all. The troubles in France, and in St. Domingo, would soon be over, and the old régime virtually restored. The fierce populace of Paris, and their humble rivals in the provinces and colonies, would soon be reduced to their natural position, — under the feet of the *noblesse*. It was as absurd to suppose that the *sans*

culottes at home could permanently lord it over their birthright masters, as it would be to suppose the negro slaves capable of maintaining an ascendancy over their natural lords. A sudden tempest had disturbed the elements of society, but as soon as it was blown over, things would find their natural level again.

Ah! there were gay visions seen through that convivial atmosphere that night! The Abbé beheld, in the brilliant distance, a mitre, perhaps a Cardinal's hat; and there were some dim images, that looked like Mazarin and Richelieu. A marshal's baton danced before the eyes of the Chevalier. The Marquis saw himself restored to all his baronial rights and enormous rents; while the opera, the Comèdie Française, the masquerades and balls of dear Paris, once more seemed within the reach of Madame de Mirecourt and her daughter. As to the rich planter, he saw armies of negroes, and mountains of sugar, which were

to help him to a speedy return to France, and perhaps to a patent of nobility. The young American, I fear, had no more gorgeous or chivalric imaginings, than of heavy commissions, great profits, *cent. per cent.*, the largest house in Boston, and the neatest villa in its neighborhood.

It was a night, too, to be remembered for itself, divested of the tragic interest with which a few hours invested it. The absurdities and awkwardnesses of the new men, who had taken the place of the old nobility in the direction of affairs, and the comic situations into which their ignorance of the conventions of society betrayed them, afforded fertile themes for the gay wit and playful raillery of the Abbè, and for the bitter sarcasms of the Marquis. The politics of the theatre and of the ballet were discussed with a seriousness which those of the Revolution could not command. Literature, and the quarrels and private history

of the world of letters, were suggestive themes to men who had sat at the tables of D'Holbach, and de Geoffrin, and du Deffand, and who remembered Voltaire, and Rousseau, and and D'Alembert, and Diderot. Scandal, too, lent its wings to hasten on the hours, and the Queen of the Antilles witnessed that night the death of many a Parisian reputation. The crowning satisfaction, however, of their Epicurean philosophy, to which they often recurred with new glee, was their happy removal from the disturbed heart of the kingdom, to a spot whence they could watch its mighty pulsations in safety and peace. Here, at least, they might live without danger from the slavish mass, which must, in all civilized countries, form the groundwork of society. The quarrels, which had distracted the Colony, had arisen from the struggles of the superior classes alone for the mastery. All classes looked with equal contempt and certainty upon the submissive de-

portment of the slaves, whose toil supplied them with their wealth. Strong in this security, they enjoyed a 'Lucretian pleasure' in standing in safety upon the shore, and seeing the barks of others buffeted about by the tempest, or sink foundering in the billows. M. de Mirecourt felt, and said, that he could not feel as if all were lost, even if he never recovered his confiscated estates in France, so long as a thousand negroes extorted from the soil of Plessis half a million of livres every year, and emptied them into his coffers. With such an income, life might be endured for a time, even in that banishment. All were blest in the consciousness of present security, and the confident expectation of future good. Gay wit, light laughter, and rosy hopes, all helped to chase the hours of that genial night.

But, the most genial of nights must have an end at last, and the most perfect of suppers cannot endure forever. At length, the party

separated, at an hour when the Southern cross, quenching its radiance in the Atlantic waves, told that the morning was at hand of a day ever memorable in the history of mankind. They all dispersed, 'in measureless content,' weary with mirth and tired with revelry, little dreaming that sleep would be that night, for the last time, a visitant to the princely Habitation du Plessis. All retired, and all slept, except the American Vincent. The excitement of a scene so new to him drove sleep from his eyes, and, after attempting for an hour or two to banish from his mind the beaming faces, gay voices and ringing laughter of the last few hours, he rose, and, in his *robe de chambre*, walked forth upon the terrace on which the house was built. The moon had set, and a world of new constellations glittered gloriously above his head in a firmament of the blackest blue. The thousand voices of a tropical night still maintained their eternal

concert. The vast masses of vegetation, which covered the mountain sides, and which were to be dimly descried through the night in the nearer distance, seemed to be clothed with the very blackness of darkness — gilded, indeed, by the flashing light of innumerable fireflies. It was a scene of peace and coolness, which soon quieted Vincent's excited brain. As he turned to seek his apartment again, he heard the conch sound in the distance, summoning the field slaves to their daily toil. He knew then that sun-rise was near, and he waited to look upon its glories. He had not gazed into the night long, before the sun vaulted, as it were, from the eastern waves, 'and that moment all was light.' The darkness fled away, like a fiend before the rebuke of an angel, and all the landscape was bathed in the rejoicing beams. From the height on which he stood, the vast plantations of the plain of the Cape seemed like fairy

gardens. No portion of the soil was left neglected. The soft green of the cane-fields, and of the Guinea-grass, beautifully contrasted with the darker hues of the coffee plantations, and of the overarching trees that sheltered them from the scorching heat — looking like graceful columns supporting a canopy of verdure. The mountains, feathering to the top with their forests of enormous trees, reared themselves in a thousand shapes of beauty, while endless varieties of light and shade played over their surface. In the far distance might be discerned the smoke, curling upwards from the city of the Cape; and farther yet, the amethyst and emerald sea, with here and there a white sail gliding over its surface, like blessed spirits floating over a lake in Paradise. And presently, the long lines of slaves were seen winding their way to their appointed task — each division driven by an overseer, a long-lashed whip under his arm, with which he

would ever and anon urge his lagging herd to a brisker pace. The almost naked forms of the negroes, as they dispersed themselves over the cane-fields, and the loose white linen dress and overshadowing hat of the overseers, beheld from that distance, and in the midst of that tropical landscape, seemed to a stranger's eye like a scene from the Arabian Nights. As Vincent gazed upon it, he felt no forebodings of a coming woe. There were no signs in the air of that lovely day, that told of the dread Nemesis that brooded over the fated island to avenge the hoarded wrongs of bloody centuries. No earthquake heralded the downfall of the white race. No tornado shadowed forth the approaching tempest. All was bright and fair, and calm, on that last morning of Slavery.

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There was to be a state dinner party at Plessis on the 22d of August. Several of the neighboring planters had been invited to meet

the distinguished guests, who enjoyed its hospitality. This is a serious matter anywhere, and at any time — but especially beneath an August sun, between the tropics. The guests had retired to their apartments, to endure the tortures of a Parisian toilette within twenty degrees of the equator. Madame de Mirecourt sat listlessly in her dressing-room, bewailing in in that sacred retreat the ungenerous hostility of the climate to *rouge*, while its inroads upon the complexion made such foreign aid the more important, when the door opened, and Stéphanie, her own woman, hastily entered the apartment. Madame de Mirecourt wondered, as much as her apathetic habits would admit of such an emotion, at her unsummoned appearance — but then Stéphanie was her foster sister, and had lived with her in France, and in an humble way shared her education, and might be permitted liberties which could not pass unpunished in any other slave. The sur-

prise of the mistress was increased, when the slave cautiously opened all the doors that led out of the room, as if to ascertain that no one was listening, and then placed herself before her. 'What does all this mean, Stéphanie?' drawled out Madame de Mirecourt, 'My indulgence has bounds — and Le Fronde has a whip!' 'It means,' replied Stéphanie, in a low voice, 'that the time has come when the accursed Le Fronde's whip will be broken, and when he will taste some of his own infernal cruelties himself, and know how sweet they are!' 'You forget yourself, Stéphanie,' replied her mistress. 'You have been brought up too tenderly. You have heard of the proverb that speaks of the insolence of an unwhipped slave?' 'It is to that tenderness of which you speak, Madame,' replied Stéphanie, 'that foolish tenderness, that you will owe your life, if indeed it can yet be saved. It is an unwhipped slave that would save you and

yours a faint taste of those horrors which your race has so long heaped upon mine.' 'Just Heaven!' exclaimed the Marchioness, startled out of her apathy, 'what is it you mean?' 'I mean,' solemnly answered Stéphanie, 'that Heaven *is* just! That the day of my people's deliverance is come! That this night the whole plain of the Cape will be filled with fire and blood — a slight atonement for centuries of outrage! The insurrection, thank God, is so well matured that failure is impossible — and, now, it is my folly to wish to save you for your selfish kindness to me. And yet'—— 'O God! my daughter!' exclaimed the agonized mother — for there was that in the tone and looks of Stéphanie which forbade her to question the truth of her words — 'O save her! save her!' 'Command yourself, Madame,' replied the slave, 'and you may both be saved — but it will depend entirely on your control of yourself.' 'O! Stéphanie,

Stéphanie!' exclaimed the humbled mistress, throwing herself at the feet of her slave, and embracing her knees in an agony of despair. 'Remember all you owe to me! Recollect my kindness, my indulgence, from the day when we had but one mother!' 'Yes,' answered Stéphanie, bitterly, 'Yes, I remember that you treated me like a petted lap-dog, or a tame parroquet! And yet, I do owe you more than you imagine — for had it not been for the lessons you permitted me to receive in the Convent of St. Agnes, this holy insurrection could never have been so secretly, and yet so surely planned as to be certainly triumphant. But rise, Madame; that is a posture never again to be assumed by one mortal to another in St. Domingo.' 'Not till you have promised me to defeat this dreadful rebellion,' cried Madame de Mirecourt, still clinging to Stéphanie. 'You shall have your freedom, — you shall have wealth, such as none of your caste ever

dreamed of possessing, — you shall be honored forever as the saviour of the white race, if you will but delay it till troops can be brought hither from the Cape!' 'My freedom!' replied Stéphanie scornfully, 'I thank you, Madame; but I mean to take that myself without the leave of any earthly being. As to delaying the sacrifice, it is not in my power to do it — but if it were, not all the wealth of France would induce me to defer it a moment, when it is ready to be offered.' 'Then I will do it myself,' exclaimed the Marchioness, starting to her feet, and making a movement towards the door. 'Stay, Madame,' said Stéphanie calmly, and detaining her mistress with a grasp not to be resisted, 'You will but hasten the catastrophe by such madness. The first peal of the alarm-bell, — the first shriek that will tell that all is known, — and in five minutes twenty knives will be in the heart of every white man on the estate, and in a quar-

ter of an hour, the flames of Plessis will tell to the whole plain that the hour is come. As to the women,' she continued, partly unsheathing a knife concealed in her bosom, 'I shall take care, in such case, to save you and Mademoiselle from the terrible vengeance which I fear the husbands, fathers and brothers of the outraged slave-women, *will* wreak on the wives, daughters and sisters of their tyrants.' 'O God!' exclaimed the distracted Marchioness, sinking, half fainting, upon a couch, 'what is to be done?' 'Leave that to me, Madame,' said Stéphanie, 'your part is to appear below as if all were well. After you are dressed, I shall see M. le Marquis, and concert my plan with him. Remember that all depends on your playing your part well, so that no suspicion may be awakened in the minds of the slaves behind your chairs. For I need not say that suspicion would be instant death. And now, Madame, to your toilette.'

And never, since Stéphanie had performed those offices about the person of her mistress, did she discharge them more accurately than on that last day of her servitude. Madame de Mirecourt, half stunned, and feeling the power of a strong mind over a weaker one, yielded herself implicitly to the hands of her slave, and promised to obey her directions in all points. She wore her diamonds, at the instance of Stéphanie, and concealed other valuable jewels about her person. 'These would have been mine,' said Stéphanie, 'but no matter; you will need them more than I in the strange land whither you must go.' Madame de Mirecourt shuddered at the idea of poverty and exile — but nearer and worse dangers soon drove it from her mind. Heavens! What a toilette was that!

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It was a princely banquet that graced the great dining-room at Plessis that day, but as

dreadful to some of those that sat around the board, as was the Egyptian feast to the novice, when the falling rose-wreath disclosed to him the grim features of his skeleton companion. M. de Mirecourt had managed to inform all the gentlemen of his household guests of their danger, and of his plan of escape. The circumstances, with which Stephanie had confirmed her story, had put the matter beyond a doubt. Nothing remained for them but to save their lives by flight, according to the plan she pointed out. And there they sat, in full dress, around the splendid table, with this dreadful secret weighing upon their hearts, playing the part of gay revellers! Ah! it was a ghastly feast! How changed their hearts since the merry hours of last night's revel! The ancient story of the sword, suspended by a single hair over the head of the parasite, as he reclined at a regal banquet, such as was spread for his tyrant, did but shadow forth the horrors of that

night! O, those interminable courses! it seemed as if they would never come to an end. How 'palled the tasteless meats and joyless wines!' And then those insufferable guests of the day, who knew nothing of the fearful truth, how they did prose! They eat and drank as if they knew that it was their last dinner, and were resolved to make the most of it. They discussed the viands and wines, as if an accurate acquaintance with their virtues was the necessary passport to Paradise. And then they talked of their crops, and their slaves, the annual loss by overworking and necessary correction, and all the economics of whipping, and starving, and maiming. And this to men who knew that the slave behind every chair had a cane-knife, sharpened on both sides, in his bosom! Human nature — even French human nature — could not have endured it much longer.

At last — and it *was* an at last — the guests

made a move to depart, murmuring something of the lateness of the hour, and the distance they had to go, hoping to be pressed to stay with hospitable urgency. 'Must you go, indeed!' exclaimed the Marquis, assuming an air of half-tipsy jollity; 'then we will all escort you a mile or two on your way, and drink a parting bottle by the road-side, in the moonlight.' The proposition was hailed by all in the secret, and out of it, as a most whimsical and admirable frolic. The coaches were ordered round, and the Chevalier de Tillemont directed his horse to be saddled, as better fitting his knightly character. When the carriages came round, that of the Marquis took the lead, and was followed by two others of the planter guests. As they were entering them, Vincent protested against being enclosed in any such prison upon wheels, and declared his intention of mounting the box, so that he might see the country to the more advantage. As

the moon had not yet risen, and it was almost pitch dark, this was hailed as an excellent jest; and the Abbé also, in the same vein, insisted upon mounting the box of the carriage that came next. M. de Tillemont rode along-side of the third. In this order they proceeded, until they came near the place where the two planters would turn off from the road to Cape François. Here, at a signal from the Chevalier, Vincent pointed a pistol at the head of the coachman by whose side he sat, and threatened him with instant death, unless he suffered himself to be pinioned peaceably. The Abbé, at the same moment, threw his arms round those of his neighbor, and confined them, until he could be secured; while the Chevalier, mounted on a charger which obeyed the least touch of the foot, or slightest word, with a pistol in either hand, took charge of the third coachman, and of all the footmen, and, with the help of the attaché and of the gentleman

who had been a visitor at Plessis, succeeded in binding them all on the ground, before they well knew what had happened to them. He then briefly stated the exigency of the case to the planters, who were not in the secret, and who were scarcely less astonished at the treatment their slaves had received than they were themselves. They were not convinced, however, of the danger. Their contempt of the blacks supplied whatever might be wanting in personal or moral courage, and they persisted in proceeding to their own homes. There was no time for expostulation; so, after their slaves had been disarmed, they were set at liberty, and proceeded with their masters across the plain. It is needless to say that those masters never saw the light of another sun. The rest of the party crowded into M. de Mirecourt's carriage, which Vincent undertook to drive, — with the exception of the Chevalier, who, with a passing farewell, put spurs to his horse and

galloped off, at the top of his speed, along the rough road, as it wound around the side of the mountain; the sparkles from his horse's hoofs marking his course long after he himself was lost in the darkness. Vincent was no experienced whip, and was entirely unacquainted with the road, so that their progress seemed slow to their excited fears. Thus they proceeded through the dark night, when, of a sudden, a ruddy glow shot through the air. They turned their heads, and far away, where it was notched into the mountain's side, they saw Plessis one sheet of flame! It was a beautiful, though a fearful sight; but it was one that told the Marquis that he was a beggar!

They were now emerging from the mountain-side upon the plain. They had been hitherto unmolested, but the number of estates they would have to pass rendered the next two leagues of their journey full of danger. This was soon made more clear to them — for,

as if they had waited for the signal-fire to be kindled on the height of Plessis, the whole plain, and the sides of the skirting mountains, were lighted up with a hundred conflagrations. In the glare of this fearful illumination, they drove on for a mile or two further, when they came to an estate, the mansion of which was but a bow-shot from the road. It was just wrapped in flames — the negroes could be seen dancing in mad mirth around it — while fearful shrieks, such as Vincent remembered to have heard ushering in the day at the Cape, and even at Plessis, though now issuing from other lips, were heard above the roar of the fire and the shouts of the insurgent slaves. It was soon plain that they were perceived, and their errand suspected. They were loudly ordered to to stop, — and when this command was disregarded, a company of thirty or forty negroes set out in full pursuit. It was a pastime that had the charm of novelty to the pursuers. They had,

some of them, been the quarry of the slave-hunt, but they had none of them ever engaged before as the hunters in the chase of the white man. Vincent had nothing left for it but speed. He lashed the horses with all his strength, and gave them the rein. They dashed onward with furious speed, and he hoped soon to leave his pursuers far behind. But, unluckily, when in full career, sweeping away over the plain, one of the horses fell, and though he almost instantly recovered himself, the accident gave a fearful advantage to the pursuers. Before Vincent could put up his steeds to their full speed again, it was clear that the enemy were gaining upon him. Their yells sound nearer and nearer, the light of their torches flashes brighter and brighter from behind, their footsteps fall more and more numerously upon his ear. The taste they have had of the white man's blood that night, has only maddened, not satisfied, their thirst. They

are even now upon him. Some seize the spokes of the wheels, to hold them back. Others rush to the horses, and attempt to hamstring them, and to cut the traces. Vincent has no longer any control over them, as they plunge and rear in pain and terror. He gives up all for lost — and well he may — for a more formidable band never set about a work of death. Some bore in their hands huge brands, from the burning house, which they waved over their heads; some brandished their cane-knives in their hands, and others had them fastened to long poles. Some were armed with axes, and some with huge iron bars. Some were almost naked, and others were fantastically dressed in the rich damasks and brocades of their masters and mistresses. Almost all had blood on their hands or on their garments. They seemed like fiends, who had been for a long time subjected to the will of a magician, but who had at length surmounted

the charm, and were enjoying the delight of torturing their tormentor. They gathered around the coach, and their cry was for blood. Vincent exhorted the gentlemen within the carriage to sell their lives as dearly as they might. They were only armed with the short rapier, which at that time formed an indispensable part of full dress; he had, besides, a pair of pistols. With these, he attempted to keep the insurgents at bay — but with brief success. Uttering a charm, which they believed a specific against gun-shot wounds, they rush upon him, clambering in crowds upon the coach-box. Others force open the doors of the carriage, and are about to drag out the occupants. All seems to be over — when a rushing sound is heard in the distance. What is it? The assailants pause for a moment to listen. It is surely the tread of horses' feet. It sweeps on nearer and nearer. Can it be possible? Yes! it is indeed the gallant De Tille-

mont, at the head of a detachment of his regiment, coming to their aid at their utmost need. They advance at their fullest speed — their carbines are unslung — they pour a sharp, though scattering fire upon the insurgents, and then charge upon them with the sabre. The negroes had not then learnt that they were a match for the regular troops of France, and they slowly and reluctantly retired, and left their prey. This was indeed a deliverance out of the very jaws of death. But there was no time for congratulations or compliments. They did not know but that a multitude, to which their force might be unequal, would intercept their return. Troop horses hastily supplied the place of those that the insurgents had wounded, and, in the shortest possible time, they were on their rapid way to the city. Years of sensation were crowded into that hour. It was worth the experience of many a long life to have shared that brief but fearful

journey from Plessis to the Cape. They met, however, with no further opposition, and entered the city just as the bell of the Cathedral tolled twelve.

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They were safe for the night, — but Vincent was sure that the insurrection would soon sweep over the city. He had a vessel in the harbor, under his control, and he determined to make use of her for his escape. He offered a passage to all his late companions in peril. None accepted it, but M. and Madame de Mirecourt, and their daughter. The rest all felt safe under the protecting arm of France — but many months had not elapsed, before they had all of them fatal reason to regret their confidence. The very next day, Vincent and his late hosts set sail for America, — and within a fortnight of the day when M. de Mirecourt rejoiced in the possession of a thousand slaves and half a million of rent, he stood upon the

shores of New-York, without a resource, save the jewels which Stéphanie, the slave, had secreted about the person of her mistress. For a while after his return to Boston, Vincent heard of them often as favorites in the fashionable circles of New-York, but at last they disappeared, and all his researches after them were in vain. Whether they returned to France, and there perished in the Days of Terror, or whether, after their stock was exhausted, they carried their poverty to some distant part of America, where, under a different name, they could, without shame, support themselves by manual labor, is yet uncertain — and it is not likely that it will now ever be known. The latter fate was most probably theirs. It was a common one in those days of change. Many of the proudest of the historical names of France fled to this country at the time of the emigration, and after shining awhile in this new firmament, set forever, and were seen

no more below. Many an emigrant sunk a Marquis, a Viscount, or a Chevalier, in one city, and rose a cook, a confectioner, or a hair-dresser, in another. In that obscurity did many of the noblest names of France go out, and leave no trace behind. Had Sterne made a sentimental journey to this country fifty years ago, he might have seen stranger sights than a Chevalier de St. Louis selling pies in the streets of Versailles. If such were the fate of the Marquis de Mirecourt and his family, we may at least hope that they were happier, as they were certainly more innocent and useful, in their humble occupations, than when they rioted in luxuries wrested from the unwilling hands of a thousand slaves.

* * * * *

Such was the story which Mr. Vincent would tell, of a winter's evening, to his children and his friends. It has a moral, which is not limited by the scene nor the actors of this little drama.

It exemplifies the operation of eternal and universal laws. It shows that the day of account will surely come, wherever there is wrong or crime. Who knows what country may afford the next example of this awful retribution! Nemesis never sleeps. Though she is long-suffering, she forgets nothing, and overlooks nothing. When men have filled their cup, with blood, and cruelties, and unutterable abominations, to its brim, it is that very cup that she commends to their own lips. There is but one Power, of might enough to wrest it from her inexorable hand — and that Power is REPENTANCE.

THE CHASE.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

' Ho! hunters of the panting slave,
That, from your house and hounds has fled,
And sought a refuge where the brave
Of other days for freedom bled;
Bring your fleet coursers to a halt!
Call in your hounds! — they're all at fault!

Your slave — the thankless refugee! —
Feigning some terrible alarms,
Dares, for protection, look to me;
Yes, casts himself into my arms;
And says that he has heard them tell
Where Prescott fought, and Warren fell: —

'That he has heard about a pile,
That heavenward lifts its stately head,
That day may leave its parting smile,
Just where my bravest children bled,
Like victims, at their country's call,
To purchase liberty for ALL:—

'And that, long ere "October's sun,"
At Richmond, tinged one raven lock
Of Webster, he had heard of one,
Who said,—not far from Plymouth's rock;—
"I hear the hammer's sound!—I see
"The furnace-smoke of slavery!

'"Before my sight the vision swims,
"Of foul artificers, by whom
"Fetters are forged for human limbs,
"While Midnight wraps their work in gloom,
"And makes the strokes of her sullen bell
"Chime in with the strokes of that work of hell!

"I call on those, who, round the flame
Of righteous law, keep watch and ward,
Or, in Religion's awful name,
Serve in the temples of the Lord,
To let these sinners feel the ban
Of Church and State, — of God and man!"

'And, trusting that the soul that spoke
Such words, yet lived, in all my bounds,
Your hunted one shook off your yoke;
And, from your halters and your hounds,
Has he escaped, and fled to me,
Resolved on "death or liberty."

'Poor, cheated "chattel"! When I sing
Of freedom, and old War's disasters,
I mean, I'm free from George the King,
Not free from you — my southern masters!
O, no; the slaves from you that slip,
I'll catch and hold, for you to whip.

'For, thus 't is written in the bond,
That holds the North and South together: —
So, masters, when your "things" abscond,
Be it in warm or wintry weather,
I nab them: — so dismiss your pack
Of hounds; and come, and take him back.

'For I have also "things," that talk,
Each furnished with an iron claw,
To "hook" such *wares* as hither walk,
With, or without the forms of law: —
So come, and feed* my biped pack;
Come and "convey" your chattel back.'

Good God! Is it to such a note,
That stanch old Massachusetts yelps?
Opens she thus her deep-toned throat?
Falls she in thus, with younger whelps,
In the hot chase of fleeing gangs,
In human limbs to flesh her fangs?

* *Qu.* 'fee'?

The fires of freedom *must* she quench —
The proud old Mother of us all —
Upon her Altar and her Bench,
On Bunker's Hill — in Faneuil Hall?
Must the *last spark* be trodden out,
Lest her old Virgin sister pout?

No! — Let old Massachusetts tread
Queenly, along her rugged shore,
From Plymouth's rock, to Marblehead;
And, as the surges rage, and roar,
And foam, — let her look down, and say,
'Well thundered, Ocean! — roar away!

'The Hand that lifts your threatening seas,
Has reared these ramparts on my line: —
Be still, or stormy, — as you please;
'T is all the same to me and mine.
These rocks my grounds and children guard;
So, beat away! — you'll find, they're hard.'

So, too, when Southern despots chafe,
And scent their flying bondman's track,
Within her lines let *him* be safe;
And, though they foam, let *them* fall back;
And let *her* lift her hand, and say,—
'From Berkshire's hills to Buzzard's Bay,

'You see a land of Liberty!
True hearts are here, and toil-worn hands:
No foot can step here, but 't is free;—
Look, stranger, look o'er all these lands;
There's room here yet, for freemen's graves,
But none for kidnappers — or slaves.'

SOCRATES IN BOSTON.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE PHILOSOPHER AND A YANKEE.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

SOCRATES AND JONATHAN.

Socrates. TELL me, friend Jonathan, what means that crowd of citizens, I saw just now, in front of the long, ugly building behind a portico, which somebody, it seems, has set up there for his convenience, till it shall be needed in some appropriate place? I perceive you have ready-made porticos exposed — for sale, I presume — in several parts of the city: — but that crowd; what does it mean? I saw Ethiopians in it.

Jonathan. A southern gentleman has come

here to claim his runaway Slave. The crowd is a mob of loafers, niggers, and anti-slavery men and maids, who would rob the owner of his property, thus violating justice and the laws.

S. Is not this a land of freedom ?

J. The only free country in the world.

S. A slave-owner come here for his victim ! By Hercules —

J. Stop, stop ! You forget that this is a land of Christianity, and that I am deacon of a Christian church. No swearing, nor heathen talk. We have a law against blasphemy, and 'extra-judicial oaths.'

S. Excuse my Athenian blood. I hope to amend. Remember that, at best, I was but a poor benighted heathen, who knew nothing of religion and righteousness. I have been only two days in your country, and have but just awakened from a sleep of more than two thousand years.

J. You are very much to be pitied; but pray respect our feelings.

S. I hope to profit by your instructions. But you speak of four things, namely: of Slavery, Law, Justice, and Christianity, as if they were all parts of your system. Do I understand you? for I confess I was a little dull at Athens; and the hemlock and the damps of the grave have not sharpened my wits. Pray enlighten me a little.

J. They are part of our institutions, which are the best in the world,

S. Then I have got on the top of the world at last; and, by your countenance, I am sure you are just the man to teach me the improvements of the last two thousand years. God be praised! What is your *Slavery?* to begin with that.

J. We have about three millions of negroes, who are slaves. Their fathers were slaves before them, and, if it please God, their children

shall likewise be slaves. They live chiefly at the South, and do all the servile work there.

S. Three millions of slaves in the only free country of the world! I begin to understand a little. But tell me next about your *Laws*, — who make them?

J. We, the people! *We* have no masters! 'All men are born free and equal.'

S. Very well! But if you have no masters, why do you obey the laws?

J. Because we *make* them.

S. Excellent! Are the slaves part of the people?

J. No. They have no political duties.

S. Do they *obey* the laws?

J. None more thoroughly.

S. For what reason? because they do *not* make them? Oh! sagacious deacon!

J. No; but because they are *right* laws.

S. So they obey because the laws are right; you because you make them.

J. That is the difference.

S. But how do the slaves *know* they are right laws?

J. Oh! because, — why — ahem. I will think. — Because —

S. Let me be the Lucina of your wisdom, as I used to help the men of genius about Athens in their labor. Are not the laws *right*, because *made by the right men?*

J. That 's my sentiment exactly.

S. And who are the right men?

J. The *legal Voters* and their *Representatives.* They govern the land, pay the taxes, and raise the armies, and support the State.

S. So it seems that *right law is the opinion of men able to enforce their opinion.*

J. It is so, of course.

S. Very well! But what is Justice? The same as Law?

J. Why! why! — Y-e-s. Oh yes, of course it is, or Justice would be unlawful.

S. Oh, blessed country! where law and justice are the same thing. Shades of Rhadamanthus, Zaleucus — Mi —

J. Stop, stop! No more heathenism in Boston, if you please. Christianity is part of the law of the land.

S. Christianity. Oh, that is the fourth thing you named. Slavery, Law, and Justice I think I comprehend. But what is Christianity?

J. That is our religion.

S. That is a little vague. Is Christianity a God?

J. No, but the *Word* of God.

S. Of course it must be the *true* religion.

J. It is so. I uphold, in my feeble way, the Christian church.

S. I kiss the bottom of your sable cloak. I knew you were a holy man, by the gravity of your face. But, pray, tell me more about Christianity, for I am a poor heathen that never heard of *your* religion till two days ago. Then

I went into one of your churches, as I saw a crowd entering. I found one man who came to talk; a few to sing; some to sleep; a few to listen; and the greater part to look at one another. But come, tell me what Christianity consists of.

J. I wish Dr. Banbaby was here.

S. Who is the Doctor? Is he a deacon?

J. Oh no. He is a very learned divine. He could tell you all about Christianity. But he has gone to Richmond to take measures to purify the church in the eyes of the slave-holders, for some of them most unrighteously accuse us of condemning slavery.

S. You never did such a naughty thing?

J. Never, no never!

S. But is Christianity a life, or a belief?

J. Some pretend that it is a life; but the greater part of the churches think, as I do, that it is a belief, for certainly Faith is better than Works, as the churches say we cannot be saved by Works.

S. Excellent! It consists, then, in *doctrines* more than *actions*?

J. It is so.

S. So actions, I take it, are subject to justice and the laws; doctrines to religion and Christianity, eh?

J. Exactly so. The Christian ministers punish wrong doctrines, and the magistrates wrong actions; and both together keep a pretty sharp look-out on all that think or act.

S. It is always well to keep actions and doctrines in separate cribs, lest they quarrel and destroy each other, or one gets sickly and infects the other. 'Never put all your eggs in one basket,' as Menippus says in his comedy. This is a capital contrivance; all your actions may be worthless, and your doctrines worth as much as ever! So law and justice allow the action of slavery?

J. Yes.

S. What are the chief *doctrines* of Christianity?

J. It bids us read the Bible; observe the Sabbath; attend church, and love the Lord.

S. It bids you attend to *four things:* the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church, and the Lord. Is that all?

J. Oh no. It bids us repent.

S. Repent of what is right, or only of what is wrong?

J. Of the latter only; but all men are sinners by nature.

S. Is *Repentance* a practical thing, that ends in action? or a speculative thing that ends in — smoke? — Do not grow red in the face. I meant no harm.

J. It is a *practical* thing.

S. And means a thorough departure from what is wrong, and adhesion to what is right, I think.

J. It does.

S. Christianity then consists of *five* things. Is that all?

J. I wish Dr. Banbaby was here; he could tell you. The Doctor would talk all day about it.

S. Precious Dr. Banbaby, how I long to embrace him! But does not Christianity bid you *love man*, as well as God? The talker in the church, the other day, read something out of a great book. Somebody afterwards told me the passage was called the Sermon on the Mount — though it differed a little from what they called 'the sermon' in that church. Well, as I understood that passage, the *love of man* was the *chief duty of man.* Is that a Christian book?

J. Oh! yes, yes. Christianity does teach love of man. I forgot that. But Dr. Banbaby does not talk so much about love of man as love of God — for it is part of the 'covenant of works.'

S. Christianity, then, teaches *six* things, besides what the Doctor has taken with himself

to Richmond, namely: attention to the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church and the Law, Repentance, and Love of man. But all these doctrines lead to actions. So I fear, after all, you have 'too many eggs in one basket.' Now I understand all the *four* things you spoke of first. But as you kindly offer to show me the wonders of the city, I had rather look at your institutions than your buildings — after what you have shown me of the Court-house, and the — But no matter. I am a dull man, as you see, and must needs ask many questions to get at the bottom of such things as you see through at a glance. But tell me, is Christianity *right?*

J. Right! most certainly! 'T is the word of God, and 'part of the law of the land,' as Judge Hangem said, the other day.

S. Did the *legal voters* make Christianity?

J. By no means.

S. Then how do you know it is *right?*

J. It is the Word of God.

S. Are your laws the Word of God?

J. No.

S. But they are right *because the right persons to make laws made them*, and Christianity is right because the *right person to make a religion made that also?*

J. That is the case.

S. But if the right men can make right laws by voting, why can't they make a right religion by voting? A man at the inn told me that no two parties of your divines agreed, and each thought all the others were dangerously wrong. So I thought each party made its religion by voting. Is not it so? Don't be so uneasy. I will ask Dr. Banbaby about that. You try your actions by the law which the voters made, and your doctrines by the Christianity which God made. May not a thing be right by Christianity, but wrong in law?

J. By no means. Then Christianity would be unlawful, and I could not hold my office.

S. Well said! The reason is, there is only one RIGHT, and that never contradicts itself, in law or religion. Am I right?

J. It is so.

S. Did the voters make that one right? Never mind the question; Dr. Banbaby will answer it. But are Christianity and the laws always on the same side?

J. Always, in our land!

S. Yet the laws allow slavery; does Christianity?

J. Of course. St. Paul says, 'Slaves, obey your masters.'

S. That being the case, is it right for a Christian, *so far as he is a Christian*, to keep a slave, or only so far as he is *not a Christian*?

J The first.

S. And if the slave escape, it is the duty of other Christians, so far as they are Christians, to catch him, and give him up!

J. Certainly! There is a law in such cases,

made and provided, and, *as Christians*, we must keep it.

S. But suppose Christianity and the laws should chance to conflict?

J. But they never do. I will not make an absurd supposition.

S. It would be improper in a gentleman of your gravity. Do both support slavery?

J. Indeed they do.

S. Oh, blessed country! where the laws and the religion agree! But with which of the *six* parts of Christianity does slavery agree?

J. Why — why — with all of them. Christianity is a whole!

S. With attention to the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church, the Law, and with repentance — eh?

J. No doubt of it.

S. With love to man also?

J. Certainly. Slavery is a great *blessing*. It is a 'patriarchal institution.'

S. A blessing to the slave, or the master?

J. To both.

S. To the slave as a *slave*, and the master as a *master*? or both as *men*?

J. To both as *men*.

S. How does it bless the *slave*?

J. He has the advantage of our civilization and Christianity.

S. Does that advantage improve him?

J. Yes. It takes him from savage idleness, and the worship of false gods, and gives him an acquaintance with the civilization of a Christian people.

S. Does this improve him in the qualities of a man, so far as he is a *man*? or of a slave, so far as he is a *slave*?

J. In the qualities of a *man*.

S. The qualities of a man are wisdom, goodness, religion.

J. These are the qualities of a *Christian man*.

S. Does slavery advance the slave in these? You hesitate. Let us make the question more simple; does slavery teach the slave your Science, Art, Literature?

J. No. We forbid that by law.

S. And your laws are of course right, because made by the right persons. I will not question their justice — that is above *my* reach. But it seems slavery does not make the slave *wiser?*

J. I was a little too fast; we lay more stress on goodness and religion.

S. That is right. So I suppose slavery does not encourage indolence, wastefulness, deception and fraud, in the slaves, any more than it did at Athens. Of course the honor of the women, and the self-respect of the men, are duly attended to.

J. They are so.

S. I am glad to hear that of Christian slavery. The numerous mulatto children, the

gentleman mentioned yesterday, are born, I suppose, of white women and black fathers, or at least in lawful wedlock, — eh?

J. You are facetious! Our wives and daughters would repel that charge! They are mainly the children of white men and black women, and are scarcely ever born in wedlock. The laws forbid such marriages. Do you think we are heathens?

S. Excuse my dullness. So the honor of the women is at the mercy of the master! How is it with the self-respect of the men? I saw by the newspapers, at the reading-room, that the masters chain their slaves, scourge and mutilate them; brand them with red-hot irons. Does that promote their self-respect?

J. Not altogether. But negroes don't feel it much; and besides, it is necessary to prevent escape. We must not encourage *too much* self-respect.

S. So that neither the honor of the women, nor the self-respect of the men is protected. Their *Goodness* is about as much promoted as their *Wisdom*, which your laws prohibit.

J. I confess I was a little too hasty. But we lay more stress on teaching them Christianity!

S. So Christianity may be taught without defending the virtue of the women, the self-respect of the men, or the wisdom and goodness of either. Pray tell me what particular qualities Christianity awakens in the slave's bosom!

J. Patience, Obedience, Love of God, and Hope of Heaven

S. A fine catalogue, truly! these are all qualities of a man, not a slave. But does Christian *patience* bid you suffer *all* evils, or only the unavoidable, and leave you to resist what it is cowardice to endure?

J. Only the unavoidable evils. Our fathers fought against *avoidable* evils.

S. Excellent. Does Christianity teach *Obedience* to *all* commands, or only to *Christian* commands?

J. Only the latter.

S. Does it teach love of God on account of God's *goodness*, or for other reasons?

J. For his goodness alone? The slave must *hate evil.*

S. So the Christian slave loves what is lovely in God, and hates badness, find it where he may?

J. Exactly so.

S. Goodness is lovely in God or man, and evil or badness is hateful in both?

J. Nobody can doubt it.

S. Well, my good friend, is it goodness in the eyes of Christianity to *improve* a man, or is it badness to do so?

J. Do you take *me* for a fool? It is goodness.

S. So it is goodness to promote a man's

growth in the qualities of a man, and badness to prevent his growth therein; and goodness is to be loved and badness hated, eh?

J. It should be — but what then?

S. Don't grow red in the face. I only wish to exercise my mother's art upon your genius, and learn a little myself. To hold men in such a condition that wisdom and goodness are hindered in them — as you confess it is in this case — looks like *badness* in my *heathen* eyes. But I have not much light as yet. Now if the Christian slave love God for his goodness, I see not but he must hate his master for his badness. And since, as you say, 'all men are born free and equal,' slavery is no ordinance of God's goodness, but of man's badness, and therefore avoidable. So the slave has just the same *Christian right* to butcher his master, that your brave fathers had to butcher their tyrants. Still more — to command a man to be a slave is contrary to

love of man, and not a Christian command, and therefore is not to be obeyed. Shades of Harmodius and Aristogiton!

J. Oh no, no, no! The slave must obey his master and love him too. Christianity says, love all men.

S. The worst as well as the best, or the worst least, and the best most?

J. The latter.

S. But it is badness, which the master, so far as he is a *master*, shows to the slave, so far as he is a *slave* — according to your own showing!

J. I confess it is so.

S. Then I see not how he can love his master in so far as he is *master*. But I am a heathen. Christianity you say bids you love all men. So it bids the master love his slaves.

J. He does love them very much.

S. Good! As *men* or as *cattle?*

J. As *men!*

S. The lover of cattle labors to promote in his oxen the *qualities of oxen.* The lover of men labors to promote the *qualities of a man* in those he loves. But slavery exists only by holding these qualities in check, and seeking to destroy them; is that consistent with love of man?

J. No.

S. Or with Christianity?

J. No — But Christianity teaches the slave hope of Heaven!

S. The talker in the church said that heaven was the kingdom of God — a state where Christianity rules; that it could never take place on earth, but we have all to pray as if it could. Is that right?

J. Dr. Banbaby could not have said better.

S. Is there *badness* in heaven?

J. No.

S. Slavery?

J. None at all. 'There the servant is free from his master,' as the apostle Paul says.

S. So the slave *prays* for heaven, and of course for *freedom.* Don't faithful Christian prayers appear in action?

J. They *ought* to do so.

S. So the slave, if a Christian, will pray and *struggle* too for his freedom! I wonder the masters allow Christianity to be taught to their slaves.

J. Why — I may as well tell you, they don't *teach them all of it.*

S. Excellent. They *divide* it with their slaves, and give the slave the *duties of Christianity*, and *themselves* take the *rights of Christianity.*

J. That is it exactly.

S. Most Christian masters! Does not Dr. Banbaby do about the same thing? — Does the master pray 'God's kingdom come?'

J. Oh yes; that is the Lord's prayer.

S. I am glad to hear it, and wish it was the servants' too. Now it seems to me you

have confessed that you take no pains to teach your slaves either wisdom or goodness, and still less Christianity: that you degrade the slave in all the qualities of a man, and promote in him those of a beast. Can you deny it?

J. No! but I never thought so before, and I protest against your heathen way of looking at things. You trust reason too much. You think faith of no use without works. I wish Dr. Banbaby was here to defend our *Christian institutions*, and —

S. I beg your pardon — You just confessed slavery was not a Christian institution. Tell me why you keep it.

J. It is a blessing to the master — that is the reason.

S. Does it bless him in the *qualities of a man*, wisdom, goodness, Christianity?

J. Yes! they say 'it does us good.'

S. So the slave-owners are the best-educated, the most chaste, temperate, industrious,

kind, just, generous, charitable and religious men in the land, I suppose! They formed all the societies for doing good, at home and abroad — and exert the intellectual moral and religious influence of the nation — do they not?

J. None of these things — I must confess it. Slavery increases their wealth, not what you call the *qualities of a man.* I never saw it so before. Slavery is a curse to the slave and the master. It is not Christian — but yet, oh, yes it is *lawful.*

S. So it would seem that Christianity or the word of God must be mistaken, as it is hostile to Slavery, for that is supported by the Laws, 'which were made by the right persons,' and therefore right.

J. The Laws are the words of men.

S. And when they conflict with the words of God, which will you follow? The word of man says, 'Give back a fugitive Slave to his master;' the word of God says, 'Love your

brother as yourself,' and means 'Take care of him as of yourself.' Which will you do?

J. Our Officers have sworn to keep the Laws; they never swore to keep God's word or Christianity.

S. Prudent officers! they always keep their oath, I take it?

J. Always. Dr. Banbaby says, 'Perform unto the Lord thine oaths.'

S. Must a Christian keep a *right* oath only, or a *wrong* one?

J Only the former.

S. And a *right oath* is one taken before the *right magistrate*, as right Laws are those made by the right persons?

J. It is so.

S. So your officers will give up this fugitive slave you spoke of — though they know it is *wrong* and *unchristian*, for the sake of their oath taken before a right magistrate?

J. Of course. You would not have a man

violate his oath! Besides, the State *punishes* such as do not keep its Laws.

S. And God does not punish such as disobey his words, because they have never *sworn* to keep them. Am I right?

J. That is just the difference. The Law insists on the 'covenant of works,' and punishes men that disobey. But God is merciful, and long-suffering, and if we have no works — we can throw ourselves on his mercy — trust in our Faith, and be saved by 'imputed Righteousness.' If it were not so, it would be hard for men who knew their Lord's will and did it not.

S. Does Christianity teach that God will hold the wrong-doer innocent because he *knew what was right?* Do you mean to say that you believe it? Let me now tell you what I think of you. There is one duty that Christianity demands of you all, North and South, and that is, REPENTANCE. I cannot express —

J. There 's our church-bell tolling for Lecture, and Dr. Smothertext is to preach on '*the danger of being righteous over much.*' Do come and hear him.

S. That danger is very imminent in your case, but I don't feel it, and will not go.

J. Well, I must go without you — Good by. I'm afraid I shall miss the prayer. (*Exit Deacon.*)

Socrates Solus. Have two thousand years and more gone by, since my time? I heard of Christianity when Paul came to Mars Hill, and blessed his manly heart — as I lay in my grave. This cannot be real. Slavery in a free land; defended in a Christian land; by men that do not *own* slaves! This must be all a dream! Let me pray my old prayer. Oh, thou great ONE! give me a Mind to see the Truth; a Conscience to discern the Right; a Heart full of Love; a Soul of Faith, and a blameless Life.

THOUGHTS OF A STONE-SPLITTER,

ON FINDING THE FIGURE OF A BELL, BEAUTIFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MARKED BY SHINING HORNBLEND, IN THE HEART OF AN IMMENSE GRANITE ROCK.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

THAT State shall happy be and strong,
An ancient man hath said,
Where pain of poorest, hurt by wrong,
Thrills to the nation's head.

Wise man, what sayest of this Bay State,
With olden laurels crowned;
Is she thus happy in her fate,
As happy as renowned?

Now is this heavy answer heard;
'Her glories are attaint,
She's recreant to her God and word;
Head, heart, are sick and faint.

'*Her* poorest, seized by pirate *law*,
Wear out the galling chain;
Are scourged and die unfriended, or
Are *purchased* back again!'

Just God! is she to bear this shame,
Lest we the *Union* shock?
Aye, whisper slanderers of her name;
NO! *rings* her mountain *rock*.

SLAVERY'S PLEASANT HOMES.

A FAITHFUL SKETCH.

BY L. M. CHILD.

'Thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip, and the footsteps of fear.'

When Frederic Dalcho brought his young bride from New-Orleans to her Georgian home, there were great demonstrations of joy among the slaves of the establishment, — dancing, shouting, clapping of hands, and eager invocations of blessing on the heads of 'massa and missis;' for well they knew that he who manifested most zeal was likely to get the largest coin, or the brightest handkerchief.

The bride had been nurtured in seclusion, almost as deep as that of the oriental harem. She was a pretty little waxen plaything, as fragile and as delicate as the white Petunia blossom. She brought with her two slaves. Mars, a stalwart mulatto, of good figure, but a cunning and disagreeable expression of countenance. Rosa, a young girl, elegantly formed, and beautiful as a dark velvet carnation. The blush, so easily excited, shone through the transparent brown of her smooth cheek, like claret through a bottle in the sunshine. It was a beautiful contrast to see her beside her mistress, like a glittering star in attendance upon the pale and almost vanishing moonsickle. They had grown up from infancy together; for the mother of Rosa was foster-mother of Marion; and soon as the little white lady could speak, she learned to call Rosa *her* slave. As they grew older, the wealthy planter's daughter took pride in her servant's beauty, and

loved to decorate her with jewels. 'You shall wear my golden ornaments whenever you ask for them,' said she; 'they contrast so well with the soft, brown satin of your neck and arms. I will wear pearls and amethysts; but gold needs the dark complexion to show its richness Besides, you are a handsome creature, Rosa, and gold is none too good for you.'

Her coachman, Mars, was of the same opinion: but the little petted coquette tossed her graceful head at him, and paid small heed to his flattering words. Not so with George, the handsome quadroon brother of Frederic Dalcho, and his favorite slave; but the master and mistress were too much absorbed with their own honey-moon, to observe them. Low talks among the rose-bushes, and stolen meetings by moonlight, passed unnoticed, save by the evil eyes of Mars. Thus it passed on for months. The young slaves had uttered the

marriage vow to each other, in the silent presence of the stars.

It chanced, one day, that Rosa was summoned to the parlor to attend her mistress, while George stood respectfully, hat in hand, waiting for a note, which his master was writing. She wore about her neck a small heart and cross of gold, which her lover had given her the night before. He smiled archly, as he glanced at it, and the answer from her large, dark eyes was full of joyful tenderness. Unfortunately, the master looked up at that moment, and at once comprehended the significance of that beaming expression. He saw that it spoke whole volumes of mutual, happy love; and it kindled in him an unholy fire. He had never before realized that the girl was so very handsome. He watched her, as she pursued her work, until she felt uneasy beneath his look. From time to time, he glanced at his young wife. She, too, was certainly very

lovely; but the rich, mantling beauty of the slave had the charm of novelty. The next day, he gave her a gay dress; and when he met her among the garden shrubbery, he turned her glossy ringlets over his finger, and called her a pretty darling. Poor Rosa hastened away, filled with terror. She wanted to tell her mistress all this, and claim her protection; but she dared not. As for George, he was of a proud and fiery nature, and she dreaded the storm it would raise in his breast. Her sleeping apartment adjoined that of her mistress, and she was now called to bring water to her master at a much later hour than had been usual with him. One night, no answer was given to the summons. Rosa was not in her room. When questioned in the morning, she stammered out an incoherent excuse, and burst into tears. She was ordered, somewhat sternly, to be very careful not to be again absent when called for.

Marion took an early opportunity to plead her favorite's cause. 'I have suspected, for some time,' said she, 'that George and Rosa are courting; and for my part, I should like very well to have them married.' Her husband made no reply, but abruptly left the room. His conduct towards George became singularly capricious and severe. Rosa wept much in secret, and became shy as a startled fawn. Her mistress supposed it was because Mr. Dalcho objected to her marriage, and suspected nothing more. She tried to remonstrate with him, and learn the nature of his objections; but he answered sharply, and left her in tears.

One night, Marion was awakened by the closing of the door, and found that Frederic was absent. She heard voices in Rosa's apartment, and the painful truth flashed upon her. Poor young wife, what a bitter hour was that!

In the morning, Rosa came to dress her, as

usual, but she avoided looking in her face, and kept her eyes fixed on the ground. As she knelt to tie the satin shoe, Marion spoke angrily of her awkwardness, and gave her a blow. It was the first time she had ever struck her; for they really loved each other. The beautiful slave looked up with an expression of surprise, which was answered by a strange, wild stare. Rosa fell at her feet, and sobbed out, 'Oh, mistress, I am not to blame. Indeed, indeed, I am very wretched.' Marion's fierce glance melted into tears. 'Poor child,' said she, 'I ought not to have struck you; but, oh, Rosa, I am wretched, too.' The foster-sisters embraced each other, and wept long and bitterly; but neither sought any further to learn the other's secrets.

At breakfast, George was in attendance, but he would not look at Rosa, though she watched for a glance with anxious love. When she found an opportunity to see him alone, he was

sullen, and rejected her proffered kiss. 'Rosa, where were you last night?' said he, hastily. The poor girl blushed deeply, and strove to take his hand; but he flung her from him, with so much force that she reeled against the wall. 'Oh, George,' said she, with bitter anguish, 'what *can* I do? I am his *slave*.' The justice of her plea, and the pathos of her tones, softened his heart. He placed her head on his shoulder, and said more kindly, 'Keep out of his way, dear Rosa; keep out of his way.'

Rosa made strong efforts to follow this injunction; and dearly did she rue it. George was sent away from the house, to work on the plantation, and they were forbidden to see each other, under penalty of severe punishment. His rival, Mars, watched them, and gave information of every attempt to transgress this cruel edict. But love was more omnipotent than fear of punishment, and the lovers did sometimes catch a stolen interview.

The recurrence of this disobedience exasperated their master beyond endurance. He swore he would overcome her obstinacy, or kill her; and one severe flogging succeeded another, till the tenderly-nurtured slave fainted under the cruel infliction, which was rendered doubly dangerous by the delicate state of her health. Maternal pains came on prematurely, and she died a few hours after.

George wandered into the woods, and avoided the sight of his reckless master, who, on his part, seemed willing to avoid an interview. Four days had passed since Rosa's death, and the bereaved one had scarcely tasted food enough to sustain his wretched life. He stood beside the new-made grave, which he himself had dug. 'Oh, Father in Heaven!' he exclaimed, 'what would I give, if I had not flung her from me! Poor girl, *she* was not to blame.' He leaned his head against a tree, and looked mournfully up to the moon strug-

gling through clouds. Cypresses reared their black forms against the sky, and the moss hung from bough to bough, in thick, funereal festoons. But a few months ago, how beautiful and bright was Nature — and now, how inexpressibly gloomy. The injustice of the past, and the hopelessness of the future, came before him with dreary distinctness. 'He is my brother,' thought he, 'we grew up side by side, children of the same father; but I am his slave. Handsomer, stronger, and more intelligent than he; yet I am his *slave*. And now he will sell me, because the murdered one will forever come up between us.'

He thought of Rosa as he first saw her, so happy, and so beautiful; of all her gushing tenderness; of her agonized farewell, when they last met; of her graceful form bleeding under the lash, and now lying cold and dead beneath his feet.

He looked toward his master's house. 'Shall

I escape now and forever?' said he; 'or shall I first'—— he paused, threw his arms widely upward, gnashed his teeth, and groaned aloud, 'God, pity me! He murdered my poor Rosa.'

On that night, Marion's sleep was disturbed and fitful. The memory of her foster-sister mingled darkly with all her dreams. Was that a shriek she heard? It was fearfully shrill in the night-silence! Half sleeping and half waking, she called wildly, 'Rosa! Rosa!' But a moment after, she remembered that Rosa's light step would never again come at her call. At last a drowsy slave answered the loud summons of her bell. 'I left your master reading in the room below,' said she; 'go and see if he is ill.' The girl came back, pallid and frightened. 'Oh, mistress, he is dead!' she exclaimed; 'there is a dagger through his heart.'

Neighbors were hastily summoned, and the slaves secured. Among them was George,

who, with a fierce and haggard look, still lingered around Rosa's grave.

The dagger found in Frederic Dalcho's heart was the one he had himself been accustomed to wear. He lay upon the sofa, with an open book beside him, as if he had fallen asleep reading. A desk in the room was broken open, and a sum of money gone. Near it, was dropped a ragg . handkerchief, known to belong to Mars. Suspicion hovered between him and George. Both denied the deed. Mars tried hard to fix the guilt on his hated rival, and swore to many falsehoods. But as some of these falsehoods were detected, and the stolen money was found hidden in his bed, the balance turned against him. After the brief, stern trial awarded to slaves, with slaveholders for judges and jurors, Mars was condemned to be hung. George thought of his relentless persecutions, and for a moment triumphed over the cunning enemy, who had so

often dogged poor Rosa's steps; but his soul was too generous to retain this feeling.

The fatal hour came. Planters rode miles to witness the execution, and stood glaring at their trembling victim, with the fierceness of tigers. The slaves from miles around were assembled, to take warning by his awful punishment. The rope was adjusted on the strong bough of a tree. Mars shook like a leaf in the wind. The countenance of George was very pale and haggard, and his breast was heaving with tumultuous thoughts. 'He is my enemy,' said he to himself; ''tis an awful thing to die thus. The *theft* I did not commit; but if I take all the blame, they can do no more than hang me.'

They led the shivering wretch towards the tree, and were about to fasten the fatal noose. But George rushed forward with a countenance ghastly pale, and exclaimed, 'Mars is innocent. I murdered him — for he killed my wife, and hell was in my bosom.'

No voice praised him for the generous confession. They kicked and cursed him; and hung up, like a dog or a wolf, a man of nobler soul than any of them all.

The Georgian papers thus announced the deed: '*Fiend-like Murder.* Frederic Dalcho, one of our most wealthy and respected citizens, was robbed and murdered last week, by one of his slaves. The black demon was caught and hung; and hanging was too good for him.'

The Northern papers copied this version; merely adding, 'These are the black-hearted monsters, which abolition philanthropy would let loose upon our brethren of the South.'

Not one was found to tell how the slave's young wife had been torn from him by his own brother, and murdered with slow tortures. Not one recorded the heroism that would not purchase life by another's death, though the victim was his enemy. His very *name* was left unmentioned; he was only Mr. Dalcho's *slave!*

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES CROPPER, THE DISTINGUISHED PHILANTHROPIST OF ENGLAND.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

CROPPER! among the wise, the great, the good,
The friends of man, whate'er his caste or clime,
Thy memory shall be hailed with gratitude,
Thy labors honored to the end of time!
Thine was a soul with sympathy imbued,
Broad as the earth, and as the heavens sublime;
Thy godlike object, steadfastly pursued,
To save thy race from misery and crime.
Mourn, England! for the loss thou hast sustained,

And let the nations of the earth lament,
With spirit broken, and with grief unfeigned —
And to her tears let LIBERTY give vent;
A star of glory has in darkness waned —
No more on earth survives the good man eloquent.

STORY OF A FUGITIVE.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

About the year 1805, a colored man, who was a slave to a Col. Hopper, of Maryland, (he was no relation of mine,) left his master and went to Philadelphia, taking with him his wife and children, who were also slaves. He hired a small house in Green's court, running north from Pine street, between Fourth and Fifth streets. After remaining there some months, his master obtained knowledge of his whereabouts, and followed him. He applied to Richard Hunt, a constable in Philadelphia, who was a notorious slave-hunter; they made application to a magistrate, procured a warrant to arrest the fugitives, and proceeded, in the dusk of the evening, to the house where they

resided. The man had just returned from his daily labor, and was peacefully sitting with his wife and children, not dreaming of a visit from his old master, when the door opened, and in he rushed, accompanied by the officer. An instance of greater presence of mind is rarely met with than was now exhibited. The man immediately rose from his seat, flew to his master, and throwing his arms around him, exclaimed, 'O, my dear master, how glad I am to see you! will you pardon me for leaving you? I *thought* I should like to be free, but I would a thousand times rather be a slave. I would have returned home, but I was afraid you would sell me to the Georgia men. If you will only forgive me, I will go back with you, and never leave you again. I can't get work, and we have been almost starved. I beg your pardon a thousand times.'

The master was highly delighted to find his man so desirous of returning home. He read-

ily promised to pass by his offence, and treat him with kindness. The Colonel was, by this ingenious manœuvre thrown completely off his guard. He informed the constable that he had no further need of his services; but the slave urged him to wait a few minutes. He said he had a little money, for the fiirst time since he had been in Philadelphia, and he wished to get something to drink, for he supposed his old master must be tired. He stepped out, leaving his master and the officer, both of whom were very intemperate men. He soon returned, with a goodly quantity of gin, and they spent the evening inquiring about old friends, and talking on matters that had transpired at home since he had left. In the course of a few hours, the Colonel and his friend, the constable, became insensible to every thing around them. The slave made out to lift the former on a bed that was in the room where they were sitting, and the latter

lay stretched upon the floor. Having disposed of his two friends so *satisfactorily*, he cleared out, and retired with his family to New Jersey, where they were comfortably located before the rising of the sun. When the Colonel and his friend awoke, what was their astonishment to find themselves the only occupants of the house! They immediately set out in quest of the fugitives; after a fruitless search of several days, the Colonel called to see me. He complained bitterly of the deception practised, and of the man's ingratitude in leaving him. He descanted, at considerable length, upon the slave's folly in deserting his service, and upon the happy condition he and his family enjoyed while in Maryland. He very civilly asked me to lend him my assistance in finding them; promising to treat them as kindly as if they were his own children. I observed that if the man was as happy at home as he had represented, I had no doubt that he would soon

return, voluntarily, so that my services would not be needed. I told him that I did not justify falsehood and deception, in any case; but it was no more than might be *expected* of one who was a slave, and had dwelt all his life with slaveholders; that I was wholly unable to discover upon what pretence he predicted the charge of *ingratitude*, for I thought the man owed him nothing. On the contrary, *he* was indebted to the slave, who had already served him more than thirty years. So far from rendering assistance in finding the poor fugitives, I told him if my services were necessary, I would, with all my heart, assist them in keeping out of his grasp. He asked me if I had seen the man. I answered that he called upon me immediately after leaving his house in Green's court, and that I had given him such counsel as appeared proper and necessary. I told him also that he was the first slaveholder of *my name* that I had ever met. I

gravely queried whether he were not an impostor, and had assumed *that* name, as a means of facilitating his wicked project of re-capturing the objects of his avarice. He assured me that he had not; that his real name was Hopper. He remained in the city a week or ten days, when he became a victim to *mania a potu*. I was informed that he was taken home in a strait jacket, and soon after died.

A few months after the Colonel had left the city, his man called to see me. While relating his manner of capture and escape, he laughed till he could hardly stand. 'I knew his weak side,' said he, 'I knew where to touch him.' I asked him if he did not know it was very wrong to tell such falsehoods, and make the men drunk. He replied, 'I suppose it *was*; but liberty is sweet, and none of us know what we would do to secure it till we are tried.' After remaining some months in Jersey, he returned to Philadelphia, where I

knew him several years. He supported his family comfortably, and was never afterwards molested.

New-York, 9th mo. 1842.

IRISH PHILANTHROPISTS.

BY JOHN A. COLLINS.

James Haughton, Richard D. Webb, his two brothers, Richard Allen, and R. R. Moore, constitute the Committee of the Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society. The influence which that Committee exerts, not only upon Ireland, but upon the civilized globe, demonstrates what a few men may accomplish, who aim at great things. Every movement made by Great Britain, France, Spain, the United States, or any other government, in relation to negro emancipation, is by them carefully observed and duly considered. At one time, their efforts are directed to France, at another to Cuba. Now the claims of the Amistad captives are presented, in the strongest light, to the British

government, and its aid solicited to protect them from the 'tender mercies' of our slave-holding Republic; and then the victims of the Creole secure their attention. At one time this Argus-eyed Committee discovers the cupidity of the West India planters, in their attempt to decoy into slavery their starving countrymen. Letters or messengers are instantly despatched to every parish, town, or city. The Committee is converted into an editorial corps. Articles, exposing the wickedness and inhumanity of the entire movement, pass from press to press, until the little green isle of the ocean is convulsed with agitation, and the West India packet ships, which were, at first, hailed with joy by the mass of the people, are forced to leave their wharves with the curses of the populace.

Ten o'clock, every Thursday morning, finds them convened around the green table in the Committee room, to devise ways and means,

to mature plans, to promote the cause of emancipation throughout the world. Though a fine is imposed upon every one who is not present within ten minutes of the appointed time, and though they are all business men, with the cares and responsibilities incident to such a life, their punctuality, I was informed, was so great, that the treasury was but little benefited by this arrangement.

Every fourth Wednesday evening, large public anti-slavery meetings are held in the Royal Exchange, at which one of the Committee always presides; another acts as Secretary, the third reports the speeches as they are delivered, while the remainder are reserved for speech-making. The facts and arguments introduced by the speakers appear in the morning papers, and pass, from press to press, throughout the country.

Though differing in their political and religious sentiments, they have but one heart and

one mind on the great question which calls them together. While each widely differs from the other in style of writing, and manner of speaking, and of address, yet they constitute a perfect whole — a unit. Webb is a walking encyclopedia of facts and statistics. He is the final appeal on all doubtful questions of this class. Haughton is constantly introducing something new for the Committee to adopt, by which the cause may be advanced. Allen, with his versatile talent and great executive powers, accomplishes whatever is required to be done. He will write half a dozen letters, and two columns for the press, while ordinary men would be arranging their thoughts. Though all of them might he ranked as clever speakers, yet Moore, the barrister, is the main dependence at public meetings.

But they are not men of one idea. They are deeply interested in all the great radical reforms of the age. They constitute the Com-

mittee of the Hibernian Peace Society, the Hibernian Temperance Society, and the Hibernian British India Society. Though these four associations are managed by the same individuals, their operations are never blended, but are kept entirely distinct from each other.

In addition to the tracts and circulars they issue almost weekly, and scatter broadcast over Great Britain and Ireland, and the many *et ceteras* which cannot be named in the small space assigned me, two of their number visit the penitentiaries every Monday in the forenoon, and address the prisoners on Temperance and Reform in general. How long could slavery, war, and intemperance, disgrace this nation, had every city in the United States half a dozen spirits like those which constitute the Committee of the Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society?

SCENE IN A SLAVE PRISON.

BY S. G. HOWE.

THIS is drawn from a letter by Dr. HOWE, of the Asylum for the Blind, addressed, last winter, in the course of friendly correspondence, to Mr. CHARLES SUMNER, without the most remote idea of its being seen by any other person. It was written when the scene that it describes was fresh in his mind; and Dr. HOWE is entirely willing that it should be published, as the testimony of an eye-witness against slavery.

I HAVE passed ten days in New Orleans — not unprofitably, I trust — in examining the public institutions, the schools, asylums, hospitals, prisons, &c. With the exception of the first, there is little hope of amelioration. I know not how much merit there may be in their system, but I do know that in the administration of the penal code, there are abominations which should bring down the fate of Sodom upon the city.

A man suspected of a crime, and awaiting his trial, is thrust into a pandemonium filled with convicts and, outlaws, where herding and sleeping in common with hardened wretches, he breathes an atmosphere whose least evil is its physical impurity; and which is loaded with blasphemies, obscenities, and the sound of hellish orgies, intermingled with the clanking of the chains of the more furious demons, who are not caged, but who crawl about in the crowd with fettered legs and hands.

If Howard or Mrs. Fry ever discovered so ill-administered a den of thieves as the New Orleans, prison they never described it. In the negroes' apartment I saw much which made me blush that I was a white man, and which for a moment stirred up an evil spirit in my animal nature. Entering a large paved court-yard, around which ran galleries, filled with slaves of all ages, sexes and colors, I heard the snap of a whip, every stroke of which

sounded like the sharp crack of a pistol. I turned my head, and beheld a sight which absolutely chilled me to the marrow of my bones, and gave me, for the first time in my life, the sensation of my hair stiffening at the roots. There lay a black girl, flat upon her face on a board, her two thumbs tied and fastened to one end, her feet tied and drawn tightly to the other end, while a strap passed over the small of her back, and fastened around the board, confined her closely to it. Below the strap she was entirely naked: by her side, and six feet off, stood a huge negro, with a long whip, which he applied with dreadful power and wonderful precision. Every stroke brought away a strip of skin, which clung to the lash, or fell quivering on the pavement, while the blood followed after it. The poor creature writhed and shrieked, and in a voice which showed alike her fear of death and her dreadful agony, screamed to her master, who

stood at her head: 'Oh! spare my life— Don't cut my soul out!' But still fell the horrid lash; still, strip after strip pealed off from the skin; gash after gash was cut in her living flesh, until it became a livid and bloody mass of raw and quivering muscle.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I refrained from springing upon the torturer, and arresting his lash; but alas! what could I do, but turn aside to hide my tears for the sufferer, and my blushes for humanity?

This was in a public and regularly organized prison; the punishment was one recognized and authorized by the law. But think you the poor wretch had committed a heinous offence, and been convicted thereof, and sentenced to the lash? Not at all! She was brought by her master to be whipped by the common executioner, without trial, judge, or jury, just at his beck and nod, for some real or supposed offence, or to gratify his own whim

or malice. And he may bring her day after day, without cause assigned, and inflict any number of lashes he pleases, short of twenty-five, provided only he pays the fee. Or, if he choose, he may have a private whipping-board on his own premises, and brutalize himself there.

A shocking part of this horrid punishment was its publicity: as I have said, it was in a court-yard, surrounded by galleries, which were filled with colored persons of all sexes; run-away slaves, slaves committed for some crime, or slaves up for sale. You would naturally suppose they crowded forward, and gazed horror stricken at the brutal spectacle below. But they did not; many of them hardly noticed it, and many were entirely indifferent to it. They went on in their childish pursuits, and some were laughing outright in the distant parts of the galleries! So low can man, created in God's image, be sunk in brutality!

So much is he the creature of circumstance, that by a degrading and brutalizing system of slavery, every distinguishing trait of humanity may be effaced, and he be made happy as the stalled ox; while a Christian and civilized people can be found, who, from the mere love of lucre, will fasten their system upon him, and urge in their defence that he is as happy as a brute, and is incapable of any higher enjoyment!

SLAVERY AND THE PULPIT.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON.

BY JOHN PARKMAN.

It is sometimes said, that to introduce the subject of slavery into the pulpit, is to introduce an extraneous topic; that it does not belong to ministerial duty to do so; that the pulpit is not the place for discussions of this kind. Let me offer a few considerations, bearing upon this point; not now to call in question the motives which have dictated the course of other ministers in this connexion, but to state my own views of ministerial duty.

Why, then, is the subject of American Slavery, a legitimate topic for the Sabbath and the church?

Because, in the first place, it is a system of injustice and wrong, directly opposed to the whole spirit of that Gospel which it is the office of the minister to preach. This will hardly be questioned, probably, at the present day, except by those whose practice is in accordance with their theory, 'that slavery is a divine institution.'

But why (it may be asked) preach this doctrine here? What have we, as a congregation, to do with slavery?

I might answer these questions by reminding you of the security which the Southern slaveholder derives from the engagements made by the North to give back fugitive slaves, and to help the master, if the slave should ever rise, as did our fathers, to claim his sacred inalienable rights; and I might ask, if the question, Shall we obey human law when it conflicts with God's law? is not one of some importance to those who meet on the Sabbath

to worship the God of Justice, the Lord of the oppressed. I might ask, if that Gospel, which we are to preach, does not as much forbid us to aid and assist others to commit foul wrong, as to perpetrate it ourselves. I might speak to you as those, who, while you worship, may remember also that you are citizens. I might, (using no greater latitude of interpretation of the direction to preach the gospel, than do others in other connexions,) remind you, as those who deprecate, as Christians, the horrors of war, of the danger of collisions with other nations, who, like Great Britain, will not recognize as lawful the American, more than the African slave trade. I might remind you, as those who are friends of civilization, of progress, of republican institutions, how the peculiar spirit which 'the peculiar institution' cherishes, and which ever and anon flashes forth in the halls of our national legislature, and gives its coloring to all our national policy, threatens

all we value as lovers of order and of good government. I might dwell on these and other points, in order to answer the question — What have Christian congregations to do with slavery? But I trust that the time has gone by when it is necessary to prove this point, by reference to facts with which every one has abundant opportunities of acquainting himself.

The subject of American Slavery is a fitting topic for the pulpit, because, like all other great moral evils, it must be destroyed by public opinion. The laws themselves, by which the Southerner holds men as property, and those which compel us to be participants in his injustice, are but the creatures of public sentiment. Now is it not a part of the office of the minister to use his influence to enlighten public sentiment, whenever it sanctions aught in custom or institution, opposed to the teachings of the Gospel? What better argument can be brought against the ministry than this; that

for all the attendance upon preaching — that notwithstanding so many of our preachers are able, gifted, and earnest — that still, all this does nothing even to civilize the public mind: and that, if public evils are removed, it must be from agency utterly independent of their influence. Who would remain in the ministry, if he believed this were true? It is not claiming too much to say, that ministers, as a body, do exert an influence upon a vast number of individuals in this country, incomparably greater than that wielded by any other class of men. If it is their duty to exert their influence upon public opinion against other great moral evils, why not against this? It may be affirmed that the Southern slaveholder is not affected by the public religious sentiment of the North. But what say those who are most acquainted with the state of feeling at the South? 'We believe,' says Gen. Duff Green, (after deprecating the idea that abolitionists endeavor to incite

the slaves to rebellion,) 'we believe,' he goes on to say, 'we have most to fear from the *organized action upon the consciences and fears of the slaveholders themselves.* It is only by alarming the *consciences* of the weak and feeble, and diffusing among our own people a *morbid sensibility* upon the subject of slavery, that the abolitionists can accomplish their object.' Hear also F. C. Pickens, (M. C. from South Carolina.) 'Are we to wait,' he asks, 'till our enemies have built up, by the grossest misrepresentation, a body of *public sentiment, which it would be impossible to resist without separating ourselves from the social system of the civilized world?*' Let us not libel the character of our Southern brethren; let us not bring against them a weightier accusation than have the most violent among abolitionists, viz. that the slaveholder has no conscience — that he has no regard for the moral sentiment of his age and race.

But it may be argued, that one may preach against Slavery without doing so in so many words; that to preach the general principles of Christianity is to strike at the root of this as well as of all other forms of oppression. This is true, if all who hear make the intended *application* of those principles.

It is true, also, that it does little good to preach upon specific duties to those who have not first felt the power of religion in their hearts. But what does all experience, as well as history, teach more clearly than this truth, that much religious feeling, and undoubted sincerity, may co-exist with utter blindness in regard to the claims of particular duties? The general principles of Christianity *are preached at the South.* It is said, that the surest way to overturn Slavery, so far as preaching can effect its fall, is to inculcate the great duties of love and justice to be performed towards all as brethren. Does the slave-holding minister

preach to his slave-holding church and congregation a different doctrine? Nay—the strain of preaching at the South is said to be peculiarly fervent and evangelical. Its effect, it would seem, upon the institution of slavery, is like that produced by the universal reception of the general principles comprehended in the Declaration of Independence. Few feel as if, in either case, there was any applicatien made to the rights of the black portion of the population. So Christian congregations at the North will assent readily to the abstract proposition expressed in general terms, that 'we ought to be just and to pay to all their dues.' And yet this will not prevent those who are considered the most devoted Christians, from doing all that they can—all that the Slave-holder asks at their hands indeed, (for he does not ask us in order to manifest our feelings towards Slavery, to buy and sell human beings; he only asks us to protect him while he does so,) in

order to support a system whose very foundations are fraud and robbery in their grossest forms.

Who are those, of whom there are so many at the South — slaveholders born and bred in New England — and who, if we may believe testimony, are generally among the most cruel of masters and mistresses? Who are those who have written the most unqualified apologies for Slavery? Who are those who have basely bartered away the rights of Northern constituents in return for Southern votes, the slave's chain riveted the stronger by the bargain? Who have been most conspicuous in the mobs, whose objects were to put down free discussion? Who are those who cannot even ride in the same rail-road car with a Negro? Who are those who are now forming opinions which will make them ready volunteers, when any future service is to be rendered which may consolidate and strengthen Slavery?

They have been, or are, members of Christian congregations at the North — members in very many instances of Northern churches — professed Christians, who have learned from Northern pulpits the 'general principles of Christianity;' members of churches, in many instances, whose great distinctive tenets are freedom and respect for human nature.

The grounds on which we sometimes hear the refusal to preach upon this 'exciting subject' based, even from those for whom we have great respect, may be illustrated, perhaps, more fully by the following supposition.

Suppose that in the accounts, which so frequently come to us, of the sufferings of the poor in Great Britain, we were to read that, almost universally, the Christians of the country were utterly unable to see 'that they had any thing to do with the matter,' and that Government — its means crippled by a large national debt, and its policy determined by a

political party not understood to have much sympathy towards this class—had expressed its perfect inability to interfere, and that the high functionaries of the State had given out that relief could only be had through the efforts which individuals might make to awaken the country to a sense of its position and duty, and that more particularly much was to be expected from the influence which the ministry would exert. What if we should read that the ministers of all denominations, with only here and there an exception, had refused to act on this suggestion, on the ground that 'their office was exclusively to preach the Gospel,' and that 'as Christ said nothing about duties to poor Irishmen and starving weavers, they did not mean to be wiser than Christ'—that besides, 'independent of strong prejudices felt in some quarters, the causes of the sufferings of these people were, if not exaggerated, at any rate connected with questions of a political

bearing' — and 'they had no idea of being political partisans;' 'that they were as much against people's being treated with injustice as any body, but that they were determined not to be identified with the Chartists, or any other similar organization;' 'that it was an exciting subject, and that it was their duty, as disciples of the Prince of peace, to study the things that make for peace, satisfied if they were only able to make men Christians, all would be set right;' 'that they truly hoped the day might soon come — but, in the mean time, that they could not leave more important duties to mingle in all the exciting questions of the day, their duty being to avoid all extraneous topics, and to preach the general principles of the Gospel.' How easily — (though perhaps we might know many of these, whom on many accounts we venerated and loved, who in many Christian graces and virtues, as in talents and attainments, were vastly our superiors,) —

how readily should we see the inconsistencies in all this reasoning. It is not strange that many should detect similar inconsistency, in substantially the same language, used in reference to the great sin of this country. Could the preached word open the hand of wealth to relieve every where with pecuniary aid the indigence which cries for bread, it would not do more to take away the reproach which rests upon our mother country, than the same word would do here in blotting out the stain of American Slavery, if it would but distinctly aim to produce a healthy state of public moral sentiment upon this point.

Is it strange that many, remembering how often, in all time, humble and obscure men and women have been right upon moral questions when the wise and prudent (because oftentimes *too* prudent,) have been wrong;— is it strange that many should assert with the boldness of firm, deep-rooted conviction, that

the same is true now? Is it strange that some say more than this, and that, too, in stern tone and spirit, which meet but faint response from those to whose hearts the ministry and the church, with all these imperfections, are still precious and dear? Yet even these, at times, lose faith and hope, well-nigh, when they think of the three millions, impatient, weary and sick at heart, waiting for the application of 'those great principles,' before which all Slavery must fall; when they ask themselves what will become of the slave and of the master, if the religion which is preached from our pulpits does as little for the next twenty years, for the rights of the slave, as it has in the years that are past.

A SKETCH.

BY RICHARD ALLEN.

It was night — a night of blackness and darkness — but a darkness more deep and appalling than the midnight gloom reigned o'er many a heart. A despair more intense, more hopeless, had taken possession of many a soul, than had ever seized the heart of a way-worn traveller when overtaken by the raging of the angry elements, or surrounded in the forest by the glaring eyes of its savage inmates.

And yet there was silence, or, at least, little outward manifestation of grief. Now and then you heard a stifled sob, or a groan — the irrepressible outbreak of some despairing heart. You knew, too, that there were dark forms flitting here and there, exchanging no sign, yet

still as if there was some common bond amongst them, — as if there was one spot on which there was to be a united gathering.

Into the huts of the slaves of the South, dark despair had entered. Many a mother looked on her child in hopeless wo. There was no longer any bright gleam in the distant vista. Slavery — interminable, hopeless slavery — seemed now to be the only birth-right of old and young. The yearning mother ceased to hope that her child might yet tread the soil of freedom.

But why all this gloom, this darkness, this 'treading of the wine-press?' Because despair had well-nigh usurped the place of hope? No; it had altogether done so in the Negro's heart. He knew nothing of hereafter — he saw in this world, black, intense, interminable bondage. His last hope was gone. THE NORTH STAR NO LONGER POINTED TO A LAND OF FREEDOM.

The dreadful truth was out: *there was no*

longer a home for the fugitive slave. Their companion, their friend, he who had been their master-spirit, who had fled from bondage because he could endure it no longer, and who had promised, when he reached a land of freedom, to strain every nerve to open a way of escape for his fellow-sufferers, was again amongst them, a captive, in manacles and chains. How could this be? He had, despite of post-office vigilance, and the inquisitorial power of a slave-holding government, contrivep to convey to his fellows news of his safety, of his reaching Victoria's soil. And yet, here he was, back again, a trembling captive in the hands of his enraged master, to be made a spectacle of on the morrow, of punishment, such as slaveholders only can inflict, and then to be carried out as a warning elsewhere. By what foul means he was again in bondage, was, as yet, involved in darkness. It was said he

had been given up by British authority; but how could this be credited?

Midnight witnessed a mass of dark and athletic forms, in a distant part of one of the estates. There were amongst them figures of Herculean mould, whose lofty bearing and determined demeanor told they were not born to die slaves. The conference was brief. There was no room for doubt; the fact that their companion had been treacherously given up by the British authorities, appeared too plain to be doubted; its full confirmation was left to be disclosed on the morrow. The assembly separated; but before that separation took place, there were words spoken and threats uttered, which would have made many a soul-driver quake for fear, and warn him how nearly his doom was sealed.

The morrow dawned on many a sleepless eye. The early signal to labor was not heard. The slaves were to have a few hours of cessa-

tion from toil — a half holyday. But for what? To witness the mangling, the lacerating of their beloved companion, he who had been their leading star, to hear his cries and groans, or, more likely, his sullen silence in his agony. Soon the summons came. The *slaves* from all the neighboring properties were assembled. At a signal the *culprit* was brought forth, heavily manacled. Suffering had evidently done its work. His tall form was bowed; the broken spirit of a man was his. All hope for him was gone; he only thought of saving his brethren from such a fate. He told his tale — how he had escaped the bloodhounds, and the still more ferocious beings, who, with the rifle, sought to mar the settled purpose of his soul. He told of his toils, his wanderings, his hair-breadth escapes, of all he had suffered, of his final arrival on the soil of freedom; of how, when he had arrived there, there were, after some time, daily rumors of his master having come to claim

him, and of his not having been spurned with that ignominy which became the representative of a free nation; that some of his brethren whom he found there breathing the air of freedom had warned him to flee, but that he scouted the idea. He could not for a moment suppose that danger awaited him. Reposing in confidence, however, his feelings of safety were quickly flung to the wind. The hospitable roof under which he was, was surrounded one night by a set of man-stealers; (yes, *British* man-stealers, for the men who dared to be accessary to his seizure deserve no other name;) he was carried back, despite his resistance, and was now before them, a captive, bleeding slave.

Oh! there were indications clear as if they were written in letters of fire on the countenances of the bystanders — of savage delight on those of the slaveholders — of dark despair, of sullen determination, of scarcely repressed outbreak on the countenances of many a slave.

Meanwhile the whip fell heavily. Its sharp crack was re-echoed in the neighboring wood; but the sufferer spoke not — groaned not. There he stood, under the lacerating lash, until it was evident he had at last literally ceased to feel. There was no use in proceeding further. His tormentors *wanted him to feel.* The crowd were dismissed to labor, the sufferer was carried senseless to the hospital — but such an hospital!

The poor victim recovered — was healed; but it was only to suffer anew. After a similar exhibition, by way of warning to the immediate neighbors, he was carried about, a broken-spirited man, — first made to tell how Victoria's land was no longer the soil of freedom — how the North Star was now their most treacherous foe — and then the lash did its office. This was repeated till human nature could endure no longer. He woke from a fainting fit no more. His spirit flew into the presence of his

God, there to meet his tormentor on the day of judgment! there to stand face to face, as beings created equal in the Divine sight!

So ends my tale. Let the reader draw his moral, as to whether this is the way to perpetuate slavery. Let Britain, too, be treated as she deserves. Let the finger, burning with indignation, be pointed at her, for she has fallen from her high position. Shame, shame upon her!

Dublin, November, 1842.

HARRINGTON'S DECISION.

BY SAMUEL E. SEWALL.

THE opinion of Judge HARRINGTON, in the case of a person claimed as a fugitive slave, is probably familiar to most abolitionists. I have lately inquired into the particulars of this transaction, of the Hon. DORASTUS WOOSTER, of Middlebury, Vermont. He replies thus:

'The transaction to which you allude is somewhat an ancient one. The case occurred before my time. But I have the history of it from the lips of an eye-witness, who was present at the time; the Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, formerly a Senator from this State in Congress. There was a person of color in Middlebury, who was claimed as a slave by his master, from the State of New-York. He

was brought before two justices of the peace, and they decided to surrender him. Loyal Case, Esq., counsel for the slave, brought him up, on a *habeas corpus*, to the Supreme Court, then in session, for his liberation. The master brought forward documentary and other evidence to show his title to the slave. Judge Harrington, who was then on the bench, gave the opinion of the Court. He said that the evidence of title was good, as far as it went, but the chain had some of its links broken. The evidence did not go far enough. If the master could show a bill of sale, or grant, from the Almighty, then his title to him would be complete: otherwise it would not. And as he had not shewn such evidence, the Court refused to surrender him, and discharged him. This is the opinion of the Court, as delivered by Judge Harrington, as well as can be recollected after such a lapse of time. The transaction took place about the year 1807.

Judge HARRINGTON is now dead. He possessed a powerful mind, not fond of technicalities: had a strong sense of justice, and was a great friend to liberty.'

Several circumstances in this case merit attention:—

1. The decision was made only about seventeen years after the Constitution of the United States went into operation.

2. It was the solemn and deliberate decision of the Supreme Court of Vermont; not the opinion of Judge HARRINGTON alone. As such, it becomes of great weight as a legal authority, and should be cited whenever a person, claimed as a fugitive slave, is brought before any Court.

3. The decision is placed on a true and immovable foundation — the supremacy of God's law over all human constitutions and laws. On no other ground can we resist effectually the claims of our Southern neighbors. The

history of the formation of the Constitution, and a continued practice under it for more than half a century, can, in a legal point of view, leave no question as to the construction of this obnoxious clause.

But, when we assert that the clause itself is null and void, as a violation of the higher law printed by the finger of God on the heart of man, — that our own consciences repeal and annul it, — we assume an impregnable position, which seems the more secure the more we examine it — which is supported by the wise and good of all ages — the sages and martyrs of antiquity, and the moralists and jurisprudents of modern times.

All writers on moral and international law, declare that a promise to commit a crime, even if sanctioned by the most solemn oath, is not binding; — that the sin is not in breaking, but in making such a promise.

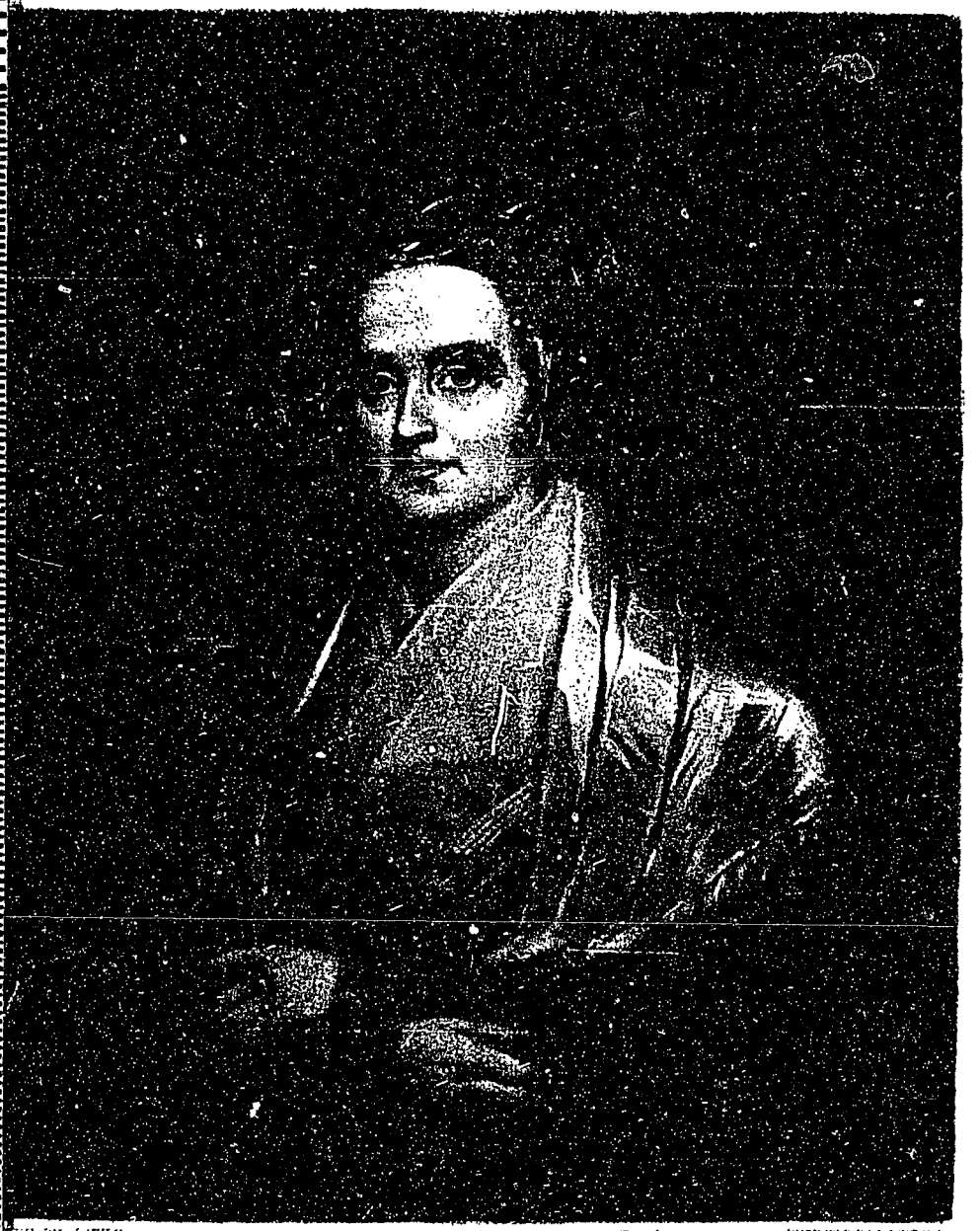
I think it needless to argue the question

whether slavery be wrong. I assume that man can have no property in man. A slave, then, who escapes from his master, only frees himself from unjust restraint, and vindicates his natural right to liberty To give the man up to his master, is to commit the same crime as originally to reduce him to slavery — a crime, compared with which, common theft and robbery, and all other mere invasions on property, seem petty trespasses.

To surrender a fugitive slave, then, being so atrocious a crime, is its character changed by its being commanded by the Constitution? Had the Constitution required, in express terms, every man who had four children, to drown the fifth, as soon as born, to prevent over population, and enforced the obligation by denouncing capital punishment on those who neglected to perform the required act; who, having human feeling, would not say that such a provision could impose no obligation — that

the father who should drown his child would be, in the eye of Heaven, a murderer — and that the Judge, who sentenced a father to death for neglecting to perform such an act, and the sheriff who executed the sentence, would in vain attempt to shelter their consciences under the plea that they were obeying the Constitution?

While public sentiment is not so far advanced as to see that what the Constitution requires is sinful, a public functionary may be in danger of losing his office, by acting in opposition to the popular will. But, still, his duty is clear. When, however, public sentiment becomes enlightened, and the wrong required by the Constitution is understood, he who acts on the assumption that such a provision is void, will be sustained and supported by the people. To this state of things we are now fast approaching.



D BY J. KYLE

ENGRAVED BY J. CARTAIN

Lucretia Mott.

THE

LIBERTY BELL.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

'It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee.'

The Golden Legend, by WYNKYN DE WORDE.

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THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY R. R. R. MOORE.

Ring loud that hallowed Bell!
Ring it long, ring it long;
Through the wide world let it tell
That Freedom 's strong.

That the whole world shall be free —
The mighty crowd, the mighty crowd —
That the proud shall bend the knee,
The haughty proud.

Ring, ring the mighty BELL,
In the storm, in the storm!
Brothers! it shall herald well
Fair Freedom's form.

Ring it Southward, till its voice
For slavery toll, for slavery toll;
And Freedom's wakening touch rejoice
Both limb and soul.

Ring it o'er the negro's grave!
Ring it deep, ring it deep;
Its tones are sacred to the slave,
In Freedom's sleep.

Ring it, till its startling tones
Thrill young and old, young and old;
Till despots tremble on their thrones,
And their blood run cold.

Ring it, till the slave be free,
Wherever chained, wherever chained;
Till Universal Liberty
For aye be gained.

Ring it, till the young arise
To Freedom's fight, to Freedom's fight;
Spring gladly toward the kindling skies,
All clothed in light.

Ring it, till the bonds of sect
Be torn away, be torn away;
Till every man, as God's elect,
Kneel down to pray.

Ring it, till the world have heard,
And *felt*, at length, and felt, at length;
Till every living soul be stirred,
And clothed with strength.

WORDS TO THE WAVERING.

BY ALLEN C. SPOONER.

WHAT *is* a *slave?*

He is a human being, the *property* of another. He is a vendible commodity, and liable to be taken to market at any time. His points of merchantable merit are much like those of a horse. In the slave-mart, he is spoken of as 'so many years old, sound and kind, sold for no fault.' Male and female are exposed to the gaze and to the manipulations of the buyers. He may be mortgaged, leased, and taken on execution. His hands, limbs, and physical forces, are not his own, to use or to enjoy. He has no property, for he does not own even himself. His hours, his occupations, his food, his clothing, his domestic relations, his intel-

lectual and moral condition, depend upon the will of another. If he is sick, he cannot suspend his labors; if weary, he cannot rest, but by the permission of another. Books — he has none; nor could he read them, if he had. He knows not whether the earth is round or square, whether he lives in India or Nova Zembla, whether the month is July or November, whether the sun is an animal or a machine, whether to-morrow is another day, or yesterday come back. His domestic ties are unregarded and precarious. To-day he has what he *calls* wife and children; to-morrow they are sold, torn from his embrace, and vanish forever from his sight. A gloom, as of impenetrable night, broods over his mind and soul. His religion is a compound of blind credulity, gross superstition, and wild fanaticism, the offspring of darkness and fear. His courage is crushed, his love is trampled on, his ambition is extinguished, 'his hope is as the spider's web.'

I make no account of the beatings, the brandings, the iron yokes, the croppings, the mutilations, the hunger, want, and nakedness, to which he is subject. These are the natural, and not infrequent concomitants of slavery, but they are not its essential and necessary elements.

Such, as I have pictured it, such, at the very best, is the condition of a SLAVE. Be it that he is well fed, and clothed, and housed; that he has medical attendance when he is sick, and a burial service mumbled over him when dead; that his flesh never feels the sting of the scourge, or shrinks and curls under the branding-iron. Be it that he is permitted to go to church on Sundays, and to get drunk on Christmas holidays; that he sings as he goes to his work, and laughs under his crushing burdens Is he not still a thing, a *chattel*, a SLAVE? It has been well said, that 'a slave is none the less a slave for being well fed and

clothed.' What quantity of rich viands and gay apparel would make slavery sweet, or even endurable, to any man, in whose soul a spark of manhood remained unextinguished? Alas! these accidental adjuncts, like rouge on the cheeks, and festive garments on the body of a corpse, serve too often to make us forget the death and corruption which they embellish and hide.

Such, then, is a slave; and such are three millions of our fellow men in the United States. Is this a state of things to be vindicated, to be apologized for — nay, to be tolerated, in *any* country? Still more, shall it be tolerated in a country whose fundamental charter declares *all* men free? More than all, shall it be tolerated, and even defended, in a land which calls itself a Christian land, which lays claim to and professes a religion whose cardinal principles are justice and love? Is it meet that the citizens, the *free* citizens of such

a country, should acquiesce and be quiet under a state of things which invites the hisses of a world and the vengeance of God? Is it our highest wisdom to be silent and cautious, to 'peep and mutter,' to sneak and apologize? Shall we apply the liniment of fair speeches and lying words, 'to skin and film the ulcerous part,' or shall we probe it to the bottom, and make it quiver under the caustic of truth?

It is because there is so little freedom among the free, that the slavery of the slave is so enduring. There is a want of rugged, athletic and vigorous manhood throughout the so-called *free* States; a manhood above the fear of man, which shall dare to speak and make its voice heard for right and justice, till it drown the loudest shriek of the oppressor and the faintest whisper of his apologist, — as the roar of the ocean waves, as they break against our coast, drowns the chirping of the grasshoppers upon its brink.

This is a timorous, time-serving and mealy-mouthed generation. If it were not, it would stand in all conversations and discourses as an undeniable axiom, that slavery is 'evil, and only evil, and that continually.' The point would not need to be argued, it would not need to be stated. Every sentence, every word, which implied an excuse for slavery, or a doubt of its unqualified enormity, would fill us with surprise as well as horror. It is not in human nature to look slavery in the face, and for a moment imagine it to be defensible or endurable. Though the tongue may attempt to palliate it, the heart is evermore true; for who ever seduced himself into the belief that it would be right and just to make a slave of *him?* The application of this test shows that the spontaneous instincts of humanity recoil from slavery as an unconditional wrong. How comes it, then, that, with unanimous hearts, we find so many jarring tongues?

How comes it, that the sentiment of justice within us, which demands freedom for ourselves, does not impel us to demand it equally for others? How comes it, that one of the most central convictions of our nature is so seldom out-spoken? It is because we *are* a timorous, faithless and time-serving generation. We do not believe in a just GOD, nor heartily pray, 'Thy kingdom come.' But we believe in money, and in public opinion, and in physical enjoyment; and, desecrating ourselves to these, we surrender our manhood, and go about trembling, smiling, cringing, trimming, and grimacing, to the end of our unprofitable days.

So long as the mind of the free States remains in this torpid and paralytic condition, every man who holds sound principles and right views on the subject of slavery must give them voice. Thus much, at least, every one can do; and who shall say that thus much is little? Is it little to awaken and vivify be-

sotted and drowsy humanity? Is it little to quicken the sluggish, enervated, and misdirected activity of the times into healthy and vigorous manifestations? Is it little to dispel that cringing cowardice, begotten of ease and selfishness, which fetters so many tongues, and restore freedom to Speech and speech to Freedom?

We are by no means so loyal to the principles of freedom as were our revolutionary fathers. In the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, no defender of slavery was found — not even an apologist. It was tacitly or expressly admitted, on all hands, that it was an evil and a curse; by Southern and by Northern men alike, its existence was deplored, and its ultimate and not distant extinction foretold. Its utter incompatibility with the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence was too glaring to be overlooked. When forced to speak of it, they did it in a

gingerly and roundabout way, allusively and periphrastically, rather than bluntly; very much as one would hint at his father's bankruptcy or his mother's shame. They did not even *name* it in their Constitution, for they believed the fact would soon cease, and they would not have the word perpetuate its memory.

What a change for the worse have three score years of prosperity wrought in us! The old honesty, which forbade our fathers to blink or palliate an evil or an outrage, has died out. The disgrace has fallen upon us to vindicate what our ancestors deplored. With a hardihood of moral insensibility, perhaps unexampled in the history of the world, men are found to justify slavery as a patriarchal institution, and to claim for it even a divine sanction. The statesmen of the land, the shepherds of the people, the men who fill the high places of honor, and to whom we look for guidance, prophet and priest and able-man, are either

loud in its defence, or silent in its condemnation, as if they had 'eaten of that insane root, which takes the reason prisoner.'

The hour is fully come for the manhood and the womanhood of the land to awake. People may differ about what is to be done, and about the way of doing it; but true souls cannot differ in their abhorrence of slavery, nor in their conviction that every thing is to be done which can be done to accelerate its extermination. In this work, the measure of our duty is our power — the limit of our *ought* is our *can*. It is no time for lukewarmness or for wavering. Every hour of apathy is the complement of three million hours of slavery. Every word of apology is an act of treason to humanity and to freedom. Every suppression of honest indignation and stern condemnation is the destruction of a seed which might bring forth good fruit a thousand fold.

Let the voice of the deeply-moved popular

heart, the heart of humanity, be but adequately spoken, and recreant priest and profligate statesman would 'hide their diminished heads.' Nay, recreant priest and profligate statesman, with their wonted cunning and adroit deference to self-interest, would join the cry, and clamor loudest of all, and claim to be pioneers and leaders.

Does any one suppose that slavery could stand without the re-inforcement of Northern opinion? That it could stand, in defiance of the expressed condemnation of the world, upon its own basis, unmoved and secure? Not for a day! Northern opinion is a wall of fire round about it; Northern supplies are its constant nourishment; Northern bayonets its secure defence. Let but the sentiment of the free States become unanimous or general against slavery, and the day-star of Liberty will have dawned to the captives, boding fear to oppression and heralding its doom.

Dost thou waver, then, O man of expedients and superabundant caution, about giving in thy adhesion to free principles? God be praised, they can prosper without thee, but not thou without them. Prevail they must, and prevail they will, whether thou do or whether thou forbear. But he who would share the glory and the joy of the triumph, should bear his part in the toil and peril of the conflict. If those are blest who but witness that triumph, how much more they who knew the day of small things, and, in spite of 'evil times and evil men,' stood firmly by down-trodden and despised Right in her dishonor, to be made partakers of her imperishable brightness when all shall confess her majesty and her supremacy!

Boston, October, 1843.

A CHIPPEWA LEGEND.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE old Chief, feeling now well nigh his end,
Called his two eldest children to his side,
And gave them, in few words, his parting charge:
'My son and daughter, me ye see no more;
The happy hunting-grounds await me, green
With change of Spring and Summer through the year:
But, for remembrance, after I am gone,
Be kind to little Sheemah for my sake;
Weakling he is and young, and knows not yet
To set the trap, or draw the seasoned bow;
Therefore of both your loves he hath more need,
And he who needeth love, to love hath right;

* For the leading incidents in this tale I am indebted to the very valuable 'Algic Researches' of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq.

It is not like our furs and stores of corn,
Whereto we claim sole title by our toil;
But the Great Spirit plants it in our hearts,
And waters it and gives it sun to be
The common stock and heritage of all:
Therefore be kind to Sheemah, that yourselves
May not be left deserted in your need.'

Alone, beside a lake, their wigwam stood,
Far from the other dwellings of their tribe;
And, after many moons, the loneliness
Wearied the elder brother, and he said,
'Why should I dwell here all alone, shut out
From all the natural joys that fit my age?
Lo, I am tall and strong, well skilled to hunt,
Patient of toil and hunger, and not yet
Have seen the danger which I dared not look
Full in the face; what hinders me to be
A mighty Brave and Chief among my kin?'
So, taking up his arrows and his bow,
As if to hunt, he journied swiftly on,

Until he gained the wigwams of his tribe,
Where, choosing out a bride, he soon forgot,
In all the fret and bustle of new life,
The little Sheemah and his father's charge.

Now when the sister found her brother gone,
And that for many days he came not back,
She wept for Sheemah more than for herself;
For Love bides longest in a woman's heart,
And flutters many times before he flies,
And then doth perch so nearly, that a word
May lure him back, as swift and glad as light;
And Duty lingers even when Love is gone,
Oft looking out in hope of his return,
And, after Duty hath been driven forth,
When Selfishness creeps in the last of all,
Warming her lean hands at the lonely hearth,
And crouching o'er the embers, to shut out
Whatever paltry warmth and light are left,
With avaricious greed, from all beside.
So, for long months, the sister hunted wide,

And cared for little Sheemah tenderly;
But, daily more and more, the loneliness
Grew wearisome, and to herself she sighed,
'Am I not fair? at least the glassy pool,
That hath no cause to flatter, tells me so;
But O, how flat and meaningless the tale,
Unless it tremble on a lover's tongue!
Beauty hath no true glass, except it be
In the sweet privacy of loving eyes.'
Thus deemed she idly, and forgot the lore
Which she had learned of nature and the woods,
That beauty's chief reward is to itself,
And that the eyes of love reflect alone
The inward fairness, which is blurred and lost
Unless kept clear and white by Duty's care.
So she went forth and sought the haunts of men,
And, being wedded, in her household cares,
Soon, like the elder brother, quite forgot
The little Sheemah and her father's charge.

But Sheemah, left alone within the lodge,
Waited and waited, with a shrinking heart,

Thinking each rustle was his sister's step,
Till hope grew less and less, and then went out,
And every sound was changed from hope to fear.
Few sounds there were :—the dropping of a nut,
The squirrel's chirrup and the jay's harsh scream,
Autumn's sad remnants of the Summer's cheer,
Heard at long intervals, seemed but to make
The dreadful void of silence silenter.
Soon what small store his sister left was gone,
And, through the Autumn, he made shift to live
On roots and berries, gathered in much fear
Of wolves, whose ghastly howl he heard ofttimes,
Hollow and hungry at dead of night.
But Winter came at last, and, when the snow
Spread its unbroken silence over all,
Made bold by hunger, he was fain to glean,
(More sick at heart than Ruth, and all alone,)
After the harvest of the merciless wolf,
Grim Boaz, who, all lean and gaunt, yet feared

A thing more wild and starving than himself,
Till by degrees the wolf and he grew friends,
And shared together all the Winter through.

Late in the Spring, when all the ice was gone,
The elder brother, fishing in the lake,
Upon whose edge his father's wigwam stood,
Heard a low moaning noise upon the shore.
Half like a child it seemed, and half a wolf,
And straightway there was something in his heart
That said, 'It is thy brother Sheemah's voice.'
So, paddling swiftly to the bank, he saw,
Within a little thicket close at hand,
A child that seemed fast changing to a wolf,
From the neck downward gray with shaggy hair,
That still crept on and upward as he looked.
The face was turned away, but well he knew
That it was Sheemah's, even his brother's face.

Then with his trembling hands he hid his eyes,
And bowed his head so that he might not see
The first look of his brother's eyes, and cried,
'O, Sheemah! O, my brother, speak to me!
Dost thou not know me, that I am thy brother?
Come to me, little Sheemah, thou shalt dwell
With me henceforth, and know no care or want!'
Sheemah was silent for a space, as if
'T were hard to summon up a human voice,
And, when he spake, his voice was like a wolf's:
'I know thee not, nor art thou what thou say'st;
I have none other brethren than the wolves,
And, till thy heart be changed from what it is,
Thou art not worthy to be called their kin.'
Then groaned the other, with a choking tongue,
'Alas! my heart is broke within me now!'
And, looking upward fearfully, he saw
Only a wolf that shrank away and ran,
Ugly and fierce, to hide among the woods.

This rude, wild legend hath an inward sense,
Which it were well we all should lay to heart;
For have not we our younger brothers, too,
The poor, the outcast, and the trodden down,
Left fatherless on earth to pine for bread?
They are a hungered for our love and care,
It is their spirits that are famishing,
And our dear Father, in his Testament,
Bequeathed them to us as our dearest trust,
Whereof we shall give up a strait account.
Woe, if we have forgotten them, and left
Those souls that might have grown so fair and glad,
That only wanted a kind word from us,
To be so free and gently beautiful, —
Left them to feel their birthright as a curse,
To grow all lean and cramped and full of sores,
And last, — sad change, that surely comes to all
Shut out from manhood by their brother man, —
To turn mere wolves, for lack of aught to love!

Hear it, O England! thou who liest asleep
On a volcano, from whose pent up wrath,
Already some red flashes, bursting up,
Glare bloodily on coronet and crown
And gray cathedral looming huge aloof,
With dreadful portent of o'erhanging doom!
Thou Dives among nations! from whose board,
After the dogs are fed, poor Lazarus,
All gaunt and worn with toil, and hollow-eyed,
Begs a few crumbs in vain!
I honor thee
For all the lessons thou hast taught the world,
Not few nor poor, and freedom chief of all;
I honor thee for thy huge energy,
Thy tough endurance, and thy fearless heart;
And how could man, who speaks with English words,
Think lightly of the blessed womb that bare
Shakspeare and Milton, and full many more
Whose names are now our Earth's sweet lullabies,

Wherewith she cheers the infancy of those
Who are to do her honor in their lives?
Yet I would bid thee, ere too late, beware,
Lest, while thou playest off thine empty farce
Of Queenship to outface a grinning world,
Patching thy purple out with filthy rags,
To make thy madness a more bitter scoff,
Thy starving millions, — who not only pine
For body's bread, but for the bread of life,
The light which from their eyes is quite shut
out
By the broad mockery of thy golden roof, —
Should turn to wolves that hanker for thy blood.

And thou, my country, who to me art dear
As is the blood that circles through my heart,
To whom God granted it in charge to be
Freedom's Messiah to a trampled world,
Who should'st have been a mighty name to
shake
Old lies and shams as with a thunder-fit,

Art little better than a sneer and mock,
And tyrants smile to see thee holding up
Freedom's broad Ægis o'er three million slaves!
Shall God forget himself to humor thee?
Shall Justice lie to screen thine ugly sin?
Shall the eternal laws of truth become
Cobwebs to let thy foul oppression through?
Shall the untiring vengeance, that pursues,
Age after age, upon the sinner's track,
Roll back his burning deluge at thy beck?
Woe! woe! Even now I see thy star drop
down,
Waning and pale, its faint disc flecked with
blood,
That had been set in heaven gloriously,
To beacon Man to Freedom and to Home!
Woe! woe! I hear the loathsome serpent hiss,
Trailing, unharmed, its slow and bloated folds
O'er the lone ruins of thy Capitol!
I see those outcast millions, turned to wolves,
That howl and snarl o'er Freedom's gory corse,

And suck the ebbing heart's-blood of that Hope,
Which would have made our earth smile back
on heaven,
A happy child upon a happy mother,
From whose ripe breast it drew the milk of life.

But no, my country! other thoughts than
these
Befit a son of thine: far other thoughts
Befit the heart which can unswerved believe
That Wrong already feels itself o'ercome,
If but one soul have strength to see the right,
Or one free tongue dare speak it. All mankind
Look, with an anxious flutter of the heart,
To see thee working out thy glorious doom.
Thou shalt not, with a lie upon thy lips,
Forever prop up cunning despotisms
And help to strengthen every tyrant's plea,
By striving to make man's deep soul content
With a half-truth that feeds it with mere wind.
God judgeth us by what we know of right,

Rather than what we practice that is wrong
Unknowingly; and thou shalt yet be bold
To stand before Him with a heart made clean
By doing that He taught thee how to preach.
Thou yet shalt do thy holy errand; yet,
That little Mayflower, convoyed by the winds
And the the rude waters to our rocky shore,
Shall scatter Freedom's seed throughout the world,
And all the nations of the earth shall come
Singing to share the harvest-home of Truth.

Cambridge, October, 1843.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY JAMES HAUGHTON.

Amid the exciting struggles of political life, and surrounded by the debasing influences of partisanship, which absorb so much attention, the still small influences, which are silently improving the social condition of mankind, hold on their way, and are producing blessed results. The number of those who labor with any degree of zeal in the cause of human improvement may be small, in all countries, yet their voice is heard; and although they are often looked upon as mere enthusiasts by those who have little inclination to spare much time from their own selfish pursuits, yet they are generally respected, even by the thoughtless and the indolent. Let this testimony to the

value of their exertions (for surely it is *some* proof that they have wrought a favorable change in public opinion,) stimulate all who are engaged in works of benevolence, and who labor to sow the seed of right principle in the hearts of men. Let them not slacken in their efforts, but work on in singleness of heart; and, as surely as the harvest compensates the industry of the husbandman, so certainly will their toil be repaid in beholding peace and prosperity springing up around them; or, if they should not live to enjoy the fruition of their hopes, they will leave the world with the consciousness of having striven to improve it, and with the conviction that truth, once given to the world, lives forever. As the precious seed which has lain imbedded in the rock or swathed in the mummy for centuries, without exhibiting any signs of vitality, when placed in suitable soil, and warmed by the sun, at once yields to the

kindly influences, 'some sixty, some an hundred fold;' so it is with truth. It may have been planted and have lain dormant in the heart, smothered by bigotry and intolerance, or immersed in the thick folds of selfishness; at length some fortuitous circumstance bursts these bonds, the seed springs up to maturity, and creates a new life in the soul which had held the treasure, and was unconscious of its worth. However dark and dismal may be the path which the moral reformer has at times to tread, however he may be discouraged at times by the difficulties which lie in his way, and the slow progress which mankind appear to make, yet it seems to me that there are, in the present state of the world, indications of the value of his labors, and prospects of their ultimate success. We frequently hear it said, 'the present time is one of deep importance to our country and the world,' and 'now is the moment when all should labor in the promotion

of human happiness.' Language like this has been common in all times, among men who felt anxious to do good, and it seems to me a perfectly natural mode of expression. The great work of human improvement is ever calling on us all to be up and engaged in its promotion. Every man has but one life to live, so that the *present time* always was, and ever must be, pregnant with great things to each of us. Let all, therefore, who labor now, labor more ardently, and let those who are supine be aroused. Zealous husbandmen, and plenty of them, are required to till the soil of the human heart, and bring to life and light the seed of true principle, which is beginning to germinate.

I will mention a few of the moral upheavings of the soul of man, which seem to me to warrant this conclusion.

In the first place, I take the glorious Teetotal Reform, which, from being only a short

time since a little rivulet, has swollen into a mighty river, fertilizing the whole earth in its course. Thousands of sorrow-stricken mothers have found joy and comfort in partaking of its healing waters. Equal numbers of fathers, whose hearts had been saddened by seeing desolation brought upon their sons and their daughters, by tasting of the wine-cup, or indulging in the use of alcohol under other disguises, have had their sorrow turned into joy, on seeing the poisoned cup banished by the virtuous resolution of their children. No heart can conceive, no tongue can tell the happiness which has been shed abroad in Ireland by the good Father Mathew. May God Almighty continue to bless the untiring labors of this devoted servant until the curse of drunkenness shall be but a matter of history in my country. May all nations engage in a generous rivalry in the Teetotal cause. If Teetotalism be not the foundation of Religion, it is its

bulwark. It has revived the religious sentiment in the hearts of myriads, who had heretofore known but little of its peaceful influences. Let all who have any love for their fellow-men join heart and hand with their brother Teetotalers. I use the word Teetotalism in preference to the word Temperance; it is more explicit, and it excites in my mind sensations of abounding happiness.

I will next refer to those conceptions now rapidly taking possession of men's minds, which are destined to sweep the accursed system of slavery from off the face of the earth. England has at length done her duty in this glorious work; her aged Clarkson, the magnanimous pioneer in the work of Universal Emancipation, yet lives, and has the happiness to know that in the wide dominions of his country the law recognizes not the right of man to hold his brother man as a chattel. The lovers of freedom in every land will sympa-

thize with Thomas Clarkson. May his life be spared until America shall have wiped the blot of slavery from her star-spangled banner. It is lamentable to see such a people so degraded as are that great portion of the American nation who practically deny their own glorious Declaration of Indepence, which thus, instead of being, as it ought to be, a beacon-light to the friends of freedom in every land, is becoming the scoff and scorn of despots the world over. But I believe that the day is rapidly approaching when America will burst the chains which bind her, and will teach the world, by her practical exemplification of their glorious precepts, these great truths, that God has 'created of one blood all the nations of the earth,' and that 'all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' The high-souled Garrison, and the band of noble men and women who have

gathered around his standard, will soon vindicate the rights of outraged humanity, and prove to the world that honor and honesty, and truth and justice, are not mere empty sounds in their country.

I now turn to the subject of Peace, and I think my own beloved country is offering, in this respect, a beautiful example to the rest of the world; and if, under the guidance of that master spirit of the age, O'Connell, Ireland shall, by moral and peaceful means, and by these alone, succeed in the attainment of her legislative independence, the advocates of the Peace principle will indeed have cause to rejoice in so practical a demonstration of its efficacy in the promotion of truth and justice among mankind. The world has not before seen such wonderful sights as Ireland has offered to its view in those 'monster meetings,' which have assembled hundreds of thousands in peaceful array to petition Parliament for a

redress of grievances, and then separated in such perfect harmony and good order, that even the most timid had no reasonable cause of alarm. It will be recorded in the pages of Ireland's history, that although millions of her population were collected together during the last summer, in assemblages of from one hundred to five hundred thousand souls, no breaches of the peace occurred; intoxication was rarely witnessed, and kindliness and good will almost universally prevailed. May this noble experiment of the relative value of moral power and brute force be carried to a successful issue; then will mankind be taught that it is wise as well as virtuous to 'turn their spears into pruning-hooks, their swords into ploughshares, and not learn war any more.'

One other illustration of my position, that in the midst of discouragement there are yet grounds of hope in the breasts of those who are laboring for the improvement of mankind,

and I will close this essay. The Free Trade movement in England is taking hold on the minds and judgement of the people, and the day cannot now be far distant when legislation in Great Britain and Ireland, hitherto almost exclusively conducted for the benefit of the wealthy classes only, will be carried on for the good and happiness of all.

Even this cursory enumeration of some proofs of the onward progress of mankind in morality and virtue, must convince well-minded men that their philanthropic labors are not fruitless; it must stimulate them to continual exertions in what appears to them the path of duty, although they must be aware that whether success or failure mark their efforts, they should assiduously plant the seeds of truth and righteousness, leaving it to the Almighty to ripen them in his own good time.

34, Eccles-street, Dublin,
1st November, 1843.

OUR FIRST TEN YEARS

IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

TEN YEARS of trial and determined strife
Have trailed the shadows of their fleeting vans
Down to the sunless grave!—years fraught
with scenes
Of earnest conflict, since the banner-folds
Of startled Freedom beat the air anew,
And the shrill trumpet of her bloodless war
Maddened the slumbering echoes, as we rushed
Into the whirl of this great battle;—years
That have stamped deep their impress on the
age,
And lit high Hope in man's despairing heart.

To him who, over conflict, and the jar
Of clashing interests, with serene soul sees
The certain good, forecast in mighty deeds
Of love and daring for the weal of man,
They have gone down in glory, and a light
Whose beams are of Eternity; — though oft
They swept in seeming gloom to us who toiled
In the thick dust and hovering clouds of war.

Hopes, dimmed by watching long and late, in vain,
For what they dreamed of; — truth, in freeness sown,
Yet springing to no harvest; — thwarted aims;
And the high good we sought unfound at last; —
These, rising gloomily in our darker moods,
Wring from impatience the despairing sigh:
But the calm soul, in hours of purer trust,
Out of the volume of its hidden strength
Reads lessons more divinely bright, and sees

Even on the clouds which hide the coming
dawn,
The far-sent glories of the perfect day.

What though our toil from no crushed bond-
man's breast
Had flung the weight of years, nor in his soul
Lighted one spark of the immortal joy?
Yet are the fetters, bound by solemn creeds,
And law, and custom's soul-destroying fiend,
Now from the nerv'd arm of awaken'd Thought
Flung shivered; yet have the awakening
words
Of a new freedom roused the daring mind
To loftiest action, and the nobler pulse
Of the love-beating heart, re-stirred to life.
We have not toiled in vain; but bounteously
Hath God bestowed the unsought recompense!
Nor yet for him upon whose furrowed flesh
Feeds the lank bloodhound, and the hungry lust
That fattens ever on a brother's woe,

Have our deed-uttered prayers been idly made,
Or pealed in vain the spirit's psalm of hope;
For they who guard the bondman's bolted door
Have heard the heaving earthquake of Reform,
And tremble fearfully with their trembling walls.

Up from the prison-house our God hath cast
A glorious highway for his redeemed,
And set his burning sentinel in the North,
A starry Abdiel mid unstable hosts.
From moonless wilds amidst the low morass,
Nightly the flying prisoner steers by light
Of that lone watcher's lamp, though dimmed in mist;
While his keen eye, with earnest meaning full,
Reads every sign in every stirring leaf.
Vainly the bloodhound now shall bay his track,
For welcome doors, warm hearts, and brother-hands
Are open to receive him. Now his soul

May find brief rest where manly bosoms glow,
And brave men, daring to be merciful,
Hurl full defiance on the enslaving law.

Ten years of conflict with the powers of wrong
Have passed, and yet our foe is in the field,—
A merciless demon, with armed multitudes
Around his midnight banner; while of us
Some have grown weary and laid down their arms;
Some turned, with cruel treachery, to the foe,
And stabbed their brethren; some, worn down and weak,
Centre their lives in every home-sent blow,
And dart their souls through all their burning words;
And some, whose hearts were folded to our own
In pure and deep affection, have gone up
Into the brightness of the Unrevealed,

Crowned martyrs, beckoning us to braver deeds —
Unseen, yet with us in their deathless love.

Now we are left to battle on alone
Against proud legions: — ah! how earnestly,
Could we but know with what dark weight these years
Swept over the lorn captive! — ten long years
Of added wrong, to centuries which have plunged
Into the dark abyss, up-treasuring wrath
Against a day of terror and revenge;
Years, whose dread foot-fall hath crushed, breath by breath,
The life from anguished bosoms, and trod out
Soul, mind, and strength, and manhood, spark by spark.

Was it for us to fold our hands, and dream
Of quiet fields and a serene repose,

While the flushed dragon of Oppression stalked,
Blood drunken even to madness, with his limbs
Bathed in the crimson life-drops, by his hand
Wrung with slow torture from ten thousand hearts?
Ah, no!— we found far other theme for thought,
And field for earnest action, when we saw
The grim-browed Horror, in his traffic, tear
The new-born infant from its mother's breast,
And hurl it, wailing, to his hungry whelps,
Whose cry for blood rings yet through all our land.
Not then had we soft words and pleasant wiles
To lull the monster to a false repose,
While every hour gave to his iron jaws
New victims, and no night came darkling down
But with it brought more agonies than stars.
Not then had we the bland, complacent smile,
And bow precise, for lily-fingered Pride
In Church or State; who, crowned alike in each,

Set bloodhound Law upon its human prey,
And sanctified the slaughter that it made.
We had no time to laud a gilded name,
Or make one for ourselves, but in blunt truth
Spoke out our word, regardless if it marred
Our own or other's fame; for name and rest,
And even life, in humble trust, were laid
On Freedom's altar, in the strength of God.
There let them lie till fire come down from heaven,
Red-winged, and heave the offering to the sky;
For, from their ashes, phenix-like, shall spring
Diviner life, new peace, and holier fame.

Ten years of warfare! and our clanging arms
Have struck live sparkles from the foeman's crest,
And bowed by times his haughtiness to dust;
Till now his howl of agony ascends
With his torn victim's cry, as fiercely yet
He drives his bloody fangs into the flesh

Of Innocence, and clings, as clings the wolf
To the young lamb the shepherd's hand would
save!

Fearlessly onward have the nobler souls
In Freedom's host the tide of battle borne;
And on them rain the fiery darts, which pour
From the mailed legions of the maddened foe.
Malignant Hate, by holy walls entrenched,
Masked Treachery, and unblenching Scorn,
hurl forth
Their dreadless malisons in Religion's name,
To blast our vanguard in their bold career.
O God! forgive them, if amid the fierce
Opposing onset, they forget by times
The gentle charities we owe to all,
Though darkly erring, even till bitterness
Tinge the hot tide of their indignant hearts.
The tongueless Truth may be no longer dumb;
Upon their souls the mighty utterance weighs,
Which, woe to them, if now they breathe it
not.

The Past, with all its glory and its toil;
The Present, speaking with its tongues of flame;
The sublime Future, whose insatiate thirst
To *be* is its best prophet;—all, as one,
Bid their seer souls speak out their manly thought,
In fearless trust, for Liberty and God:—
And now, what marvel if their words be stern,
When law, and custom, and the multitude
Would dam them back?—what miracle of wrong,
Though human weakness fling one dissonant jar
Into the God-breathed music of their souls?
Go! proud contemners of the gallant free,
Nor ask for harmony, when ye rudely smite
The lute through which it trembles into life!

Our years of struggle against giant Wrong
Have not gone voiceless to the dark inane!

Their bold words thrill far down the soundless
gulf
Of Being, stirring its eternal flood
With tide-like aspirations, that o'erleap
All bounds, exulting to be greatly free!
Hope springs, and kindles into living Trust;
Joy wreathes her garlands for the conquering
soul;
Oppression trembles, and its own foul shade
Creeps sure and chilling o'er its stolen light,
As darkness treads upon the lessening moon.
Freedom shall yet redeem her heritage, —
The living spirit; — even now her reign
Dawns in bright promise to the faithful Seer!
No more, as once, she stands in mean attire,
Leaned on the broken staff of her torn flag,
Drenching its folds in tears; but in the array
Of majesty, she comes with queenly tread
Over the regal heights of holy Thought,
In the soul-world, — her banner, like pure fire,
Flung out, and fluttering in the gales of Truth!

I thank thee, O my God, that I have lived
Amid these years, and in this glorious dawn
Of a more glorious Future; that my days
Are of these giant times, whose every hour
Is burdened with great prophecies, and deeds
Of mightiness, whose far-extending arms
Take hold upon the Infinite, and wed
The sublime Present to Eternity!
Not wisely, nor with deep truth, has he read
The record of the Ages whose divine
Apocalypse is of this, who spurns To-day,
To adore its germ in shadows of the Past.
To him the solemn Centuries speak in vain:
Their great out-gushings of the heroic soul,
In deeds sublime, and miracles of thought,
Were but fore-splendors of this living Now—
This glorious promise of the great To-come!
Happy are we, who faithfully may serve
This present hour,—that out of it shall spring
The goodness undelay'd,—and nurse this plant,
Whose seed's seed verges to the Perfectness!

Plainfield, Ct., October, 1843.

COMPLAINT AND REPROACH.

BY RICHARD HILDRETH.

THERE are two means whereby the weakest may compel the strongest; the feeblest reach and overcome the mightiest; to which even stern and hardened custom yields. They are, Complaint and Reproach.

Complaint invokes that sentiment of benevolence, which, with a force greater or less, actuates every human creature, even the most insensible; it is the natural means whereby benevolence is appealed to and aroused; the natural sign of suffering; the voice of woe; and the more helpless he who utters it, oft-times it reaches the further, it touches the deeper, it moves the more. Complaint is the last resource of the miserable; it is the means

whereby the oppressed struggle ever for deliverance, and at length achieve it.

The half-choked cry of woe, the trembling, inarticulate murmur of complaint, uttered so long, and, to all appearance, so hopelessly, from African shores and American plantations, though it could not move the slave-merchant and the slave-driver, yet reached at length across the seas, and over mountains, and in distant lands found a faint echo, from a few scattered, benevolent hearts. Yet, without money, power, or influence, what could a few obscure men and feeble women do, to rectify a wrong countenanced by the morals of the day, sanctified by religion, and perpetrated by the rich and great? They could do nothing—but complain. They did complain. They re-echoed back to African shores and American plantations the sufferers' cry. They made it articulate. It was no longer a low, faint murmur, in an unknown tongue; they gave it

words in polished idioms, which Europe heard and understood. It became a voice, every where present and intelligible, ever sounding, night and day, in season and out of season, in the assembly, in the market-place, in the church, in the newspapers; a voice at which avarice in vain stopped its ears; which bishops and doctors strove without effect to drown; which made itself heard by indifference and by prejudice; whose iterations worried even the unjust;—a voice at first still and small, but which swelled stronger and louder, till all men listened, and the slave-merchants and the slave-drivers trembled in their palaces. And well might they tremble; for now Complaint was mingled with Reproach.

Reproach is a means above the slave's reach; but in the hands of his friends, those whom his sufferings and complaints have made so, it becomes a mighty weapon. Reproach addresses itself to that sentiment of self-com-

parison, that love of superiority, which is the very strongest motive of mankind; a motive which, if it often prompts to violence and oppression, is the spur, also, to the noblest actions, and the strongest stay even to ordinary virtue. For, since the disposition to do good to others is, by common consent, a trait of human nature so singular and supereminent as to be specially and alone entitled to be called Humanity, — as if it were that alone which made us men, — what wonder that none can bear to think, still less to be forever told, that he is inhumane? What wonder that to be reproached with want of ordinary virtue, is that which, of all accusations, men feel the most?

Let no one say, then, that the people called Abolitionists, in that they have uttered loud and incessant complaints, and sharp and bitter reproaches, have in so doing mis-directed their strength or lost their pains. They have

used the only instruments hitherto in their power; and the result shows to what good purpose. The slaveholders know this, and feel it; and so do the slaveholders' friends. The loud cry they raise shows that they, too, suffer. Tyranny, and the advocacy of it, are no longer so comfortable. The ingenious doctrine of limited responsibility no longer serves its turn. Complaints and reproaches, constantly reiterated, are more than a match for the subtlest casuistry. The procedures and doctrines so loudly denounced, North and South, as incendiary, have been so denounced, not, as has been alleged, from any supposed tendency in them to excite the slaves to insurrection, but from their real and obvious tendency to excite a still more dangerous insurrection in the hearts of the free, — the dreaded insurrection of humanity and justice.

Nor let any cold critic, calmly reposing in his easy chair, blame too rashly what in these

'incendiary proceedings' may seem to savor of exaggeration or violence. It is impossible to convince men of the iniquity of slavery, except by making them feel it. Great sacrifices never will be made, great objects never will be accomplished, except under the influence of strong emotions; and strong emotions are not always exactly observant of drawing-room decencies. Complaints and reproaches are ugly and disagreeable things; as such, they are excluded, by common consent, from polite society. But did polite society and soft speeches ever yet make a revolution?

Boston, October, 1843.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Nebuchadnezzar, in his godless reign,
As, by the prophet Daniel, we are told,
Set up an image upon Dura's plain,
Whose height was sixty cubits: of fine gold
Was this great idol; though some writers hold,
That it was hollow — cast of baser metal,
And gilt, when taken from its monstrous mould,
As you might gild an iron pot or kettle:
This controversy, though, I stop not now to
settle.

Nebuchadnezzar then sends out and calls
His princes, governors, and men of might,
Sheriffs, and those who sit in judgement halls,
Dispensing judgement, whether wrong or right,
Treasurers, and those who sit, by day or night,
In council, with their cloaks of sable on ;
And bids them round this idol throng, and cite
Nations and tongues, and lead the rabble on,
That pours out through the gates of his 'great
Babylon.'

And all, when they shall hear the blending sound
Of cornet, sackbut, dulcimer and flute,
Psaltery and harp, must fall upon the ground,
And, as their God, this idol must salute,
In prostrate worship : — no one must be mute ;
For whosoe'er should dare stand up, and turn his
Back on the idol, or his claims dispute,
Nebuchadnezzar swore that he would burn his
Body and soul up, in 'a burning firy furnace.'

Yet dwelt there then in Babylon some slaves,
The sacred story gives the names of three,
Who, torn, in youth, from the green fields and graves
Of their forefathers, near the Midland sea,
Dared to stand up, before the proud Chaldee,
And tell him they would never stoop so low,
As to that molten god to bend the knee.
Their honored names — how smooth in verse they flow! —
Here follow — Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego.

All readers of the Bible know the rest —
How these young Jews into the furnace fell,
Bound, hand and foot, and how nor hose nor vest,
Turban nor hair was touched, nor even the smell
Of fire passed on them. From the glowing cell,
Before the tyrant's eyes, unscathed they came,
To show him how the God of Israël
Can rescue, even from the devouring flame,
All those who worship HIM, and trust his holy name.

The image, told of here, is not the one
Of gold and silver, brass, and clay, and iron,
Seen in his *dream*, by him of Babylon:—
(I want a rhyme here, but won't take 'environ;'
Butler has that; though I don't know that Byron,
In all his conversations with the Nine,
Has ever used a *nail* to hang his lyre on;
Nor do I think he ever wrote a line,
That with his own name rhymed, as do these
three of mine.)

That image composite, which, on his bed
Nebuchadnezzar saw, but lost on waking,
With its brass body and its golden head,
And silver arms,(the thing there's no mistaking)
Was the *ideal*, in the brain of *a* king,
Of the great *real* idol of our times,
Beneath whose iron tread the earth is quaking,
Whom to propitiate, men rush into crimes,
Maids prostitute themselves, and venal bards
their rhymes.

Nebuchadnezzar's image was a whapper;
Its feet were partly iron, partly clay;
Ours is as big, but *his* feet are all copper, —
So are his legs and thighs; and, when the ray
Of the round sun can on his body play,
You see that it is silver; while his bold
And beetling brow, and locks that ne'er grow gray,
And cheeks without a wrinkle, though he's old,
Like his of Babylon, are eighteen carat gold.

Nebuchadnezzar's image, in his dream,
Had arms of silver: — ours has no such things,
But, in their stead, thin paper, by the ream,
Figured all o'er, is fashioned into wings: —
These, like the mountain condor, forth he flings;
Then, all eyes turn, to see how they expand;
And, as he moves along, each votary brings
His offering, — even the princes of the land,
The merchant princes, pay him tribute, 'on demand.'

Of this great idol, Shakspeare might not say,
'He hath no *speculation* in his eyes';
For he doth speculate, the livelong day:
He watcheth every one that sells or buys:
At every 'trade,' his copper legs and thighs,
Like king Belshazzar's knees, will smite together;
And, when he sees the markets fall or rise,
As they will do, with every change of weather,
He wags his golden head, and shakes each paper feather.

Not without shelter doth this god abide;
For, many a costly mansion doth he own;
In the high places do they stand in pride,
Of painted wood, pressed brick, or hammered stone.
Their portals daily are wide open thrown,
But bolted strong at night: — 'tis then he brings
His labors to a close: — there, all alone,
Into some box his silver body flings,
Wraps up his golden head, and folds his paper wings.

And all along the city's busy street,
Full many an altar to this god you 'll see,
And, round each one, the track of frequent feet,
That tells of many a fervent devotee,
That there hath stood, or bent the pliant knee,
In worship: — thither many a mother leads
Her daughters, in their virgin purity,
With bridal roses decked, and sparkling beads;
There Innocence lies bound, and there Love's
true heart bleeds.

Priestess and priest, to gain this idol's smile,
Around his temples and his altars throng;
Shrink from no task, howe'er severe or vile,
To which he calls the beautiful, the strong;
Patient they toil and watch, however long,
Health, both of body and of soul, resign,
Nor ask, nor care they whether right or wrong
The task they 're set to, so their god incline
His ear unto their vows, and make his face to
shine.

Some gather golden harvests from the field,
Which the true God to man hath given, for bread;
Some crush the cane, or fruit that orchards yield;
Beneath their naked feet still others tread
Purple and pearly clusters, till they shed
Their luscious juice; and tree, corn, cane and vine,
That meant and hoped their thousands to have fed,
Have been compelled their blessings to resign,
And, filling Circe's cup, to turn men into swine:

Or, rather, into demons; — for, as such,
One rushes, with his bludgeon, into strife;
Another, with his brain on fire, will clutch
His dagger, and the bosom of his wife
Receives it to the handle; — there, the life
Of friend or brother is the sacrifice
To this great idol offered; here, the knife
Gashes the suicide's throat, before the eyes
Of those who gave the draught, and, as their victim dies,

They, who have led him to the altar, say,
'Alas, poor devil, 't was his time to go!
Why longer live, who can no longer pay?
No longer could he help us serve, you know,
The idol of our worship: — why, then, throw
A thought away upon him? It is well
That he hath left us — for our our taxes grow
The heavier for them, while these loafers dwell
Among us upon earth; so — let them go to hell!'

At this, the god, delighted with such proofs
Of true devotion, claps his paper wings;
His silver body and his copper hoofs
Shine with new glory, as aloft he springs,
Like Maia's son — whom many a poet sings,
Although his moral character is rotten; —
And off he sails, to claim his offerings
From other fields — fields never long forgotten —
Fields, brown with russet rice, or white with
opening cotton.

O'er these broad fields this idol loves to stalk;
Those sunny fields he claims as all his own;
A rice-plantation is his favorite walk,
A cotton-bag his 'wool-sack' and his throne;
On every acre are his altars shown,
More foul than ever rose to Lybian Ammon;
For, bound, in chains that sear him to the bone,
Each burning altar has a child of Ham on,
Devoted to the god — a holocaust to MAMMON!

O, how this golden-headed idol gloats —
(That silver body holds an iron heart!)
O'er scenes like these! O, how the silken notes,
That serve for plumes, do rustle! How they
start
Into new life and lightness, as apart
His buoyant pinions to the winds are given!
And, as he looks down, on the cotton mart,
And, through its streets, sees gangs of victims
driven,
He shakes his silver sides, and cries, 'Well,
this is heaven!'

And, as the idol chuckles, and, with glee,
Hears the whip crack, and sees its bloody gash,
The wail of millions, in their misery,
He notes, and smiles, and counts it all as cash.
For knife, his priesthood use the cutting lash;
For garlands, chains; for sheep and oxen, men;
The pyre they kindle with a pistol-flash;
They starve their victims, in a grated den!
The pagans *fatted* theirs — yet never in a pen,

As do the idolaters of modern days: —
No; — in the *fields* the bullock breathed the air,
And, when Apollo, with too fond a gaze,
Looked on him, to a shade would he repair,
There lie down on the flowery grass, and there,
Exempt from toil and trouble, chew the cud;
Nor, if the flies annoyed him, did he care;
In the still waters, and the cooling mud,
He stood, and whisked them off, till the god
claimed his blood.

Then would the priests come round him, and would bind
Around his white horns wreaths of fragrant flowers;
And, scarcely was he, even then, confined;—
With fetlocks clean and free, from pleasant bowers,
Was he led gently forth, while round him, showers
Of leaves were falling, that rich perfume shed,
Beneath his feet;—then were the heavenly Powers
Religiously invoked;—then, reverently led
Around the pillar'd fane, the blameless victim bled.

Such sacrifices Paul, at Lystra, met;
Such victims saw, upon Athenian ground;
The very stones, that, with their blood were wet,
I've trod upon at Athens; and around
That pillar'd temple walked, where they, unbound,

And garlanded, had, in procession* gone.
Then did my thoughts run backward, till I found
The past restored, that ages had withdrawn, —
And things in Athens stood, as in the gospel's dawn.

Then said I to my soul — 'Could Christian Truth,
As hither led by the apostle Paul,
Just from her cradle, — could her voice, in youth,
Shake all these marble temples to their fall,
Those altars overturn, that, over all
The plains around, were sending up their smoke,
Drown every voice, on idols wont to call,
Hush that, which from Trophonius' cavern broke,
And Delphi's oracle, and even Dodona's oak;

* The Panathenæan procession.

'Could her young hand beard old Idolatry,
By Art adorned, and sanctified for ages,
When round his temples nations bent the knee,
And when his glories graced the historian's
pages;
When by bards celebrated, and by sages,
Whose eloquence and wisdom still are pouring
Their light, to lead men on, through all the
stages
Of the mind's progress, ev'n when it is soaring
Up to its Infinite Source, and at his feet adoring;

'And, can it not o'erthrow, or even shake,
The idolatry that earth and Heaven abhor?
The idolatry that dares a MAN to take,
And to a *thing* convert him!—and what for?
Why wage against him this perpetual war?
Why gash his body thus? To give his blood,
An offering, not to Scandinavian Thor,
Or Woden, but to the gold-headed god,
To which my country kneels, and trembles at
at his nod.

'Alas, it cannot! for this metal Power
Hath caught, and bound, and made a cowering slave,
The Truth, that stood up, in her natal hour,
Free handed, and omnipotent to save!
The young Redeemer, that came forth, so brave,
Goddess and god to challenge, and o'ercome,
Hath felt this idol's touch; and she who drave
The gods from all these fanes, now craves a crumb
From Mammon's table; takes, and eats it, and — is dumb!

'Wake from your sleep of ages, Noble Men!
Martyrs to Truth and Liberty, return!
Lift up your mighty voices yet again,
As here they once were lifted, till men spurn
All that is base or bloody! Let the urn,
That held your ashes, keep alive your fire,
And kindle it within us, till *we* burn,
Like you, with an unquenchable desire,
To draw the feet of man from Mammon's yellow mire,

'And set them firmly on the Eternal Rock!
There shall he stand and battle for the right,
Unmoved, sustaining the severest shock
Of adverse powers; — while all the hosts of light,
In heavenly armor, aid him in the fight,
Till no more victims shall to Mammon bleed,
Till Freedom's every foe is put to flight,
Till every slave on the round earth is freed,
And every man's a MAN, and GOD is God indeed!'

Boston, November, 1843.

REMINISCENCES.

BY WILLIAM ADAM.

EVERY body is acquainted with Foster's searching disquisition on a man's writing his own memoirs; but there is one kind or form of an autobiography, of which I do not recollect that he has taken any notice. It is that which would consist, not in tracing the development of the whole man, in all his dispositions and habits, opinions and principles, simultaneously; but in seizing on some one disposition or habit, opinion or principle, specific and distinct in its nature, and characteristic of the individual, and in tracing *that* to its origin, and from its origin to the full maturity and consistency which it possesses in his actual being. This exercise would be salutary

to all, and it would be particularly instructive to those who have been accustomed to study the operation of their own minds, and watch the formation of their own characters. It would be a useful mode of performing the religious duty of self-examination, urged by devotional writers; and while, on the one hand, it would often assist us to distinguish, with greater precision than most men now do, an opinion from a principle, and a prejudice from both, — it would, also, on the other, enable us to perceive how that which was originally a feeling produced by the impression of external circumstances and influences on the senses, or an emotion deriving all its authority from instinctive sympathy, gradually expanded into a sober, well-considered, and conscientious conviction of the reason, or into a strong, unreasoning, absurd, and unjust prejudice.

Take, for instance, the subject of slavery. Every one knows how he feels, thinks, and

acts regarding that institution. How has he come to feel, think, and act as he does? By what external influences, by what inward processes of thought, has he arrived at his present estimate of it, its causes, conditions, and effects? Has he been a passive recipient of other men's ideas? Or has his mind been active, discriminating, and independent, in the exercise of its judgement? Has he derived his knowledge of it from personal observation, or from the information of others? Has he been carried away by the tide of opinion, either for or against it, in the social circle in which he moves? Does he judge of it by its practical details, as far as they are known to him? Or has he subjected it to the test of interest, private interest, class or party interest, national interest? Or does he approve or condemn it on the truer ground of fixed moral principle? These are questions which every one must answer, if at all, for himself and to

himself. The following brief and imperfect recollections on this subject possess no peculiar value, except as part of a chapter in the history of an individual mind, and an illustration of the kind of retrospection and introspection which I recommend.

My first impressions of slavery were not founded on personal observation, but derived from second-hand authority. Are those only competent to judge of the nature of slavery who have witnessed its operation? This is often assumed, even when it is not asserted, by the advocates and apologists of slavery; but such an assumption is illogical, for all men are accustomed to judge of a principle or an act, of which they have not heard, by its conformity or non-conformity to reason and justice; and it implies, also, the rejection of human testimony, which is the source of nine-tenths of all our knowledge.

Those first impressions were unfavorable

to slavery, and were received at an unreasoning age. They were, therefore, prejudices or unreasoning judgement of the mind, just as much as the prejudices that take early root in other minds in favor of slavery. But all prejudices are not either necessarily wrong or necessarily right. No one can grow up without prejudices of one kind or another. All that we can do is, to know them for what they are, and not to invest them with the dignity of opinions or principles without the sober and independent judgement of matured reason. Let us retain only those prejudices which are agreeable, and reject those which are opposed to truth, justice, and humanity.

It was from the slave-trade that I obtained my first ideas of slavery. The writings and labors of Clarkson and his co-adjutors, with which I became acquainted at a very early age, have left an indelible impression on my mind of the horrors of the middle passage.

The connection between the slave-trade and slavery is close and intimate. Would there be any slave-trade, if slavery ceased? Could slavery subsist, if there were no slave-trading? We find men who are profuse in their condemnation of the African slave-trade, which is beyond their influence, and who have not a word to say against the American slave-trade, which is under their eyes. When we condemn the slave-trade, do we condemn a name or a thing? If a name, then how false the philanthropy which takes merit for condemning the African slave-trade! If something more than a name, then the mere change of a name from African to American does not alter the intrinsic vileness and atrocity of the thing, its degradation of humanity, and its arbitrary disruption of the holiest bonds of society. Slavery, as it exists in this country, consists in being and owning a slave, in possessing a *vendible* human being. Slavery and slave-trading,

although not absolutely inseparable, co-exist, produce and support each other, and should therefore receive the same unqualified condemnation.

The first notice I recollect to have seen of *American* slavery, was an account, written by an English spectator, of a sale at some great slave-mart in this country. It must now be upwards of thirty-five years since I read the description, and I have forgotten the name of the place. The sale was followed by the separation of parents from their children, and wives from their husbands; and at that time, probably, knowing nothing more of America than that account contained, I conceived of it as a barbarous and uncivilized country, where the grossest acts of inhumanity were publicly practiced and tolerated. I have since lived a chief part of my life among heathen, (so called,) and in a country held by Christians generally to be barbarous and uncivilized; and

with one exception, — the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands, which has lately been almost wholly abolished, — I cannot call to mind any practice or institution, approved and sanctioned by the voice of society, that is a more distinctive mark of heathenism, barbarism, and the absence of civilization, than slavery and slave-trading. Let us call things by their right names. The country where slavery, slave-owning, slave-holding, slave-breeding, and slave-trading, are legal and reputable, whatever its inhabitants may profess, is barbarous in its manners, uncivilized in its institutions, and heathen in its religion.

My early acquaintance with the writings of Clarkson, and others of that class, first developed in my mind that hatred of oppression and injustice, which I trust I shall always retain, and naturally prepared the way for the adoption of those liberal opinions in politics, the

practical application of which I believed to be the best safeguard against the abuses of power. While in this state of mind, residing in Calcutta, in 1818, I met with Mr. Colman and Mr. Wheelock, two American Baptist missionaries, who, on their arrival from the United States, were received as guests by the missionary family to which I belonged; and in conversing with the former gentleman on the subject of slavery, I urged the inconsistency of that institution with the free principles of government professed by the people of the United States. His answer was, that Englishmen should be the last to reproach Americans with that inconsistency, since it was England that had entailed the curse of slavery on America. I had not been reproaching him or his country, but pointing out, in an amicable way, what appeared to me a glaring inconsistency, and I was struck by the apparent testiness which this response evinced. It silenced me at that time, and even

now it seems to me to possess force, provided that the respondent really feels that slavery is a curse, and acts accordingly; but it has no force from the lips of those who cherish slavery as good, or who are indifferent or inactive for the removal of such an evil. England, however criminal, was at heart consistent in introducing slaves and slavery into the American colonies; for the spirit of her government has always been arbitrary and despotic, its form monarchical and aristocratic. The many have been and are governed for the benefit of the few, and slavery, in one form or another, is the necessary result of such a system of government. If, in the progress of liberal principles of government, better views begin to prevail, shall Englishmen of this day not be permitted to repent, reform, regret past injustice, and sympathise with the victims of present crime and inhumanity, and that the more because the crime and inhumanity which are now

placed beyond their control can be traced to the guilty participation of England's former rulers? But if England was consistent in crime — in the slavish principles and practice of government, both at home and abroad, too late and too imperfectly repented and abandoned — where shall we find the consistency of the American people, resisting tyranny and oppression with one hand, and practicing still greater with the other — shouting Liberty and Equality with one breath, and in the next breath, from the same lungs, condemning prostrate millions to slavery and unrequited labor? The thing is a monstrosity in morals and government, to which no parallel, at least in degree, can be found in the whole history of the human race. No people has professed and established free principles of government with greater fulness and beauty; and no nation has set at naught its own vaunted principles with more selfish and shameless audacity. Just in

proportion to the excellence of the principles is the grossness of the inconsistency. The abuse of what is good is bad in the degree of its goodness. If we cannot act up to the principles of free government we profess, let us at least have the honesty and self-respect to abandon them. If slavery must continue to exist in the United States as a cherished institution, let us eschew republicanism and democracy, liberty and equality, and all the mere phrases with which we are accustomed to cheat ourselves and each other into the belief that we are a free and a freedom-loving people.

In reverting to the period between 1818 and 1838, I am struck with the fact, that although I was in frequent and intimate personal communication with most of the American gentlemen, who, either as supercargoes or masters of vessels, during that period frequented the port of Calcutta, yet I do not recollect that I ever

made slavery in this country a subject of special inquiry. I studied with deep interest every work, to which I could obtain access, illustrative of the political institutions of America, such as John Adams's work on Government, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, the Federalist, Marshall's Life of Washington, Jefferson's Correspondence, the Annual Messages of Presidents, besides frequent files of newspapers, and the most popular works on America by French and English writers, such as those of a Stuart, Duncan, Hamilton, Hall, Martineau, De Tocqueville, &c.; and yet, with all these means of information, and while engaged in the express and continued investigation of the theory and practice of this republican government, I never obtained a clear and distinct perception of the true relation which slavery bears to it. The existence of slavery in combination with the purest principles of political government, puzzled and confounded

me, but I was accustomed to consider it as wholly unconnected with the free States, and as an institution which even the slave States were anxiously endeavoring to provide the means of eradicating. This view I probably derived from the accounts I met with of the Colonization Society, and of certain proceedings in the Virginia Legislature. I now see that the slaveholding interest has been a mainspring, if not *the* mainspring in the government, from the commencement, and that it is undermining, — I do not ascribe *malice prepense*, — but that it is in fact undermining the civil, political, and religious liberties of the free States. The man who does not see this may be a very honest man, and worthy of all confidence for his good intentions, but I cannot respect him for his perspicacity, or trust his judgement or foresight, or even his clear-sighted vision of what is actually before his eyes. I say this with such an approach to impartiality

as may be attained by some effort and a somewhat favorable position; for I am neither a citizen of the United States, nor, although not a 'no-government' man, do I acknowledge allegiance to any other existing government. I obey the laws of the country in which I reside, when they do not require me to violate any moral principle; and I endeavor to judge of such a question as slavery unbiassed by local or national prepossessions. To me, thus judging, it appears that the constitution and laws, the institutions and government of the United States, with all their acknowledged excellences, constitute the most monstrous system of self-contradictions that civilization has ever presented.

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TO AMERICA.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

When old Europe blazons, proudly,
  Volumes of historic fame;
You, more loftily and loudly,
  Echo young Columbia's name:
When we boast of Guadalquivirs,
  Thames and Danubes, Elbes and Rhones;
You rejoice in statelier rivers —
  Mississippis — Amazons!

Many a poet, many a pæan,
  Shouts our mountain-songs, and tells
Alpine tales, or Pyrenean —
  Snowden, Lomond, Drachenfels!

But, across the Atlantic surges,
Andes higher claims prepares;
Snow-crowned Chimborazo urges
Mightier sovereignty than theirs!

And if thus *your* works of nature
Our sublimest works outdo;
Should not man, earth's noblest creature,
Should not man be nobler too?
From our crouching, cowed example,
When your Pilgrim fathers fled,
Reared they not a prouder temple,
Freedom's temple, o'er your head?

Tyrant-stories stain *our* pages;
Priests and kings have forged *our* chains;
Ye were called to brighter ages;
Ye were born where Freedom reigns;
Many a dreary, dark disaster,
Here has dug the freeman's grave;—
Ye have never known a master—
How can ye endure —A SLAVE?

THE MELANCHOLY BOY.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

A FRIEND once related to me the following anecdote of a child.

I knew, he said, a little boy, who was one of the best little fellows that ever lived. He was gentle and kind to his companions, obedient to his parents, good to all. His home was in a small country village, but he was very fond of wandering into the neighboring fields, when his tasks were all over. There, if he saw a young bird that had fallen to the ground before it could fly, he would pick it up gently, and put it back into its cradle nest. I have often seen him step aside, lest he should tread on an ant hill, and thus destroy the industrious little creatures' habitation. If a child smaller than

himself was carrying a heavy basket or bundle, he would always offer to help him. Was any one hurt, or unhappy, Harry was quick to give his aid, and his sympathy. He was ever ready to defend the weak, and he feared not the strong. Did any one say a harsh word to Harry, he gave him a kind one in return. I have known him to carry more than half his breakfast to a little lame boy, whose mother was poorer than his own. He was brave and true; he would confess his own faults; he would hide those of others.

Harry had a thirst for knowledge. He got all his lessons well at school, and he stood high in his class. But what he was particularly remarkable for, was his love of all beautiful things, and most especially of wild flowers. He would make wreaths of them and give them to his mother, and he was very fond of putting one on my study table, when he could contrive to place it there without my

seeing him. Harry knew all the green nooks where the Housatonia was to be found in the early spring, and it was he that ever brought me the beautiful Gentian that opens its blue-fringed petals in the middle of the chilly October day. On Sunday, and on all holidays, Harry always had a flower, or a bit of green in the button-hole of his jacket. Every sunny window in his mother's house had an old useless teapot or broken pitcher in it, containing one of Harry's plants, whose bright blossoms hid its defects and infirmities. He also loved music passionately; he whistled so sweetly that it was a delight to hear him. Yet there was something in his notes that always went to your heart and made you sad, they were so mournful.

Often, in the summer time, Harry would go, toward evening, into the fields, and lie down in the long grass; and there he would look straight up into the clear blue sky, and whistle

such plaintive tunes, that, beautiful as they were, it made your heart ache to hear them. You could not see him, — you only heard him, — and it seemed as if it was the song of a spirit you were listening to.

Alas! Harry was not happy; God's glorious world was all around him, his soul was tuned to the harmony of heaven, and yet his young heart ached, and tears, bitter, scalding tears, often ran down his smooth round cheek, and then he would run and hide his head in his mother's lap, that blessed home for the troubled spirit.

One day, I discovered the cause of Harry's melancholy. I was returning from a walk, and saw him at a little brook that ran behind my house, washing his face and hands vehemently, and rubbing them very hard. I then remembered that I had often seen him there doing the same thing. 'It seems to me, Harry,' I said, 'that your face and hands are clean

now; and why do you rub your face so violently?' 'I am trying,' he said, 'to wash away this color; I can never be happy till I get rid of this color; if I wash me a great deal, will it not come off at last? The boys will not play with me; they do not love me, because I am of this color; they are all white. Why, if God is good, did He not make me white?' and he wept bitterly. 'Poor dear little boy,' I said, and took him in my arms and pressed him to my heart! 'God is good; it is man that is cruel.'

OUR RELIANCE.

BY R. R. MADDEN.

Who hath devoted, truly, hand and heart
To this great cause, and long hath taken part
Against Oppression, — fearlessly defied
Its wealth, its power, cupidity and pride, —
Who ever struggled with its interests vile,
And hath not felt, at times, as if the guile,
Injustice, fraud, and cruelty, combined
In slavery, had been by fate designed
To thrive and prosper; while poor Freedom's best
And fairest hopes seemed doom'd to be deprest?
Who, in the long contention with this crime,
In every change of conflict and of clime,
With feeble means, but yet determined will,
To close and grapple with this giant ill,

Ne'er felt the sad conviction in his breast,
He warred with wrongs he should not see redrest?
So long endured, connived at, or concealed,
The wonder seems such things should be revealed;
For old abuses ill can bear the light;
(The worse, indeed, the longer out of sight.)
And still, official wisdom will suggest,
Beware of meddling with a hornet's nest;
Disclaim the act which makes these evils known,
Denounce its rashness, run its author down;
Discredit him who dares to tell the truth,
And if the interests he offends, in sooth,
Are strong and influential at the time,
Uphold the same and tolerate the crime.
From old Las Casas' time, to Clarkson's day,
The course of Freedom, seek it where we may,
'Did never yet run smooth;' and few have seen
And traced that cause, and found it so, I ween.

They who would trace it still, and stem the
stream
Of vile oppression, yet who idly dream
The state, its statutes, treaties, or its sword,
A sure protection to this cause afford,
Form an erroneous estimate indeed,
And lean on that which proves a broken reed.
Oh! if there were no higher, holier trust,
How had our hopes been buried in the dust!
How had the bravest spirit been cast down,
The noblest efforts stript of their renown!
The toil of Clarkson's glorious life been lost,
Or robbed of merit gained at such a cost.
How would the humbler champions of the
cause
Have sunk, in conflict with inhuman laws!
How might the best and bravest of the band
Of Freedom, even in her boasted land, —
Republican America, — have ceased
To hope, where hope itself the strife increased!
How might the guardian women, who have
given

To this great work the noblest gifts of Heaven,
The high-souled servants of this cause, have left
Its mournful field, of life and soul bereft!
O, in the justice of this cause, indeed - -
In that Eternal Justice hath decreed
Truth shall prevail — our sole reliance lies!
A thousand foes, that seemed its friends, may rise
To mar our efforts; — still, they shall not fail,
For Truth is great, and must at last prevail.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BY SUSAN C. CABOT.

I CANNOT feel satisfied without having a few more words with you upon the subject we were discussing last evening. You said, in reply to some of the remarks I made upon the necessity of our doing all we could for the slaves, that you found so much evil around you to overcome, so much care to be bestowed upon those nearest to you, that you had no time or thought to bestow upon the slaves; and then you cited injustice and wrong-doing towards those, who, while they were not called slaves, were yet treated as badly by those who thought, because they paid money for their services, that they had a right to be as selfish and inhuman in their requirements of them as their bad pas-

sions might dictate. No one can say or feel too much for these wrongs, (done by *Christians!*) and most heartily do I sympathise with your strong indignation upon the subject. But should this sympathy with one source of suffering, shut the heart against other sources, or cancel its obligations to extend its sympathies and keep up the sacred fire which burns for oppressed humanity?

How can it be that you, breathing the air of freedom; at liberty to go on your errands of mercy; to say, 'I am the free child of God, and him will I serve; there is no one to make me afraid; I have nothing to fear but my own bad passions; no chains but those I fasten upon myself;' — how is it that you can say you have not time to feel for all that suffer, but above all for those in bondage? The heart does not ask for time to love; in its infinite capacity, it feels no limits. No — I do not think this is the difficulty; for I have known those whose daily

and hourly life seemed one act of Christian devotion to the wants and rights of those nearest, show such a sympathy and zeal for those who were far remote, that the heart seemed to return with redoubled tenderness and strength, as if it had gained new convictions and new energies in proportion to the number of human souls it had embraced.

There is one lesson we all must learn, and that is, that the house that happens to be over our own heads, or the neighborhood we happen to live in, does not contain souls more precious to God than any other souls he has formed; that his eye is not dazzled by the ease and elegance which excite our self-complacency; that the humble prayer of the slave ascends as freely to him as do the petitions of those who lie upon beds of down. This, perhaps, we all acknowledge with the lips, but do we take the fact within our hearts, and do we let it remain there long enough to come out a

living reality; to become a part of our spiritual being? This, doubtless, is a hard lesson; it comes across all the prejudices and associations that have grown up with us from our earliest infancy; for we come into this world taking possession, and are received as if it was made only for ourselves; and seldom are we taught otherwise, except by the passions of those, who, having the same convictions with ourselves, dispute the right with us; and so we gradually take root in this selfish soil, and look upon those who have not actually come in contact with us, but as trees walking;—and so do they remain to us till our inward eye is open, and we learn that all are equal in the sight of God, and all are recreant to his divine law, till they have thrown off the network of selfishness, and come out free beings into the upper air, where with clear vision they can look abroad and ask, 'What shall we do to entitle ourselves to the inheritance which opens itself upon our enlarged vision?'

We must not do God's work by halves. If it is right to lessen the burthen we *do* see, it is also right to do what we can to lessen that which we do *not* see. The burthen is just as heavy, and oh! how much heavier, that has no human sympathizing eye to pity it.

Let me make one more remark, and I have done. Is there not great danger, that, with all our convictions and acknowledgements to the contrary, the covering that God has been pleased to put upon the negro hides from our faithless hearts the truth that he is as one of us? And does not that make us more busy in our home charities, which have but one complexion, than we otherwise should be, when called upon to help those who are indeed distant? If our slaves had our skins, would it be so difficult to find time to think about them? I ask these questions without fear of giving offence, for I know your benevolence, how wide it is. I feel sure that if I have touched

upon a tender place, you will courageously touch it again, and ascertain whether there be any real unsoundness there; and, cost what it may, will take the necessary remedies for restoring health to the sick part. After this, I say nothing in extenuation of my frankness.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Hail to thee, beautiful pilgrim, who dost now
Walk through the unseen heavens, and drawest near!

Down the proud sun has sunk, and left no trace,
But one most royal and resplendent cloud,
All waved and braided with celestial hues —
Flushed through with deluging glories. As they fade,
I turn in quest of thee; for, on this night,
On such a summer slope, in years gone past,
I waited for thee, girt by loving hearts.
Up! for all heaven is thine! No cloud, no star

Hovers above, but from below are turned
A thousand radiant eyes, a thousand hearts,
To mark thine advent; for the husbandman
Claims thee by ancient right, and fondly deems
That thou wilt even abjure thy love of change
To bless his unhoused shocks! But lo! thou com'st!
Beautiful! oh! most beautiful! Fair orb,
With what a heavenly, an imperial calm,
Dost thou ascend the sky! How the warm earth
Drinks in thy affluent beauty; — yon far woods,
With homage of their shadowy solitude,
Repay thy beams; and silvery voices ring
From yellow ridges, and dim winding vales.
Never did majesty so crown thy brow
As in this hour. Not, when from highest heaven
Thou flood'st the spotless, pure, and starry sky
With thy effulgence; nor when piping winds
Wing the white clouds athwart thy glittering disk.

Broad, bright, and solemn, from the horizon dun
Thou floatest up, nor can the eye pass on,
As it is wont, from thy half-noticed face,
With scarce a thought, a feeling, but impressed
Palpably with thy greatness, rests in awe
As on the bosom of a mighty world.
Oh! glorious object! when shall there be given
Answer unto the questions numberless
Of what thou art, — thus linked into our fate,—
Attendant, yet eternally cut off, —
Familiar, yet a mystery? What life
Thrills in thy vales? What nations populate
Those tracts on which I gaze? As to our globe
Thy placid sphere is knit, are they to us
By some invisible bond? Art thou indeed
A glorious habitation in heaven's calm,
Swathed in blue air; with pageantry august
Of lustrous, living, ever-shifting clouds

Fair canopied; and where the winged winds,
In woods, and wilds, and on vast roaring seas,
Make music; and shake out the fragrant breath
Of beautiful flowers, in sunny vales, on plains,
And solitary mountains? Art thou this
To frail and perishable things, which yet,
In their confined and flitting life, are torn
By their tempestuous passions, — envy, hate,
Fever of rule, fierce lust of blood and gold, —
Till they do blast the paradise they tread
Into a desolate hell, and send the sighs
Of a lamenting spirit, a dim woe,
And the sirocco breath of shrivelling crime,
Through all thy fairy realms; till even love
Is but a feverish pain, passion is gross,
And hope, which should invigorate like the sun,
Wearies the heart to sickness? Hast thou, too,
Slaves, who do groan through centuries of wrong?
Exiles, heart-wasting for their own far land?
And dungeon captives, writhing in the coils

Of dragon power? Weak, wearing for the
strong?
Poor, for the pitiless? Good, for the brute base?
And that most blinding curse of honest eyes,
The villainous perpetrator of dark deeds,
Revelling in sunny and admired ease?

What! can it be, that mid yon tranquil light
Are reared the thrones of mighty monarchies?
Thrones, built above the sullen dens of Power?
Thrones, behind which, in everlasting gloom,
The chains and tortures of dominion lie?
Thrones, in whose presence millions are bowed
down,
In adulation and in abjectness;
Quenching within their souls God's lofty life;
Forgetting all the glory of their hopes;
Their birthright; their endowments manifold;
And cringing to a creature like themselves?
Thrones, whence go forth the wingèd words
of death?
The cry, — to kill, to devastate, to quench, —

Through wide, fair realms, unto the very bounds
Of the bright planet, — peace, wealth, happiness,
The painful growth of many happy years,
But which, at once, beneath rapacious hands,
And 'neath the tread of many thousand feet,
And 'neath the rampant recklessness of fire,
Vanish, and leave one wide, blank waste of woe!

Fair world! in thee do pilgrims to and fro
Wander, as here, to witness scenes like these?
And do they visit, with deep-musing hearts,
Realms which for ages have been overthrown;
Their laws, their cities, and their very gods,
Buried beneath the night of hoary years?

But vainly do my thoughts assay thy state;
Vainly — as now, perchance, some vessel beats,
With restless prow, the billows of thy seas,
But finds not port. Enough! God watches thee;
Enough! enough! that thou art beautiful!

THE BLIND KING.

Translated from the German of Ludwig Uhland,

BY MARY HOWITT.

What brings this host of Northmen grim
To the wild shores of the sea?
And, with his gray hair floating dim,
The blind king, why comes he?
On his tall staff supported,
In bitter woe he cried,
Till o'er the ocean-channel
The stormy isle replied:

'Robber! from thy rock-fortress strong,
Give back my daughter dear;
Her tuneful voice, her gentle song,
Made glad life's winter drear;

On her, the green shore pacing,
Rushed thou, the robber-foe;
'T is thy eterne disgracing;
It bows my gray head low!'

Forth from his cave, with that, outsprung
The robber, wild and large;
His huge Hun-sword in his hand he swung,
And smote upon his targe.
'By many a watch defended,
How came this thing to be?
By warriors stout attended,
Yet fights no one for thee?'

The warriors stood in silent doubt, —
Forth from his place stept none;
The blind king turned him round about, —
'Am I then quite alone?' —
Then seized the father's right hand,
His ardent son so young;

'Grant me that I may fight him —
I feel my arm is strong!'

'Son, he hath giant might, the foe,
No man may 'gainst him stand;
Yet thou hast valorous pith, I know,
By the pressure of thy hand!
Take, then, the old death-giver,
The Scaldic prize to th' brave;
And if thou fall, the river
Shall be the old man's grave!'

But hush! through foam and eddy, now,
The boat is onward bound;
The blind king stands with bick'ring brow,
And all is silent round;
Till from afar ascendeth
The clash of shield and sword,
And battle-cry that blendeth
With echo's dull accord.

Then spake he, joyful, yet afraid,
'Tell me, what doth appear?
I know, by its good clang, my blade,
It ever rung so clear;
The robber's hours are counted;
His bloody wage is won!
Hail, hero all undaunted!
Hail to thee, brave king's son!'

Again, and all is still around,
The king doth listening stand:
'What's this I hear — this rushing sound
Of moving to the land?'
They are coming o'er the water,
Thy son, with sword and shield,
And she, thy gentle daughter,
The sunny-haired Gunilde!

'Right welcome!' cried the blind old king,
From a lofty rock beneath;

Now joy around my age will spring,
And honor mark my death!
Thou wilt lay, my son, beside me,
That sword of metal strong;
And thou, Gunilde, the fond one,
Wilt sing my funeral song!'

PATER NOSTER.

BY AMASA WALKER.

A poor mendicant once called at the house of a rich Bishop, not remarkable for his benevolence, and asked for food. The Bishop, after hearing his story, ordered his servants to bring the beggar a mouldy crust of bread. When he had thus satisfied his conscience by this act of charity, he proceeded to ask the hungry man whether he could read? No, said the beggar. Can you say the Lord's prayer? No, continued the mendicant, I don't know what the Lord's prayer is. Then you should know, said the reverend prelate; I will teach you, and you must repeat it after me. 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' began the priest. The beggar looked him full in the face, and asked,

with great emphasis and emotion, *Our Father*, did you say? Aye, said the Bishop. Then, said the beggar, you and I are *brothers*. Why —— yes, replied the Bishop. Then, continued the beggar, how could you turn off a starving brother with a mouldy crust of bread?

What a just comprehension was that, of the beautiful exordium to the Lord's prayer. What an admirable commentary did this ignorant beggar make upon it. What learned theologian ever made one equal to it? What moral philosopher ever discovered more truly the grand and noble idea of man's universal brotherhood? What a text! OUR FATHER! — what a doctrine; we are all brothers! — what an inference; then we should treat each other as such! But are all mankind brothers? Yes, truly, if the Lord's prayer is for universal use; if we are all the children of a common Father, who, if he be a good parent, must love all his offspring alike. The colored man and white man

brothers? Yes. And the colored man is in bondage, is robbed of his all, of his liberty, his family, and every thing that man holds dear; and now he presents himself at the door of the white man, and asks — for what? For his freedom, for the privilege of taking care of himself, of enjoying the fruits of his own hard and honest toil, and the safe and legal possession of his own wife and children; and what answer will the white brother give? Will he turn him off with a mouldy crust? That is the question proposed to us, the people of the free States of America. The slave does not ask his master to set him free. That would be useless, that would only bring upon him additional stripes and severer toil; but he does come to *us* and ask for that liberty which is so unjustly and cruelly denied him. Shall we reject his prayer? He asks for the united public sentiment of the world, demanding his liberation. He asks that the Press should

raise its voice in his behalf, and that those who feel for him should go forth on errands of mercy and proclaim to the world the story of his sad condition; that, by these means, light may be diffused, and the effective sympathies of the world be enlisted in his cause. This he asks, as a brother; and shall we deny him? All this will cost money to be sure; but shall we withhold it? Shall we let our brother suffer and perish in his chains? Let us not attempt to dodge this question. No. Let us meet it, fully, boldly, fairly meet it; and let our hearts respond before the tribunal of Conscience, and say what we ought to give to help our brother.

There are some men, — aye, and so-called ministers of the gospel, too, — who would dismiss the needy brother with a mouldy crust of bread, and cover their cold-hearted selfishness by a hypocritical show of giving him 'ORAL religious instruction;' but all this will not do; it will not meet the wants of the slave,

nor can it satisfy the man who recognizes in every fellow-man a brother, and feels the obligation of that heavenly injunction, 'As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them'; or recollects the exclamation of the apostle, 'Whosoever hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?'

And now the Liberty Bell calls you to the door of the Christmas Anti-Slavery Fair, where your enslaved brother stands shivering with cold, and trembling with fear; with a down-cast, yet hopeful, wishful eye, waiting to see what you will GIVE him to make his heart and the hearts of his wife and little ones rejoice in all the blessings of heaven-bestowed freedom. Say, man, woman, child, *will you turn him off with a mouldy crust of bread?*

TO A FRIEND,

WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR'S AID AND PRAYERS FOR THE SLAVE.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

'PITY and prayers and pleadings for THE SLAVE!'
These thou didst ask, and, soon as asked, I gave:
Yet still I deem'd a stronger claim behind,
And long I waited, hopeful for my kind:
Is there no lot, more sad beyond compare,
Than even the slaves'?—no louder call for prayer?
Is there no being that, from morn till night,
Tasks his whole soul to prove that wrong is right?
No man, no brother, in whose moral life

Peace cannot be, but one perpetual strife?
Servant and slave himself, despite the show
Of limbs unchained, free movements, open brow?
No *master* he, — still less the meaner tool
Who holds the weapons of that savage rule: —
No — high in seats of intellectual power,
Sit they, the self-subdued, who grieve me more.
Theirs is the senate — theirs the pulpit — press —
Minds given to strengthen man, and hearts to bless;
Theirs was the power — but early in the race
They paused, they wavered — meaner souls gave chase
And bore them on to their appointed place,
To sit, the conquerors, yet themselves, the while,
Subdued, though silent, ministers of guile.
Alas for them, when Freedom's friends advance,

Firm in their steps and cordial in their glance!
How dull and dead the once familiar eye!
What chilling doubts, what straiten'd sympathy!
Not theirs to brand, nor torture — if they can,
They win to reason the impatient man:
Tell him of times (how far remote!) to be,
When duty *may* be done, and slaves go free;
When signs and portents shall announce the fact,
That God approves a just and righteous act;
But, till that hour, 't is treason, robbery, wrong,
To aid the weak in combat with the strong.
And they who Wisdom's highest counsels know,
Will turn aside and let the rash fools go.
Can such things be, and prayer be duly made
For slaves, for prisoners, and our voice be stayed?
Shall we not say, and with a swelling heart,
Oh! from this sad, this soul-debasing part,

Save, Lord, our best and dearest! — From
their breast
Chase, thou who canst, this demon of unrest.
Give them to feel where brotherhood may be,
In faith, in love, in simple trust in thee.
As thy kind gifts have bless'd them, as the glow
Of love is in their hearts, their homes, do thou
Vouchsafe that higher, more transcending grace,
To shed this beaming love o'er all their race.
As their high thoughts point heav'nward, may
they know
That equal Heaven but ripens what we sow.
No charm in death to change the natural fruit,
From poisonous stems bid healing branches
shoot;
No quick conversion of a mind imbued
With jealous fears, to Freedom's generous
mood.
Growth, — inward, upward, — still must mark
the mind
For Heaven's communion fitted and designed.

So be thou faithful found, brave heart! and rise
On to new tasks and wider sympathies:
Cheer up thy sluggish brethren in the race!
Keep on thy steady, but perpetual pace;
The calmness of a soul whose way is clear,
Light up thine eye, give quickness to thine ear;
So our low whispers, breathing o'er the sea,
Of peace and blessing, shall be dear to thee;
And in our Father's land, before the throne,
Rejoicing spirits claim thee for their own.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

BY RICHARD D. WEBB.

A WITTY and sagacious friend of mine, in his sure and certain hope of the eventual progress of the human race, never allows himself to be discouraged by trifles. He declares, that though *we* cannot discern the march of improvement, time will surely reveal it. Being ephemeral, we cannot grasp either end of eternity in our mental vision. We must not expect the world will turn right end uppermost in our time. We die — but humanity lives — and what may not be hoped for from *a few thousand years?* Such is the philosophy of my hopeful friend, and I hold it to be sound.

I knew a good man who devoted much of

his time to the promotion of the education of the Irish poor. He was of a desponding temperament, and at the end of a long life he sighed over the trifling results of his labors; yet the progress which had been made through his exertions was sufficient to delight the hearts of those who were blessed with more hopeful dispositions.

When the Temperance reformation was commenced in Ireland, about fifteen years ago, the laborers in the cause required abundant faith, hope, and charity. The storm of ridicule and faint-hearted prophecy that assailed them from every side was enough to cool the ardor of all but those who were determined to perform their duty. A kind offer was at that time made by a jeering opponent, — that, as the Temperance Society would undoubtedly be dead within a twelvemonth, he would hold himself in readiness to officiate as chief mourner. We were then known as 'the drunken Irish,'

the most dissolute, reckless and forlorn nation in the civilized world. How is it now? You would now see more drunkenness in a week's journey through moral Scotland or mighty England, than in Ireland in a year. To whatever cause it be attributed, the wonderful change is accomplished. The fact is undeniable that here we are, a soberer eight millions than any other eight millions you will find on the same number of square miles the wide world over. A comfortable fact for the hopers, and a noble fact it is.

This being the case, it no longer seems so Utopian to look forward to the time when our ears shall be stunned with the hideous yet heavenly din that shall break forth when all men — with arms bared to the elbows, and wielding heavy hammers — shall set about beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, having ceased to learn war any more. I believe there are

thousands now loathing war and all its accessories, who thought little upon the subject a short time ago. There is no saying what may not be done by the indefatigable labors of a devoted few, who take any thing in hand for the good of humanity, with honest hearts and God's blessing upon their work. Garrison is not so generally esteemed a fool now, even in his own country, as he was some twelve or thirteen years ago. The golden rule is better understood now than formerly; the signs of the times are all in favor of liberty. We have the abolition of East Indian slavery to cheer us. Nine or ten millions freed there, by the honorable East India company, make a glorious addition to the few hundred thousand in the West Indies, who completed their apprenticeship on the 1st of August, 1838. In these days, emancipation passes for a great and godlike action,—and so it is. But the days shall come when it shall be seen to be but a

small part of the duty that man owes to his brother man, not to enslave and oppress him. Let us not despair. The force of circumstances, the gentle pressure of events, guided by the Divine hand, all tend towards the rapid overthrow of the reign of fraud and force and the triumph of Christianity and humanity. Be it ours to take hold on the right side, and *work*. We must not measure our exertions by their apparent effects. It is not for us to know the times or the seasons, the days or the years, which are in the hand of God alone. And let us remember that, as Wendell Phillips has admirably expressed it—'We were not sent into the world to abolish slavery, but to do our duty.'

THE SLAVE-BOY'S DEATH.

BY ELIZABETH POOLE.

'ANOTHER of my brothers was sold to Mr. Tyler, Dewans's Neck. Pasquotank County. This man very much ill-treated many colored boys. One very cold day, he sent my brother out, naked and hungry, to find a yoke of steers; the boy returned without finding them, when his master flogged him, and sent him out again. A white lady, who lived near, gave him food, and advised him to try again; he did so, but it seems again without success. He piled up a heap of leaves and laid himself down in them, and died there. He was found through a flock of turkey buzzards hovering over him: these birds had pulled his eyes out.' — *Life of Moses Grandy, late a slave in the United States of America.* London: Charles Gilpin: 1843.

'Go seek my steers,' the master said,
With sullen brow and eye;
The sun gloomed out a dusky red,
And storms drove through the sky;
'Go seek my steers;' — young Grandy heard,
And went his way without a word.

He sought the steers through brake and glen,
  Through cheerless wood and plain,
Beside the homes of toil-worn men,
  That spoke of want and pain;
He passed the slaves in weary gang,
And heard the *cat's* heart-quivering clang.

He sought the steers through tangled ground,
  Then climbed a neighboring height,
And with strained glances peered around,
  But found no steer in sight.
The wind was high — 't was piercing cold —
And back his shivering way he told.

'Go seek my steers!' the master cried,
  And flogged him forth anew;
The boy turned back, while new-born pride
  Within his bosom grew,
And struggling fearfully, that thought
Above all former passions wrought.

Hungry and faint, he walked forlorn,
Relieved by strangers' bread;
He sought the steers till early morn
Glanced o'er the mountain's head;
Then hopelessly he laid him down
Upon a heap of leaflets brown;—

And there he lay, as grew the day,
Hungry, and faint, and pale;
And there he lay, while sunset gay
Flushed all the western vale;
And there he lay the lonely night,
With its far star-lights infinite.

His senses died, his soul went forth
On free and tireless wing;
He left in peace this torturing earth,
A spirit's joy to sing,
And gladly closed his weary eyes,
To be awaked in paradise.

And none knew where the slave-boy lay,
  Until the buzzards gave
Fierce notice of the shrunken clay,
  And of the leafy grave,
Where the low wind's bewailing sigh
Sung the young wanderer's lullaby.

With nature and in peace he died,
  Beside the ferny brake;
The wild flowers smiling by his side,
  The wavelets of the lake
Whispering soft music to his ear,
Long as the dying child could hear.

With nature, far from strife of men,
  From fiendish lash and frown —
With nature, in the ferny glen,
  Among the branches brown —
With nature, and with God, to bear
His unchained spirit through the air.

LEWIS HERBERT.

AN INCIDENT OF NEW-ENGLAND SLAVERY.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

'WORDS are things,' said Mirabeau, and very troublesome things men have sometimes found them. Abstract propositions are now and then as dangerous as edged tools. The 'rhetorical flourish' of the Declaration of Independence has produced effects, of which the honest men who uttered it never dreamed. It produced an explosion in France, which shook all the thrones of Europe, and unsettled the deepest foundations of old establishments. It has overthrown the domestic institutions of the British West Indies, and is even now threatening our

own with destruction. There is no telling where its ravages will be stayed. Indeed, a new idea is at any time a very dangerous thing to be allowed to go at large in a quiet community. If a man has hold of one, he must take care how he lets it go. If he cannot knock it on the head, let him make a cage for it in his own breast, where it may serve to divert himself and his particular friends occasionally; but let him beware how he turns it loose upon society. It will be almost sure to worry himself first of all, and then to play the very deuce in the neighborhood. And the mischief is, that when a new idea is once on foot, it is next to impossible to catch it or destroy it. And this, notwithstanding the respectable part of society has an instinctive antipathy to the anomalous monster, and does all it can to prevent its mischiefs and to despatch it, and that generally without much regard to the punctilios of the chase. The

world is sadly infested, at this moment, with these vermin. A man cannot be at peace in his study, his pulpit, his business, his sect, his party, or his possessions, for them. They respect not the old philosophies and theologies; they dabble in physic and in law; they buzz about in churches and capitols; they interfere between men and their spiritual and temporal masters; like harpies they carry away the very meat and wine from our tables; they demand a reconstruction of society; they even come betwixt us and our very bank stock and money bags. I wonder that the well disposed part of mankind do not make a grand *battue* for the extermination of these pests of the species. We shall never have a quiet world again until they do.

Our ancestors, of the times that tried men's souls, had their own experience of the impracticable nature of new ideas. The discussions which ushered in the great 'rhetorical flourish'

of the Fourth of July, 'that all men were created free and equal,' were not held in a corner, and would not always be limited to a fit audience. The slaves, as they stood behind their masters' chairs, (for be it known to our Southern brethren, that their favorite system, though ever a Patriarchal, was not always a peculiar one,) or mingled in the excited crowds in the streets, could not help hearing statements of general principles, which, though notoriously a stupid generation, they contrived to generalize sufficiently to make them include themselves. A practical consequence of these new ideas of human rights was, that many slaves made free with so much of their masters' property as was comprised within the circumference of their own skins, and, dispensing with the parental care under which they had grown up, rashly undertook the charge of themselves. Among this thoughtless and ungrateful class was Lewis, the slave of a wealthy

and distinguished New-England gentleman, whose real name I shall disguise under that of Herbert. Lewis was born in the house of Mr. Herbert, and had grown to manhood in his service. He had no reason to complain of harsh treatment, or of inattention to his bodily necessities. He had passed the middle period of life, and was not many years younger than his master, who ever treated him with much consideration and indulgence. In the realms of the kitchen he ruled with absolute sway,— one of those despots of whom most families, whose traditions reach so far back, have heard the fame and the deeds. Mr. Herbert scarcely dared to bring a friend home to dine with him without consulting the convenience of Lewis; and as to a dinner party, the master of the house knew himself to be but second in command on such a field day. Over the larder, the kitchen, the wine-cellar, the plate-chest and the china-closet, he reigned undisputed sovereign.

Notwithstanding his ample rule and high prerogatives, (and Lewis magnified his office,) he was never quite satisfied that he had his due. He heard the word slave used as the most ignominious epithet that could be applied to human infamy — and he learned to hate it. He heard the blessings of liberty extolled as the birthright of all mankind — and he wished to know what they were. He did not see (poor slave that he was!) why he should endure a condition which so many great men seemed to regard with such abhorrence, or why he had not as good a right to that freedom of which they discoursed so eloquently, as they had. I must do Mr. Herbert, however, the justice to say, that it was not from his lips, or in his house, that Lewis imbibed these extravagant ideas. He was (God help him!) a staunch Tory, and held all these leveling doctrines in utter abhorrence. But the air was tainted with them, and it is not to be wondered

at that poor Lewis should have been infected, especially as his temperament and condition pre-disposed him to receive the contagion. He was so severely afflicted, that he resolved to leave the home where he had been born and bred up, and where he enjoyed all the substantial goods of life, in pursuit of that phantom, Liberty—that *ignis fatuus*, which has often led men such a dance, and at last left them in the mire. Accordingly, one fine night, he left his master's house, with a heavy heart, and many tears; for the love of the African race for their homes and old familiar haunts, amounts to a passion. With many a bitter regret at leaving his old master and his young mistress, and with many a sigh at all he left behind, he fared forth in search of what great men have deemed but a name—of freedom and self-mastery. Whether his experience confirmed or confuted this philosophy, I am not able to say. All I know is, that he never returned to

his master's house, though he well knew that he would receive a joyful welcome, and full restitution to all his former dignities. Mr. Herbert, though grieved and hurt at the departure of Lewis, took no measuses to recover his services, but suffered him to seek a better condition if he could find it.

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Several years had passed away since the flight of Lewis, and no tidings had been heard of him. The cloud, which had been so long gathering, now brooded in blackness over the land, ready to burst upon it in a storm of desolation. Indeed the first red drops, the forerunners of the coming tempest, had already fallen at Lexington, and men were awaiting the general crash with hearts of mingled hope and fear. The siege of Boston was forming gradually, and the timid of either party were endeavoring to escape to it, or from it, according as their political principles led them to

welcome or to abhor the protection of the British crown. Mr. Herbert was a Royalist — the most loyal of the loyal. His faith in the omnipotence of the British Parliament was worthy of a Crown Lawyer. He believed that the struggle would soon be over, and its only result would be to establish King George III. more firmly than ever upon his throne in the hearts of his people. He had retired several years before to his country seat, about ten miles from Boston, and his advancing age and increasing infirmities indisposed him to a hasty removal to a beleaguered capital. Though he had held office under the crown, still he was not especially obnoxious to the popular side, and he hoped that he might be permitted to remain a quiet spectator of the struggle, unmolested by either party. He thought that an elderly man and his young daughter could not be regarded as very dangerous obstacles to the progress of a revolution. He hoped that age

and innocence might be safe from popular violence. But, good easy man, he had been brought up under the old ideas. Had he lived to this time, he would have known better.

It was a blustering evening, about the beginning of May, (not the May of the poets, but the May of New-Engand,) in the year of grace 1775. Mr. Herbert and his daughter, his only child, were seated together in the parlor (for in those days drawing-rooms were not) of his pleasant country house. The shutters were closed, and the heavy crimson curtain drawn, concealing the deep recesses for the windows and the inviting window-seats, now, alas! seen no more below. The light of the noble wood fire, (always a necessary attendant of a New-England May, and that season was what Horace Walpole would have called a *hard* spring,) roaring up the ample chimney, its jambs adorned with Dutch tiles, and its mantel-piece, with carving in wood, of which Grin-

lin Gibbons need not have been ashamed, flashed comfortably back from the panneled walls, pleasantly overpowering the rays of the wax candles on the table. Every pannel of the wall supported a full length portrait of some of the ancestral Herberts, from the pencil of the Limberts and the Blackburns of the early provincial days, while upon two of them the magic art of Copley had impressed an immortal moment of the cheerful age and of the brilliant youth of the pair before us. Change but the brocaded dressing-gown and crimson velvet slippers of the old man for his claret-colored dress coat, with gold buttons and gold-buckled shoes, and divest his head of the black velvet skull-cap, turned up with white silk, and you could scarcely tell which was the picture and which the original. And under the green riding habit, heavily laced with gold, and the riding cap, with its black ostrich plume, you could not fail to discern the form and features

of the beautiful Emily Herbert. Curiously carved, high-backed arm chairs, cabinets that would have driven a modern collector mad, tables of every variety of shape, some grasping a huge ball in a single clawed foot, while others sustained themselves upon an unaccountable confusion of legs, and other strange furnitures, whereof modern upholstery knows not the names, were duly arranged in their proper places about the ample apartment. The survivors must blush at the confusion in which they now awake and find themselves, after their half century of sleep, in modern drawing-rooms. Books there were good store, and in the corner, by the door, a globe, brought from the library for some special consultation. The father and his fair child sat by the fire, beside a small table, upon which stood the supper tray. The repast was slight, but the display of plate was such as would be thought unbefitting the occasion in these days. But in that

world, before fancy stocks — when cities under water and railways to the Dismal Swamp were unimagined things, much capital, comparatively, was invested in plate. And these marks of wealth, reported by the British officers, who were feasted in Boston on their return from the conquest of Canada, are said to have been a main temptation to the ministry to seek to repair their necessities by the taxation of the Colonies. Tall decanters blushed with the glowing vintages of Madeira and Portugal, and beside them an exquisitely delicate bowl of curious China sent up the fumes of that punch, which was our fathers' 'earliest visitation and their last at even.'

The old man sat looking wistfully into the fire, while his daughter, leaning her cheek upon her hand, gazed anxiously upon his face; for those were days that made fair young brows look sad and thoughtful before their time. The clock in the hall had just struck

ten, when they were roused from their contemplations by the sudden opening of the door. They hastily looked round, and, to their surprise, the long lost Lewis stood before them. Time had somewhat altered him, and his whole air and bearing was changed from what it was of old, but he it was. 'So you have returned, at last,' began Mr. Herbert, but he was hastily interrupted by Lewis. 'Sir,' he exclaimed, in an earnest tone, 'you must instantly leave this house. You have not a moment to lose.' 'Leave my house! at this hour! why, pray?' 'Because the mob is coming, vowing your destruction, and that of all that belongs to you.' 'The mob! and for what?' 'They say that you have been the cause of all their troubles, that they have discovered letters and what not——but make haste, sir. They are close at hand. If you will listen, you can hear them even now.' He hastily opened the window, and a confused

murmur of voices was heard, approaching nearer and nearer. Mr. Herbert, who had started to his feet at the first address of his slave, now sunk despondingly back again in his arm chair. 'I cannot go,' said he; 'save my child, and leave me to my fate.' 'For God's sake,' exclaimed Lewis, 'rouse yourself. They will murder you. They swear that you are worse than Hutchinson, and that they will have your heart's blood.' The old man shook his head. 'Leave me,' said he faintly, 'and save her.' 'Dearest father, do you think I will leave you?' cried Miss Herbert, passionately embracing him; 'if you will stay, I will stay with you. But will you suffer your only child to see you murdered before her eyes, and then to be exposed to the fury of a rebel mob?' This expostulation seemed to revive him in some degree, and the resolution beaming from his daughter's eyes gave him new strength and courage. There was indeed no

time to lose. The shouts and imprecations of the excited populace were now too distinctly audible, as they approached the rear of the house. Mr. Herbert was almost carried out of the house, through the hall door, between his daughter and his slave. The house was about a quarter of a mile distant from the high road. There were no artificial grounds around it. The thick grass grew up to the door, and the natural lawn was irregularly dotted with aboriginal elms and oaks, which the axe of the pioneer had spared. At some distance on the left, the lawn was skirted by a young growth of forest trees. To this point Lewis first directed the steps of his charge, and under its shelter they approached the road, before the mob had reached the house. There he paused for a moment, to allow his companions to take breath, and to permit the stragglers, who were coming in from the country around, to leave the road free. They looked towards the house.

Lights were seen flashing at every window. The mob were in search of them. They could hear distinctly their curses of disappointment and rage. Presently the windows were dashed through, and the furniture thrown furiously out upon the lawn. The very quiet room, where, a quarter of an hour before, all had been peace and stillness, was stripped of all its treasures to heap high the bonfire which was to crown the orgies of the night. The mob had soon broken into the wine-cellar, and this circumstance, and the prospect of the 'festal blaze,' it is probable, was the safety of the fugitives, by delaying the pursuit. Presently the bonfire began to crackle and blaze, and the shouts became more and more ferocious under the combined influence of liquor and mischief.

Foolish tourists in America complain that we have no amusements in this country. I wish they could have been at Walnut Hill

that night. But they are a perverse generation. Have they never heard of our merry times of old, sacking Governor Hutchinson's house, and tarring and feathering obnoxious officials, and the grand old tea party of '75? And then our rare sport in burning Convents, and Halls dedicated to Freedom, and dragging insolent varlets about the streets, who dared to say that the Declaration of Independence meant any thing, and shooting them down at the doors of their printing offices! They might at least have remembered the fun we have had in hoaxing 'the English epicures' into investing their solid hoards in a very rotten commodity of ours, called Public Faith, worth about as much as a dicer's oath, or the bought smile of a prostitute. And our repudiation, too! If that be not an excellent jest, I should like to know what is? I say nothing of the royal pastimes of burning men alive, by a slow fire, of hunting negroes with bloodhounds and

rifles, of whipping women to death, and selling one's own children by the pound; for these are the recreations of our betters, the guarded prerogative of the privileged classes. This kind of game is strictly preserved and secured for the amusement of our masters, as the chase was in old time confined to the corresponding class in Europe. Like them, too, our lords claim the privilege of pursuing their game over the soil of their vassals. But, though shut out from these diversions of our superiors, we can still share with them the stirring excitement of the mob, the delicate pleasantry of repudiation, and the delicious irony of Lynch law. Why, what would these cavillers have? No amusements, indeed!

The blazing bonfire soon attracted all the loiterers in the road, and Lewis seized the opportunity to cross it, with his companions, into the fields beyond. He knew that the main roads in every direction would be soon thronged

by yet greater numbers, attracted by the blaze, and he pushed across the fields towards the sea shore, about two miles off, as the most probable way of concealment or escape. They hurried along, as fast as the infirmities of Mr. Herbert would permit, over the uneven surface of the land — and slow enough it seemed to his companions. The night was more like one in November than in May, and the chilly wind drifted the clouds in black masses over the waning moon. They accomplished in safety about half the distance, and found themselves in a lane leading to the coast. Here Mr. Herbert declared that it was impossible for him to proceed. It was in vain that his daughter and Lewis endeavored to reassure him and drag him forward. He sunk despondingly upon the ground. At that moment a single horseman rode up. He stopped to see what was the matter. The cloud passed from the moon for an instant, and he saw at a glance

how it was. 'So the old rascal has got away,' said he with an oath, 'but I'll soon bring those that will settle his business.' He was just putting spurs to his horse, when Lewis seeing the emergency of the case, seized his bridle fast. It was but the work of a moment. The horseman was dragged from his seat and thrown upon the side of the lane, and Lewis had lifted Mr. Herbert into the saddle. Leading the horse, and entreating Miss Herbert to assist in steadying her father upon his back, he hurried onward as fast as he dared. This was the more necessary, as they heard the dismounted cavalier, as soon as he could recover his breath and his senses, making towards the light, roaring for assistance. It seemed as though they never would reach the end of the lane. Mr. Herbert swayed upon the saddle like a drunken man, and it was with difficulty that they kept him from failing. Before they had gained the shore, they knew that their

pursuers had been put upon the right scent. They were nearing them fast, when the fugitives at last came out upon the sands. The hurried footsteps, shouts, execrations, and dancing lights of the mob, seemed fearfully near. What were they to do? Fortunately, Lewis espied a gentleman's boat-house, built over a little creek hard by. 'I must make free with Colonel Vernon's boat,' exclaimed he, and suiting the action to the word, he demolished the padlock on the door with a huge stone. By an equally summary process he freed the boat from its moorings, and pushed it out of its covert. It seemed to be too late, for the rioters were almost upon them. He dashed through the waves, and taking Mr. Herbert in his arms, deposited him in the forward part of the boat, and then, in like manner, placing Miss Herbert at the helm, with a hurried instruction how to hold it, grasped the oars. A second's delay or misadventure had been fatal, for

the crowd were already upon the beach, exulting over their prey. But a single stroke of the oars placed them beyond their reach Maddened with drink and rage, the pursuers rushed into the sea, with yells and imprecations, in hopes to seize the boat. A shower of stones rained upon the fugitives But, luckily, the rioters had no fire-arms, and a sweep or two more of the oars placed them beyond danger and annoyance. The bay upon which they were launched was so completely land-locked, that it was more like an inland lake than the wide Atlantic. They were soon careering over the gentle billows, leaving the confused noise of the baffled mob far behind them, and they forgot, for the moment, in the sweet sense of present security, what they had suffered and lost.

As soon as the first tumults of joy were over, Lewis explained his agency in the matter. It seems, that after he left Mr. Herbert's

house, he had gone to Portsmouth, in New-Hampshire, where he lived until he happened to hear that his old master had removed, permanently, into the country. He then returned to Boston, not long before, and went into the service of a distinguished patriot. He had left the town previously to the siege, with this gentleman's family. It was in this situation that he heard of the popular excitement against his old master, as a traitor to the country, (whether just or not, we have not time now to inquire,) and of the determination of the populace to wreak their vengeance upon him. By pretending to join them, he had been able to get enough in advance of them to defeat their plans, as we have seen. While thus explaining, the boat rounded the point of Long Island, and was instantly challenged from His Majesty's frigate Arethusa, which lay at anchor in the channel. Explanations were soon given. The fugitives were cordially wel-

comed to the hospitalities of the ship for the night, and, the next morning, they were safely landed in Boston.

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Long years passed away. The struggle was over. The seven years of apprenticeship were at an end, and the American Colonies, erected into the United States, had set up the trade of government on their own account. The expectations of the English ministry were disappointed, and the hopes of the Loyalists crushed forever. The treaty of Paris had crowned the work, and the Rebellion was transmuted, by the magic of success, into the Revolution. Many hearts rejoiced at the prosperous issue; some, because they glowed with patriotic fires; some, because they saw a new and untried career of ambition opened before them; some, because the final seal was set upon the confiscations and forfeitures of the troublous times, and confirmed their titles to

other people's estates. But there were, too, sorrowful spirits and breaking hearts, wearing out sad years of exile in a foreign land, upon whose ears the distant rejoicings sounded like the death-knell of their hopes. To such, we turn.

One of the gloomiest days of a London November was drawing towards its close. The sun vainly endeavored to pierce the thick fog that buried the city in an untimely night. The street lamps were lighted, though it was not yet sunset, and the windows of the shops and houses shot forth uncertain glimmerings into the darkness. A single candle sufficed to light up an humble room on the fourth floor of a dilapidated house, in an obscure part of the city. It had not much to reveal. A ragged carpet strove to hide the middle of the floor, a few common chairs, no two alike, a deal table, and a rough bedstead, all bearing the tokens of poverty and the pawnbroker's shop,

filled up the disposable space of the chamber. A handful of coals upon the grate seemed to be endeavoring to excite themselves into a blaze, sending out into the room an occasional puff of smoke, as an earnest of their good intentions. The room was scrupulously clean, but in all other respects bore the marks of extreme poverty. Upon the bed reclined an old man, propped by pillows, apparently in the last stage of life. By his side sat a woman of perhaps thirty, but upon whose countenance care and sorrow had done the work of many years. The unnatural brightness of her eye, the hectic spot on her cheek, and the frequent though stifled cough, showed that she was not much longer for the world than her aged companion. 'Emily, my love,' said Mr. Herbert, for he it was, 'what was that knocking that just awoke me?' 'It was nothing, sir,' replied his daughter, 'but Mrs. Hobbs, coming after her rent. You remember that the doctor's fee, last week,

when you were so ill, swallowed up that week's rent, so that we are now a fortnight in arrears. But I pacified her by promising she should be paid as soon as Lewis arrives. You know it is Saturday night.' 'Ah, she awoke me from a most delicious dream. I thought I stood, as I often do in dreams, upon the lawn at Walnut Hill. The shadows of the old trees fell, sharply defined, on the grass, — beyond, the Neponset reflected the trees on his banks, as he used to do, — the Blue Hill was on my right hand, the old woods on my left, and the ocean gleamed in the distance. As I stood there, it seemed to me as if all that I have ever known, during my long life, passed in friendly procession before me. First, my parents, and brothers, and sisters, then my school-fellows, and college companions, and so on, as long as I had a friend left. It seemed as if they were gathered to some great festival, of which I was the central attraction. How I rejoiced in the sight of

their beloved countenances!' 'You have, at least, one friend left, sir,' interposed his daughter. 'True, my dear, and one worth hundreds that have called themselves so. What would my proud ancestors have said, what should I have said, in my pride of life, had it been foretold that I and my child would one day be dependant, for our daily bread, on the bounty of a negro!' 'Dear Lewis!' said Miss Herbert, 'he has saved our lives many times. What should we have done without him?' 'What, indeed!' rejoined her father. 'When the compensation allowed for my losses, by the government, was absorbed by my old English debts, and when, that not sufficing, my very pension was sold, we must have starved or come upon the parish, but for him. God will reward him.' A light tap was heard at the door, which was gently opened, and Lewis entered, his face beaming with satisfaction, for it had been a prosperous week with him.

Years had grizzled his hair, and slightly bent his frame, but 'his age was like a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly.' He wore the dress of the waiter of a tavern, in which capacity he had for many years supported himself and his *protegés*. On his arm he bore a covered basket, containing provisions, which he had just been purchasing. He cheerfully advanced to Miss Herbert, and gave her money for her clamorous landlady, and other expenses. He then busied himself in putting the room to rights, and in performing various services about the sick bed. There was a cheerful alacrity about him, which showed that his labors were indeed those of love. There was nothing of servility about the marked respect which he paid to Mr. and Miss Herbert. His good breeding was learnt in no *coterie* or court, but it could not have been surpassed by the most accomplished graduate of either; for he bestowed the greatest of benefactions without seeming

conscious that they were such, and saved the pride of his beneficiaries, while he supplied their necessities. He was fully aware of the obligations under which he had laid the helpless pair before him, and they knew it; but they both felt as if his relation to them was that of a father or a brother. Misery is a great leveller of the distinctions men have made between themselves and their fellow-men. But there was nothing in the deportment of Lewis that ever reminded his former master and mistress of their obligations to him.

At last, he said that it was time to go, as there was a great supper at the Angel that night. As he turned to leave the room, Mr. Herbert detained him. 'Lewis,' said he, 'I feel as if my time was short, and I have a word or two to say to you.' Lewis put down his hat and approached the bedside. 'My friend,' Mr. Herbert resumed, 'my child and I owe you many lives. You saved us from a

mob in America, and from starvation here.' Lewis made a deprecating gesture, and his countenance indicated so much distress, that Mr. Herbert proceeded:—'I am not going to thank you, my friend, for that I cannot do,—God will thank you,—but to ask you to continue to be the friend of my child when I am dead.' Lewis looked half reproachfully at his old master, as if hurt at the implication that such a request was necessary, and then turned his eyes upon Miss Herbert. They filled with tears as they rested upon her, for he saw, though her father did not, how short a time she was destined to remain behind him. He could not speak, but he took Miss Herbert's hand and kissed it. Lord Chesterfield could not have done it more expressively. Mr. Herbert was made easy on that point. 'Now tell me,' he resumed, 'whether you have made any inquiries as to my old loyalist friends at the other end of the town;—do they suspect

where I am?' 'I have good reason to know,' replied Lewis, 'that they believe you returned, long since, to America, and have no suspicion of your being still in London.' 'That is well,' rejoined Mr Herbert, 'let the secret be still kept, that the world,' (his little loyalist world,) 'may never know of the latter days of Philip Herbert.' He extended his hand to his benefactor, and, sinking back upon his pillow, closed his eyes. Lewis, in strong emotion, stole from the room. He returned about midnight, and, as soon as he looked upon the face of the sick man, he saw that he was dying. Miss Herbert had suspected as much, and was anxiously awaiting his arrival. They exchanged looks; no words were needed. Lewis took his station on the other side of the bed, and they remained all night watching the face of the dying man. Towards morning, he opened his eyes, and, turning them first upon his friend, and then upon his child, with that look which

only a dying man can give, he closed them again forever.

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I need not prolong my tale. More than half a century has passed away since all its actors disappeared, like drops of rain in the ocean. They sleep together in one of the hideous church-yards of London, and are forgotten. Of the colonial glories of the Herberts, of the miseries of their exile, of the heroic self-devotion of Lewis, not a trace is left, except this imperfect tradition. Heroic his conduct surely deserves to be called; for what is heroism but intelligent self-devotion to an unselfish end — self-sacrifice for the advantage of others? And when those, for whom the sacrifices of years were made, had inflicted upon him who made them the greatest wrong man can do to man, — when self-devotion was thus the companion of godlike forgiveness, — surely, it was a height of virtue, to which the annals of the

race can furnish but few parallels. For Lewis was no besotted slave, whom favors or blows had so imbruted that he could not discern his own rights, so that he blindly followed his master, in the belief that he was entitled to his life-long service. He had shown his sense of the degradation and injustice of his servile estate, by leaving the persons and the scenes he loved, for freedom, though in a worse condition, and refusing to return again, until misfortune had overshadowed them. That he did not grudge his services, he showed by his cheerful gift of them to those he loved, when they were his own to give.

Perhaps there may be some, who will deem it strange that the Herberts should have consented to be thus the dependants of a negro, once their slave. Such should be very careful of their censures, for they may reach farther than they think. Was it more disgraceful to the Herberts to live in London, upon the earn-

ings of a negro, freely offered for the love he bore them, than it is to grave judges, learned divines, and honorable women, to live upon the earnings of negroes in Charleston or Baltimore, extorted by the fear or the application of torture? Which is the meaner and more ignominious livelihood of the two? The same practical results are worked out on many a broad plantation, and in many a splendid city mansion, that we have seen produced in an obscure garret in London; only the motive power that creates them is the scourge or the branding-iron, instead of generous affection. There are many men, of eminent station, and who boast loudly of the sensitiveness of their honor, who eat dirtier bread, every day of their lives, than did the Herberts during their last and evil days.

There may be others, who cannot understand why Lewis, when he was so ready to give his services for nothing, in the days of his

master's distress, should have deserted him in the days of his prosperity, when his fidelity might have met with some reward. If there be any who cannot perceive the difference between the free gifts of love and the extorted tribute of involuntary servitude, I have no time left to point it out. I can only say, that if it were an error, it was one which he shared with the noblest natures and the most generous spirits. The divine instinct of liberty, to which he yielded, and which is even now urging hundreds of fugitives towards the polar star, is that which has shed the purest glory upon the page of history, and given to poetry its truest inspiration. Its manifestations, however coarse or barbarous they may have been, ever have appealed with resistless power to the universal human heart. It was this principle that wreathed with myrtle the sword of Harmodius, and has invested with immortal memories the steel of Brutus and the shaft of Tell.

It was this that sent Hampden, reeling in his saddle, a dying man, from Chalgrave field; that taught Milton

'To scorn delights, and live laborious days;'

and that made Vane and Sidney lay down their heads upon the block, as if it were some beloved bosom wooing them to repose. To those who feel that freedom is the only element in which the soul can grow and expand, and who can appreciate the virtues which are its genial growth, in however humble a breast, or obscure a lot, I cheerfully commend the memory and the example of LEWIS HERBERT.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE PICTURE, 'CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.'

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

SAVIOUR! Consoler! in thy presence bending,
Lo, what a train of mourners round Thee wait!
What earnest prayers, from breaking hearts ascending,
Thy blessed help and comfort invocate!
Great as their sorrow, is Thy mercy great!
The youthful mother, weeping for her child—
The murderer, haunted by remorse, too late—
The maniac, tortured by his fancies wild;—
And chief, the fettered and forsaken slave
Among this crowd of sufferers claims a place;
Stronger than all, *that* claim on Him who gave
His life a ransom for the human race.
When *we*, as mourners, on Thy mercy call,
May we, like Thee, have loved and pitied all!

DIVERSITIES.

BY LUCRETIA MOTT.

'There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.'

In the prosecution of the divine work of giving 'deliverance to the captive,' the interest of those engaged is variously brought to bear on the several departments in the field of labor; each, perhaps, impressed with the paramount importance of his chosen sphere of action.

The religious sectarian, urges the necessity of purifying the Church, by means of 'concerts of prayer,' by prompting the minister to 'cry aloud and spare not,' and by refusing communion with the slaveholder.

The statesman and politician magnify the good to result from the election to offices in the government, of those who 'are not against us, but for us.'

They who recognize the duty of abstinence from slave-grown products, are wont to conclude, that the overthrow of the abominable system is dependent on the practical despising of 'the gain of oppression.'

Some, regarding prejudice against color as one of the firmest supports of slavery, would direct their efforts mainly to the removal of this sin, by social intercourse, and by the elevation of our brethren who are nominally free.

The vigilant protector of the fugitive from bondage, in view of the numbers annually placed beyond the reach of their pursuers, would fain persuade himself, that ultimate emancipation will be effected, by encouraging such escape from the American prison-house.

While there is this 'diversity of operations,' let each be careful lest he be engrossed with his favorite department in the great work. The religionist should wash his hands in innocency of every stain, so that he may compass the holy altar of Freedom. The statesman and politician should bear in mind, that moral suasion must change the corrupt heart of this nation, or ever it cease to 'frame iniquity by a law.' Let those who 'despise the gain of oppression,' regard their abstinence from the products of the unrequited toil of the stricken slave, as the beginning, rather than the fulfilment of their duty, — preparing them, with clean hands, to aid effectually in removing far from this nation the evil of its doings, in using our neighbor's service without wages, and giving him not for his work. Duty bids to do all that in us lies, to overcome prejudice, and improve the condition of the nominally free, but our object should be, to break up a system

which has thus degraded our fellow-beings. While we aid, to the extent of our power, the fugitive from injustice and oppression, let us not yield to solicitations for money to purchase his freedom from his claimants; thus acknowledging a right of property in man, and giving an indirect support to slavery. Rather let our main and most vigorous exertions be directed to the overthrow of the outrageous system of American Slavery.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

'It seems to me quite impossible to decline entirely what Mrs. Chapman asks of me, as my mite to the anti-slavery cause, if it were possible that it should be of use. She is, perhaps, aware how difficult it is for a woman to do any thing that is *usefully* conspicuous here, for the prejudice against it prevents the benefit; however, I will now feel that I am stretching my weak hand across the Atlantic, to that noble-minded woman, of whom I have so often thought, — one of a band near to every sympathy of my heart. Weakness and unworthiness I should have felt at any time; I am now, you know, laboring under physical weakness,

so great, that it is in the intervals of faintness that I write; but the very feeling of the increased uncertainty of life, in altered health, gives me a momentary strength, — for in what hour of life can such a subject appear trivial or unexciting?

'Will you convey to your honored acquaintance my deep sympathy — my affectionate remembrance. I thought of her in the deep gloom of Channing's death, and I imagine her in every gleam of light and hope that shines through the dark grating of this terrible subject. I was very young when I felt that the subject of slavery came between me and my peace; this is what I heard old Mr. Clarkson say it had done to him, and what did he give? Fifty years of his life — a blessed gift for him that gives them. Hearing this fine old man make his touching, trembling deposition, was one of the moments in which I felt that most of life centered.

I shall end with my eldest daughter's words: — "The words of American Abolitionists are thrilling to our hearts. How is it possible for those, with whose country rests a portion of the burning shame for the introduction of the curse of Slavery in America, not to kindle at the hope of its abolition? There must be faith and hope, — there must be the charity, which bears long with man, while it wars against his sin."

I only add, that I wish I could have said better what our hearts are full of. Such as it is, let my hand grasp Mrs. Chapman's; I envy yours that has really done so.

Yours, &c., &c.

HARRIET SUTHERLAND.

PITY THE SLAVE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

You pity me, because
My days and years are passed within the square
Of these two rooms; — because my eye surveys
But a small stretch of sea, — some garden plots,
A village on yon hill, and a green down
A child may traverse in three minutes' space: —
Because some years have passed since I beheld
A spreading tree, — so that I start at sight
Of oak, or elm, or copse, in print or sketch
Held up before my face; — and when I read
Of cottage scene, or reapers in the field,
Or rivulet that murmurs in a lane,
I lay the volume down, and close my eyes,

To summon up, by act of memory,
The images familiar once as voice
Of mother or of sister, — as the sight
Of sunshine and of stars is to me now.
For this you pity me, and call me 'prisoner,'
As if privation centered in that word.
Your pity makes me blush, as if I sought
For sympathy or false pretence: for who,
I daily feel, can freer be than I?
Freer from every yoke that galls: — for know
Our Father lays none but a seeming yoke,
Giving thereby new sense of liberty.
The yoke of man is that which none can bear
And truly live. Then do not pity me,
To whom the universe is opened wide,
For my free soul to range where'er it will.
Under no fetters but those fleshly bonds,
Which daily waste, and soon must be dissolved;
Slave to no human will, and only linked,
In silken ties of love, to my own kind, —
Those ties which cherubs court in heaven's
free air,

And seraphs seek, treading among the stars; —
Free from all ties but these, pity not me!
But rove with me, as we have liberty,
And I v show you whom our souls shall pity.
Turn from this treeless spot to forest realms:
Turn from this sea to where the rolling tides
Of Mississippi thunder towards the gulf:
Turn from these garden plots to prairies gay
With blossoms that would cover all our isle.
See, there, how men in the green shadow stand
Of ancient woods, where the swift winds make music
Among the pines; where birds and butterflies
Flit all day long among the sunny peeps
And bells of dangling vines: — there see these men;
One climbing stems, to find the wild bee's comb;
One bringing horses down, to quench their thirst
At spring or running brook; one in the sun

Basking, and singing to a laughing troop
Of children at their play. See in the stream
The women plash to reach the grassy bank,
And spread their bleaching linen. When the morn
Flings the night shadows, see the dancing groups
In the piazza, where the torches flare,
Or in the court, where drum and flute resound,
And shouts of laughter issue forth to break
The silence of the starlight plains afar.
These must you pity. Yes — I show you not
The husband raging while his wife is flogged,
Nor wives at auction in the market place;
Nor children trained to sin without the shame.
I show you slaves, as their own masters show them,
And when most gay, Oh! then most pitiable.
Would you see me one of them, — moving free
In wood or meadow, singing or at play, —

The mind's eye quenched the while, the soul debased,
The heart a hell of passions, ruled by Fear?
Oh! 'Fear hath torment,' and a life of fear,
Fear that casts shadows forward into heaven
Is that of slaves. Oh! my friend, never dare
To spend your pity on the sick, the prisoner,
Caged but by God's kind hand; but keep it all
(After the guilty, the poor slaves of sin,)
For the poor slaves of man. If it were yours
To lay them on the bed of pain, to lock
Their limbs in hopeless palsy, as the cost
Of making chattels men, this would be mercy!
'T would be but mercy to release the soul
From yoke of man and hell, come what come may
To the soon-perishing frame; and if you loved,
You would not hesitate. It is not yours
To make the choice: but do the thing you can!
Oh! pity me no more; but give your heart,
Give all your daily love and nightly prayers

To break the shameful fetters of the slave,
Whose iron cankers souls. And all around you,
As sorrow springs at human woes,
Lay hold on young and tender hearts, and teach them,
While helping all who suffer, to rejoice
With God's blithe captives, prisoners but in limb,
And weep when 'tis the spirit that's enthralled.

Tynemouth, August 26, 1843.

THE CHURCH AND THE CLERGY.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

'We are verily guilty concerning our brother.'

Such may well be the humble and penitent confession of the whole free population of this country, with reference to the slaves, whom we hold in bondage. We all share in the guilt and disgrace of slavery.

The merchant buys and sells the products of slave labor, without thought or care, except for his profits; and the purchaser uses them, without thought or care, except for their relative cheapness.

The lawyer argues, and the judge decides, in favor of slavery, with as much quiet composure as if the slave-code were a portion of the

Gospel, and the Constitution of the United States equally divine with the Golden Rule.

The father, who would establish his son in business, selects for him a situation, indifferently, in Boston or New-Orleans, regardless of that depravation of the moral sense, which habitual contact with slavery must necessarily produce.

The young man who surveys the country, to decide upon a permanent residence, balances impartially the claims of North, South and West, and decides without thinking of slavery.

The indigent northern student, who seeks the means of completing his education, goes to the South as a schoolmaster or private tutor, and leaves it when his object is effected, without once intimating to his pupils that slavery is wrong.

The citizen of New-England marries a fair daughter of the South, and thinks of her slave inheritance only to congratulate himself on his

increased possessions; and the northern girl permits her affections to be engaged by a slaveholder, and goes to share his despotic power, without a thought of her abused influence, or her impending punishment.

The southern clergyman practices and defends slaveholding. His northern brother keeps silence, until some abolitionist gains access to his people, and then preaches, ardently and in earnest, against anti-slavery.

Southern churches and ecclesiastical bodies defend slavery as a proper and necessary part of the social system; and northern churches and ecclesiastical bodies, knowing this, concede to them, without scruple, the title and privileges of Christian brethren.

The northern member of Congress hears the most ferocious threats of illegal violence uttered by slaveholders against abolitionists, and sits quietly in his chair, without a word of protest against the outrage, or a word of warning

to his constituents, whose liberties and lives are thus openly threatened.

Northern people, of every class, talk with their southern guests and acquaintances about slavery, as a business transaction, or an indifferent subject of conversation, and thus practically assure those friends of their acquiescence in the perpetuity of the slave system.

All classes in our community are thus tainted with the guilt of slavery. Why, then, have abolitionists branded the church and the clergy with particular and especial denunciation? Are they sinners above all others? If all are guilty, why single them out for particular censure, and expose them as in the pillory, pre-eminent in sin and shame, before the eyes of mankind!

Questions like these have often been asked and answered. But, obvious as the answer is, it must be repeated again and again, for the benefit of those who, having ears, hear not.

The church is, theoretically, an association designed to promote all holiness and destroy all sin. It assumes that these purposes can best be accomplished through its instrumentality, and therefore maintains that all good men ought to unite and co-operate with it. The clergy are the leaders, guides, heads of the church, and the church is at present what they have made it.

If the church and the clergy had been faithful to their principles, anti-slavery societies would never have existed, for they would never have been needed. If they were now faithful to their principles, namely, love of holiness and hatred of sin, they would be the most steadfast and zealous allies of the abolitionists.

But we find, on inquiry, that the clergy of the South hold slaves, when it suits their convenience to do so, and teach their people that slaveholding is right; and that the church-

members of that immense territory use, without scruple, the license thus given by their spiritual guides. We find, also, that the northern clergy prefer to let slavery alone altogether. When circumstances force it upon their attention, they represent it as an evil, which they hope that time, with the ameliorating influences of civilization and Christianity, will ultimately remedy; but they utterly refuse to protest against it as a sin, demanding immediate and entire abandonment. They welcome to their Christian fellowship such slaveholding clergymen and church-members as chance to come among them; but they denounce abolitionists as evil and dangerous men, and seek, as far as possible, to counteract their influence.

It is easy to see why the position, character, and influence of the clergy and the church, render them far more dangerous enemies of the anti-slavery cause than all its other enemies combined.

The clergy are the teachers of the people. Their right to assume this commanding position is generally recognized. The community devote one day in seven to the purpose of hearing their instructions; and whoever declines becoming their pupil, and uses the day they have monopolized, for his own purposes, is called by them, and considered by their adherents, a suspicious and dangerous person. Their opposition, therefore, must be a serious obstacle in the way of any enterprise.

The clergy and the church are supposed to embody the religious sentiment of the community. The man, or the enterprise, that they oppose, is thought, for that reason, to have a character opposed in some way to the interests of religion. Their character is so established, in the view of the community, that antagonism with them is in itself a reproach.

Nothing can be plainer, than that, if the religion of a country does not actively oppose

slavery, it will be its defence and bulwark. If the open tyranny of the lash and chain are found, as they ever must be, difficult of vindication, their apologist can always fall back upon the excellent character and fervent piety of the ministers and church-members who employ them. 'Certainly Deacon A., and the Reverend Mr. B., and good brother C. would not knowingly do anything wrong. *They pray, every morning and evening, with their families.* Yet they hold, buy and sell slaves.' Thus the question is settled, to the entire satisfaction of many, who do not dream that they are approving the exact counterpart of those who, eighteen centuries ago, devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made long prayers.

Thus the church and the clergy throw over slavery the shield of their good character. Knowing what the atrocities of slavery are, (for ignorance, at least, can no longer be their justification,) they deliberately prefer to side

with the slaveholder rather than with the abolitionist. It matters not whether their aid be active or passive. So much approbation and support as silence implies, is all that the dealers in slaves ask of them; so surely has their silence upon the subject of slavery favored and perpetuated it from its commencement to the present time. Their combined influence might have effected the abolition of slavery in any one year of our national existence. If a tithe of their duty had been done, no slaveholder could have retained his place in any society that valued even the appearance of morality or religion.

The church and the clergy fix the standard of morality and religion in our community. To them it is owing that slaveholding has not long since taken its appropriate place with drunkenness, theft, murder and adultery, in the estimation of the public. They have suffered that compound of all vices to take root, flourish,

and become established among us, until it is openly boasted of as the natural and necessary appendage of free institutions. They have a reputation which sanctifies even falsehood and crime. How much might this influence effect, co-operating with the natural energy of truth and justice. How irresistible would be the impression, if every minister throughout the country should, from this moment, remember those in bonds as bound with them, and should preach deliverance to the captives, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, and the breaking of every yoke. Suppose, in addition to this, that every church-member should at once emancipate his slaves, and become a consistent and hearty advocate of liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof. Who, that valued his character, who that regarded the opinion of the better portion of society, could continue to hold slaves? Who would not see that the first

principles of justice, religion and humanity require immediate and universal emancipation? Who would not hasten to free himself from the reproach of being a slaveholder, and shudder at the thought of even appearing by delay to wish the continuance of such barbarous oppression?

This power which the church and the clergy have, they refuse to exercise. Entrusted with the education of this great people in religion and morality, they abuse their trust, and put darkness for light, and evil for good. Having a reputation, which would sustain them unharmed in revolutionizing public sentiment, they choose to glide with the current of sin, and resign the glorious privilege, their birthright and natural prerogative, of fighting the battles of the Lord against the mighty. The staff thus dropped from their hand, the abolitionists have taken up; and the first service which allegiance to truth and righteousness

requires of them is, to expose to a misguided people the treachery of their predecessors.

Let it be repeated and remembered. If the church and the clergy had not utterly failed to perform their peculiar and appropriate duty of relieving the oppressed, and pleading for the friendless, the fatherless and the widow, anti-slavery societies would never have existed. They were literally called into being by the delinquencies of the church, and they perform only their imperative duty in warning the community against a religion, falsely assuming the Christian name, which tends to sanction and perpetuate slavery.

THE FUGITIVES IN BOSTON.

BY SUSAN WILSON.

They came through perils, only known
To those, who, guided by the ray
Of one bright star to lands unknown,
Find unimagined dangers thrown
Around their paths, and, day by day,
Start, as they seem to hear the bay
Of blood-hounds following their track,
Urged on by men more fierce than they,
And listen for the murderous shot; —
But death, e'en such a death, is not
Feared, as they fear the coming day
May see them borne to bondage back.

Such dangers and such fears were passed,
They stood amid kind friends at last;
Nor only friends, — for *there* was one,
A woman, who long since had thrown
Her fetters off, and dreamed no more,
Of meeting those she loved before;
But she had found the one most dear, —
Her mother to her arms was given!
And warmly, almost wildly, she
Poured forth her soul-felt thanks to Heaven.

There were four others, — men still young,
Whose spirits, past endurance stung,
By countless, nameless wrongs, — at length
Trusted that He, who gave a star
To guide their way, would give them strength
To gain a home and freedom, far
Beyond the reach of their control,
Who fetter body, heart and soul.

Then hundreds gathered round, to hear
The tale of trials each could tell, —
And one spoke of a wife and child
In bondage with him, —loved so well, —
He risked his life, and theirs, to gain
Freedom from the too galling chain.
And gratefully of one he told,
Who promised, in a vessel's hold,
To carry them concealed away.
His wife and child in safety there
He placed, and hastened to prepare
For joining them another day.
But when again he reached the shore,
The ship he sought was seen no more;
' Twas sailing far away!
And he — he would not pause to tell
Of grief, aad fear, and doubt, that fell
Upon his heart, — nor how their spell
He broke, with courage nought could quell,
For he had caught a ray
Of hope, — with speechless rapture fraught,

Had heard the wife, the child he sought,
Were in Toronto safe, — and he
With them, please Heaven, e'er long would be.

That mother, then, and daughter, told
Their tales, — nor could restrain
Their fervent gratitude and joy,
That they had met again, —
Had met amid the kind, the free,
And, more than all — at liberty.

An old man rose — his crown was bald,
But locks, by time and sorrow bleached,
In snow-white curls, on either side,
Down even to his shoulders reached.
He, too, had been a slave, and long
Had borne unmurmuringly the wrong,
The lengthened task, the wanton blow,
And much that only slaves can know;

But e'en in his degraded lot,
He found one bright, one happy spot; —
Found flowers upon his pathway strewn, —
A wife and children were his own!
His own — alas! how vain the trust,
  Which the confiding slave reposes
On those who trample in the dust
The laws of kindred and of love,
Of men on earth, and Heaven above, —
  How vain such trust, each day discloses!

Of change, of poignant grief he told; —
They sold his wife — one child they sold,
  And left him only one;
And oh! how closely did his heart
(With all beside thus forced to part,)
  Cling round that much loved son!
He was a gentle, noble boy,
And soon with deep, but fearful joy,
His father marked his spirit high,

And stronger, stronger grew the tie
  Which their lone spirits bound, —
It softened e'en the deep regret
For those they never could forget,
And in their saddened lot were yet
  Bright gleams of pleasure found: —

Pleasure, that soon was swept away, —
  For, from his arms the boy they tore, —
He, too, was sold, — and on that day
  Enjoyment, even hope was o'er;
There was not left a single ray,
  To light the gloom of bondage more.
And then he vowed to break his chain,
Or, should the attempt be made in vain,
Even the threatened death would be
Preferred to life in slavery.
The first attempt *did* fail, and all
  They 'd threatened was endured, save death;
The bloody lash just ceased to fall,
  In time to spare the failing breath.

But added tortures moved him never
From his fixed purpose, — and when strength
Returned, he strove again to sever
His soul-felt fetters; and, at length,
Toil, danger, fear were past, and he
Stood thankfully among the free.

'Since then,' he added, 'many a year
Has passed — I could not happy be,
For memory dwelt on those so dear,
Forever, ever lost to me.
Yet I have been resigned and calm,
No worldly hopes or fears came o'er me;
For grief like mine earth has no balm,
And light from heaven was beaming o'er me.
But feelings, that I fancied slept
Forever, have awakened — I,
With spirit deeply moved, have wept
In thankfulness and sympathy
With those this day has reunited;
But while I share their grateful joy,

I think how all *my* hopes were blighted,
When parted from my noble boy.
My boy! O, could I meet him now,
But place my hand upon his brow,
And say, 'dear John, you're mine,' and know
No tyrant's will could bid us part,
What perfect happiness would flow
Upon my desolated heart.'

The old man ceased — but e'er was past
The echo of the words he'd spoken,
The breathless silence gathering there,
By words that thrill'd each heart, was broken:
'*Father!* MY FATHER!' — it was he,
So loved, so mourned, his long lost son,
Who rushed into his arms, — among
Those welcome strangers he was one.

Let Fancy — no, to paint the rest,
The o'erflowing feelings of each breast,
Her brightest, richest hues would fail;

Go list when Collins tells the tale,
With quivering lip and moistened eye,
With noble, deep, and gen'rous feeling,
To every tender sympathy
With thrilling eloquence appealing;
Listen, and feel, however lowly
The pathway of the slave may be,
No clouds of earth can shut out wholly
The light of love and liberty.

Then higher raise your beacon fires,
His northward way to guide and cheer;
Teach southern despots that their dark,
Heaven-daring laws, are powerless here;
Here, where with fervency are breathed,
From countless spirits, prayers to Heaven,
That, turning from their guilt-marked course,
They may repent, and be forgiven.

Montgomery County,
Pennsylvania.

NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Cost what it may, every slave on the American soil must be liberated from his chains. Nothing is to be put in competition, on the score of value, with the price of his liberty; for whatever conflicts with the rights of man must be evil, and therefore intrinsically worthless. Are we to be intimidated from defending his cause by the fear of consequences? Is it, then, safe to do wrong? Has a just God so ordered it, that the strong may oppress the weak, the rich defraud the poor, the merciless torture the innocent, not only without guilt, but with benefit to mankind? Is there no similitude between the seed that is sown, and

the harvest which it brings forth? Have cause and effect ceased to retain an indissoluble connexion with each other? On such a plea, what crime may not be committed with impunity? what deed of villany may not demand exemption from rebuke? what system of depravity may not claim protection against the assaults of virtue?

Let not those who say that the path of obedience is a dangerous one, claim to believe in the living and true God. They deny his omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence. It is his will that the bands of wickedness should be loosed, the heavy burdens of tyranny undone, the oppressed set free. They reject it as absurd, impracticable, dangerous. It is his promise that the results of emancipation shall be noon-day light for darkness, health for disease, fertility for barrenness, prosperity like a spring of water whose waters fail not, the building up of old waste places, the restoring

of paths to dwell in, the glory of the Lord for a rereward, and his guidance continually! They affirm that the promise is worthless, and to disregard it a duty. They exalt the Spirit of Evil above all that is called God, and raise an Ephesian clamor against those who will not fall down and worship it. Yet they put on the garb of religion; they extol faith, hope, charity; they build and dedicate temples of worship, in the name of Christ; they profess to be the disciples of Him who came to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Unblushing hypocrites! think not by your pious dissembling to hide your iniquity from the pure in heart, or to 'circumvent God!' Impious contemners of Divine wisdom and goodness! from your companionship the spirits of the free shrink with horror!

For more than two centuries, slavery has polluted the American soil. It has grown with

the growth, and strengthened with the strength of the republic. Its victims have multiplied from a single cargo of stolen Africans to three millions of native-born inhabitants. In our colonial state, it was deemed compatible with loyalty to the mother country. In our revolutionary struggle for independence, it exchanged the sceptre of monarchy for the star-spangled banner of republicanism, under the folds of which it has found ample encouragement and protection. From the days of the Puritans down to the present time, it has been sanctified by the religion, and upheld by the patriotism of the nation. From the adoption of the American Constitution, it has declared war and made peace, instituted and destroyed national banks and tariffs, controlled the army and navy, prescribed the policy of the government, ruled in both houses of Congress, occupied the Presidential chair, governed the political parties, distributed offices of trust and emolument

among its worshippers, fettered Northern industry and enterprise, and trampled liberty of speech and of conscience in the dust.

It has exercised absolute mastery over the American Church. In her skirts is found 'the blood of the souls of the poor innocents.' With the Bible in their hands, her priesthood have attempted to prove that slavery came down from God out of heaven. They have become slave-owners and dealers in human flesh. They have justified robbery, adultery, barbarity, man-stealing and murder, on a frightful scale. They have been among the foremost to crush the sacred cause of emancipation, to cover its advocates with infamy, to oppose the purification of the Church. They have become possessors of the flock, whom they slay, 'and hold themselves not guilty: and they that sell them say, Blessed be the Lord; for I am rich: and their own shepherds pity them not.'

If slavery be thus entwined around the civil, social, and pecuniary interests of the republic — if the religious sects and political parties are banded together for its safety from internal revolt and external opposition — if the people, awed by its power and corrupted by its influence, are basely bending their knees at its footstool — is it wonderful that Church and State are shaken to their foundations by the rallying cry of Liberty, 'To the rescue!' in behalf of imbruted humanity? Or should it be accounted marvellous that they who have sternly resolved to effect the utter overthrow of this frightful usurpation are subjected to persecution, reproach, loss of character, and the hazard of life? Constituting the 'forlorn hope' in the struggling cause of freedom, they must be prepared to meet all the vicissitudes of the conflict, and to make whatever sacrifices may be needed to achieve the victory. Hereafter, when the song of jubilee shall be sung by those for

whose deliverance they toiled so devotedly, their deeds and their memories shall be covered with a halo of glory, and held in grateful remembrance by enfranchised millions.

Slavery must be overthrown. No matter how numerous the difficulties, how formidable the obstacles, how strong the foes, to be vanquished — slavery must cease to pollute the land. No matter whether the event be near or remote, whether the taskmaster willingly or unwillingly relinquish his arbitrary power, whether by a peaceful or a bloody process — slavery must die. No matter though, to effect it, every party should be torn by dissensions, every sect dashed into fragments, the national compact dissolved, the land filled with the horrors of a civil and a servile war — still, slavery must be buried in the grave of infamy, beyond the possibility of a resurrection. If the State cannot survive the anti-slavery agitation, then let the State perish. If the Church

must be cast down by the strugglings of Humanity to be free, then let the Church fall, and its fragments be scattered to the four winds of heaven, never more to curse the earth. If the American Union cannot be maintained, except by immolating human freedom on the altar of tyranny, then let the American Union be consumed by a living thunderbolt, and no tear be shed over its ashes. If the Republic must be blotted out from the roll of nations, by proclaiming liberty to the captives, then let the Republic sink beneath the waves of oblivion, and a shout of joy, louder than the voice of many waters, fill the universe at its extinction.

Against this declaration, none but traitors and tyrants will raise an outcry. It is the mandate of Heaven, and the voice of God. It has righteousness for its foundation, reason for its authority, and truth for its support. It is not vindictive but merciful, not violent but pacific, not destructive but preservative. It is

simply asserting the supremacy of right over wrong, of liberty over slavery, of God over man. It is only raising the standard of rectitude from the dust, and placing it on the eternal throne.

The Party or Sect that will suffer by the triumph of justice cannot exist with safety to mankind. The State that cannot tolerate universal freedom must be despotic; and no valid reason can be given why despotism should not at once be hurled to the dust. The Church that is endangered by the proclamation of eternal truth, and that trades in slaves and souls of men, is 'the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird; therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.' The Union that can be perpetuated only by enslaving a portion of the

people is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell,' and destined to be broken in pieces as a potter's vessel. When judgement is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place. The Republic that depends for its stability on making war against the government of God and the rights of man, though it exalt itself as the eagle, and set its nest among the stars, shall be cast into the bottomless deep, and the loss of it shall be a gain to the world.

There must be no compromise with slavery — none whatever. Nothing is gained, every thing is lost, by subordinating principle to expediency. The spirit of freedom must be inexorable in its demand for the instant release of all who are sighing in bondage, nor abate one jot or tittle of its righteous claims. By one remorseless grasp, the rights of humanity

have been taken away; and by one strong blow, the iron hand of usurpation must be made to relinquish its hold. The apologist for oppression becomes himself the oppressor. To palliate crime is to be guilty of its perpetration. To ask for a postponement of the case till a more convenient season, is to call for a suspension of the moral law, and to assume that it is right to do wrong, under present circumstances. Talk not of other questions to be settled, of other interests to be secured, of other objects to be attained, before the slave can have his fetters broken. Nothing can take precedence of the question of liberty. No interest is so momentous as that which involves 'the life of the soul;' no object so glorious as the restoration of a man to himself. It is idle to talk of human concerns where there are not human beings. Slavery annihilates manhood, and puts down in its crimson ledger as chattels personal, those

who are created in the image of God. Hence, it tramples under foot whatever pertains to human safety, human prosperity, human happiness. Hence, too, its overthrow is the primary object to be sought, in order to secure private advantage and promote the public weal.

In the present struggle, the test of character is as infallible as it is simple. He that is with the slaveholder is against the slave: he that is with the slave is against the slaveholder. He that thinks, speaks, acts, on the subject of slavery, in accordance with the feelings and wishes of the tyrant, does every thing to perpetuate the thraldom of his victims. When was it ever known for tyranny to devise and execute effective measures for its own overthrow? Or for the oppressor and the oppressed to be agreed on the great question of equal rights? Who talks of occupying neutral ground between these hostile parties? of

reconciling them by prolonging the sufferings of the one, and the cruelty of the other? of mutually satisfying them as to the means and the plan by which the rod and the chain shall be broken? I tell this vain babbler, or crafty hypocrite, that he is acting the part of a fool or a knave. Impossibilities are not feasible; and to propose their adoption as the only rational methods by which to dethrone injustice is an insult to human intelligence. Slavery cannot be conquered by flattery or stratagem. Its dying throes will convulse the land and sea. 'Cans thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Will he make many supplications unto thee? wilt thou play with him as with a bird? Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. His heart is as firm as a stone, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him

flee: sling-stones are turned with him into stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.'

Abolitionists! friends of liberty! remember that the foe with whom you are in conflict is 'full of all deceivableness of unrighteousness,' and will resort to every artifice to make you quit the field. Put on the whole armor of God; so shall you be invulnerable and invincible; so shall no weapon against you prosper. The war admits of no parley. No flag of truce must be sent or received by you; you must neither give nor take any quarters. As Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, so with the battle-axe of Truth you must cleave Slavery to the ground, and give its carcass to the fowls of the air. May Heaven reinspire your hearts, give new vigor to your arms, direct your blows aright, fill the breast of the enemy with dismay, and grant you a splendid victory!

SONNET.

CONVERSING WITH HIS SOUL.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

'Thy life's bright summer fair before thee lies,
And hopes and friends around thy pathway throng,
And wealth and honor to thy name belong;
Each moment glances gladness as it flies,
And thy young children by thy strength may rise
To be what thou art — eloquent and strong,
Honored and loved, and foremost placed among
The world's gay wrestlers for its shining prize.
Bethink thee, Soul! wilt thou renounce thy lot
Of praise and profit — elegance and ease;
Let thy name perish, of the world forgot;
Let life fleet by thee as the wintry breeze
Visits a lone, lost battle-field with ill,
That so the slave, at length, be freed?' 'I will.'

BLIND GUIDES.

BY N. P. ROGERS.

A DISTINGUISHED clergyman made a speech on the anti-slavery platform, some time since, in vindication of his recusant brethren who stand aloof from the abolition enterprise, — or, in other words, do what they can to obstruct it. The burden of his defence was, that they wanted *light.* Give them light, said he, and they are with you; — we ask but for light.

'Give him but light, and Ajax asks no more.'

Now it seems to us that no greater reproof could be administered — no severer sentence of disapprobation be pronounced, than is included in this vindication. Light wanted? and by whom, and on what subjects? Why, by the

learned and titled clergy — the rabbies — the teachers — the luminaries of the land — the sources of other people's light — the fountains whence all other orbs draw light. *They* in the dark — the very suns of the time, who will bear the suggestion from an abolitionist as illy as the Pope would bear a hint of his fallibility from a Protestant! The protestant, learned, educated, doctorated divines of the land of liberty, when the nineteenth century is in its forty-third year, in want of light — their 'lamps gone out'! Are they not out of *oil?* Light on what subject? Why, on the first principles of the New-Testament — on the application of the rule, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' — on the question, 'Who is my neighbor?' They want to see their way clear to advocate the immediate abolition, by repentance and reformation, of the most diabolical system of enslaving people in America — of stealing and selling little children — of parents selling their

own children, yea, rearing them for sale, as farmers do colts, or steers, or pigs! Poor, benighted doctors, they want a lantern! They want light, said the reverend apologist; they long for it as the heart panteth after the water-brook. A most singular illustration of the feeling of these men, and their conduct in relation to the sunshine every where abroad on this subject. Why, they could find light by opening their eye-lids. They could see if they would look. They can see. They do see. They cannot shut their eyes to the light that blazes through the land like sun-rise, or like broad lightning. It strikes through eyelids that are shut and compressed together between eyebrow and cheek-bone. It cannot be kept out by any organic obscuration. The hart after the brook! — a poor dog rather, under hydrophobia, falling into convulsions at the sound of a brook-ripple, or the spout of a water-trough! A bat at mid-day caught out of his nook of

concealment! Let them look to it. They want light to see a way to be rid of slavery without repentance and reformation — in other words, without falling into the ranks of abolitionists — without stooping to follow Garrison.

'And Ajax asks no more.'

Ajax was in a fog when he uttered this, thrown on him, if we remember right, by Apollo, the very god of day, to keep him from doing mischief to the friends and worshippers of that divinity. Ajax was a heathen, a warrior; but even the heathen fighting man did not want light to see the character of slavery. He would not have defended child-stealing and woman-selling, if Apollo had heaped an Egyptian night on his head.

It is not light that is wanted; it is singleness of eye. If their eye were single, their whole body would be full of light. Can they doubt of the sin of slaveholding? Can they doubt of the justice and safety of immediate aboli-

tion? Can they doubt the sin of opposing it? Can they doubt that the abolitionists are, under God, fast bringing it about? Can they think this is not the way, and that there can be any other way under heaven? No — no. 'His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter.'

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM.

BY ELIZABETH POOLE.

Curb not the spirit — it is free! free! free!
The glorious image of the glorious God;
And, willed to freedom by Divinity,
Boundless and chainless, let it walk abroad!

Chain it not here—or there—to space or minute,
But, like the free wind, let it freely range
Where flower, or leaf, or trembling plume can win it
To hover lightly in its course of change.

Let it think all, know all, feel all that Heaven
Hath given it power to think, or feel, or know;
For all that Heaven bestowed was freely given,
And who shall curb what man cannot bestow?

God made us free! Between us and our Maker
No cloud shall gather, and no shade shall fall;
For he has called us each to be partaker
Of the free table richly spread for all.

Let none put out the light that God has granted;
Let none deny fit nurture for the soul;
Let none forbid the draught for which we've panted,
For he who willed the thirst prepared the bowl.

Wexford, Ireland.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS.

BY JOHN T. HILTON.

Up, dear friends, and onward! Methinks I see the star of triumph. The victory is more than half won; soon the remnant of your foes shall yield, not to your superior numbers, but to the all-prevailing word of truth. Calling to remembrance the long years of trial, — the hardships endured, — the patience put in exercise, — the perseverance, fortitude and courage displayed, — the self-devotion, and fixed determination to conquer or die on the field, — the obstacles overcome; — I am fully persuaded that no cause could boast of or need better champions. I entertain, therefore, not the slightest doubt of success, nor do I believe

you capable of yielding an inch of ground, or compromising a particle of principle.

Up, then, to the conquest, friends! Greener laurels and more illustrious crowns than ever decked a Cæsar's or a Napoleon's brow, await the victories of Freedom!

Wendell Phillips

Etched by J Andrews from a Daguerreotype by Southworth

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee."— *The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

BOSTON:

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

MDCCCXLV.

C.

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Sonnet

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE IN AMERICA.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

"LIBERTY'S BELL" hath sounded its bold peal
Where Man holds Man in Slavery! at the sound—
Ye who are "faithful 'mid the faithless found!"
Answer its summons with unfaltering zeal.

Let Freedom's banner to the winds reveal
A Star more bright than all that yet have crowned
Your country's flag, for *you* to gather round
With higher, holier hopes for human weal!
Your Cause must triumph: is triumphant now,
In countless votaries, daily, hourly won
To swell your ranks! — doubts and misgivings shun;
Lift up in hope, to heaven, an unblenched brow,
And utter in its face, your fearless vow,
That Liberty's behests shall all be done!

Woodbridge, Suffolk, England.

An Appeal to Mothers.

BY CHARLOTTE H. L. COUES.

STEVENS, in his work on West India Slavery, relates, on the authority of an eye-witness, the following heart-rending incident, which occurred in Kingston, Jamaica.

"A master, who lived near us, wanted money; and one of his female slaves having two fine children, he sold one of them, and the child was torn from her maternal affection. In the agony of her feeling she made a hideous howling, and for that 'crime' was flogged. Soon after, he sold the other child. This turned her heart within her, and impelled her into a kind of madness. She howled night and day in the yard, tore her hair, ran up and down the streets and the parade, rending the

heavens with cries and literally watering the earth with her tears. 'Da wicked massa Jew, he sell my children. Will no Buckra massa pity nega? What me do? me no have one child. My heart do so, (shaking herself violently,) my heart do so, because me have no child. Me go to massa house, in massa yard, and in my hut, and me no see 'em.'"

We have seen nothing, in the whole of the black annals of Slavery, more calculated to touch the feelings than this simply-told story. Free-born, happy mother, can you read it and not feel your heart swell almost to anguish, in sympathy with your suffering sister? You have, perhaps, just come from the chamber where your own group of little ones repose for the night—your *own*, and not a master's! You have smoothed the soft ringlets of one; you have kissed away the shade which some infantile sorrow had laid upon the fair brow of another; you have, perhaps, for the first time,

bended the knees and raised the tiny hands of your youngest and best loved to teach it its first prayer; and all you have pressed to your heart with an almost aching sense of happiness. Does the thought of separation from these cherished ones rise up within you? That thought pales your cheek, and sends hot tears to your eyes, and with a strong effort you banish it as too dreadful to be endured for a moment. Can you not in some measure realize the agony of that poor slave-mother, as she goes to "massa house, in massa yard, to her poor hut," to seek for her children, "and *no sees them.*"

Christian mother! has a little child ever been removed from you by death? Have you, with the strong sight of Faith, watched the sweet spirit ascending, after her departure from the body, led by shining angels, cheered with heavenly music — her new-formed wings tiring not until she reached the footstool of the

Eternal — where, bathed in bliss, she was to enjoy His presence forevermore; where her infant powers were to expand; where she was to go on from glory to glory? Christian faith revealed this to you; yet, with this beatific vision before your eyes, with the added hope of again meeting your child face to face, who can describe the agony of the parting? A mother's heart alone can understand it. Heavenly faith was not strong enough to conquer human affections, nor could the glorious future hope overcome the pangs of present separation.

Think then what must be the agony of heart to one whose child is removed, not by the commands of a Father of infinite love, and by the still hand of death, but at the bidding of the fierce demon of avarice, acting through a master's hand; to have it torn from the arms which had embraced it from infancy, and know, that never more on earth should its face

be met; to see it in imagination carried away among rude unloving strangers, at sight of whom its little heart would chill and shrink; to feel with a keenness which only the poor mother's own past experience could give, the indignities, the toil, the suffering to which the loved child must be subject; and all this without one ray of consolation from Christian hope, with the understanding darkened, and the human affections only in full strength. This, this is agony; compared with which the grief of the bereaved Christian mother must seem as perfect bliss. Truly must the poor mother's heart be "turned within her," and her soul ache to madness.

Remember that this is not a solitary case of suffering. Thousands of such separations annually occur. They are a necessary part of the great system which makes merchandise of bodies and souls — which deals in tears, and groans, and agonizing hearts.

How much longer shall these things be? If every free-born Christian mother in our land should say, as with one voice, and with that strong determination which comes from the *heart*, "Slavery shall *no longer* inflict its grievous, unimaginable wrongs," how many years longer could Slavery endure? We believe *not one.*

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U. S.

To the American Abolitionists.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

And can a prayer, — a wish, — a word, —
Across the broad Atlantic heard, —
  Give hope, or heart, or voice? O then
Shall holy fervor move *our* prayer,
And seraph-wings *our* message bear,
  And inspiration guide *our* pen!

From the thick darkness, starlight gleams:
From the deep silence, music streams:
  And from the land where Slavery's throngs
Kneel in their chains, the light we see,
The songs we hear of Liberty —
  And bless the light and hail the songs.

From you, — from you, heaven-honored band!
Then onward! — onward! Know, ye stand
Where men and angels watch and wait:
Your cause, — our cause is sure, — as sure
As God and goodness shall endure —
As Right, and Truth, and GOD are great.

London, Eng.

The New England Convention.

BY SUSAN C. CABOT.

Your letter, asking me if I thought it worth while for you to come to the 'Anti-Slavery Convention,' did not arrive in time for me to answer it till too late for you to profit by it. I will, however, answer it now, and then it will serve for the next Convention, which will be here long before we are either of us prepared to meet its demands.

I shall give you my opinion by telling you of the impressions made upon my mind during one day's attendance. And let me remind you that I went there expecting to hear some things that I should not agree with, and without those biases which naturally belong to those who devote themselves, as do the Aboli-

tionists, to their great work of emancipation. I confess that I cannot lay claim to this self-devotion; how far circumstances exonerate me from such labors is a point not easily settled. But I will proceed to give you the results of my day at the Marlborough Chapel.

As all the proceedings and speeches of the meeting will be faithfully recorded in the papers, I shall not attempt to give you a particular account of them.

In the first place, then, as I looked around, I saw in the faces of the assembly that simple earnestness which, had I come as a stranger to the object of the meeting, would have assured me that, whatever it was, it was one of no common interest; they seemed as those who had met to ask and answer questions that related to their Father's business. After I had been seated a little while, my eyes fixed upon one of the standards placed about the chapel, which had upon it, — "Shall a Republic, which

could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle a bondage which a king has abolished?" These words, by Charles Follen, that true disciple of his master, brought forcibly to my mind the idea that surely his pure spirit must look upon this assembly as carrying on the work for which he sacrificed so much, and which his freed soul now delights to know is still growing in the hands of those who feel that "God has no attribute which takes sides with the slaveholder." Thus connecting myself with the justice that is on high, I felt a deep religious awe at the idea of the work to be done in this great cause, — the cause of humanity. I felt that I was truly in the house of God; nor was my religious sense shocked when I heard the church and the clergy denounced, as they were, as a body, for countenancing this unholy practice of dealing in flesh, and blood, and soul, for the sordid purpose of laying up treasure on the earth. I

no longer wondered at the expressions of those who cry out against this great sin of the church. I no longer was shocked at their expressions, terrible in their strength as they were; for my own soul so condemned them, that names had not much effect upon me; the things themselves had taken hold of me, and the taste that was disturbed by certain expressions, was merely a transient ripple upon the surface of the deep which had been so stirred up by *facts*. It might have been a better mode, instead of denouncing outright the church and clergy, to tell the simple tale of wrong; and when the sympathies were awakened, and the heart appalled by it, to have said, "thou art the man." But all cannot do as did Nathan. This was his way, and others take their way, with like sincerity, if not with like wisdom. I repeat, that my religious sense was not shocked; and yet were I to quote phrases, or parts of some of the

addresses, no doubt some would say, it was because I had no religious sense to shock. When I heard that one Unitarian clergyman declared that the duty of the church was to support Unitarianism, and that it was not her business to meddle with slavery, I asked myself, whence did this clergyman get his religion? Surely not from the Bible; not from the teaching of prophets, — not from Christ: for they preached against all sorts of sins. He could not have got it from his own heart, because, if he has one, that heart must tell him to pray, and plead for the sufferer; and if he expects to have justice done to him, to do all he can to see it rendered to others, whether they have on black coats or brown. He who has said "are not my ways equal," would surely require that the law of justice should be preached; and if it is preached without application to the existing sins of the day, it becomes as naught. And

does he require that one of his children should neglect to do what he can to save his brother from violent hands, because, forsooth, he must preach Unitarianism? What is the meaning of those words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Will the doctrines of Unitarianism be the offering that will please Him more than acts of justice and love?

It was asserted by a minister, at this Convention, that the Abolition Society had met in order to pull down churches, overthrow religion, and all that was sacred, and not for the cause of the Slave. That they had merely held out this idea as a cloak to cover their abominable designs; and after saying these things, and many more of the same sort, he made his escape. Did this seem like one whose object was to learn and promote the truth? Was this proving all things, and holding fast to that which is good? Why did he

not wait to hear the reply to these flat assertions? Would Christ approve that his ministers should so do their work?

Was this a fair mode of attack, to take advantage of the freedom and true liberality of the regulations of the society, (which were, that all who were disposed, friend, or foe, should speak,) to pour out a torrent of abuse, and then take to his heels?

Then, again, I there found woman's sphere in the cause settled by herself, without controversy or argument. She was gladly welcomed; and, as no one had the heart to wrong her, there was no need to introduce the question of her rights. It was esteemed a matter of course, that this cause of humanity should enter into the heart of woman, as well as man; and so it was left for both to judge how they could best serve their suffering brothers and sisters. And when I heard the gentle, penetrating tones of woman, there, and saw

in her eye the divine fire of the Prophet, and the graceful energy that self-forgetfulness inspires, I did not *ask* whether it was right for woman to use these gifts — I *knew* it was so. It would seem a sacrilege so to question God's messenger. In fact, if we educate women as God's children, they will, as they have opportunity, do the work he has pointed out; which is, to relieve the oppressed, and let the prisoner go free; and if speaking in public, or voting, promote this work, let them do so, in all simplicity and godly sincerity. They will feel that their field is the world, and that their duty relates to all mankind: from the child in the nursery, who uses his superior strength to injure his infant brother, to the master, who puts the iron upon the neck of his slave, robbing her of the natural enjoyment of the animal life God has given her — to say nothing of the iron he makes to enter into her soul.

O! if you had seen that iron collar with its spikes, and those manacles which had been taken from the flesh into which they had worn themselves — the flesh of a slave! — you would have said, all that I have shall be given to abolish this cruel system. How is it that man dares so to trample on God's children! And will ministers go on to say, "we will keep ourselves from this Anti-Slavery excitement, in our great fortress here, the pulpit?" They say it to the cost of their characters and their Christianity.

I will add, that I could hardly have imagined that so large a meeting could have been held with so little of the leaven of bigotry and selfishness; nor could it have been, had there been in view any selfish purpose or idea of self-aggrandizement. The sobriety, the order, the serious earnestness, the hearty applauses at what was true, and noble, gave a dignity to

the whole meeting which made an impression not easily erased.

These are some of my impressions; and now you may judge whether I think it worth while to be in a place where I learn that a simple devotion to the Divine law is a platform upon which we can all stand without fear, and where my mind is stirred up, and braced anew, to its highest purposes.

West Roxbury, Massachusetts, U. S.

To Cassius M. Clay.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

'T is said they 'll kill thee, Cassius Clay,
O! heed not, heed not, what they say!
Who falls in Freedom's noble strife
Doth win; but never lose his life.

Millions are crying, "Make us free!"
They stretch their fettered arms to thee.
Hear only these poor outcasts' cry —
Stand ready in their cause to die.

O! fear not those, whose petty power
Can shorten this life's transient hour:
Fear only those, whose fiendish skill,
The pure and noble soul can kill.

The sainted dead around thee stand—
They are not dead, that noble band;
They cheer thee onward in the strife,
And bid thee win eternal life.

O! what is life, but noble deeds!
On them the immortal spirit feeds:
O! what is life, but love and truth!
These only, have immortal youth.

Then onward! upward! Cassius Clay!
Heed not what friend, or foe may say;
Be faithful in this noble strife,
And thou shalt win, not lose thy life.

West Roxbury, Massachusetts, U. S.

Responsibility.

BY ELIZABETH PEASE.

"There are few voices in the world, but many echoes."
PARKER.

ALTHOUGH to but few it may be given to be the *voices* of the world, to startle mankind by the enunciation of some new and earnest thought, or even to act on the universal mind by bringing to light some long concealed gem from the treasury of Truth, yet to all of us belongs the power of determining of what voices we will be the echo, — to what principles we will lend the influence of our example and the advocacy of our lips. And great is our responsibility in making the selection. Let none attempt to reconcile themselves to indecision or vacillation, through a plea of their

own insignificance. None are so insignificant as not to possess an influence for good or evil, in the circle in which they move; none so obscure, as to be assured that their words and actions may not affect the condition of ages and generations yet unborn. Boundless, then, is the responsibility that rests on every one of us, in this matter. We live not for ourselves, or our families — for a section or an age of mankind — we live for the *human race.* Individuals die, generations pass away, but the race lives on, and for aught we know, will continue to live on for hundreds and thousands or tens of thousands of ages — and the influence of our example and teachings may be felt through them all; the Truth that is uttered, however feebly, to-day, will live on — for Truth is Eternal.

It is evident from the whole tenor and tendency of the Gospel that a scrupulous regard to the influence of our lives on the universal

family of man, is one of its primary obligations.

When our Saviour instructed us to say, "Our Father," he linked, in one Universal Brotherhood, the entire race; — when He commanded us to love our neighbor as ourselves, He taught us to have respect to others, to their interests and welfare, in all we say and do; — when an Apostle told us not to look every man on his own things, but, every man also on the things of others, he struck at the root of selfishness, and gave us a lesson of self-forgetting, self-sacrificing love; — and another Apostle teaches us *how far* this self-forgetting love is to be carried, when he says, "and we ought also to lay *down our lives* for the brethren," shewing us that we are even to sacrifice life itself, rather than do an injury to our brother.

These, and numerous other passages of similar import, clearly prove that we are to regard all mankind, the world over, as one

great family, towards whom, as far as our influence and opportunities extend, we are to exercise a disinterested — all expansive love; that our sympathies and affections are not to be restricted within any national, geographical, or sectarian bounderies, but to extend their fostering arms around the whole family of man; embracing, within their comprehensive grasp, the last hamlet on the confines of human existence. "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind," is the Christian's motto. "My parish is the world," is the sentiment of the truly anointed minister of Christ. "My aim is to bless the race, through all the coming days of its existence on earth, that, when dead, my voice may yet speak," is the breathing of the soul of him who truly comprehends the elevating and ennobling genius of Christianity. Under its influence how paltry and despicable become all those distinctions which tend to shut out

any portion of the human family from our sympathy and regard, or prevent us from feeling all the children of the Universal Father as our equal brethren and sisters; from "loving man as *man*," irrespective of the exterior incidents of his existence. How incumbent the duty, in determining the principles which we will sustain, to be guided in our choice, not by their bearing on ourselves, on our families, or any particular state or nation, sect or party — but *on the race*. The turning point of our decision should be — "If all mankind were to adopt this, would it be for their benefit?" If, for instance, it would be for the good of the race that man should cease to hold his fellow-man in Slavery, we ought to advance the spread of Anti-Slavery principles by all the means we can command. If the welfare of mankind would be promoted, were all to become Tee-totallers, it is our duty, by example and precept, to advocate Tee-totalism. If the

race would be benefited, if human hearts would be drawn together into one brotherhood, and the interests and feelings of individuals thus be brought to make common cause against international wars, were the principle of Free Trade to be carried out, then ought we to give our countenance to that principle. If the happiness of mankind would be advanced should every human being regard every individual life as inviolable, then should we plant our feet on the rock of the inviolability of human life, and strive to bring into disrepute the prevalent maxim that man, in an associated capacity, has power to take the life of man. If we believe that it would be for the true interest of the human family, were every individual invariably to endeavor to "overcome evil with good," and that the principle of seeking to overcome evil *with evil* is as unchristian as it is unphilosophical; if we conceive that the *enforcing* principle is the

cause of all the tyranny, anarchy and bloodshed in the world; that it has been the greatest destroyer of property, the grave of liberty, and has converted this fair earth into one great Aceldama, then is it our duty to espouse and act upon the principle of Christian non-resistance.

He falls far below the true dignity of life, and fails, in great measure, to accomplish one main end of his existence — the promotion of the good of his race — who does not seek to establish all his opinions upon the basis of sound principle; or who, through indolence or moral cowardice, turns away from the *investigation* of a principle from a disrelish for the manful effort that is required, the fear of some consequences which he imagines may result from its adoption, the consciousness that his espousal of it may injure his popularity, or bring upon him "the world's dread laugh;" or, from the false supposition that his counte-

nance, or discountenance, is a matter of indifference to himself or others.

And, let it ever be remembered, that to the one Judge, Lawgiver and King, are we accountable for our opinions and actions, and that our responsibility can never be delegated to another — to man, individually, or embodied in any human organization whatever. We must each determine according to the dictates of our own conscience, and by the help of those means which Providence has put into our hands, what are the requirements of duty, and what the principles by which we will be guided; for certain it is that we shall each have to deliver in our own account at the last Tribunal, and that we shall then call in vain upon any man, or any body of men, to bear the penalty of our neglect of the one, or our mischoice of the other.

Darlington, England.

The Norman Baron.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.

THIERRY: CONQUETE DE L'ANGLETERRE.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman Baron lying;
Loud without the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighboring Kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassel;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the Minstrels and the Waits.

And so loud these Saxon glee-men
Sang, to slaves, the songs of free-men,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle gates.

'Till at length the lays they chaunted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the Baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying Baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassel! for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger!
King like David, Priest like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering Baron
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the Baron slumbered,
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust.

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S.

Thomas Clarkson

TO THE CHRISTIAN AND WELL-DISPOSED CITIZENS OF THE NORTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.

"This paper, which I wrote at your request," says the venerable and indefatigable Clarkson, "is in the form of a letter, addressed to the Christian and well-disposed citizens of the Northern States of America, on the subject of Slavery. If it be worthy of insertion in the Liberty Bell, I think Mr. Garrison, if he approve of it, might reprint it in his paper. I beg that you would present my affectionate regards to Mr. Garrison. Our great cause is deeply indebted to him, for there was a time when it slept and could not have been recovered, unless he had kept the flame alive."

My Friends:

Though I live across the Atlantic, far from you, I believe my name is not unknown to you. I have heard, with almost indescribable delight, of the great progress which the Anti-Slavery cause has made in your part of the world. Permit, then, an old man, almost worn out by sixty years' hard labor in that

sacred cause, to express his joy to you on this occasion, and to take advantage of this new and favorable turn of things to give his opinion as to what ought to be your present aim, or as to what you ought always to keep in view, in your attempts to promote the extinction of Slavery.

Slavery is the greatest evil which has ever afflicted your country. It has heaped incalculable sufferings upon the heads of a people who have never given you any cause of offence; and you have done this without any right to do it but your own will and the law of force. It has corrupted the morals of your population to a frightful extent, by familiarizing them with cruelty and injustice, by hardening their hearts, and by giving birth to erroneous opinions which lead to infidelity; and, moreover, it has injured your national character in the eyes of the civilized nations of the world. These, then, are some of the

evils of Slavery. But we can apply no remedy to them till we find out their source. It has been a great misfortune to America, that the people of the South should have ever attempted to obtain a political preponderance over the people of the North; and still more strange that they should have succeeded in their attempt. I repeat, still more strange; for it is strange indeed that a people like those of the South, a people of no reputation but for their tyranny and vices, and a people despicable in the eyes of all good men, should have obtained lordship over the virtuous people of the North;—a people known to have been of religious character from the time of their first settlement in America, and to have kept up the same character (till Slavery made inroad upon their morals) to the present day. And why did the people of the South make this daring attempt? It was that they might rule over the whole land, both North and South;

that they might become, in fact, the legislators or makers of the laws, and thus protect and establish Slavery forever as an institution of the United States. This preponderance, then, there can be no doubt, is the source of the evils mentioned.

I will now ask you, my friends of the North, what you have profited by this preponderance, or ascendancy? I will tell you. You have got a slave-holding President, a slave-holding Senate, a slave-holding Congress, and a slave-holding Cabinet. You have got the very sort of men in these high offices the most detrimental to your best interests.

But perhaps the men, filling these offices, may have been more serviceable to you than you are aware of, as Legislators. I will ask you, then, what good they have done. In the common routine of business, in Congress, they have done, perhaps, as well as any other men could have done; but, whenever Slavery has

been brought before them as a matter of business, the most malignant of what we call demons could not have done worse. Their laws against their Slaves stand on record as the most bloody of the most savage nations upon earth; so shocking, as to produce horror and indignation in all who read them; and so shocking that one of your own judges, Stroud, who first brought them together in print, is now, or was lately, buying up the unsold copies; because, as was reported, wherever the book is seen, it makes converts to the Anti-Slavery cause. Again, the men filling these offices brought forward and passed the famous gagging bills, and gave the power to Postmasters to open letters and parcels, thus stopping the free liberty of speech, and of writing a man's own thoughts. And why was this tyrannical law passed? That not a murmur against Slavery might be allowed to transpire, and that Slavery might go on unin-

terruptedly in all its miseries and horrors as before, without censure or reproach. What an outrage was this upon a free Constitution, so often boasted of as the most free in the world; an outrage, worthy only of the Sultan, or the Emperor of Morocco, the lives of whose subjects are entirely at their command. Again, the men filling these offices caused the butchery of the Indians, and the extermination of some of their tribes, on the mere surmise that these tribes might disturb the plantations of their brother Slave-holders, and afford a refuge or retreat for their fugitive Slaves. Was this a proper motive for shedding torrents of blood? And will not a day of just retribution come? The same description of men made a law, that whoever aided the escape of a fugitive Slave from the oppression of a cruel task-master, should be punished with death; though it was commanded, of old, that no fugitive Slave should be restored to his master. Was

not this setting up a legislation in direct opposition to the law of God? Again, the same description of men had the audacity to propose the annexation of Texas to the United States, so that both might be one territory, and under one sway. But for what purpose was this union proposed? To have a contiguous Slave Territory, where the poor fugitive could find no shelter, but must be sent back to an enraged owner, to undergo whatever torture the monster's ingenuity might think fit; and, secondly, not only to perpetuate Slavery in the United States, but to extend it to another country, from which it might be spread we know not where. Was there ever a more wicked proposition than this, to transfer the whip, the chain, the iron collar, and the other hideous instruments of torture, to innocent millions yet unborn, and to an indefinite extent of country? Could the mind of a Nero have invented a more wholesale complication of

cruelty? And yet your President, in his correspondence with Texas, says, that this necessity was forced upon him by the views of the British Ministry; when this Ministry, to my knowledge, up to the present time, has not taken one step to interfere with the Government of Texas on this subject.

These, my friends, are some, but only some, of the evils which had their origin solely in the political ascendancy of the Southern over the Northern States. I say solely, because if there had been no Slaves in the South, there would have been no occasion for the bloody laws in question. What occasion for gagging bills, if there had been no Slavery to talk about? and so with respect to the other evils mentioned. Nor can you be better off in future, so long as this preponderance exists. While it lasts, you will have the same sort of men in office, and, of course, the same sort of wicked measures, and the same sort of evils,

and perhaps worse; for, wherever arbitrary power has been once exerted successfully, it may go to precedents it has made for its continuance. What, indeed, can you hope for from a slave-holding Cabinet; a Cabinet of men who appear to have no fear of God before their eyes, whose motto seems to be expediency in preference of honor and honesty, and who have been accustomed to look upon the sin of Slavery as a common custom only, and without reproach? Will God smile upon the labors of such men? Or, will he not rather take vengeance? "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach (a detriment) to any people."

And now, my friends of the North, I will tell you what I promised to say to you in the beginning of the letter; that is, to give you my opinion as to what ought to be your present aim, or what you ought always to keep in view in your attempts to promote the extinct-

ion of Slavery. It should be your constant aim to try to break up the political preponderance of the Southern over the Northern States, that the former may no longer be the rulers of the land. Such has been my opinion for a long time; but I have been lately more and more confirmed in it, as well as in its practicability, by circumstances. If the people of the North were to determine upon the Abolition of Slavery, and were to be in earnest, heart and hand, for this purpose, I have no doubt Slavery must fall. I am confirmed in this conclusion by the testimony of Americans themselves. But what practical steps will serve to forward and accomplish this object? I answer, first, through the medium of conversation, every one with his friends and acquaintance, and even with strangers, where a suitable opportunity offers. You must never allow the notions and arguments of the Slave-holders, as urged either by themselves or others, to pass without

a suitable opposition. You must not allow them, for instance, to treat God's declaration at creation as a lie, "that He made man in His own image," and that there was originally but one race of men. You must stand up for the poor Slaves, who are not allowed to stand up for themselves. There is one argument which you must always have ready on your lips to utter, and which can never be answered by any sophistry; you must say, "That Slaves are men, and not brutes; that they have the same form and shape as men, but brutes have not this form; that they have intellect, but brutes have only instinct; that they can talk, but brutes have no articulation; that they have the power of reasoning, but brutes have no such power; that they understand religious truths and are susceptible of religious feeling, but brutes have neither such understanding nor such sensations; that they have consequently an immortal soul, but the brutes

perish. But if they are men like ourselves, then Christianity commands us to perform towards them the same duties of humanity which it enjoins to all others who are acknowledged to be men;" and then, it may be argued, that there could be no such thing as Slavery. If you, then, my friends, and all the well-disposed persons of the North, were to stand up for the Slaves in this manner, do you think that you would not produce an infinity of good to the Anti-Slavery cause? I pray you not to think this my advice trifling, or of no consequence. You would probably, by following it, stop the progress of Slave opinions in many, and make converts of others who have adopted them.

But this is not all. You must act as well as talk. The political preponderance of the South over the North must be broken up before you can expect to effect your object. You may endeavor to direct the public mind

to this end by occasionally publishing little tracts of a few pages only, showing that, if we are to judge by what the people of the South have done, (by their unjust laws, and the violation of their charter of independence,) they are not fit to rule the land. The adoption of the principles and notions which Slave-holding induces, disqualifies them for a righteous administration of the government. These little tracts could not fail of having their effect in so plain a case.

But there is another way in conjunction with the two now mentioned, which would contribute greatly to our views. Every man's attention must be turned to the securing of votes, at your elections, in favor of such candidates, for seats in Congress, as will pledge themselves to vote for the total abolition of Slavery. By such means it was (by making Slavery the subject of almost daily conversation, and painting it everywhere in bright

colors, and by the Slave-holders making interest to get themselves and their friends into Congress,) that the people of the South gained this ascendency, and by such means they have contrived to keep it up. Why, then, should you not do the same? There is a reasonable prospect of success, if the Anti-Slavery cause should go on advancing as rapidly as it has done in the last six months. Why should you despair? Your cause is a holy one, being the cause of mercy, justice, and religion. That of the people of the South is a supremely wicked one, and such as all independent and disinterested men of only common honesty would be ashamed to patronize. Besides, you are sufficiently numerous to secure the ascendency. Look at the tens of thousands in the North who have lately joined the standard of liberty, and the tens of thousands there, of independent, rational men, who have hitherto taken no

part in the question, and who are yet left for conviction, and you will see no reason to despair. But you must be energetic and persevering, as much as if you considered the cause to be your own. For, what are you called upon to do? "To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free," (Isa. lviii. 6,) and to arrest the progress of principles which are contrary to the law of God. Pleasing task! Could you have a more noble subject to call forth your exertions than this? No! Choose, then, your way. Consider well whether you will be any longer trodden down by the people of the South, any longer submit to gagging bills, any longer submit to be the jailors for their fugitive slaves, or whether you will be your own masters, aiming at the restoration of morals, and making laws agreeable to your declaration of independence, the object of

which originally was the liberty and happiness of the people.

(Signed,)

THOMAS CLARKSON.

Playford Hall, near Ipswich, Eng., Aug. 30, 1844.

The Worth of the Union.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Brave heart of granite firmness,
That to our Northland gives
The bounding tide of valor's blood, —
The pulse whereon she lives; —
Why beats that pulse so feebly
That was wont to leap so high?
Why bend so low, thou stubborn neck,
To the Southron's chivalry?

Sons of the brave New England!
Ye are plundered, ye are whipt,
Ye are shot, and hanged, and fettered;
Yet how dumb and lily-lipped
Are your brothers, are your fathers,
Are the rulers of your land, —

Nay, linking with the murderer's
Their own heart and their hand.

O Brothers of the Northland!
What means that hueless lip?
Have ye no blood to crimson aught
But the Southron's knife and whip?—
No drop in all your fluttering hearts
That pallid cheek to tinge?—
Or why so very lily-like
Do ye nod, and duck, and cringe!

Ha! children of the Meekness,
Is it Peace *ye* love so well,
Whose boast is in your warrior sires,
And the rights for which they fell,
That ye have borne thus tamely
The insolence of those
Whose bounty lives in *thievery*,
Whose chivalry in *blows*?
See, now, those rights are trampled

By Slavery's iron hoof,
And the honor of your Mothers
This day is put to proof;
Ye are but base-born cowards,
Begot by driveling slaves,
If yet so meanly ye endure
The whip that o'er ye waves.

Have ye not borne enough, and more,
The menace and the blow,
Or will ye crouch again, and lick
The foot that spurned ye so?
How many a Northman's blood must feed
The Southron's famished sod,
And, reeking from the blighted plains,
Appeal from Man to God;—
How many a Hall of Freedom,
In horrid sacrifice,
'Mid the howl of Slavery's hell-dogs
Go blazing to the skies,—
How many a trembling matron

Watch o'er her hunted son,
In whom the taint of Liberty
Has brought the loud pack on, —
E'er ye find your blanching Manhood,
And rise upon their track;
And with strong heart and hand once more
At their peril bid them back!

Calmly ye saw your symbol Bird
On another's dove-cote stoop,
And bear away his fluttering prey,
At one destroying swoop;
Ye saw him tear the Baby
From the shrieking Mother's breast,
Fleshing his beak in its soft cheek;
And still, your hands could rest.
Now his impartial hunger
Demands another prey,
And from your own warm hearth-fires
He plucks *your* sons away.

Their blood, of Man unheeded,
O'er Heaven's high wall doth climb,
To plead against the robber-land,
Where mercy is a crime.
From far Floridia, hear ye not
The gride of the prison door?
And the heavy clank of dungeon-chains
From blood-stained Baltimore?
These are the bolts and manacles
New England's children earn,
When their generous souls, with pity,
For their bleeding brothers yearn.
Low pining in his noisome vault,
With burning heart and brain,
Shall the pale and dying captive
Appeal to you in vain?
Then must the damp-mouthed dungeon,
More pitiful than ye,
With its putrid breath of poison,
Bid the prisoned soul be free.

Now by our Human Nature,
  Wrung to its last extremes
Of tyrant wrong, and servile fear,
Of suffering love, and vengeance drear, —
  And by the nightmare dreams
Of gorged Oppression's bloated fiend,
  With human blood replete,
Startled by terrors from above,
  And mines beneath his feet, —
And by your plundered households,
  And your brothers' murder-shrieks,
By your redly-blazing Temples,
  Whose every fire-tongue speaks;
By Alton's deafening death-cry,
  And Cincinnati's shame, —
By Pennsylvania's glowing Hall —
  Her Freedom's funeral-flame, —
By all the Southern dungeons
  That hold your crimeless sons, —
And the despairing bondman's prayers
  And burning malisons, —

Be roused from shameless slumbering!
The hand is at *your throat*,
That from the Black man's forehead
The crown of Manhood smote.

Now speak! — or, dumb forever,
Trail on your clanking chain,
And give your white cheek to the brand,
And creep around your plundered land
On pliant knee and coward hand,
In Slavery's spaniel-train!
Put on your ancient valor,
And rise, if yet ye can,
Till the haughty Tyrant trembles
Before the upright MAN;
And from Canadian forests
O'er all our rugged hills,
On to Virginia's mountains
One voice like thunder thrills, —
"Down with the bloody Union!
Mighty alone to spoil!

Wrench off its anaconda-folds
Or perish in their coil!
Pluck down that fustian banner,
Whose stars gleam redly there
Like demon-eyes, wide-blighting all
Beneath their savage glare;
And rend its streaks of crimson,
Types of the hungry lash
That ploughs its livid furrows deep
On Woman's naked flesh!
'No Union with the Slaveholder!'
Down with the blood-streaked flag!
Trample that gore-writ Compact
With Slavery's wrinkled hag!
We snap the bond which held us;
And to remotest time
Stand severed from the robber-land,
Where mercy is a crime!"

Plainfield, Connecticut, U. S.

Character of an Irish Bell-Ringer.

BY GEORGE DOWNES.

R..... D.... W... has a wholesale mind, which condescends not to details. Set before him a whole comet, or a whole cod, and he will discuss the subject fully, fairly, and philosophically, but his stomach would reject the tail of either. His heart is the twin-brother of his mind. Lose a weighty bag of dollars, and he will soon bluster up a subscription for you; drop a solitary dollar, on a rainy day, and he will let you grovel after it in the mud by yourself. Get yourself kidnapped by Italian robbers, and, if he cannot extricate you on easier terms, he will be off to Italy himself, to *reason* with the robbers, for he is a true 'friend' in all senses; but he has little sympathy for ill-

conditioned shirt-collars, or the unseasonable exit of a waistcoat-button. As a public speaker, and a private printer, "Richard 's himself again." Snub a Hindoo, and he will burst out with a cataract of uncombed eloquence, which shall overspread all Hindostan, including the provinces conquered from the Burmese; smite a Negro, and the lava will obliterate the universal Antilles. Send a manuscript to his printing-office — he will wring the necks of all the bad arguments, and build all the tottering ones into stability; his tomahawk will be busy with its absurdities, nor will its crudities stand the onset of his bowie-knife: — but dainty authorlings, tetchy about literals, should eschew the press that printeth "by steam."

The Judgment.

BY ESTHER STURGE.

The judgment! the judgment! Enthroned in his state,
He opens the books of unchangeable fate:
By each soul must his curse or his blessing be heard,
And a doom irreversible hangs on his word.

THOS. RAGG.

I BEHELD, in my vision or waking dream, the high and mighty of the earth,—the rich planter the cotton-grower, the great merchant and manufacturer, and all the various orders of men who grow rich or grow poor, as the case may be, from the oppressions, the toils, the labors, the sighs, the groans and the tears of the deeply suffering slaves, whether home-born or imported. And in my vision I beheld these high and mighty, these wretched sons and daughters of men, glorying in their wealth and

proud in their splendor, setting God at naught — for He is not in all their thoughts — either as the Author of all their blessings, the Dispenser of life and death, the God of mercy, of justice, or of love; or, in his other character, as the God of vengeance; concerning which it is written — and the word is sure — that "every soul that sinneth shall die." And I looked and beheld in my vision, and saw these Slave-holders — and lo! in their hearts was no peace found. The fiend of disquiet had sole possession; they languished in satiety, and were full of heart-burnings and dread. They were ever and anon provoked by the fancied laziness of their unhappy captives; enacting, in their miserable thoughts, new laws; inventing afresh new schemes of torture; the sound of the lash and the groans of their victims were ever in their ears; their festivities were spoiled; fears, ever and anon, would prevail that some bloody and dreadful insurrection might break

out; that some dreaded revenge might overtake them; that some one of the many thousands of the overtasked and wretched ones, driven by fury and despair, might deprive his oppressors, in one moment, of life; or, a whole band of these unhappy sable ones, these unoffending negroes, might arise and do the work of death, and destroy the whole property,— husbands, wives, children, servants, and all their white and cruel tormentors. All this I saw, and yet more; for the dream, or vision, carried me away, as it were, to the regions of glory, to the scenes of bliss unutterable, to the paradise of God, where the good and the holy, the merciful and the just, made pure and spotless, rejoice evermore. For there no tear is ever seen, no sorrows can enter, and hallelujahs and songs of praise are the sounds forever heard. For joy and gladness, and the voice of melody and delights, such as in thought no one can imagine — for they have never entered in-

to the heart of man to conceive — are always abounding, and will, throughout all eternity, await the children of God. And I looked, and in my dream, or vision, I beheld these high and mighty, these Slave-holders, these villainous oppressors of the black and colored races, — and oh! the horror that almost overpowered me. I was faint — my heart sickened at the sight — for lo! the great book was opened, and they were called to give up the account of their stewardship; the account of the deeds done in their lives. And fear and anguish sat upon them, when the voice cried, " Vengeance is mine, I will repay; for the voice of thy brothers' blood calleth to me from the ground." Oh! who can tell — no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, neither can any one comprehend the fearfulness of their howlings — the misery of their doom. Far away they are banished from the awful presence of their long-suffering and merciful, now sin-condemning and sin-

avenging God, to the fire that burneth, and burneth forever. For their soul dieth not; nor will their torment cease for ages of ages.

London, Eng., 4th month, 1844.

Placido.

This noble being was publicly executed in Havana, in July last, on the charge of having attempted to free the slaves of Cuba. Himself a man of color and originally a slave, he wished to be the Spartacus, the Washington of his race. His heroic calmness as he emerged from the church, where, agreeably to the Spanish rites, he had been made to pass the twenty-four hours preceding his last, saluting his acquaintances, and then chaunting in a loud voice this sublime prayer, which he had just composed, produced an impression of the deepest regret on the throngs through which he passed to execution. The recital will make the American Abolitionists resolve anew, as at the commencement of their enterprise, to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, physical force in their attempts to gain deliverance.

The translation gives nearly the literal meaning; but our language hardly affords the means of doing justice to the "long low-rolling knell" of the Spanish.

A Dios.

Ser de inmensa bondad, Dios Poderoso,
à vos acudo en mi dolor vehemente;
estended vuestro brazo omnipotente,
rasgad de la calumnia el velo odioso

y arrancad este sello ignominioso
con que el mundo manchar quiere mi frente.

Rey de los reyes, Dios de mis abuelos,
vos solo sois mi defensor, Dios mio:
todo lo puede quien al mar sombrío,
olas y peces dió, luz á los cielos,
fuego al sol, giro al aire, al Norte hielos,
vida á las plantas, movimiento al rio.

Todo lo podeis vos, todo fenece
ò se reanima á vuestra voz sagrada;
fuera de vos, Señor, el todo es nada,
que en la insondable eternidad perece,
y aun esa misma nada os obedece,
pues de ella fue la humanidad creada.

Yo no os puedo enganar, Dios de clemencia;
y pues vuestra eternal sabiduría
ve al través de mi cuerpo el alma mia
cual del aire á la clara transparencia,

estorbad que humillada la inocencia
bata sus palmas la calumnia impía.

Mas si cuadra á tu suma omnipotencia
que yo perezca cual malvado impìo,
y que los hombres mi cadàver frio
ultragen con maligna complacencia,
suene tu voz y acabe mi existencia,
cúmplase en mí tu voluntad, Dios mio.

Prayer.

FROM THE SPANISH OF PLACIDO.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Being of infinite goodness! God Almighty!
I hasten in mine agony to thee!
Rending the hateful veil of calumny,
Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity!
Efface this ignominy from my brow
Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now!

Oh King of kings! thou God of my forefathers!
My God! thou only my defence shalt be,
Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea;
From whom the North her frosty treasure gathers,—
Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,
Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things. What thy will doth
cherish,
Revives to being at thy sacred voice.
Without Thee all is naught, and at thy choice
In fathomless eternity must perish.
Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,
When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God! I can deceive thee never;
Since, as through ether's bright transparency,
Eternal wisdom still my soul can see
Through every earthly lineament forever.
Forbid it, then, that Innocence should stand
Humbled, while Slander claps her impious
hand.

But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure
Must be to perish as a wretch accursed,
And men shall trample over my cold dust, —
The corse outraging with malignant pleasure,
Speak, and recal my being at thy nod!
Accomplish in me all thy will, my God!

Fredrika Bremer.

LETTER ON SLAVERY.

STOCKHOLM, 25 August, 1844.

MY DEAR MRS. CHAPMAN:

JUST returned from a tour in one of the northern provinces of my country, (DALARNA, the mother-province of our Liberty,) I hasten to answer your letter from Boston of the 22 February, and am very sorry not to have been capable of answering it before. For that letter and the valuable present that accompanied it, I offer you my sincere thanks. It grieves me indeed not to be able to offer more, and to join in your honorable efforts in a great and sacred cause.

O! readily do I lift my voice and join in the universal chorus which is raised on earth by

Christianity, for the Liberty of Man — for the Abolition of Slavery. But when you, dear Mrs. Chapman, desire me to take a solo-part in the great concerto for that Abolition, I shrink back, from the very natural feeling that my voice is not strong, not good enough for such a part, and that this effort is not needed, and cannot add an iota to the benefit of the cause.

It is my firm opinion (and that has been ratified to me by some here residing Americans) that the *principle* of the freedom of man and the injustice of Slavery is fully recognized in the United States; (as it necessarily must be, by every man and nation who possesses common sense and confesses Christianity,) and that the question there now is not, if Slavery be just or justifiable, but "in what manner and how shall we make Slavery cease?" That is the question. And only he that could show how this liberation can be effected, to the true good of the

enslaved as of the slave-holding population in America, would be the true and chief promoter of a cause, for the success of which the great Republic must sigh as for her own moral and spiritual liberation.

If such a light, if such a wisdom was given to me, O! then, believe me, I would not draw back in showing it; in taking my part in the glorious drama of liberation; yea, though I should break my neck in the attempt to break the chain that chains the black man to his brother the white man, and a great and rising nation to the king of darkness! But for more able and powerful hands this glorious work is reserved. It is a work for THE GENIUS OF AMERICA! Out of her own bosom must rise the thought, must spring the word which will give liberty to her enslaved children. And that word — how should America not find it? How can she be untrue to her principal mission in the world? Is not the genius of

America called upon to be on earth the missionary of God, to proclaim the freedom of man in the name of the Redeemer? Look at her origin and history!

Spiritual Freedom! — was the watchword of those one hundred Puritans who fled to the desert and planted there the tree of liberty which now shadows over the Republic of the United States, and of which the unbloody laurels were so richly blessed by God.

Political Freedom! — was the banner under which America rose to its national self-control and greatness. *Human Freedom!* spiritual and political freedom *for every soul redeemed by God*, is the great truth still left for America to pronounce and to make real in her realm.

Great may be, in the present state of things, the difficulties which prevent the achievement of that great work; — still it is the belief of all friends of America here, that her genius will rise superior to all difficulties; that inspired

by the God of freedom and grace, the United States will one day, not far off, unite to break the chains of Slavery and make their enslaved brothers partake of the blessed lot of the free. And then the blessing of the eternal Redeemer will, in tenfold measure, descend on the *then* truly free and glorious Republic of North America.

For the speedy arrival of that day, let me, in my corner, humbly hope and pray, and so, at least, unite in spirit and heart with you and the noble minds of your people.

Accept, dearest Madam, of my hearty good wishes and kind thanks.

Respectfully yours,

FREDRIKA BREMER.

P. S. — I need hardly say, my dear Madam, that if my letter seems to you good for publication, you may dispose of it as you like. And pray excuse all the sins I may have committed against your language.

The Armor and the Prize.

BY ANN GREENE CHAPMAN.

Written in 1835, beneath the impression of a seal, with the motto, *Crescit sub pondere virtus;* crest—a mailed arm bearing a wreath upon a broken spear.

This faithful, devoted, lamented one died in 1837;—and in the Anti-Slavery ranks. *Juvat!*

I WAR not as my fathers did, although I bear
their arms;
But the spirit that supported them in battle's
fierce alarms—
Their lofty *spirit* shall be mine to press right
bravely on,
Nor heed although the spear be broken, so the
wreath be won!

Behold the wreath to battle for—the Freedom
of Mankind!

That the iron bonds of Slavery nor heart nor
limb may bind!
And let the mighty TRUTH prevail, whate'er
the suffering be;
I heed not hate nor mockery, if so the Slave
be free!

That glorious Prize awaiteth me, if I will
firmly bear
This cross that Christ on earth has borne, and
thus for heaven prepare.
And when, at the great judgment day, I hear
the word, "well done,"
What reck I of the toil and pain, if so the
wreath be won!

The Abolitionists' Plan.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

In the early days of the Temperance enterprise, a young man who was listening to a lecture on that subject had his attention strongly arrested by the assertion of the lecturer, that the whole community might at once become temperate if each would *reform one.* The feasibility of the thing flashed upon him at once, and he resolved to do his part towards it. "It is an excellent plan," said he to himself; "it is a great idea; and I will go home this very night and reform my brother Ben."

The Abolitionists, like the Temperance men, have a plan by which the work in which they are laboring might be instantaneously effected.

It is that each one should immediately reform one: — HIMSELF. *First* himself, and then as many brothers and sisters who have neglected their own reformation, as the circle of his influence embraces.

This mode of effecting the abolition of Slavery has always been taught by Abolitionists. Yet the cry, "Give us your plan; show us how the thing can be done," is still constantly raised by the opposers. The simplicity of the plan seems to confuse them, as if they had taken it for granted that a work so vast must require an apparatus of corresponding magnitude. They cannot believe that so mighty an oak can possibly grow from so little an acorn.

"Give us your plan," say they!

Here it is, my friends. Lend me your ears.

The plan which the Abolitionists now teach, and have always taught and preferred as best fitted to effect immediate and universal eman-

cipation, is for each Slave-holder to call his Slaves together this very hour, and earnestly and sincerely address them in substance as follows:—

"My friends, I have hitherto considered myself as your master, and you as my Slaves, my property. I now see that I was wrong. I now see that one human being cannot be the property of another, and that I never had any real right to hold you as Slaves. I ask pardon of God and of you for the wrong I have done in restraining you of your liberty, and I now freely give up the power which I have so long unjustly held. From this moment you are all free, as far as my authority is concerned. From this moment I shall make no further claim on your services, unless you freely consent and agree to serve me. From this moment you are all free, as far as I am concerned, to go where you please, and earn your subsistence by whatever honest occupation

you please. But you are not free, any more than I am, from the laws of God. If you do what you know to be wrong, he will judge you, and sooner or later punish you for it. And if you disobey the laws of the land, you will be exposed to be judged and punished by them.

"I have said that you are now free to go where you please. But my plantation needs to be cultivated as it always has been. If you will stay and work for me, I will pay you fair wages, every Saturday night, as much as you can get from any other person, and the full value of your work, and I will do all in my power to make you comfortable and happy. If you prefer to leave this town or this state and go to another, I will assist you in that as far as I am able, and help you to live, to the extent of my means, until you can find employment and a subsistence for yourselves. Be honest and industrious, show yourselves worthy of

freedom, help each other in your new station, and tell me freely, as a friend, when I can do any thing to help you. God bless you."

Here is the plan! now for the objections. One at a time, my friends, if you please.

"As soon as they are let loose, they will cut their master's throat."

Indeed! Will the first act of real kindness which their master has ever shown them, followed up by the sincere promise of further kindness, be likely to have this effect? Will the offer of an increase of wages be likely to induce the laborer to forfeit the promised advantage by killing his employer? This is to reverse the natural influence of motives, and change the nature of the human mind.

"Slaves are always lazy; if set free they will refuse to work, and will steal for a subsistence."

Slaves *are* lazy, because they have nothing to gain by working. Take away the cause,

and the effect will cease. Freemen are not lazy when a sufficient motive for exertion is set before them. Let the freed man know that by labor he can obtain better food, better clothing, and a better house, for himself, his wife and his children, and he *will* work, for he understands the value of those things as well as men who have been free all their lives.

"The laws of the state forbid emancipation."

So the laws of a piratical crew forbid them to spare the lives of their captives. Are the pirates really bound by that law, so that it is their duty to obey it? Every one says, NO. But *why* not? Because it is a wicked law, contrary to the law of God. The fact that any law violates essential justice and righteousness is of itself a sufficient reason why it is not binding, and why it never was binding, for a moment, on any human being. Therefore, a law forbidding Slave-emancipation imposes

no obligation upon any member of the state in which it exists, and a Slave-holding citizen should act in the premises as if it did not exist.

"The master will lose all his property."

Not so! He never had any property, any right, any real ownership in those whom he called *his* Slaves. This hand of mine can never, by possibility, belong to another person more than it does to me. It is *my* hand. This arm, this foot, this head are mine, to hold and to use, for my purposes, and no one else can possibly own them, or acquire a greater right to them than I have. So the Slave's head, body and limbs are his, the avails of their labor are his, and their use or disuse are for him and not for another person to decide. And whoever usurps authority over them does so with even less reason than the robber who claims property in your purse, for the purse is

a subject of ownership, while the man is not and cannot be.

"But, property or not, the master will impoverish himself."

So will the bankrupt, if he pays his debts. So will the counterfeiter, if he destroys his false money. So will the pickpocket, if he restores his ill-gotten gains. But are they therefore excused in the court of conscience from doing these things? Nay, verily! let them do justice, to the uttermost farthing, and then thank God that he has assisted them to choose honest poverty rather than crime.

"But this is a hard matter."

It *is* a hard matter for those (the hardest worked and worst paid of all laborers) who are trying to serve God and Mammon. It is not without its difficulties to a really honest man. But because it is hard to *do*, must it be considered equally hard to *say*? Are we to talk and argue as if it were not right, because

we perceive that its actual performance will require a great effort? Let us, at least, be so true to justice as to acknowledge her rightful claims, and thus we shall best prepare ourselves to act upon them when the time of trial comes.

If emancipation leaves the Slave-holder poor, let him thankfully accept this condition of release from crime. But it will not impoverish the land-owning Slave-holder. Facts in the history of West India emancipation show that the increase of the crops and the augmented value of the land, under a system of free labor, will in a few years equal the market value of the flesh and blood restored to manhood and womanhood. Slavery exhausts and ruins the soil. Free labor improves and enriches it. The planting Slave-holder cannot plead even the miserable excuse of pecuniary loss for his refusal to emancipate.

"But the liberated Slaves will be seized by some other person."

Then upon that person the guilt and the responsibility must rest. But I am not to continue the voluntary partner of a wicked system because some one else will step into my place when I retire. My business is to clear myself from the guilt, first of actual Slave-holding, by emancipation, and then of apparent Slave-holding, by making it known to all with whom I am conversant, that I have absolutely and entirely renounced all participation in that sin. If by any innocent means I can prevent the re-enslavement of those whom I have made free, I shall certainly do it; but I am not to do evil that good may come.

"But though you have cleared yourself from the guilt of Slave-holding, if your emancipated Slaves are seized, as they probably will be, either by individuals or by the State, no one

will really have been made free, and the institution of Slavery remains where it was."

On the contrary, Slavery will have received its death-blow in that place. If the Slaves emancipated by Cassius M. Clay should be kidnapped and sold into Louisiana, would Slavery again stand as securely as if he had continued a Slave-holder? Every one knows the contrary. The whole Slave-holding power reels beneath his attack, like the pillars of the Philistine temple in the grasp of Samson. Truth, truth is great and will prevail. To turn from the wrong, and stand erect, though you stand *still*, on the right side, is much; it is felt to be a serious loss by those who have lost you. But to turn to the right side and *work;* to lift up your voice like a trumpet, to expose the wrong to open shame, and show the right to *be* right in the sight of all men, — this is no trifle; it is the presage of coming ruin to the

vicious party or institution which you have abandoned.

The plan of the Abolitionists is immediate emancipation by every individual Slave-holder. Let no one deny its existence.

The Come-Outers

OF THE SIXTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

Part First.

A GENTLE Lady sits alone
Within an ancient room,
Hung round with gorgeous tapestry,
From some famed foreign loom.

The figures wrought with matchless skill,
In life-like colors, tell
Of holy battles, fought long since,
Among the Infidel.

There the broad cedars spread their shade,
And here the palm-trees rise,
And the proud banners of the Cross
Float through the Syrian skies;

And holy knights and armed priests
Are fittingly portrayed,
And Glory and Devotion both
The Artist's fancy aid.

But higher on that lofty wall
More hallowed faces shine;
There hang the pictured forms that once
Were human — now divine.

Martyrs, whose frowning features yet
The marks of torture bear,
And Saints, whose calm seraphic brows,
By contrast, look more fair.

And straight before the Lady's face
A lovelier Presence gleams,
Decked with the beauty that belongs
But to the Painter's dreams;

A Beauty full of human love,
But touched by human care,

And yet made radiant and divine
Beyond all earth's compare.

Mother of Sorrows! Queen of Heaven!
Ah, yes! that brow and cheek,
Of rapture and of agony,
Of doubt and triumph speak.

Oh! well may woman's sorrowing heart
Turn hopefully to thee!
Thou, who hast known and suffered all
Of woman's destiny.

And yet that Lady, sitting there,
In grief has turned away, —
The voice now speaking in her soul,
No longer brooks delay.

In still low tones it says to her,
"Turn but to God for aid;
Nor Saint nor Angel stands between
Him and the Soul He made.

" Shrine, altar and confessional,
Picture and cross and bead,
May sweetly to thy heart recal
Its childhood's cherished creed.

" The burning lamp, the roses cast
Before some hallowed shrine,
May to thy youthful fancy seem
Memorials divine;

" But mark — of God's essential truth
These things make not a part;
These thou may'st yield, and yet retain
Within thy inmost heart

" Such reverence for His holy will,
For all His love such praise
As never outward form nor rite
Within that heart could raise.

" Start not at Duty's angel-voice,
That says, From sin divide:

The Truth, for which thou leavest all,
Shall comfort, aid and guide."

Across that Lady's darkened path
A burst of sunshine broke;
And she was one, in after years,
Who heard when Luther spoke.

Part Second.

Look at the ancient Meeting-house,
That stands amid the trees;
Its tall white spire for many miles
The weary traveller sees.

Enter and mark the reverent crowd
That fills its ample space;
What stern, unsmiling sanctity
Is stamped on every face!

No sculptured arch nor frescoed wall
Within these courts appear,
No gilded shrine nor altar high
May find an entrance here.

The pulpit tall, the sounding-board,
The gallery for the choir, —
No other "carved work" did the sons
Of pilgrim sires desire.

How little to poetic taste
These humble walls can speak;
And yet before their silent power
The strongest hearts grow weak.

For the last time a Maiden stands
Within this holy place,
And, all unfelt, the quiet tears
Are dropping o'er her face.

Beneath that white unpictured roof
Her earliest prayers were said;

The teachings of God's holy word
Were from that pulpit read.

The sweetest hymns she ever sung,
Have echoed from these walls:
Their dying cadence even yet
Upon her memory falls.

But the clear, earnest voice of Truth,
Throughout all time the same,
Whispers, "Thy love and fealty
I, I alone may claim.

"The prayers, the songs once uttered here,
If uttered from thy heart,
Shall give thee strength to turn away,
And from this spot depart.

"Thou hast implored that God would make
Thy path of duty plain: —
Has He not poured such light that thou
Can'st wander not again?

" Millions of Slaves in anguish lie
Before the Church's eyes;
And God, in thunder-tones, demands
'Mercy, not sacrifice.'

" What says the Church? She coldly turns
Her glances from the Slave,
To send her sympathies and prayers
O'er every ocean-wave.

" No true communion can'st thou find, —
The helpless Slave forgot;
For where no love for Man is found,
Worship of God is not.*

" Thou needest not a priestly voice
To tell thee what is truth,

* The term "Come-outers" has been derisively bestowed on those in the United States who have withdrawn from the church because it sanctions Slavery, in the same spirit that the terms, Methodist, Quaker, and Puritan, were applied to the Non-conformists of the three preceding centuries.

When thou canst cry — 'O, wilt not *Thou*,
My Father, guide my youth!'"

Her tears were dried, her face grew calm,
From that clear inward light,
Which never yet misguided one
That sought its beams aright.

Thanks be to God, that every age
Records the heroic deed
Of conflict won, for human weal,
O'er usage, sect and creed.

But never to the nations yet
A holier work He gave
Than that appointed to *our* time —
THE FREEDOM OF THE SLAVE!

Weymouth, Massachusetts, U. S.

Philip Catesby;

OR, A REPUBLIC'S GRATITUDE.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

It was a magnificent day in the Autumn of 1776; one of the divinest specimens of weather ever afforded even by a Virginian October. The yellow glow of the departing sun, shorn of his fiercer beams as he journeyed farther and farther from the earth, shed a Claude-like glory upon the noble river, the cultivated plains, the primeval forests, the distant mountains, which composed the superb prospect from the ancestral home of the Catesbys. The delicious haze, not amounting to the "smoky light" of more northern latitudes, rather softened than obscured the landscape.

The rushing James, not yet expanded into an arm of the sea, swept gallantly around three sides of the bluff on which the house stood, and suggested its name of Presqu'île. From its peninsular position it gave you a view for miles of the broad river, its blue extent of waters diversified here and there by a snowy sail, or broken by a flashing oar. It was a noble situation, scarcely to be surpassed in the world for the splendid beauty which nature had lavished upon it.

The house itself was one that in America would be called old; dating, perhaps, from the middle of the preceding century; and had been the home of several generations of the Catesbys, since the original emigrant sought a refuge in Virginia from the impending storm that hurried the first Charles from a throne to the block. It was of rough stone and of a somewhat peculiar construction. It was, in fact, *two* houses, separated at once and united

by a hall of half the height of the wings. In one of the wings the family resided. The other was reserved for the accommodation of the crowds of guests, whose entertainment, at certain seasons, formed an essential part of the hospitality of the time. The edifice was not absolutely out of repair, but it had a scarcely perceptible air of dilapidation, which made the spectator feel that its best days were past. The grounds, too, consisting of a lawn sloped artificially towards the river's brink and embraced by spreading shrubberies and dotted with clumps of trees, though not positively neglected, lacked that trim and exact neatness which is the pride of the English and the New England country gentleman. The garden behind the house was large and well stocked, but the quaint devices of its hedges of box and yew had given place to a ragged luxuriance, its formal walks were neglected and overgrown, and its dilapidated green-house

served only as the shelter of garden tools. The stables, alone, and the adjacent kennel of fox-hounds, were in a state of complete and thorough repair. Altogether it gave one the impression of being the residence of a family which had begun to feel — though perhaps it would not acknowledge — the first rudiments of decay.

Mr. Catesby, the proprietor of Presqu'île, was a Virginian gentleman of the old school. He had strong sense, but his education had been imperfect. He was hearty in his hospitality, courteous in his address, keen in field-sports and careless in his affairs. He was proud of being a Slave-holder, and instructed his overseer to treat his Slaves well, according to the ideas of that time, but left the overseer to interpret and execute his commands according to the light of his own eyes. He had spent all his life in the Colony, and devoutly thought that all the kingdoms of this world

were small things when compared with the Ancient Dominion. He had been in various public offices, and was, during the chief of his life, one of the most loyal subjects of his Britannic Majesty. But in some unaccountable way his income began to fall off. He had less tobacco to consign to his London factor, and of course his London factor did not remit so large returns as formerly. He did not dream of attributing this falling off to the thriftless kind of labor which he had inherited from his fathers, and to the wasteful mode of culture which necessarily attended it. The troubles between the colonies and the mother-country soon suggested a satisfactory solution of the problem. It is always convenient to shift the burden of our follies or mistakes from our own shoulders to those of the government. The dependance of the colonies upon Great Britain was the grand secret of the declining fortunes of the Old Dominion. The sundering of that

dependance, and the establishment of an independent government, constituted the grand panacea for the cure of all these ills. Nullification itself in our own days did not more surely promise renewed fertility to the exhausted lands of Carolina, than was Independence to insure a fresh vitality to the "murdered lands" of Eastern Virginia. Mr. Catesby, of course, became a flaming patriot, and drank devoutly, every day, to General Washington and the Continental Congress, instead of to the King and to the Church.

He had, however, given a stronger proof of his devotion to the cause than his libations to its success; for he had consented to allow his only son to accept a commission in a regiment which had just been raised and despatched to the seat of war, then in the neighborhood of New York. On the very day of which I write, a large company of the neighboring planters was assembled to bid a jovial farewell to the

young Captain Catesby, who was to set forward on the morrow to join the army. Different men have different ways of conducting themselves in times of great mental trial. Some seek consolation in solitude and some in crowds; some fly to religion and some to the bottle for comfort. Mr. Catesby was not an unfeeling father. He felt keenly the change which the loss of his son's society would make in his daily life, and he fully appreciated the fearful chances that were against his ever seeing him again. But his remedy against such evil thoughts was to fill his house with company, and drown care in jollity. Accordingly for a week his house had been thronged with troops of friends, and each merry day crowned by a madder night. On this last day a fresh accession of guests had given a new impulse to the festivity, which was their only care. The morning had been devoted to the chase, and after a hard run they had returned victori-

ous over poor Reynard, and the young soldier had carried off the honors of his brush.

With the proverbial zeal of hunters they addressed themselves to the serious business of the day. The dinner-table was spread in the hall, both because it was the only room capable of containing the party, and because it was the coolest and most airy of the house. It was of ample dimensions, adorned with the trophies and the weapons of sylvan warfare, but boasting of little other decoration of furniture or embellishment. The table groaned beneath the weight of a repast rather abundant and solid than sumptuous or elegant. Venison, butcher's meat, poultry, game, and the inevitable bacon and greens crowned the board with a barbaric plenty, unmarked by elegance of arrangement or by scientific succession of courses. The appointments of the table were of the same heterogeneous description. The plate was solid and abundant, and showed to the eye of

a *connoisseur* the antiquity of the family by the marks it bore of distant periods of purchase, but the china and glass, though expensive, were of disjointed sets, and not a little of it cracked and vilely pieced. But these *désagremens* disturbed not the equanimity of hosts or guests. They were the usual attendants of the Slave-served and slovenly hospitality of the Old Dominion. As long as the cheer was plentiful, they heeded but little the inaccuracies of its service.

The company which surrounded the ample board, bore, many of them, the proudest of the historical names of Virginian history. The inhabitants of many a stately mansion, mirrored in the James, which has since gone to decay and ruin; many a provincial aristocrat, as proud of his lineage and his rank as the bluest-blooded grandee of Castile, but whose race is either extinct or the impoverished inhabitants of new countries; made up the

festive assembly. The ruin which ever tracks the footsteps of Slavery had not yet overtaken the dwellers on the banks of the noble river which first saw its accursed plantation on the North American continent, but its dark shadow had already begun to fall chill and ominous upon their hearts. The founder of the feast occupied the foot of the table, while the head was adorned by the graceful presence of his only daughter, the beautiful Virginia Catesby. The onerous duties of mistress of the house, which the customs and the necessities of the time and country required of her, were most graciously and gracefully performed. The company were in the full dress of the time, such as the canvas of Reynolds and of Copley has made familiar to all England and America. The clothes of the gentlemen and the dresses of the ladies were as fine as they could be made by the taste of the artists selected by their London correspondents, who

duly forwarded them, with almost every other necessary of life, in the tobacco ships, which formed the connecting links between the two worlds. Perhaps an acute eye might detect a consciousness of unusual finery, an air as if their garments did not cleave kindly to their mould, which indicated that an accurate attention to their dress was rather the exception than the rule of their lives. Their manners, though a dash of provincial formality might be discerned in them, were punctiliously courteous and deferential. It was a merry and a hungry party, and if they lacked anything in refinement or elegance, they made amends for it by the heartiness of their enjoyment.

When the "sacred rage" of hunger was appeased, and the dessert succeeded to the more substantial viands, the important business of the feast proceeded. The ladies soon retired, and the guests closed up around their host and set in for serious drinking. The generous

juice of Madeira was then the wine of the country, and the only one for which the American taste was duly educated. The decanters circulated with alarming rapidity, and the mirth waxed fast and furious. In due time the decanters were displaced by a copious punch-bowl, fuming like a censer, the lemon-parings depending in graceful curls from its ample brim. This sacred vessel of our fathers' hospitable rites was solemnly passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth; for in those days the heresy of *ladles* had not crept within the pale of orthodox good-fellowship. As it performed its frequent rounds, was often drained and again replenished, the conversation grew more and more animated, though somewhat promiscuous. Politics, of course, was the chief topic of discourse. How glowed their patriotic fires! How their zeal for their injured country waxed hotter with every flowing bowl! What generous sentiments, what

disinterested purposes were drank in with its genial inspiration! The largest liberty, the most unqualified equality of mankind, were insisted upon with all the zeal of devotion and of drink. Destruction to tyrants, and liberty to universal man, were the eloquent themes of their discourse. There was just enough allusion to the measures necessary to keep their own Slaves in subjection during the conflict with England, and just enough discussion of the rural economics of flogging, starving, and branding, to give piquancy to their talk to a cynic who might delight in the spectacle of human inconsistency, or to surprise an uninitiated stranger who did not know that Slaveholders are the most clamorous asserters of human rights; and that, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "the loudest *yelps* for liberty are ever heard from the drivers of Slaves." But no such incongruous presence marred the harmony of the banquet.

At last, they who had survived this protracted session found their uncertain way to the ladies in the drawing-room, who were but too well used to such guests. When the tables had been cleared away, the company returned to the hall again, and under the enlivening influences of the violin of a musical Slave, (and what Slave is not musical?) these sons and daughters of Liberty ended the evening with a dance. Thus it was that the last hours of Edward Catesby, under his father's roof, were sped away.

While Farewell was putting on this jovial countenance in the great hall, there were other inhabitants of Presqu'île to whom it assumed, if not so smiling, yet a not less rational aspect. The occupations of the banquet and the dance absorbing the young master and mistress for so many hours, their personal attendants, Philip and Clara, had a long leisure to spend in their way of leave-taking. They

had stolen away from the other Slaves to spend their last hours alone together, — for Philip was to attend his young master to the wars. He was of huge proportions — at least six feet and a half in height — broad-shouldered, muscular, erect; a fitting representative of the African Hercules. His face beamed with good humor and with strong native sense and shrewdness. He had been a petted Slave from infancy, and his spirit had not been broken by the grossest forms of Slavery's Protean cruelties. He loved and was proud of his master, for he had met with what the Emperor Alexander told Madame de Staël that his subjects had found in him — "a happy accident." Still, he was not without that native sense of his own right to himself, which is never extinguished in the most imbruted of Slavery's victims, however the fear of the lash may make them forswear it in the presence of their tyrants. The progenitors of Clara had

been submitted to the "bleaching process," on which wise statesmen and grave divines rely for the abolition of Slavery, for a longer time than her darker lover, and she might easily have been mistaken for one of the favored Anglo-Saxon race. Indeed, it was well understood in the household, that her relationship to its master was not much more remote than that of her young mistress herself. None of the celebrated Quadroons of New Orleans surpassed her in the regular beauty of her features, in the transparent brown of her skin — scarcely darker than that of "Spain's dark-glancing daughters" — or in the elastic elegance of her form.

They sat apart and talked of their hopes and their prospects. The grief of the young man, at the parting, was somewhat affected by the enlivening anticipation of new scenes and unknown adventures; and a little mitigated, perhaps, by the recollection of his new Conti-

nental livery of buff and blue. Their ideas were not very distinct as to the object of the fighting in which he was to take part; but it was none the less animating to him, or fearful to her. "What is this weary war about, Philip?" "Why, the masters say that it is for liberty; that it is to drive King George's Governors out of America." "For liberty!" exclaimed Clara, "then if you beat and drive the Governors away, we shall be all free!" Philip shook his head in some uncertainty, as he replied, "I am afraid it is only their own liberty that they are trying to get. I never heard them say anything about ours. And, besides, if they wanted to give us ours, there is no need of fighting about it; we are willing enough to take it." "But they will not, at any rate, keep you Slaves, who help them to fight for their own liberties. They are not so mean as that!" "Why, no," cried Philip, clapping his hands, as the new idea flashed into his

mind, "Why, no, no more they will! I never thought of that before! If I behave myself well, I shall be sure of being freed myself, and then I can soon earn enough to buy you!" This gave a new hope to both their hearts. It made Philip more eager for the battles of freedom, and more than half reconciled Clara to the grief of parting with him for a season, and the fear of losing him forever. It gave a fresh impulse to their talk, and many were the plans they formed for the enjoyment of their anticipated freedom — for the trade of castle-building is not monopolized by the favored race. Many a castle is built in the air by dwellers on the plains, or by the river-sides of the South, which lures them away from those lands of the Sun to the bleak and wintry regions of New England or of Canada. Those parting moments, though sad, were yet pleasing to the souls of those two young Slaves. For though Slaves, they were young

and loving and hopeful. Thank Heaven, there is no draught commended to mortal lips so bitter, not even Slavery, the bitterest of all, that cannot be tempered by the cordial drops of Youth, Hope and Love!

* * * *

Captain Catesby, attended by Philip, reached the army of Independence during the disastrous days succeeding the battle of White Plains and the taking of Fort Washington. They shared in the gloomy retreat through the Jerseys, when it seemed indeed as if all were lost. They crossed the Delaware on the night of the ever memorable passage, and partook in all the hardships and dangers of that melancholy time. They enjoyed, too, the gleams of sunshine which the successes of Trenton and Princeton shed upon the desponding hearts of the friends of America. The frank and courteous bearing of Edward Catesby, joined to the alacrity with

which he exposed himself to danger, and the cheerfulness with which he encountered hardships, and privations yet harder to be borne, made him a favorite with all ranks of the army, from the Commander-in-Chief, who was the hereditary friend of his family, down to the humblest private of his command. Philip, too, attracted no small attention by his gigantic stature, his herculean strength, his desperate courage and his imperturbable good humor. He was almost as notorious a person in the army as the general himself. Every one had a good word to speak to and of Captain Catesby's Philip. He was well known to be one on whose courage and discretion perfect reliance might be placed, and he was often employed on services which History has no room to record, but which are often the secret springs of her great events, and which were attended with as great dangers and required as much tact and resolution

as more brilliant and better rewarded achievements. Often was he despatched at midnight to steal up to the enemy's out-posts and to ascertain their exact position, when such knowledge was indispensable to some sudden movement in the dark hour that precedes the dawn. Often was he sent with verbal messages, which, perhaps, determined the fate of battles and the destinies of the country, to the commanders of distant divisions, whose position rendered an open communication difficult, and exposed the secret messenger to the imminent peril of being cut off by the enemy.

And many were the narrow escapes he had, on such occasions, as he evaded, by mere swiftness of foot, amid a shower of bullets, the alarmed pickets of the British army; or dexterously saved himself by his early experience in woodcraft, from the hot pursuit of the mounted *videttes*, clattering over the frozen ground, by betaking himself to the neighbor-

ing forests. In such adventures he delighted. The consciousness of courage and skill, and the gratification of being trusted and employed in matters of moment, added a feeling of gratified pride to his strong natural love for excitement and adventure. But, above all, it was the secretly cherished hope that he should work out his own freedom, while thus giving himself to the achievement of that of America, that nerved his heart and quickened his ingenuity, whether engaged in the open field or employed in his more secret and more hazardous duties. This hope animated him in action, and gilded the midnight hours of secret service. Dreams of freedom and of Clara attended him on his solitary scouts, and were only dispersed for a moment by the smoke and turmoil of the battle-field, to gather again around him as soon as the "rapture of the strife" was past. His duties, like those of the other officers' servants, were two-fold;

as a personal attendant upon his master, and as a soldier of the line. Though he was excused from such of the daily duties of the common soldier as were inconsistent with his attendance upon his master, still, as soon as the army was to go into action, he fell into his place in the ranks again, and took his full share in the burden and heat of the day. In those times there was no prejudice that made the white soldier shrink from the neighborhood of his black comrade; nor was there any shame felt by freemen, battling for their own liberties, at having the fight shared, and perhaps won, by the blood and the courage of *Slaves.*

Notwithstanding the successes of Princeton and Trenton, the prospects of the triumph of the Continental arms seemed dubious even to the most sanguine. Sir William Howe had out-manœuvred the American General, and compelled him to engage on disadvantageous

terms, or to leave Philadelphia, then the seat of the Continental Government, open to his attack. After a variety of skirmishing and manœuvring, under a heavy cannonade from the British artillery, the division under Lord Cornwallis, having the Brandywine on their left, engaged the American division of General Sullivan. The conflict was severe for a time, but at length the American troops began to retire in confusion. The advantage was warmly pressed by the enemy. The retreat was fast becoming a rout. The Eighth Virginia regiment, to which Catesby belonged, was in the division of General Greene, with which the Commander-in-Chief himself had taken his station. It was ordered to move up to the support of the yielding troops. But all reinforcement came too late to turn the tide of the battle. The Eighth Regiment came into action in the very hottest of the fight. The company of Catesby, being on the right flank,

was opposed to the fiercest of the assault of the British troops, as they pressed forward, flushed with success. It was in vain to attempt to stem the fury of the tide of hot pursuit. All they could do, was, in some degree, to cover the retreat of their discomfited comrades, slowly giving ground themselves. Suddenly a foreign officer, in the bloom of youth, but dressed in the uniform of a Continental Major General, dashes between the pursuing and retreating armies, attended by a small but brilliant *cortége.* In imperfect English, and in emphatic French, he entreats the soldiers to rally and face the enemy again. He exposes himself to the thickest of the fire — waving, with his *chapeau,* the retreating Americans towards the foe. At last, finding his entreaties vain, he springs from his horse, and, drawing his sword, puts himself at the head of the division moving towards the advancing British, and endeavors, by his ex-

ample, to urge a renewal of the conflict. But all was in vain. Flight, which ever waits upon modern battle-fields, as well as those of Homeric song, had fully possessed the souls of the soldiers of Liberty. They continued to give way, and the British soldiers to press nearer and nearer upon their steps. The young officer is in imminent peril. He refuses to remount his horse, and, in the excitement of the battle, is not conscious of a wound, of which he carried the effects through a long life to the grave. The British grenadiers are close upon him. Their bayonets thirst for his blood. It seems scarcely possible that he can escape with life. At this point of time, however, a man, taller and brawnier than the stoutest of the grenadiers, throws himself between them and their destined prey. By dint of mere strength of arm he describes a magic circle with his bayonet, and maintains it against overwhelming numbers. His formida-

ble size, and gallant feats of arms, struck even the enemy with surprise not unmingled with admiration. But no man, since Amadis of Gaul, has been able to keep an army at bay, or to turn the scale of victory by his single arm. In a few minutes the new champion was obliged to give way and follow — though wounded in more places than one, but with his face to the foe — the footsteps of his retreating companions. But the object of his diversion was effected. The young officer, seeing that his efforts were vain, was persuaded to mount his horse, and, with the blood oozing from the top of his boot, he rode slowly from the field. That officer was the MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE, and that soldier was PHILIP CATESBY, THE SLAVE.

General Lafayette inquired the name of the sable champion who had fought so gallantly under his eye, and sent him a liberal donative as a mark of his approbation. He also begged

of Captain Catesby the boon of his freedom; justly observing that so brave a soldier of liberty at least ought to be a free man. Captain Catesby assured him that his request should be laid before his father, and that he did not doubt that it would be complied with. Whether it were forgetfulness, or the vanity of *owning* so brave a man, I cannot tell, but the application was never made. After the recovery of General Lafayette from his wound, Captain Catesby was invited to dine with him at headquarters, where, among other things, the conversation turned upon the prowess of Philip on the eleventh of September. The Commander-in-Chief, addressing Captain Catesby, but with a courteous inclination of the head towards the gentleman on his right hand, said, "Catesby, your boy," (a Slave is always *a boy*, though he be seven feet high and a hundred years old,) "your boy has been, perhaps, the salvation of your country." Captain Catesby

bowed, and felt as much gratified as if it had been a personal compliment to himself. Such is the effect of man-ownership even upon intelligent and generous natures!

* * * *

The war was over. The battle was fought and won. Such Liberty as the Revolution could secure, was accomplished. The army was at length disbanded, and they dispersed to endeavor to recover what they could of the habits of peace. Amongst the rest, Col. Catesby (for such was his rank at the end of the war) returned to his paternal halls, accompanied by the faithful Philip. He returned, disappointed in an undue military ambition, to a home that had but few charms to console him for the public consideration of which he thought he had been unjustly deprived. His father was dead and his sister married, and he had succeeded to a decaying estate. He found his house scarcely habitable, his grounds

a tangled wilderness, his farm an unprofitable burden. Everything had gone wrong since his father's death. The estate had been badly managed, the expenditures had been extravagant, the returns little or nothing. Peace and Independence had wrought no such miracles as had been hoped from them. Public and private debt sat heavily on the souls of the people. It seemed as if there were no hope of extrication. Many were disposed to believe that it was for a mere chimera that they had endured so much.

Colonel Catesby was not a man to struggle through such a tide of misfortunes. His habits of business, if he ever had any, were entirely dissipated by six years and more in the camp. His temper was naturally good; though sudden to anger yet soon to be appeased; and, in favorable circumstances, he would have gone through life an amiable man. But his military experiences and disappointments had not fitted

him for the solitude, or for the occupations, to which he found himself suddenly condemned. His early education had been neglected, and his life in the field had not improved what was originally imperfect. Without companionship, without literary taste or mental resources, with a wasting fortune, and with the bitter consciousness of being the last of an honorable house, it is not surprising that his temper should have become soured and furious. He had brought, too, other tastes and habits from the wars which did not help to improve his character. Hard drinking, which was the universal practice of the day, and to which he had served a seven years' apprenticeship in the camp, was but too obvious a solace for his cares. Habits of solitary drunkenness crept upon him, and, in the course of a few years, the elegant Edward Catesby had exchanged his courteous, affable, soldier-like address for the demeanor of a morose, brutal, drunken

savage. He could still, at times, when cast for a season into the company of his equals, resume a remnant of his former bearing; but within the boundaries of his petty tyranny, he was a despot worthy of a wider sphere.

Of the ill effects of this change of character in his master, Philip, of course, felt his full share. He indeed found Clara still faithful to him, and their union was celebrated, soon after the peace, with all the rites of the church, as was often done in the case of favorite Slaves. He was promoted to be the overseer of the estate, — Colonel Catesby's declining fortunes not permitting the employment of a white man. They lived in a small cottage, close to the mansion-house, which had been the habitation of the last overseer, before he retired from office. Their happiness was only clouded by the uncertain violence of their master's temper, by the melancholy sense of the ruin that was stealing over the house to which they

felt the strong attachments of the African race, and the doubtful tenure by which a Slave ever feels that he holds his dearest blessings. Three sufficient drawbacks, truly! But their constitutional cheerfulness and hopefulness bore up their hearts, and enabled them to snatch many an hour that might be called contented and happy. Their thirst for freedom, indeed, was stronger than ever; especially when they looked upon the children that were springing up around them. They longed to be the owners of themselves and their offspring; and the hope of yet seeing that blessed day, formed no mean ingredient in their cup of satisfactions. Philip had not failed to recal to his master's mind the promises he had held out during the days of danger that they had shared together, and to claim their fulfilment. At first he was put off from time to time with fair words, and various excuses; but, as Colonel Catesby's temper waxed worse and worse, his

importunities were received with imprecations, and he was commanded to desist from them if he desired a continuance of favor, or wished ever to see the accomplishment of his hopes. So poor Philip and Clara had perforce to possess their souls in patience, and to bide their time, as best they might.

As years rolled on, matters grew worse instead of better at Presqu'île. The incomes diminished yearly, and debt and ruin gathered thick and lowering over its master. His Slaves and plantation, instead of a source of profit, became a burden to him, and there was a time when he was nearly reduced to desperation. In course of years, however, the prospects of the country brightened. The natural elasticity of a young and fertile country threw off the weight with which the war had pressed down its energies, and it again became prosperous. The Constitution of the United States had given to Slave-property the sanction and

protection of the whole nation. But, above all, the culture of cotton gave a new impulse to that "peculiar species of property," as the demand for laborers increased. Then it was that the resources of Virginia began to be developed, and she was first distinguished as the Breeding State. The Congo and Guinea of the Model Republic were then first discovered upon the banks of the James and the Potomac; and were found so fruitful a source of wealth that in due time the foreign trade in Slaves was punished as piracy, to secure a monopoly of the traffic to the chivalrous sons of the South, — the first example in our history of the Protection of Native Industry! Colonel Catesby was not slow to avail himself of this new state of things. He easily overcame any nice, unnecessary scruples which either humanity or family pride might oppose to the sale of his hereditary bondsmen. They were annually picked over by the Slave-traders, and

the merchantable articles forwarded, "in lots to suit purchasers," to various portions of Columbia's happy land. His necessities, however, compelled a somewhat wasteful sale of his human cattle, so that every year his stock was found less and less valuable. So that this Godsend, after all, rather lingered out than cured his distresses.

One evening he and the Slave-trader with whom he dealt were sitting together and cheating the time with brandy and pipes, for in those days cigars were not. He had sunk so low in his own esteem as to admit a Slave-dealer to his table as an equal; a companionship which the proud Virginians of that day disdained. *Now*, the best blood and the proudest names of the Old Dominion are not ashamed to be engaged themselves in the same honorable branch of business. The brow of the master of the house was black, for he had not been able to effect sales that

would meet his pressing emergencies. His negroes were all too old or too young for the market. As he sat moodily meditating over his condition, his companion suggested consolation. "Colonel, why don't you sell that strapping overseer of yours? I'll give you five hundred dollars for him." Catesby swore, with a tremendous oath, that he would never sell him. "O, well," replied the other, "I meant no offence. But whenever you incline to the bargain I'll give you *six* hundred for him." "I tell you I will never part with him," said Catesby. It was not long before the dealer in human flesh returned to the charge. "By the way, Colonel, you said that you want seven hundred dollars against next week. Now as you have always dealt with me, I'll try to stretch a point in your favor. I'll give you *seven* hundred dollars for that boy; and that is as much as I ever did give for a nigger, and as much as I ever will give," said

he, enforcing his speech with an oath, and holding up and shaking a bag of dollars by way of peroration. The temptation was strong; still Catesby resisted it for a time. But the eloquence of the trader and of the dollars, aided by brandy and distress, at last brought him to terms. Before the session ended the bill of sale was signed, and the consideration paid down; for Slave-trading was ever a ready money business. "I could not help myself, by ——," he exclaimed, as he poured down a bumper of raw brandy; and so, as many besides have done, "with necessity, the tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deed."

As soon as the bargain was completed the trader took leave of his host, and, collecting his forces, proceeded to take speedy possession of his property. He surmised that he might meet with some resistance, and chose his time and took his measures accordingly.

It was past midnight, and sleep and dreams of freedom brooded over the cottage of Philip. A knocking at the door aroused them. "Who is there?" "Your master wants you. Make haste!" The hateful presence of the Slave-trader had been seen in the quarter the day before, and the prophetic heart of Philip boded ill. He seized a huge club before he opened the door, and was ready to stand on the defensive. As soon as he appeared, a satellite of the trader attempted to seize him, but was laid prostrate with a single blow. The principal, then, stepping in, before Philip could recover his weapon again, cut him down with his hanger, with a scientific precision highly honorable to his skill and experience. The wound was so nicely dealt as to disable for the time without maiming him for life. He and his myrmidons then closed with him, and, after a vigorous resistance, succeeded in stretching him on the ground. The frantic

Clara, with a Slave's and a woman's instinct, knew, from the first, what had befallen them. She rushed to the side of her husband, and exhausted all the vocabulary of grief and despair to rescue him from his fate. She threw herself upon him, and, when thrust aside, clasped the knees of the Slave-trader and made the air resound with her agony and despair. The children, too, though not fully comprehending the nature of the calamity, helped to swell the chorus of tears and lamentation that went up to Heaven. But to the actors in the scene these things were as if they were not. They proceeded to tie the hands and feet of their prisoner with as little concern as the butcher feels at the outcries of the herd of swine, when he has plunged his knife in the throat of one of their companions. When they had secured their victim, they carelessly brushed aside the clinging wife and children, and lifted him into a cart which

stood ready at hand. Philip disdained to utter a cry or a remonstrance, for he knew how vain they would be, but what a throng of images of sorrow and despair crowded themselves into that moment of time! As they drove rapidly away, the wretched Clara, with one long shriek of utter agony, sunk senseless upon the ground. The terrified children clung screaming to their fallen mother. Such was the triumphal departure of one of the heroes of Seventy-Six from the State whose liberties he had vindicated with his blood!

* * * *

Many years passed away. A man, bent rather by sorrow and excessive toil than by years, sat on a log by the door of his hut, on the skirts of the Slave Quarter of a great Cotton Plantation in South Carolina. His head was white, his shoulders stooped, his dress was sordid. And yet there were lines of strong character in his face, and an air of mili-

tary ease in his bearing, which might remind one of "Belisarius blind and old," or of Ulysses in his beggar's garb. He sat basking in the hottest rays of a Carolina sun, and looking vacantly over the sweltering scene of sandy plains and distant pine-barrens, which stretched itself before him. He saw it, but he heeded it not.

"His eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away."

Thirty weary years had gone by since he had been torn from his wife and children, and no tidings of them had ever reached him since that bitter night. Thirty years of relentless toil, under hard overseers, thirty hopeless, joyless years, had well nigh broken his spirit; but his memory was yet cruelly true to her trust. He was just recovering from a fever, which he had hoped would have released him from his thraldom, and he was not yet well enough to return to his eternal task. So he had

nothing to do but to sit in the sun and weave over again his web of life.

As he sat thus, ruminating, his master and the overseer rode up. They made a cursory inquiry as to his ability to return to labor, and bestowed a curse or two upon his slow recovery, and then eagerly resumed their absorbing topic of discourse. From what he heard, he gathered that General Lafayette was in the country; and not only in the country, but that he would make his public entry into the neighboring shire-town on the morrow. What a crowd of recollections did not that name bring to his mind! The long years of danger and toil that he had spent in the service of a country that had rewarded him, and hundreds like him, with interminable Slavery, rose up before him. He remembered the notice with which this very General had distinguished him, and the boon of freedom which he had asked in his behalf. A wild hope sprang up

in his bosom. If he could but see this honored stranger, and recal himself to his memory, perhaps his intercession might yet obtain for his worthless old age the liberty which was denied to his vigorous youth. He might at least *die* a free man. The idea excited a new fever in his mind. A thousand schemes for the accomplishment of the interview, a thousand visions of the uses to which he would put the freedom that was to be its consequence, hurried through his brain. He saw himself arriving, after a weary pilgrimage, at Presqu'île. He finds his Clara still faithful, though old and changed. They would wear out together the short remnant of their days, surrounded by their children, under a kinder master. His nervous excitement amounted almost to delirium.

After a sleepless night, Philip rose still sanguine of success. As the time of the proposed ceremony approached he stole away towards

the town. The roads were full of people, but they were too busy with the great event of the day to trouble themselves about his right to be there. The county-town was four miles from his hut, and he had, the day before, scarcely strength enough to drag himself to its door, but his stout heart bore his limbs onward with a strange energy. On arriving at the place where the reception was to be had, he joined the crowd, and awaited with an anxiety that none other knew, the expected arrival. It was but a holiday to them; it might be a birth-day to him. At length the distant cannon announced the approach of the Nation's Guest. The eagerness of all to catch the first glimpse of the veteran rose to the highest pitch of excitement. But what was it all to *his*, who thought that his last hope lay in that stranger's hand? The cavalcade gallops by. The barouche, containing the illustrious presence of Lafayette, approaches. The people throng

around it and impede its progress, that they may view his venerable features more nearly, or touch his honored hand. Philip thought that his only opportunity was now come. He pushed forward with desperate energy, putting forth a strength which he wondered to find still dwelling in his arm. But the indignant crowd soon saw his purpose. Their blood boiled at the thought of the possible profanation of the friend of freedom by the touch of a Slave. They closed around him and fiercely thrust him away with curses and blows, just as he was on the point of attracting the attention of his old companion in arms. The barouche moved on. The opportunity was gone forever. It was the one drop that was needed to make his bitter cup overflow. The bitterness of disappointment, and the sense of the vanity of his latest hopes, acting on his exhausted frame, shook too roughly the last sands of life. His unnatural nervous en-

ergy shrunk back palsied to his brain. His blood curdled at his heart. His eyes swam. His brain reeled. He fell prostrate in the high-way. He fell unheeded. It was the moment of the greatest interest of the day. The enthusiastic tide of exulting patriots swept over his prostrate form. Trampled in the dust beneath the feet of Freedom's most jealous lovers, the great heart of Philip Catesby, the Slave, broke at last; and his indignant spirit fled from earth just as his fellow-soldier in the Army of Independence passed under a triumphal arch, wreathed with laurel and garlanded with roses, which bore on the one side the inscription, "A REPUBLIC NOT UNGRATEFUL;" and on the other, "THUS AMERICA REWARDS THE DEFENDERS OF HER LIBERTIES!"

The Happy Martyrdom.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It is not that the wicked hate,
And that the foolish ones deride,
It is not that so long we wait
To see our Master glorified;—
Let hatred, scorn, and sorrow come,
These do not make our martyrdom.

Father! we know our cause is Thine;
Though every earthly hope departs,
We ask of Thee no clearer sign
Than the sweet promise in our hearts:
Error may win the world's applause,—
Peace watches with the righteous cause.

And, if this blessing Thou hast given,
Why should we heed the bigot's scorn?
He cannot bar the gates of Heaven,
Nor bribe the sunset or the morn
Their consolation to deny,
Because his soul is niggardly.

Love, Faith, and Peace, Thy lilies three,
Bloom on a single heart's frail stem
That dares Truth's unpaid bondman be;—
Father! what lack we, having them?
Though unbelief's bleak winter freeze,
Thy quiet sunshine fences these.

Then, Lord, what martyrdom have we,
Whose pride of self grows less and less,
Who, from a vain world's din, can flee
Into thy guarded silentness,
Content, if we, from year to year,
May save mankind a single tear?

And yet what pang so sharp as this, —
To see our brother sit in night,
Shut out and exiled from the bliss
Of giving all to serve the Right?
To see the seed thy hand hath sown
With the World's darnels overgrown?

To see the Church hold up Thy Book
To keep thy light from bursting in?
To see Thy priests with patience brook,
For the rich sinner's sake, the sin?
To see the red-eyed vengeance creep
Upon our nation in its sleep?

O, let these make our faith more strong,
And make our hope more sure and high;
Except our brother do us wrong,
How could'st Thou teach us charity?
Except we feel our utter weakness,
How could'st Thou strengthen us with meekness?

Still give us trials such as these,
That we may learn to lean on Thee;
Still humble us, till, by degrees,
Proof against self our mail may be;
So shall peace, hope, and patience come
Seven-fold from this our martyrdom.

Elmwood, Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S.

The Constitution.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"Let it fly away, all that chaff of light faith that can fly off at any breath of temptation; the cleaner will the true grain be stored up in the granary of the Lord." TERTULLIAN.

"You allow that the Constitution binds you to sustain Slavery, in some respects?"

"Yes; but I must support it. Consider how many benefits it confers upon the country. Beside, if I do not vote, bad men will have everything their own way; and my voting, this year, will help to keep out Texas."

Thus reasons the religion of our times! Men have not the courage to trust God, when he tells them that duty is safety — that the right is always the expedient. Their hearts quail before the temporary evil resulting from

right action. They forget that, "however black the cloud, there is always sunshine above." In passing under Niagara Falls, the guide's words used to be — "Take my hand, and *shut your eyes.*" Those who adhere to principle oftener walk by faith than by sight. If such an one's heart fail him in a dark hour, let him remember the sinking Apostle, and the mild rebuke of the Great Master: — "O! thou of little faith; wherefore didst thou doubt?"

But is it true, that even the wise calculators always secure their ends? What says history? That human foresight is folly. The Puritans came here to found a State in which orthodox church members only should be citizens; the road to their ballot-box lay through the communion table. Behold the result: — a Republic with universal suffrage and universal toleration! Rome projected the Crusades to weaken Europe and bring her into subjection to the Papal See. But from the Crusades sprung

Commerce and that Revival of Learning which gave birth to Luther and the Reformation. Chatham rejoiced in the debt he was incurring for Great Britain, because it would attach the people to the Government. The tax it imposes has starved loyalty into discontent, and made familiar to English ears that cry for bread which startled Louis at Versailles.

The South thrust Adams from the Presidency, distrusting a Northerner. How many Presidencies would she since have given, to be spared his voice on the floor of Congress! Man proposes, God disposes. He never meant that, in deciding how to act, we should look to distant and complex results, but only to that inward monitor, which tries everything by the test of right and wrong.

Now, the Constitution of the United States is either Anti-Slavery or Pro-Slavery in its character. If the latter, if it binds us to sustain Slavery in any degree, then surely it is "a

covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and ought to be immediately annulled. No abolitionist can take office under it, or swear to support it.

If, on the other hand, it is an Anti-Slavery instrument, then union itself is impossible, without guilt. For it is undeniable, that the fifty years passed under this Constitution show us the Slaves trebling in numbers, — the Slave-code darkening in severity, — Slave-holders monopolizing the offices and dictating the policy of the Government, — prostituting the strength and influence of the Nation to the support of Slavery here and elsewhere, — trampling on the rights of the Free States and using the Courts of the country as their tools. To continue such disastrous alliance longer, is madness. The experience of half a century, with the best of men and under the best of Constitutions, *upon this supposition*, is enough to convince us that Free and Slave States

cannot unite, on any conditions, however innocent, without all becoming partners in the guilt and responsible for the sin of Slavery. We dare not prolong the experiment. There is no course left for honest men, but to join in the battle-cry of the American Anti-Slavery Society: —

"No Union with Slave-holders."

Boston, Massachusetts, U. S.

The Maiden's Harvest.

BY MARIA WHITE.

There goeth, with the early light,
Across a barren plain,
One who, with face as morning bright,
Singeth, "I come again;

"And every grain I scatter free,
A hundred-fold shall yield,
Till waveth like a golden sea
This dark and barren field."

She casteth seed upon the ground,
From out her pure white hand,
And little winds steal up around,
To bear it through the land.

She strikes her harp, she sings her song,
She sings so loud and clear,
"Arise, arise, ye sleeping throng,
And bud and blossom here!"

When o'er the hills she passed away,
The Spring remembered her,
And came, with sun and air of May,
The barren earth to stir.

And dropping dew the spot did love,
And lingered there till noon;
And winds and rain moved on above,
In softly-changing tune.

So, when the Autumn cometh round,
The golden heads bend low,
And near and nearer to the ground
Their royal beard doth flow.

The poor rejoice; in throngs they come
To reap the dropping grain;
Their voices rise, in busy hum —
"Who, who hath sowed the plain?

"And who hath wrought such bounteous cheer,
Where all before was dead?"
They bless the unseen giver dear,
Who sent this daily bread.

With harp in hand, a maiden bright
Passed slowly by the throng;
With face as fair as sunset-light,
The maiden sang her song.

"In morning-time I sowed this plain;
Blest may the evening be,
Which gives back every little grain
A hundred-fold to me."

Watertown, Massachusetts, U. S.

The Liberty Bell is not of the Liberty Party.

BY S. J. MAY.

ALTHOUGH we ring the "Liberty Bell," we are not of the "Liberty Party," so called in the political world. The success of our cause depends not upon the triumph of either of the political parties into which the community is divided;—no, not upon the triumph of that party, whose avowed object is the Abolition of Slavery. The enslaved can be truly redeemed from their bondage, only by the redemption of the Slave-holders from their sin,—only by a radical change in public sentiment and feeling on this subject, at the South as well as at the North. And this is to be done by moral, and not by political partisan instruments. If

we could combine all the Free States into a party against Slavery, while the majority, or only a large minority, of the people in the Slave States continued in favor of their "peculiar institution,"— they could thwart any measure we might adopt for the relief of the Slaves. Suppose, for example, we could succeed in getting an Act of Congress to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories, the opposition of the people, in those parts of the country, to such a measure continuing what it now is — how easily might they, in various ways, evade the Act, unless indeed we should go on, with the military posse of the North, to enforce their obedience.

It is only by the power of truth, and by those weapons which moral suasion wields — facts, arguments, entreaties, remonstrances, rebukes, that our warfare with this great wickedness can be accomplished. Abolitionists, all of them, used to believe this, and act as if they so be-

lieved; and our early conquests were effected by the power of truth, and not by partisan votes.

I deplore nothing, that has befallen our cause, so much as that loss of confidence in *the sufficiency of truth*, which has led to the institution of a third political party. Political parties, as such, have no moral character. They are based on expediency. They rely upon management, policy, compromise, intrigue, exaggeration. Nobody seems to expect that they will act upon high, moral, generous, disinterested, Christian principles. By the common understanding, that which is political is expected to be more or less different from that which is strictly moral and religious. It ought not so to be, perhaps; but so I believe it is. The interests of a party are seldom, if ever, coincident with the interests of the whole — the interests of humanity. A party is more or less exclusive, selfish; and a partisan is but partly a citizen — but partly a Christian.

I have from the first feared, that the Abolitionists, who thought fit to resort to the instrumentality of a political party, would after a while be led to use such machinery as political parties have devised; and, instead of relying upon the simple lever of truth, would resort to the compound pullies of a party, and waste much of their power in merely overcoming the friction of their own machinery. I have feared that those who banded together in a political party would lose much of their influence upon the public mind and heart. Nor have my fears been lessened by the results I have witnessed. Those who have engaged in the operations of the Liberty Party have come to be more than suspected of wishing to make the cause of the Slaves a hobby, on which to ride themselves into office, or their party into power. Their statement of facts, and their arguments, however cogent, have fallen comparatively dead at the feet of

their political opponents, because regarded by them only as the means by which these Abolitionists would effect their own civil elevation. And have not their most earnest, heartfelt appeals in behalf of bleeding, crushed humanity, been listened to as if they were only the cries of those who were hungering after the loaves and fishes, which are wont to be distributed to the victorious in a political contest? The suspicion may be, in many cases, a very unjust one; I believe that it is; but it had been wiser not to incur it.

The course pursued by the Liberty Party will impair not their own influence only. The suspicion they have awakened will alight, in some measure, upon all who have been, or are, active in the Anti-Slavery cause. Therefore it is that we are moved to send forth this among the tones that we would ring upon the public ear—"THE LIBERTY BELL IS NOT OF THE LIBERTY PARTY."

Southern Hunting Song.

BY JOSEPH POOLE.

O'ER each height and hollow
Follow, follow free; —
Sport divine to follow
Where the wounded flee!

Over rocks and mountains,
With unsandaled feet, —
Now through ice-cold fountains,
Now through noontide heat,
See the weak one flying.
He must faster fly,
Ere he scape the crying
Hounds that strain so nigh.
O'er each height and hollow, &c.

See his weak limbs falter!
  Hark his dismal moan!
Quickly shall he alter
  His rebellious tone.
On boys! When you reach him,
  Gaily you shall see
Sharp-fanged bloodhounds teach him
  How he may be free!

O'er each height and hollow,
  Follow, follow free;—
Sport divine to follow
  Where the wounded flee!

Wexford, Ireland.

The Folly of our Opponents.

BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

In a note enclosing this article, Mr. Douglass says: — "It was intended for a place in the Liberty Bell, but my literary advantages have been so limited, that I am ill prepared to decide what is, and what is not, appropriate for such a collection. I looked exceedingly strange in my own eyes, as I sat writing. The thought of writing for a book! — and only six years since a fugitive from a Southern cornfield — caused a singular jingle in my mind."

Dr. Dewey, in his somewhat notorious defence of American Morals, published soon after his return to this country from Europe, where he had witnessed those morals subjected to a most rigid examination, treats of the conduct of the American people with regard to prejudice and Slavery; and, in extenuation of their conduct, speaks of the existence of an "*impassable barrier*" between the white and

colored people of this country, and proceeds to draw a most odious picture of the character of his colored fellow-countrymen. Mean and wicked as is this position, the Doctor assumes it; and in so doing, becomes the favorite representative of a large class of his divine order, as well as of his white fellow-citizens, who, like himself, being stung to very shame by the exposures abroad of their naked inhumanity at home, strive, with fig-leaf sophistry, to cover their guilt from the penetrating eye and scorching rebukes of the Christian world.

Fortunately for the cause of truth and human brotherhood, it has reached a period, when such mean-spirited efforts tend more to advance than retard its progress. Ingenious as are the arguments of its foes, they but defeat the object they are intended to promote. Their authors, in seeking thus to cover their sins, succeed only in lighting the lamp of investigation by which their guilt is more com-

pletely exposed. It is the decree of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, that he will confound the wisdom of the crafty, and bring to naught the counsels of the ungodly; and how faithfully is his decree executed upon those who bring their worldly wisdom to cover up the guilt of the American people! Their iniquity has grown too large for its robe. When one part is covered, another, equally odious and revolting, is made to appear. The efforts of priests and politicians to stretch the garment, to suit the dimensions of this giant sin, has resulted in tearing it asunder, and leaving the monster revealed as perhaps it never was before.

When they tell the world that the negro is ignorant, and naturally and intellectually incapacitated to appreciate and enjoy freedom, they also publish their own condemnation, by bringing to light those infamous Laws by which the Slave is compelled to live in the

grossest ignorance. When they tell the world that the Slave is immoral, vicious and degraded, they but invite attention to their own depravity: for the world sees the Slave stripped, *by his accusers*, of every safeguard to virtue, even of that purest and most sacred institution of marriage. When they represent the Slave as being destitute of religious principle — as in the preceding cases — they profit nothing by the plea. In addition to their moral condemnation they brand themselves with bold and daring impiety, in making it an offence punishable with fine and imprisonment, and even death, to teach a Slave to read the will of God. When they pretend that they hold the Slave out of actual regard to the Slave's welfare, and not because of any profit which accrues to themselves, as owners, they are covered with confusion by the single fact that Virginia alone has realized, in one short year, eighteen millions of dollars from the sale of human

flesh. When they attempt to shield themselves by the grossly absurd and wicked pretence that the Slave is contented and happy, and, therefore, "better off" in Slavery than he could be possessed of freedom, their shield is broken by that long and bloody list of advertisements for runaway Slaves who have left their happy homes, and sought for freedom, even at the hazard of losing their lives in the attempt to gain it. When it is most foolishly asserted by Henry Clay, and those he represents, that the freedom of the colored is incompatible with the liberty of the white people of this country, the wicked intent of its author, and the barefaced absurdity of the proposition, are equally manifest. And when John C. Calhoun and Senator Walker attempt to prove that freedom is fraught with deafness, insanity and blindness to the people of color, their whole refuge of lies is swept away by the palpable inaccuracy of the last United

States Census. And when, to cap the climax, Dr. Dewey tells the people of England that the white and colored people in this country are separated by an 'impassable barrier,' the hundreds of thousands of mulattoes, quadroons, &c. in this country, silently but unequivocally brand him with the guilt of having uttered a most egregious falsehood.

Bad, however, as are the apologies which the American people make in defence of themselves and their 'peculiar institution,' I am always glad to see them. I prize them very highly, as indications of a living sense of shame, which renders them susceptible of outward influences, and which shall one day bring them to repentance. Men seldom sink so deep in sin as to rid themselves of all disposition to apologise for their iniquity; — when they do, it is quite idle to labor for their reformation. Fortunately for our brethren under the accursed yoke, the American people have

not yet reached that depth; and whilst there is a sense of shame left, there is strong ground for hope. The year eighteen hundred and forty-four has produced an abundant harvest of Anti-Slavery discussion. Slavery and prejudice cannot endure discussion, even though such discussion be had in its favor. The light necessary to reason by, is at once too painful to the eyes of these twin-monsters of darkness to be endured. Their motto is, "Put out the light!" Thanks to Heaven, "the morning light is breaking;" our cause is onward; the efforts of our enemies, not less than the efforts of our friends, are contributing to increase the strength of that sentiment at home, as well as abroad, which is very soon to dash down the bloody altar of Slavery, and "proclaim liberty through all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S.

Stanzas,

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE COMERAGH MOUNTAIN, COUNTY WATERFORD.

BY ELIZABETH POOLE.

I TRAVERSED the wild hills, by drifting clouds,
In the high realm of mist and cutting air,
And free thoughts gathered round my heart in crowds,
For the sea's music to my feet came there,
And the wide earth looked tameless as the sky, —
The boundless world on high.

Shadows were gathering far o'er all the plain,
The distant hills were almost traceless now,

And o'er the lake came out the golden rain
Of stars that dimly decked night's misty brow;
And a mysterious silence did pervade
The grey hills' evening shade.

And dreams came thronging — dreams so free and fearless,
Of Truth, and Time, Love, Joy, Eternity;
That the entranced heart was full, yet tearless,
Contemplating the past and what should be;
And, greatly moved, the solemn eye and breast
Drank the calm mountains' rest.

And on my heart sunk down a mighty thirst;
It was *that all were free*, as I even then:
That bonds were broken, — all the links accursed
Which bind to death the souls of outraged men:

That all were free, even as the clouds around,
Careering o'er the ground.

That all were free, as are the birds of heaven,
Or foaming waves, or echoes wandering sweet:
That to the crushed enslavéd man were given
To feel hope's pulses, life's delightful beat:
That all might drink from nature, even as I,
Beneath that speaking sky.

Love should be all in all — should only bind us
With Truth and Conscience, not the law's stern rod;
And when we err, our brother's love should find us,
And win us back to happiness and God;
To earth's aggrieved, yet smiling Deity,
The peaceful and the free.

And it must come! the "*love of love*" is growing,
The *hate of hate*, and glorious *fear of fear;*
On man and woman holy smiles are glowing,
Foretelling times unsullied by the tear
Of bitter anguish from despair or pain,
Wrung from the heart again.

And when Death comes, true Nature kindly teaches
To trust the God who made us, while we die:
Solemn and grand the lesson that she preaches,
And, by that lake, I felt she spoke no lie:
That in the world of spirits we shall be
Calm, fond, erect and free!

Wexford, Ireland.

Modern Christianity.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JUNIOR.

ONE may not, in these days, confess Christ before men, without many a careful qualification; for, to be a Christian, in the minds of a large majority of the community, is to be a supporter, directly or indirectly, of every sin within the broad pale of fashionable practice. Nay, more; a conscientious man may well explain, in these degenerate times, his belief in a God, before he asserts it very boldly in the presence of a mixed audience; for the God of *this* nation, (if not of all nations,) is a God who has a complacent smile for all degrees of moral obliquity which are not in disfavor with the ever-shifting majority. That Being, before whom angels bow and archangels veil their

faces, and in whose sight the very heavens are unclean, is to this people an unknown God, and has no part nor lot in its "ever-blessed Trinity." The triune divinity of this nation is the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives.

So inverted an order of things prevails in this country, that the name Infidel has become transfigured from its original and repulsive meaning into a term of the holiest significance. To be an infidel now, is to hide the outcast, to unbind the heavy burthen, to open the prison door, to give wings to the hunted fugitive, to come out from iniquitous institutions, to let the oppressed go free. To be persecuted for righteousness sake is considered proof positive of the grossest atheism, while to be upheld by the praises of a wicked and adulterous generation is to give certain evidence of the new birth! To advocate doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is to incur

the charge of being mere abstractionists; and to preach the doctrine, "be ye *perfect*, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," is to subject yourself to the coarsest ribaldry! To advocate *entire reliance* upon the arm of God, and to proclaim Christ as the noblest of Reformers, because his faith was not in principalities and powers, but in the omnipotence of Truth and Love, is to be a no-government-man and a French Revolutionist! — and if you so much as *intimate* the propriety of returning good for evil, you shall be reckoned as Anti-Christ himself. To preach the antiquated doctrine, that "where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty," and to hold our religious and political institutions to this test, is to be an advocate of downright mobocracy — and to demand for poor dis-*man*-tled humanity free thought, free speech, and free worship, is thought seriously to endanger the throne of the Omnipotent! To assert that the Sabbath

was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, and therefore that it is lawful to do well on that day, is to be a contemner of God's laws and a despiser of his institutions; and any practical enforcement of that doctrine is treated as a crime, in comparison with which the selling of men and women at auction, and the rupturing of the bonds of marriage are cardinal virtues! To represent it as any part of a clergyman's duty to labor in behalf of such secular and Nazarene enterprises as Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Peace, or Chastity, is shuddered at, (not without reason,) as endangering the "brotherhood" itself; while to deny the divinity of this hungry locustry is nothing short of rank blasphemy!

Such is a picture, hastily composed, of the religion of this nation — and, strangely enough, it passes quite generally for the religion of Christ! It would seem that God had sent the people a strong delusion, that they might be-

lieve a lie. One in the least acquainted with the genius of Christianity must be struck with surprise, bordering on horror, to hear a community to which the above strictures apply calling itself by the name of Christ, while he will look upon the fact that its church and clergy have assumed that sacred name, as *setting the limits to human assurance.*

A friend said to me a few days since that the terms Christian, and pious, and Godly, and the like, having undergone a radical change in their signification, we ought, as Reformers, to repudiate their application to us or our enterprise, as a gross indignity, and adopt the name of infidel, as the most honorable appellation extant. There was a spice of good sense in the suggestion, and I sympathised with the spirit which dictated it. But I think it is due to the age in which we live — an age surpassing the Lutheran in searching scrutiny and bold exposure — to pursue an opposite course, until

we have compelled the "long, low, piratical looking craft," which infests our seas, under the deceptive name of "THE CHURCH," to strike the white flag of Christianity, which it has dared to place at its mast-head, and run up the bloody banner of the bucaneer!

Long enough have the Scribes and Pharisees of our time covered their nakedness with the graceful drapery of a Christian profession. True, it

> "——— sits loose upon them,
> Like giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief;"—

but the people have been so long accustomed to consider the poor rattling skeleton which is hid in the folds of that robe as the true body of Christ, that it is hard to undeceive them. Nevertheless, or rather *all the more*, the work should be done.

Until this is done, the cause of Reform will continue to languish. But do this — dethrone the pro-slavery priesthood of America and its

cannibal god — and Humanity will spring to her feet with the alacrity of youth; the cords of oppression, which have worn deep into her quivering flesh, will be snapped asunder; the clouds of superstition, which have for so long a time obscured the light of reason, will be scattered, and righteousness will cover the land as the waters cover the sea.

To accomplish all this, it is mainly necessary that in our lives and conversations we illustrate the life-giving energy and purifying influences of the Reform movement. Let this be done. Let the people see that all the ways of Reform are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace; — not that pleasantness which is but the reflection of the lascivious smiles of public opinion, not that peace which takes no thought of purity, but that pleasantness and peace which have their beautiful emblem in the great heart of old Ocean, which, alike in the wildest storms and the serenest

calms, remains ever in undisturbed serenity. Show the people this, prove to them how perfect the harmony between the essential principles of true Reform and the divine life of Jesus; contrast the barren ceremonials and creaking performances of the Church with the healthful exercises of a benevolent life; — and ere long you shall see the people flock to our cause like the army of birds, which every winter leave behind them the naked forests and ice-clad mountains of the North, for the sunny plains and fragrant gardens of the South.

Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S.

A Sonnet.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is — there is Liberty."

HEART-STIRRING text! proclaim it far and wide,
Throughout the length and breadth of all your
Land;
'Till he, who runs, may read, and understand
The glorious truth in these brief words implied!
How — where that Spirit is most *deified*,
The flame of Freedom, by its influence fann'd,
Bidding each heart with Love to all expand,
Slavery, accurst, no longer can abide!
But oh! what heavier, or more hopeless doom
Can be a Nation's, or a People's lot,
Or fling upon their Fame a fouler blot —
Withering the spirit by its chilling gloom —

Than *one* which leaves for doubt too fearful
room,
That THERE *the Spirit of the Lord* IS NOT!

Woodbridge, Suffolk, Eng.

The New Age of Anti-Slavery.

BY CHARLES LENOX REMOND.

FOURTEEN long years have expired since the gonfalon of true, irrespective, and uncomplexional Anti-Slavery has streamed in the American breeze; and the comparatively small number of men and women who have rallied under it, have toiled hard and assiduously, to do away, by truth, precept, and example, the thousand and one objections which it has encountered. Now, for the first time, is the general question admitted, and it remains to be seen what ground will be assumed, what steps taken, and what principles made the rule and guide of conduct by those making the admission, and claiming to be Anti-Slavery. We neither look for the performance of impossi-

bilities on the part of our fellow-countrymen North of Mason's and Dixon's line, nor do we demand that they should shed blood for the ransom of the suffering Slave; but if they grant Slavery to be the giant evil of our land, the crying curse upon our hopes, the blasting simoom upon our morals and our characters, they will arouse to action and do deeds worthy the cause and the occasion; they will give practical demonstration that they desire its immediate abolition, by the needful sacrifices of their sectarian partialities and of their party idols. And when the North shall hazard for Freedom what the South is all the while risking for Slavery, will the former live and triumph, and the latter dissolve and die. What interest could we have, whether James K. Polk or Henry Clay were elected, since, to the disgrace of both Whigs and Democrats, in the free States, they knew both to be Slaveholders? It was the "people's choice" to have

a Slave-holder, and none but a Slave-holder; his echo, or fetch, would fitly represent them in a national sense.

The sin of our country is in having too much politics, and too little humanity. The reform wanted is not in our politics, but in our hearts. In legislating for the country, men seem to forget that they are operating on living and sentient substance. But human society is not like a piece of mechanism, which may be safely taken to pieces and put together again by the hands of ordinary artists, without reference to the will of its maker. Nature has made Freedom safe and Slavery dangerous, and both antagonists of each other. To connect them in indissoluble bonds must baffle the ingenuity of man. The time when this begins to be felt forms a new era in the history of a nation. Then humanity and reason prepare to ascend the throne of the public mind. Justice shall be administered to all, and those

"guilty of a skin not colored like" the majority, shall be permitted within the pale of common law, and common sympathy, and common regard. When Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, &c. shall extend the franchise privilege to their worthy colored population, and eradicate from their hearts and erase from their statute books their proscriptive usages, and atrocious black-laws, the voices and votes of many thousands of good men will be heard and felt for their country's good; men who may not be easily bought, bribed, or frightened, when given an interest in the soil and institutions made dear to them by their toil, their sweat, and their blood. God grant that eighteen hundred and forty-five may give to the enslaved what seventeen hundred and seventy-six gave to the politically oppressed colonists: "LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE, NOW AND FOREVER!"

Salem, Massachusetts, U. S.

The Triumph of Freedom.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

GOD speed the year of jubilee,
The wide world o'er!
When from their galling chains set free,
Th' oppressed shall vilely bend the knee,
And wear the yoke of tyranny,
Like brutes, no more: —
THAT YEAR WILL COME, and Freedom's reign
To man his plundered rights again
Restore.

God speed the day when human blood
Shall cease to flow!
In every clime be understood
The claims of HUMAN BROTHERHOOD,
And each return for evil, good —

Not blow for blow: —
THAT DAY WILL COME, all feuds to end,
And change into a faithful friend
Each foe.

God speed the hour, the glorious hour,
When none on earth
Shall exercise a lordly power,
Nor in a tyrant's presence cower,
But all to Manhood's stature tower,
By equal birth! —
THAT HOUR WILL COME, to each, to all,
And from his prison-house the thrall
Go forth.

Until that year, day, hour arrive,
With head and heart and hand I 'll strive
To break the rod, and rend the gyve, —
The spoiler of his prey deprive, —
So witness Heaven!

And never from my chosen post,
Whate'er the peril or the cost,
Be driven.

Boston, Massachusetts, U. S.

Fidelity.

BY SAMUEL MAY.

Our Creator does not *compel* any of his creatures to serve him and obey his laws. Whatever may be said of the *obligation* to obey, which rests upon his moral creatures, it cannot be said that God *enforces* that obligation. Man may *choose* whom he will serve, and whether or not he will obey the laws of his Maker; he may brave, if he will, the fearful consequences of deciding to disobey.

But, having chosen the service of God, man is *not* at liberty to say when, where, and how far he will discharge the duties of it; he becomes bound, by every consideration which can have weight with an intelligent and moral being, to render that service at all times and

in all things, and, whether he eats, or drinks, or whatever he does, to do *all* to the glory of God.

So a man may choose whether or not he will be a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in the current sense of those words or any other. But when he has deliberately chosen the office of a Christian minister, and taken upon himself its solemn trusts, *he is not at liberty to say* what portions of Christian truth he will bring forward and enforce, and what he will leave unnoticed;—what he will strive to make clear, and what he will pass by unattempted—what he will take all pains to elucidate, and what all pains to mystify. He has no right to say that, for this, that, or the other cause, he will refrain from urging certain duties and certain truths on the minds of those who look to him for instruction, and a just exposition of the commands of God. He is bound, as an honest man, to declare the whole

counsel of God. If to do this is too onerous for him, if it be too perilous a service, if he be not equal to the moral contest in which it will involve him, reason and conscience would seem to dictate to him to seek a less difficult post of labor, as they certainly do forbid his continuance at his present one, if he is unable or unwilling to meet its high demands.

It is a tremendous responsibility which a man takes upon himself, in keeping back any part of God's law — in speaking that which is acceptable, and refusing to speak that which is not so. He, who does this, does in fact proclaim himself wiser than God; for he virtually declares that his truth cannot safely and suitably be uttered before all audiences, and in all circumstances of human society. He practically dishonors Jesus; for he distrusts that truth in which Jesus had unshaken confidence, and from which the pains and terrors of death could not force him. He deliberately accepts

a trust, and that one of the most momentous nature, and then, with equal deliberation, refuses to discharge its duties, while he claims its honors and rewards. He promises, before God and man, with a solemnity to which no oaths and vows could give increased weight, to PREACH THE GOSPEL to sinful and suffering man, and then breaks that promise, and even justifies himself, perhaps, in so doing. "It is required of stewards, that a man be found *faithful*." How weighty this truth, and how far-reaching its connections, when applied to the stewardship of the Gospel ministry. No amount of knowledge, no fervor of eloquence, no sectarian zeal, can atone for the want of this essential quality — FAITHFULNESS. "If the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the

watchman's hand. So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me."

Leicester, Massachusetts, U. S.

Word and Work Worship.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFEFFEL.

BY JOHN PARKMAN.

The leading sentiment of the following lines has an application to Protestant as well as Catholic views of the nature of true worship. In the churches of all our sects are many with whom the formal observances of religion have more value than have the manifestations of its spirit, as shown in the various walks of philanthropy. Other Reformers, as well as Abolitionists, are at issue with the Church on this very point. "They are the enemies of the Church," say some. But those are its best *friends*, who beseech it to remember that the Lord loveth mercy more than sacrifice.

In hermit's cave, on mountain height,
Once dwelt a saint, (they say,)
To whom, in visions of the night,
God often spoke: — in trance by day.

As once he knelt, God's grace to crave,
An angel came to him,

With kindly air, yet aspect grave:
— Eloé, chief of Seraphim.

He touched the hermit's eyes, and said,
"Look, tell me what you see."
"I see, in convent's gloom, a maid;
A sainted one she seems to me.

"A holy nun, in sable veil;
(Behold the garb she wears,)
She kneeleth by the altar-rail;
And her white lips are murmuring prayers."

"Now look on one who differs wide,
With face and eye so bright;
Cheerful she works at her fire-side,
Busy from early morn till night.

"Man, which of these, in your view, prays?"
"The former; she in sooth."
"Not so, — the veiléd nun but says
Her prayers; the other prays in truth."

"She!" asked the hermit, "*she* secure
The bliss of those who wait
On God?" "She toils for orphans poor!"
The angel said, — then vanished straight.

Dover, New Hampshire, U. S.

What is Real Anti-Slavery Work?

BY ABBY KELLY.

At this stage of the Anti-Slavery warfare, when the sympathies of multitudes are ready to be offered to the cause, — multitudes who have not so far investigated the subject as to have definite views of its scope and bearings, it may not be a waste of time to consider what it is that those who wish to employ their means the most effectively for the annihilation of Slavery, are to do. If we can find by what power it is sustained, we certainly shall see where to direct our blows. Most will allow that it lives in the force of public sentiment, which wills its continuance; for although some have said it was "a creature of law," yet even they have been compelled to acknow-

ledge, in the same breath, that supposing it were so, unless the law were sustained by public opinion, it would be a dead letter, and Slavery would fall. All will agree with me, then, that real, effective Anti-Slavery work is that which goes to change the present Pro-Slavery heart of this nation.

And how shall this work be performed? By pouring light on the darkened eye of prejudice and bigotry; by sympathetic appeals to the frozen heart of selfishness and indifference; by stern and earnest remonstrances to the dead in trespasses and sins.

Yes, Anti-Slavery casts out the unclean spirit of oppression through rebuke, speaking as one having authority, and not as the time-serving priesthood of the present day. When the demon hears these rebukes, straightway there is writhing and gnashing of the teeth. This catastrophe of coming out he would avert, and therefore, from his sanctified seat at

the altar, his sacred place in the pulpit, his reputable position in legislative hall, his post of honor in the executive chair, his exalted station on the judicial bench, and divers other places of good repute, he decoys many whose sympathies are called forth in behalf of his crushed victims into fields other than those which lead to warfare against his own existence. He points them to Canada, and says, send your aid there. And straightway many spend themselves in efforts for the *free*, forgetting that the fugitive does not wear chains, but is equal in privileges to other citizens of the British realm. One may with as much propriety assist the English Chartist, and call it Anti-Slavery, as to call assistance to the freed man in Canada Anti-Slavery.

When the stern rebuke of Anti-Slavery again reaches the ear of the demon, and goes forth into all the world to convince the nations of his atrocious character, his unfitness for a

place in decent society, much less for posts of power and trust, wearing as he does the fruits of robbery and feeding on the price of blood, he forthwith sends one of his bruised victims to us, to beg of us the means by which we are prosecuting this holy warfare of the spirit against himself; saying, if we will appropriate our funds to him, he will release one or two of his Slaves, while at the same time he uses this our money to obtain new victims wherewith to glut himself. By and by he hears a still louder note of remonstrance, and now seizes a northern white man and thrusts him into a dungeon for the crime of abstracting from his clutch one of his millions. The whole North, aye, Europe, is unusually moved. Money is poured out, like water, for the prisoner's family, and to test points of law for the prisoner's benefit. And yet no one will be so blind as to think, for an instant, that this prisoner and his family are to be compared, in

deprivations and sufferings, to even the best provided Slave. But the end of our enemy is answered. The attention and warfare of the world is turned in some measure from his most atrocious deeds to those of smaller moment, and he has a kind of respite.

But light is continually poured out, and the horror-struck people wish to do something that shall rid them of the accursed and hideous monster. The father of lies would deceive, if it were possible, even the elect. He therefore cries out, "to the polls, to the polls! spend your strength in electioneering and your money in building up a party, but leave me invested with the robes of Christianity, cherish me in the holy of holies, and put the brand of Infidel on all who shall dare dispute my claim to sanctity." And the obedient vassal straightway enters with great eagerness into the squabble of politics; vainly striving to inculcate Christian principle by ballot; to regene-

rate the nation by a vote. But all these devices of the Slave-power are being exposed; for while we shall, as humane and charitable spirits, assist the poor in Canada as elsewhere, and do what we may to hide the outcast, and perhaps, under extraordinary circumstances, redeem some one of the millions, each one of whom has an equal claim on us; while we shall do what we may to rescue Northern men who have fallen among thieves, and aid their bereaved families at home, we shall be careful to imprint the fact that these are not blows aimed directly at the Slave system — that though these things ought to be done, they are not the weightier matters of real Anti-Slavery.

Let us, then, keep our eye steadily fixed on the polar star of principle, nor be turned either to the right or the left. Our work is to inculcate these great truths, the right of man to Freedom, the atrocious sin of Slavery,

and the duty of ceasing to give it support, whether in Church or in State. Not only shall we preach, — we shall practice too. We shall scorn and shudder at the idea of voting under a Constitution which pledges our support to a government founded on the plundered rights of millions, — which, instead of weakening the Slave-power, joins that power with its own strength. And not only are we to cease from giving it support, we are to attack it wherever it may be found, and expose its hideousness to the abhorrence of the world. We shall treat the man-thief as we treat the less guilty horse-thief. We shall treat his equally guilty abettor, the man who stands with him in the Church, in the party, in the government, as we treat the accomplice of other criminals; aye, with more marked displeasure and condemnation; for a stronger testimony should always be borne against a popular than against an unpopular sinner.

The Fugitive.

BY MARTHA HEMPSTEAD.

She is weeping, bitterly weeping,
Far away in the tangled wild;
And in her arms, all sweetly sleeping,
Is clasped a fair young child.

Why thus does she flee away
From the cheerful haunts of men?
Why hides she thus from the face of day,
In the dark and noisome fen?

Oh! hers is a common fate;
And there 's none to give it heed,
There is none to care for the desolate,
In her hour of bitter need.

But the father of that babe,
Which hath his azure eye
And his sunny hair, hath he betrayed
And left them there to die?

No! that were far more kind;
But it is not even so!
With his hunting train he is close behind;
She hath heard their loud hollo.

Oh! hers is a tale of wrong,
Too grievous to be spoken,
If the voice that utters be not strong,
And the heart that prompts unbroken.

She had been his paramour,
And still his wretched Slave;
And long had the light of her life's dim hour
Been but the smile he gave.

But he turned from her tears away,
Away from her earnest prayer.

To the free, far North his journey lay,
And warm was his greeting there.

Long, weary nights and days
She hid herself, for sadness;
There was no word her hope to raise,
There was no smile of gladness.

But when, in anguish lone,
For the first time she pressed
Her infant, newly born — her own —
Upon her throbbing breast;

One momentary gleam,
One thought, one vision bright,
O'er her spirit passed, and then the dream
Was gone, and she woke in night.

Long, weary hours she hearkened,
If his well-known step was nigh,
But a strange mistrust had her spirit darkened,
And she asked — she knew not why —

"Oh! will he love the child?
Will he name it as his own?
Will he smile on me, as once he smiled,
And speak in the same soft tone?"

Ah! little did she know
Of his treachery, foul and deep,
As she breathed his name, in accents low,
O'er her infant's quiet sleep.

At length to the household came
A message from abroad;
And 't was delivered in his name —
The name of their absent lord.

He bade them to array
His mansion in its pride,
For he should come, on such a day,
From the North, with his fair young bride.

And he also bade that she,
Who his favorite Slave had been,

Should, to the highest bidder, be
Struck off, ere he came again.

From his sight she must be sold,
Nor longer there remain;
He had need, beside, of all the gold
Which her beauty would obtain.

Her ear the tidings heard;
She had sorrowed much and long,
But now were the depths of her spirit stirred,
And she grew, in her madness, strong.

They sought her, to obey
Their master's bidding then,
But found her not, and by night and day
They searched through field and fen.

Meanwhile, with his gentle bride,
He came, all smiles and grace: —
At the morrow's dawn he left her side,
To join in the eager chase.

They are on the track, at last!
They are swiftly gaining ground!
She hath heard the shout — the bugle blast —
Her hiding-place is found!

New London, Connecticut, U. S.

The Dangers of the Cause.

BY MARY GREW.

From the commencement of the Anti-Slavery enterprise until the present hour, it has been assailed by many and varied forms of peril. In its early infancy, the danger was, that the powerful opposition which it everywhere met, would avail to crush it; that the little band who had boldly given its banner to the breeze, would not be able to bear it up amid the shock of such unequal conflict. But the cause waxed strong, and prevailed against its enemies.

Then came another and greater danger—the temptation to compromise its stern integrity, as it became powerful and prosperous. Nobly did it withstand the tempter. Yet some

plants of promise withered away, "because they had no root in them."

The present form of danger, which assails the cause, is a strong temptation to *want of faith in the power of a righteous principle.* Let not Abolitionists be startled at this suggestion, and confidently ask what other Reform has ever elicited stronger proofs of such a faith. "Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall!" The influence of this restless generation, which so eagerly seeks a visible and tangible "sign" of successful labor, and the tendency of the human soul to walk by sight, rather than by faith, combine to draw Abolitionists from the lofty eminence on which they have long stood, and lead them to place undue confidence in measures which tend chiefly to display their increasing numbers and political strength. Hence, some will "fall, and stumble, and be broken."

Yet, shall the cause triumph, and "no

weapon formed against it shall prosper." Violence may assail it from without, internal convulsions shake it to its centre, but it shall survive the rudest shock, proving that its foundations are immutable; *and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it!*

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S.

Emancipation in the British Isles.

BY ANDREW CROSSE.

Far sweeping o'er the Western Main,
Methinks I hear a choral strain,
  In full accordance rise;
Methinks the free-born wave I see,
With more than wonted majesty,
  Mount proudly to the skies;
Whilst rock, and isle, and all around,
Joyous hail the hallowed sound.

The day, the sacred day is come,
When tyranny has found its tomb,
  And bonds are passed away;
When Afric's persecuted race
Shall stand with Europe face to face,
  Erect, and be as they;

And, dark as white, without control,
Be free in body as in soul.

Britain! 't was thou the chains who burst,
And struck to earth the foe accurst!
  Who bid'st the Slave respire!
For what is life when Freedom 's dead?
A withered flower, whose sweets are fled,
  A voiceless, stringless lyre!
But thou the fallen lyre didst raise,
With new-born strings, to swell thy praise!

Then lift the tuneful chords on high,
And waft the song of liberty,
  That heaven and earth rejoice!
And may each valley, grove, and hill
Long with the sweet emotion thrill,
  And echo to the voice!
And man to man ne'er bow the knee,
And earth, from pole to pole, be free!

Bromfield, Eng.

The Grand Difficulty.

BY PAULINA S. WRIGHT.

I REJOICE to learn that the advocates of the Anti-Slavery cause are coming into Central New York. My only regret in leaving there for the winter is, that I cannot make a home for them, when they need rest from their toil. I trust that the truest and freest spirits in the enterprise may be sent there, as much good seed has been sown, and it needs but the hand of the skilful reaper to garner in a rich harvest. No truth is more deeply impressed upon me than this, that those laboring in the cause of Freedom, if they would labor successfully, must *be themselves free;* — that the obstacles to emancipation lie chiefly in the character of the Free, and not in that of the Slave population.

I was yesterday conversing with a gentleman opposed to our work. He felt deeply for the Slaves, he said. "Poor things! they cannot take care of themselves, if emancipated." I think the pity, in that respect, should be expended upon the masters, for truly it may be said, "One pair of hands supplies two mouths and backs." In proof of this, I will give a brief account of James Johnson, a fugitive from the patriarchal institution.

A low, timid knock at our door announced a child of want. It was cold and tempestuous without, and the poor man who entered was almost perishing from the effects of our cold climate. After having been warmed and fed, he asked for work; saying he could do almost anything, and did not wish to beg. He was provided with a saw, and directed to ask for employment as a wood-sawyer, which he immediately found in abundance. At the close of the week he called to tell us of his success,

and deposited two dollars, after having paid his board, at a dollar and fifty cents per week.

My first enquiry was, how have you earned so much more than other men do by wood-sawing? "Why, ma'am, it is moon-light nights now, and I saw very late, and then, I 've got a lamp, and I begin again in the morning, at four o'clock; for you see, ma'am, they pay me by the cord." I then asked him to give a history of his life, which he did, taking from his pocket his letters from one stage of his journey to another.

"I was," said he, "a favorite body-servant of my master's, being about his own age, and raised with him, and was also a member of the same Baptist Church. I married early, from a neighboring plantation, a daughter of the planter. She was a handsome, high-spirited woman. We were married at Christmas, and I asked my master, soon after, to purchase her, which he did. We worked

diligently for our master for fifteen years. Our oldest son, when twelve years old, ran away with my two brothers; and after that my wife and I often talked of freedom, and of running away, and were waiting a proper time to do so, when my wife gave her mistress serious offence by taking out of her hand a wet sheet, with which she had struck her in the face. At evening, when I returned from the business upon which I had been sent away, it was to find my home made desolate. My wife and babe — six months old — were in prison. Two days after, they were sold, to go to the far South. I saw them twice only before they were sent away. My heart was almost broken.

"A few days after they were gone, my master said to me, 'Jim, what ails you? What are you so surly for?' I said, my wife, sir, is GONE. 'What! surly about her? ha, ha! Why, Jim, you can get another. I will buy

any one you want.' I told him I did not want another. It was only her I had chosen when young, that I wanted. And oh! ma'am, I must find her, if I go to Missouri for her, as soon as I can get money enough."

The large tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke. Our own hearts were deeply touched with his wrongs, and we wept with him, remembering that this was but one of the suffering millions of our brethren. That evening he went to a meeting, and narrated the circumstances of his escape, his pilgrimage, and his sorrows. A member of one of the Baptist Churches present invited him, as being of that order, to attend a meeting of their church, the next evening, and bear his testimony to the Slave-holding character of that denomination, as resolutions on the subject of American Slavery were there under discussion. He went, but as might be expected, a request was made that all persons not belonging to

that church should leave the house. His friend still begged James to stay, as he desired to bring him forward; but a formal resolution was soon passed, that none but members of that church should be present at those discussions. I leave this without comment, as I think it proves, of itself, the necessity of being free, in order to make free, and the capacity of Slaves to take care of themselves.

Utica, New York, U. S.

"The Anti-Slavery Platform."

BY NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS.

ANTI-SLAVERY has no Platform. Its wide and illimitable *plat* is without *form*, and without *formation*. It never was *constructed*. Men did not *put it up*. It was not made with hands. Act or Corporation never lifted tool upon it, or put into it any of their joiner-work. Its measureless arena lays, as it lay originally, and when Humanity first set down her foot upon it.

These "Platforms" have *limits*, and they are set up in limitation of human rights and liberty. There is not room for mankind on them, (not counting woman, who, of course, never sets her foot upon them.) The Anti-Slavery ground was spread for the race to tread it. It is dead level — or rather living level. All feet upon it stand even, and if you witness inequality of

heads, it is because some who stand upon it are taller than those about them; and it is be-because the ground *is level*, that there is this inequality — that those who are intrinsically tall are seen overtopping the rest. These "Platforms" are not level. They are not only elevated — set up above the pit, to which they consign mankind — but they are unlevel of themselves. They slope. There is distinction and inequality on their own fictitious and baseless scaffoldings; and the unevenness of tops that appears amid those who mount them is no indication of the stature of those who wear them. A short Honorable, or a dwarfish Reverend, would overpeer among them the moral Cedars of Lebanon. The "Platform" *admits* men upon it. It *admits*, too, topics of discussion. It has its "extraneous matters," and its "foreign subjects." Freedom is always *foreign* to it, and Humanity *extraneous*. But with Anti-Slavery there is no admission or

exclusion of men or mankind. No matter is extraneous or foreign to it, that Humanity, in any of its forms, feels cause to introduce. Its great business is to assert for mankind, and secure to them, the right of free and sovereign introduction of any and every matter, within the boundless scope of human concern. And should Obscurity, or Weakness, or Eccentricity, driven into its assemblies from the "*Platforms*," off which Humanity is everywhere hunted, lift up there their "irrelevant" voices, it is never matter for drag-out, or silencing, or calls to order. Anti-Slavery's "rules of order" are the order of human nature. The "Manual" they are writ down in, is everybody's own bosom. The "Chair" free-speech addresses, at its gatherings, is the gathered multitude; and it speaks, amenable to no "call to order," without its own sovereign breast. Anti-Slavery fears no disturbance or confusion. It bravely takes its chance

on the waves of Freedom — preferring liability to hurricane and tempests, to the constrained and subject calms. It discerns, always, amid the volcano that may heave the hills towards heaven, and the ocean to the stars, that centre-of-gravity principle, beautifully described by Charles Burleigh, at a meeting in the New Hampshire woods, as sure to bring everything safe down to its place again, and secure the world forever from deluge and conflagration.

Anti-Slavery "new-organises," when she builds her "Platforms;" rather, she never builds them, for she never "new-organises." She has spoken, heretofore, of her "Platform," but it was with borrowed speech — borrowed from Slavery and its manifold "Institutions." She is leaving off its use, and trimming her vocabulary of its outlandish phraseology. And it is her staunchest friend, that shall be faithful and frank to remind her of any adherence to speech and usages she comes to reform.

The American Union.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

TYRANTS of the old world! contemners of the rights of man! disbelievers in human freedom and equality! enemies of mankind! console not yourselves with the delusion that REPUBLICANISM and the AMERICAN UNION are synonymous terms — or that the downfall of the latter will be the extinction of the former, and, consequently, a proof of the incapacity of the people for self-government, and a confirmation of your own despotic claims! Your thrones must crumble to dust; your sceptre of dominion drop from your powerless hands; your rod of oppression be broken; yourselves so vilely abased, that there shall be "none so poor to do you reverence." The will of God,

the beneficent Creator of the human family, cannot always be frustrated. It is His will that every form of usurpation, every kind of injustice, every device of tyranny, shall come to nought; that peace, and liberty, and righteousness, shall "reign from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth;" and that, throughout the earth, in the fullness of a sure redemption, there shall be "none to molest or make afraid." Humanity, covered with gore, cries with a voice that pierces the heavens, "*His will be done!*" Justice, discrowned by the hand of violence, exclaims in tones of deep solemnity, "HIS WILL BE DONE!" Liberty, burdened with chains, and driven into exile, in thunder-tones responds, "HIS WILL BE DONE!"

Tyrants! know that the rights of man are inherent and unalienable, and therefore not to be forfeited by the failure of any form of government, however democratic. Let the

American Union perish; let these allied States be torn with faction, or drenched in blood; let this republic realize the fate of Rome and Carthage, of Babylon and Tyre; still, those rights would remain undiminished in strength, unsullied in purity, unaffected in value, and sacred as their Divine Author. If nations perish, it is not because of their devotion to liberty, but for their disregard of its requirements. Man is superior to all political compacts, all governmental arrangements, all religious institutions. As means to an end, these may sometimes be useful, though never indispensable; but that end must always be the freedom and happiness of man, INDIVIDUAL MAN. It can never be true that the public good requires the violent sacrifice of any, even the humblest citizen; for it is absolutely dependant on his preservation, not destruction. To do evil, that good may come, is equally absurd and criminal. The time for the over-

throw of any government, the abandonment of any alliance, the subversion of any institution, is, whenever it justifies the immolation of the individual to secure the general welfare; for the welfare of the many cannot be hostile to the safety of the few. In all agreements, in all measures, in all political or religious enterprises, in all attempts to redeem the human race, man, as an individual, is to be held paramount: —

"Him first, him last, him midst, and without end."

The doctrine, that the end sanctifies the means, is the maxim of profligates and impostors, of usurpers and tyrants. They who, to promote the cause of truth, will sanction the utterance of a falsehood, are to be put in the category of liars. So, likewise, they who are for trampling on the rights of the minority, in order to benefit the majority, are to be registered as the monsters of their race. Might is never right, excepting when it sees in every

human being, "a man and a brother," and protects him with a divine fidelity. It is the recognition of these truths, the adoption of these principles, which alone can extirpate tyranny from the earth, perpetuate a free government, and cause the dwellers in every clime, "like kindred drops, to mingle into one."

Tyrants! confident of its overthrow, proclaim not to your vassals that the AMERICAN UNION is an experiment of freedom, which, if it fail, will forever demonstrate the necessity of whips for the backs, and chains for the limbs of the people. Know that its subversion is essential to the triumph of justice, the deliverence of the oppressed, the vindication of the BROTHERHOOD OF THE RACE. It was conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity; and its career has been marked by unparalleled hypocrisy, by high-handed tyranny, by a bold defiance of the omniscience and omnipotence of God. Freedom indignantly disowns it, and

calls for its extinction; for within its borders are three millions of Slaves, whose blood constitutes its cement, whose flesh forms a large and flourishing branch of its commerce, and who are ranked with four-footed beasts and creeping things. To secure the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, it was agreed, first, that the African Slave-trade, — till that time, a feeble, isolated colonial traffic, — should for at least twenty years be prosecuted as a national interest under the American flag, and protected by the national arm; — secondly, that a Slave-holding oligarchy, created by allowing three-fifths of the Slave population to be represented by their taskmasters, should be allowed a permanent seat in Congress; — thirdly, that the Slave system should be secured against internal revolt and external invasion, by the united physical force of the country; — fourthly, that not a foot of national territory should be granted, on which the pant-

ing fugitive from Slavery might stand, and be safe from his pursuers — thus making every citizen a Slave-hunter and Slave-catcher. To say that this "covenant with death" shall not be annulled — that this "agreement with hell" shall continue to stand — that this "refuge of lies" shall not be swept away — is to hurl defiance at the eternal throne, and to give the lie to Him who sits thereon. It is an attempt, alike monstrous and impracticable, to blend the light of heaven with the darkness of the bottomless pit, to unite the living with the dead, to associate the Son of God with the prince of evil.

Accursed be the AMERICAN UNION, as a stupendous republican imposture!

Accursed be it, as the most frightful despotism, with regard to three millions of the people, ever exercised over any portion of the human family!

Accursed be it, as the most subtle and atro-

cious compromise ever made to gratify power and selfishness!

Accursed be it, as a libel on Democracy, and a bold assault on Christianity!

Accursed be it, as stained with human blood, and supported by human sacrifices!

Accursed be it, for the terrible evils it has inflicted on Africa, by burning her villages, ravaging her coast, and kidnapping her children, at an enormous expense of human life, and for a diabolical purpose!

Accursed be it, for all the crimes it has committed at home — for seeking the utter extermination of the red men of its wildernesses, and for enslaving one-sixth part of its teeming population!

Accursed be it, for its hypocrisy, its falsehood, its impudence, its lust, its cruelty, its oppression!

Accursed be it, as a mighty obstacle in the way of universal freedom and equality!

Accursed be it, from the foundation to the roof, and may there soon not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down!

Henceforth, the watchword of every uncompromising Abolitionist, of every friend of God and liberty, must be, both in a religious and political sense—"NO UNION WITH SLAVE-HOLDERS!"

Boston, Massachusetts, U. S.

To the Ministers of the Free Church of Scotland.

ON THEIR ACCEPTING THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF SLAVE-HOLDERS, AND DEFENDING THEIR DOING SO BY SPEECHES PALLIATING SLAVERY.

BY J. OSWALD MURRAY.

So ye will take the vile accursed gold,
The price of human wrongs and human tears,
And then, with canting sophistry, uphold
The treachery, to our ears!

And ye will stretch the hand to Southern lords,
Lords of the whip and fetter, and of Man;
The cry of kindred blood, more deep than words,
Ye 'll stifle if ye can!

Ye, who so lately struck for Freedom's sake,
So soon become Iscariots to the cause!
Recreant when Manhood, Freedom is at stake,
All for a little dross!

Even Pharisaic hypocrites of old
Cast from the Temple's sacred treasury
The price of blood, the stained, ill-gotten gold,
The cursed Judas-fee.

But ye, the priests of better, clearer times,
Priests of a church that *calls* itself the Free,
Can travel eagerly to distant climes,
To share with Slavery!

Have ye forgot the deep, condign disgrace
Ages have heaped upon the traitor's name,
That ye so willingly assume his place,
And rush to share his shame?

Leave ye, henceforth, the Hero who declared,
"Unto the least of these it is to me;"

To follow thus the faithless wretch who dared
The blackest treachery!

Then in man's memory be your names abhorred!
The finger of disgrace on you be turned!
The infamy of him who sold his Lord,
Your coward souls have earned.

Lo! in the crannies of your churches, men
Will see the Slave's blood with the mortar mixed;
On every page of your dim Bibles then
Shall gory stains be fixed:

And in the pauses of each saintly song
The music of his groans shall greet your ears;
And through your long-drawn prayers shall sound the strong
Down-dropping of his tears!

And in your churches, on nights dark and lonely,
Slave-women's shrieks shall quiver in the air;
And *men* shall flee their hated pews, and only
Slaves like yourselves sit there.

Glasgow, Scotland.

Purity of Heart.

BY ANNA QUINCY THAXTER.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

How full of potent inspiration is this assurance, to the humble, earnest pilgrim on earth, who, with singleness of purpose and devotedness of spirit, is seeking first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness! Such an one sees God — discerns absolute Truth, Justice, Love and Holiness. From this sublime position, he observes the mists and clouds of passion, prejudice, and sinful selfishness floating beneath; he hears the clamor of contempt, reviling and persecution, ascending on every side; but it awakens in his heart only pitying love, so deep, so earnest, that it would esteem any sacrifice light, by which it might "draw all

men unto itself." Should any emotion alien to this be called forth, the blessedness departs — he no longer sees God — he loses the vision high, and the gross atmosphere of earth again deludes and bewilders him. Abolitionists! may *our*

> "—— high endeavor be an inward light,
> To keep the path before *us* always bright."

Hingham, Massachusetts, U. S.

The National Compact.

BY FRANCIS JACKSON.

I VERILY believe that, giving all due consideration to the benefits conferred upon this nation by the Constitution, its national unity, its swelling masses of wealth, its power, and the external prosperity of its multiplying millions; yet the *moral* injury that has been done, by the countenance shown to Slavery, by holding over that tremendous sin the shield of the Constitution, and thus breaking down, in the eyes of the nation, the barrier between right and wrong; by so tenderly cherishing Slavery, as, in less than the life of man, to multiply her children from half a million to nearly three millions; by exacting oaths from

those who occupy prominent stations in society, that they will violate at once the rights of man and the law of God; by substituting itself as a rule of right, in place of the moral laws of the universe; — thus, in effect, dethroning the Almighty in the hearts of this people, and setting up another sovereign in his stead — more than outweigh it all.

The Constitution of the United States, both in theory and practice, is so utterly broken down by the influence and effects of Slavery, so imbecile for the highest good of the nation, and so powerful for evil, that I can give no voluntary assistance in holding it up any longer.

Henceforth it is dead to me, and I to it. I withdraw all profession of allegiance to it, and all my voluntary efforts to sustain it. The burdens that it lays upon me, while it is held up by others, I shall endeavor to bear patiently, yet acting with reference to a higher law, and

distinctly declaring, that while I retain my own liberty, I will be a party to no compact which helps to rob any other man of his.

Boston, Massachusetts, U. S.

Harriet Martineau,

TO ELIZABETH PEASE.

[The date of this Letter shows it to have been written soon after the attempt to destroy the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1840. As long as the warfare then begun against the American Abolitionists, by the organization of a hostile society, and carried on under the name of a "Liberty Party," shall continue, so long will this Letter be as useful to the cause of the Slave, as it is beautiful and true in general principle, and noble and faithful in individual deed.]

TYNEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND,
February 27th, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I HAVE read the statements in "*Right and Wrong* among the Abolitionists of the United States," with respect to the differences between the two Anti-Slavery Societies of America, with a strong and painful interest. I wish I could adequately express my sense of the duty of every one interested in the cause

of the Negro — of human freedom at large — to read and deeply meditate this piece of history. I am not more firmly persuaded of any thing, than that those who, on the present occasion, listen to one side only, or refuse to hear either, are doing the deepest injury in their power to the Anti-Slavery cause, and sowing the seeds of a bitter future repentance.

I am aware how distasteful are the details of a strife. I know but too well, from my own experience, how natural it is to turn away, with a faint and sickening heart, from the exposure of the enmities of those whose first friendship sprang up in the field of benevolent labors. I fully understand the feelings of offended delicacy which would close the ears and seal the lips of those who have been fellow-workers with both the parties now alienated. Among all these causes of recoil, I see how it is but too probable that the Anti-Slavery parties on the other side of the Atlan-

tic may be left by many of their British brethren to "settle their own affairs," to "fight their own battles." But if I had a voice which would penetrate wherever I wished, I would ask, in the depths of every heart that feels for the Slave, whether it should be so; — whether such indifference and recoil may not be as criminal in us as dissension in them; — whether, in declining to do justice to the true friends of the Slave, (on whichever side they may appear to be,) we may not be guilty of treachery as fatal as compromising with his enemies.

Those who devote themselves to the redemption of an oppressed class or race, do, by their act of self-devotion, pledge themselves to the discharge of the lowest and most irksome offices of protection, as much as to that of the most cordial and animating. We are bound not only to fight against foes whom we never saw, and upon whom our sympathies never

rested; not only to work for millions of poor creatures, so grateful for our care that they are ready to kiss the hem of our garments — this kind of service, however lavish it may require us to be of our labor, our time, our money, is easy enough in comparison with one which is equally binding upon us — it is also our duty to withdraw our sympathy and countenance from our fellow-laborers, (however great their former merits and our love,) when they compromise the cause. It is our duty to expose their guilt, when, by their act of compromise, they oppress and betray those brethren whose nobleness is a rebuke to themselves. This painful duty may every friend of the Negro in this country now find himself called upon to discharge, if he give due attention to the state of Anti-Slavery affairs in America. If he does NOT give his attention, it would be better for him that he never named the Negro and his cause; for it is surely better to stand aloof

from this philanthropic enterprise, than to mix up injustice with it.

The first movers in the Anti-Slavery cause in America, those who have stood firm through the fierce persecutions of many years, who have maintained their broad platform of catholic principles, who have guarded their original Constitution from innovation and circumscription, — Garrison, and his corps of devout, devoted and catholic fellow-laborers, with the Bible in their heart of hearts, and its spirit in all their ways, are now in a condition in which they need our support. They have been oppressed, betrayed, pillaged, and slandered. Not they, but their foes, are the innovators, the bigots, the unscrupulous proselyters, the preachers of a new doctrine, modified to propitiate the pro-slavery spirit of the country in which they live. No one will call my words too strong, my accusations exaggerated, who will read the evidence relating to the transfer

of the "Emancipator," (for one instance,) or, casting an eye upon the statement of accounts of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will perceive who voted into their own pockets the money by which the "Emancipator" might have been sustained, under whose commission the assailants of the old organization crossed the Atlantic, and at whose expense they travelled throughout our country, sowing calumnies against Garrison and his faithful companions throughout the length and breadth of our land. When the friends of the Slave here are told of treachery, pillage, and slander, will they hazard being a party to the guilt, for want of enquiry, even though the London Anti-Slavery Committee, and their organ, the "Reporter," at present appear to stand in that predicament? If they would avoid such a liability, let them read and consider the statement by which the case is placed fully before them.

No one is more ready than I to make allowance for lapse in the friends of the Negro in America. I have seen too much of the suffering (not conceivable here) consequent upon a profession of Anti-Slavery principles, to wonder that there are but few who can endure, from year to year, the infliction from without, the probing of the soul within, which visits the apostles of Freedom in a land which maintains Slavery on its soil. From my heart I pity those who, having gone into the enterprise, find that they have not strength for it, and that they are drawn by their weakness into acts of injustice towards such as are stronger than themselves; — for those who are not with the thorough-going are necessarily against them. We must regard with even respectful compassion the first misgivings, before they have become lapse. But what then must we feel, — what ought we to do — for those who *have* strength, — for those who *can* suffer to the

end, — for those who are, after the pelting of a ten years' pitiless storm, as firm, as resolved, as full of vital warmth as ever, — as prepared still to abide the tempest, till the deluge of universal conviction shall sweep away the iniquity of Slavery from the earth? Shall we refuse to hear the tale of their injuries, of their justification, because others have refused, or because the story is painful? May we dare to call ourselves workers in the Anti-Slavery cause while thus deserting the chief of its apostles now living in the world?

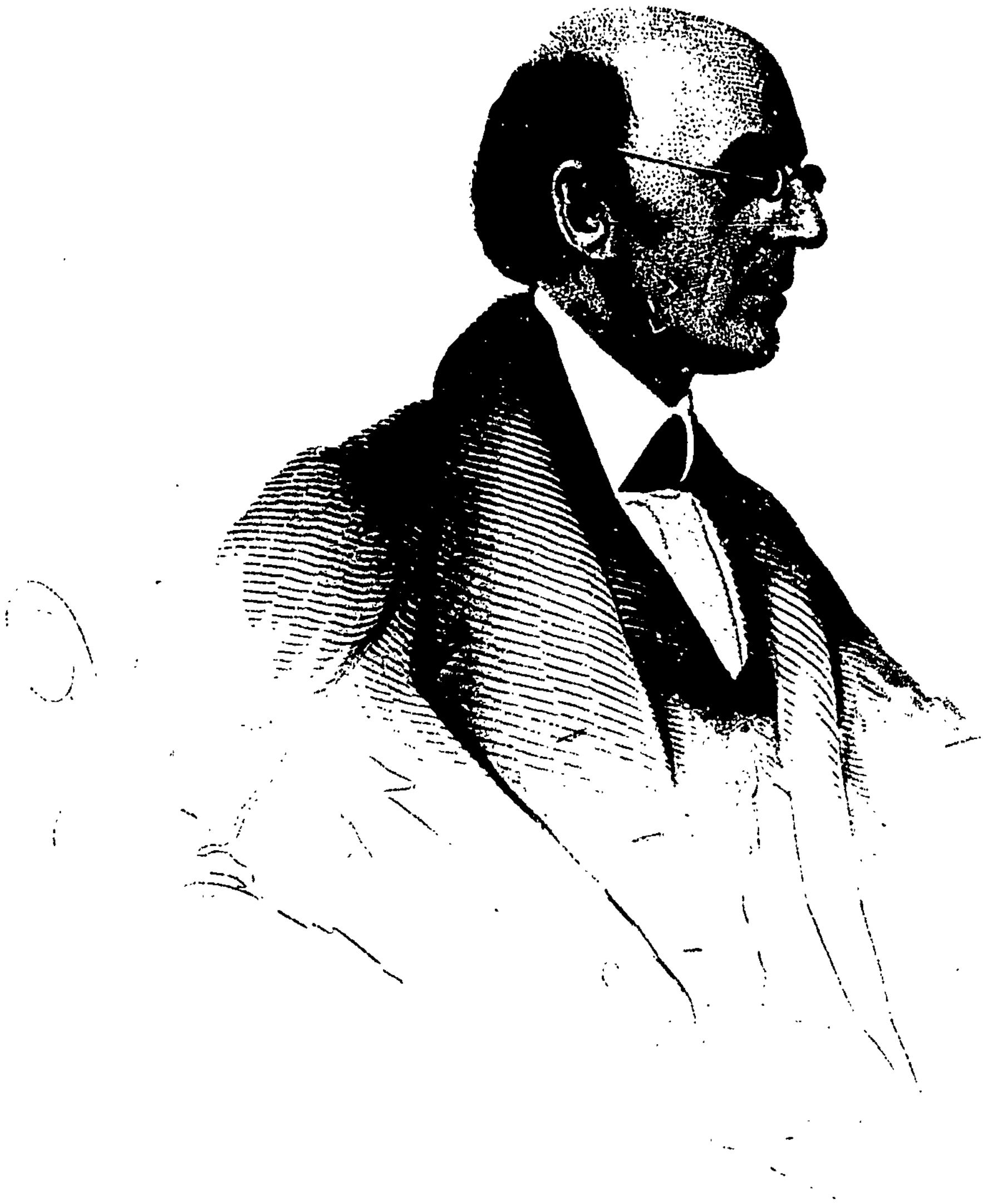
All believe that the truth will finally prevail; and you and I, dear friend, have a firm faith that therefore the old organization, with Garrison at its head, will prevail, at length, over the base enmity of the seceders. But we ought not to be satisfied with their prevailing *at length*, till we see whether they cannot be enabled to stand their ground *now*. Not a moment is to be lost. Not for a moment

should their noble hearts be left uncheered; — not for a moment should the Slave-holder be permitted to fan his embers of hope; — not for a moment should the American Slave be compelled to tremble at the adversity of his earliest and staunchest friends, if we can, by any effort, obtain a hearing for the cause. Let us urge and rouse all who are about us, — not to receive our mere assertions, not to take our convictions upon trust, — but to read, search out, and weigh the evidence, and judge for themselves.

This is all that is needed; for I believe there is not a friend of the Slave, in any part of the world, who, knowing the facts, would not make haste to offer his right hand to Garrison and his company, and his voice and purse to their cause.

I am, yours very truly,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.



Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. — *The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

BOSTON:

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

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Boston : Andrews, Prentiss & Studley,
No. 11 Devonshire Street.

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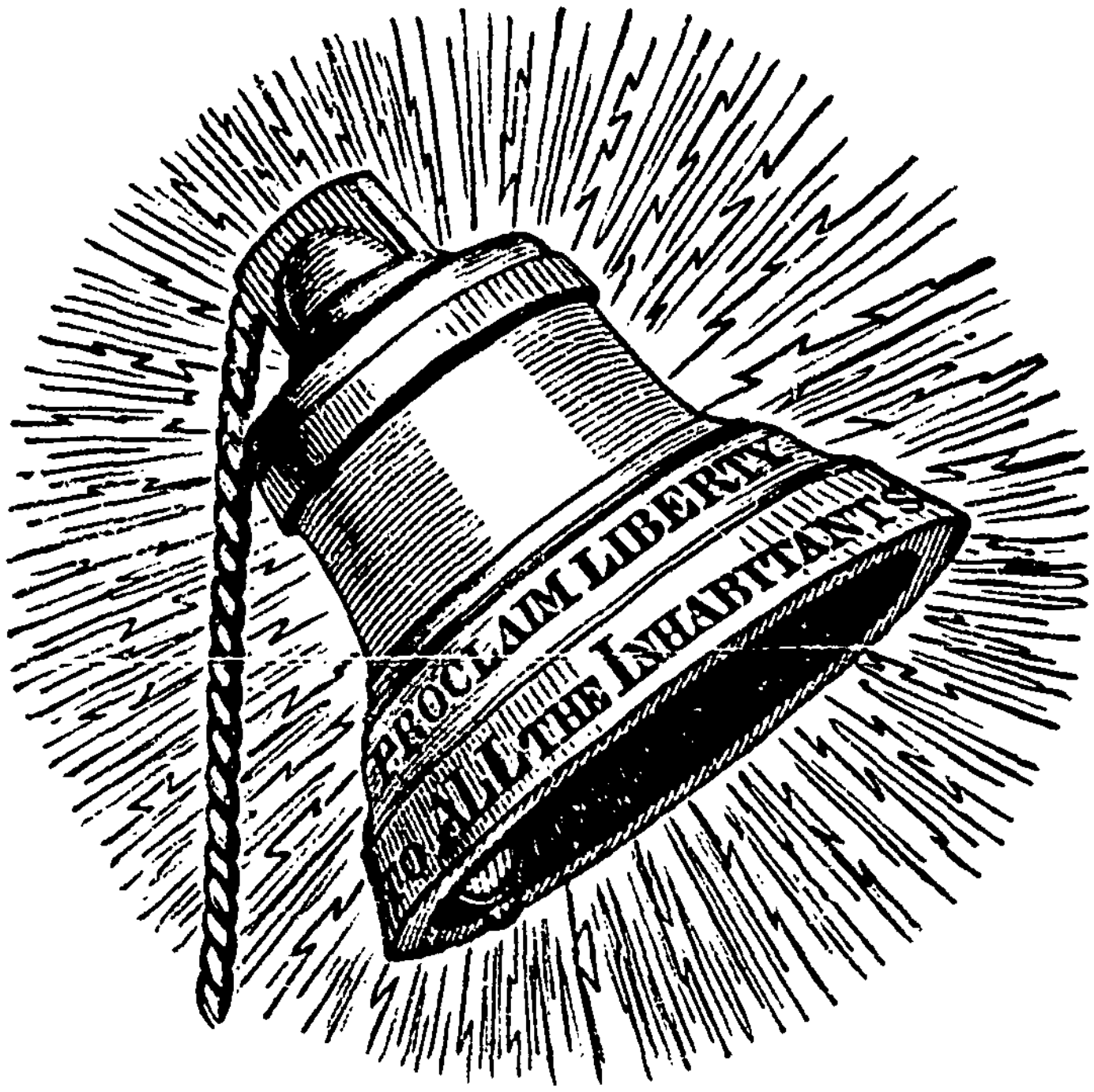

A Fragment,

VERBATIM ET LITERATIM FROM MY JOURNAL IN UPPER INDIA.

BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

Aroul, Upper India,
Tuesday, July 4, 1843, 5 o'clock, A. M.

I am now forty miles from Cawnpore, and so much nearer to the imperial city of Delhi. I have had my early cup of tea, and am sitting on the outside of the bungalow, with my book upon my knee, and my inkstand on the

ground. How delightful was my journey, from the time I started from Cawnpore, twelve hours ago, until it grew dark. The recent rain made the air truly delicious. On the outside of the station I passed through a large native bazaar, belonging to the two regiments of sepoys now at Cawnpore. I was soon in the open country. How beautiful the evening! How gorgeous the sky after the rain!

> Vapors more lovely than the unclouded sky,
> With golden pinnacles and snowy mountains,
> And billows purpler than the ocean's, making
> In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth!

I have enjoyed no part of my journey more than this. Thanks to the young officer at Benares, who would make me accept a copy of Byron's works. I have been feasting upon the contents of Murray's splendid volume ever since. As long as I could see, I sat up in my palankeen reading the magnificent tragedy of Sardanapalus, ever and anon pausing to gaze

upon the scene around me. Though accompanied by more than twenty men, noisily gabbling or rudely singing in panting and groaning accents to the motion of the palankeen, yet I felt myself alone. The sepoy passes and makes his reverential salaam. The Hindoo woman, all grace and serenity, averts her face, draws her veil over her head and pursues her way. We stop at the well that the thirsty bearers may have water. I leave my palankeen for a few moments, that I may survey the scene. The shepherd boy is driving home his flock, lingering at intervals while the sheep or the goats crop the green blades that lie scattered in their path. Beneath yon far-spreading trees are groups of travellers, who have lighted their evening fires, and are kneading cakes for supper. The horses are tethered, the bullocks are unyoked, and there stands the sagacious elephant, making a hearty meal of jungle grass. Swarms of Pariah dogs

are hovering round. We are again upon the road. The fires we have left behind are faintly glimmering in the distance. The solitary jackal is furtively stealing across the field for the adjacent jungle. Parrots in myriads are winging their way to their roosting place. The frogs are hoarsely croaking in every ditch. The stately adjutant is standing alone in the centre of the pool lately made by the rain. The glorious sun is sinking fast. He is gone, and the crescent moon has taken his place.

The fourth of July! My mind is carried back to the scenes of 1835. How vivid they are. It seems but yesterday that I stood in the chapel at Providence, Rhode Island, and delivered my address against American slavery. O, how I love America! Nothing can exceed my affection for that country save my deep abhorrence of her slavery. Let me speak to her from this lonely spot: —

And canst thou, America, say thou art free,
With the scourge in thy hand and the slave on his knee?
And canst thou in words of self-flattery deal,
While in flesh thou canst traffic, and plunder and steal?

Thou *art* free; yet in fetters the vilest and worst:
Thou art *free*, but still slave to thy passions accurst:
Thou art free to do well, but hast sold unto sin
That power, which used nobly, a world's praise might win.

Thou art free; but thy freedom hath steeped thee in crime,
And given thee a stain that will linger through time;
Thou hast freedom abused, thou hast bound it to guilt—
That freedom for which thy sires' hearts' blood was spilt.

That power which *thy* freedom so bravely achieved,
Should the fetter have broken — the captive relieved;
But thou basely hast used it to rivet a chain
On the sons of the soil — *on the field of the slain.*

What has Liberty gained, then, by what thou hast won?
What gained, but disgrace, and a name she must shun?
Thy freedom is selfish, and cruel, and base —
A libel, a scorn, and a curse to thy race!

On this day thou wilt talk of the chains *thou* hast worn;
While around thee three millions in slavery mourn.
Thou wilt rail at the nation that held *thee* in thrall;
Then banquet in many a slave crowded hall.

The nation whose fetters thou long since hast spurned,
Has to penitence, mercy, and righteousness turned;
Whilst thou in thy vauntings, hast lived till this day,
To make men in God's image thy spoil and thy prey.

But, let not my censure descend upon those
Who cease not from labor — who ask no repose —
While their brethren in bondage continue to groan
And for liberty, silently, helplessly moan.

This day is, with them, one of fasting and prayer:
They are stricken with anguish, and burdened with care:
They pity the slave, and the man, in his pride,
Who of liberty boasts, *with that slave by his side.*

Ye martyr-like spirits! who, firm to your vow,
Have not fainted through years, and are bold even now;
Take courage! for soon shall the Liberty Bell,
Sound the advent of *freedom*, and *slavery's* knell.

Onward! Right Onward!

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on.—MILTON.

ONWARD! a little on!
Oh ceaseless language of our restless lot!
Yes! till we hence are gone,
Onward we press and hope we know not what.

Onward, right onward still!
For what?—To dream,—to trifle,—to grow cold?
To lose life's first pure thrill,
And alienate hearts for unsufficing gold?

To run the petty round
Of petty wants,—of labor and of ease?
To pant for glory's sound,
And scorn the crowd we perish e'en to please?

To be what most we shun?
All that we fear to feel, or loathe to find?
To yield up, one by one,
Life's gifts, — strength, beauty, mastership of mind?

Oh no! for somewhat more!
Quick Power who still criest — "On, through fire or flood!"
Dwell in my spirit's core,
For He who sent thee glorious is and good.

Speed on! 't is not in vain!
Knowledge and boundless love are on thy wing.
Are we not taught through pain
That man's frail heart is still a holy thing?

Life comes but once on earth;
But once is given the battle's glorious field
Where we may prove our birth
Is godlike, and for God lift spear and shield.

For God and brother man
May lift the shield and fight the holy fight
Which Christ himself began,
And hero-saints have waged for the right.

Here sits the slave in chains;
Here cry the oppressed, and here the oppressor stalks
Proudly abroad, and stains
With crime the earth where suffering virtue walks.

And 't is for this we live!—
To smite the oppressor with the words of power:
To bid the tyrant give
Back to his brother heaven's allotted hour.

To raise, to unloose; to rend
Sorrows and bonds from spirit and from limb;
To call on God, and spend
The day he gives, for Freedom and for Him!

And doing this we die! —
Done or undone, he comes who never waits:
Down drops the day, and high
Lift themselves up the broad, eternal gates.

And there the expectant throng —
The great, the immortal throng of those who win
Glory from vanquished wrong,
Crowd to the porch, and watch our entrance in.

And eagerly they ask —
" Where is thy trophy now thy fight is o'er? —
One trial and *one* task —
How hast thou stood where thou canst stand
no more? "

And there is joy, or tears
And a deep silence, o'er a frustrate life;
O'er vainly-given years; —
A soul unhonored in the mortal strife.

Then on! for this we live! —
To smite th' oppressor with the words of power:

To bid the tyrant give
Back to his brother heaven's allotted hour.

And thou, oh God of love! —
"A little onward lend thy guiding hand!"
Oh! stretch it from above,
That giant-like we for the right may stand!

May stand, and to the death
Dare tyranny in million-marching hosts,
And shout with dauntless breath
Defiance to his curses and his boasts.

Then onward! till the veil
Of the unknown eternity be rent.
There shall no promise fail;
There the true soul reap measureless content.

And most of all in this —
That it shall see how surely all things tend
To Freedom's victories —
How men may fall, but God lives to the end.

Clapton, England.

The True Reformer.

BY WILLIAM P. ATKINSON.

The true Reformer is the man upon whose mind the light of great truths has fallen before it has reached the mass of his fellow-men, and who feels called of God to shed it abroad into the darkness. Is this a presumptuous definition? The man who does not yet realize the darkness, who still yields to the authority of antiquated error, who is not strong enough in his own convictions to stand firmly up before all the power of numbers, the dignity of great names, and the false brightness with which society gilds her errors, who cannot meet even the wise and great of his opponents, and in all modesty, but with all firmness, though he be an humble man, tell them of their blindness;

—he who cannot do this, is not himself reformed. For there is something enlightening, as well as strengthening and ennobling in the conscientious holding of unpopular truth. He who from his heart believes it, that it is of God, and most precious to his brethren, though they will not receive it, his eyes are unsealed to the reality of things; he can no longer be cheated by their surface. In the clear light of high principle, all things take their real shape, and appear to him in true proportions. The palaces of pride dwindle to insignificance, the venerable garb drops from consecrated errors, authority becomes an idle word, and the rulers of the world, brute force and cunning intellect, take their true place, the servants of moral power.

He sees through the great shows that are all about him, and can understand how one can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight, and seeing this, he feels the dignity,

the sacredness of his position. He will be slow to descend from the eminence whereon Truth has placed him, but in the face of her enemies he will speak her words, and then with pity, but without fear, will stand their onset, knowing how feeble they are.

Shall what has been said be modified because the Reformer is a man, fallible and erring like his opponents? No, let it stand, for this does *not* change its truth. For he who "above himself does not erect himself," who through a pure life, and strenuous self-denial, and earnest prayer, does not for the time become *infallible* in his convictions, strong against the assaults even of his own weaknesses, tempting him to doubt, he is not yet a true Reformer. True, he is a man, weak and finite; but let him have put aside all selfish ends, purified his mind from that hatred and contempt of persons which even a righteous indignation may produce, elevated himself to

the dignity of a true lover of his brethren, — then in the depth of his conviction, he may say that here is a spark of truth which he has made his own. All other knowledge may be false; this is true; and he will feel within him the authority to declare it. He can hardly fail to reach the truth, who seeks it so.

But yet, as he is a man, feeble and fallible, and as with his best convictions there must be some alloy of error, let him above all be humble; — no thanksgiver that he is not as other men, no despiser of his brethren for their littleness and sin. Yet what is this but to say, let him be a Christian —

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true *gentle*-man that ever breathed."

True, when he stands forth the champion of the oppressed, when he pours the truth into unwilling ears, when he rebukes the great in

high places, and stands in the face of danger, he is great, and he cannot but feel the dignity of his mission. But, alas for him! he too is a man, and in the recesses of his heart there is that may well make him say, 'not unto me!'

He will be humble then if he is truly strong. And true humility will set him above the proud, for there is a modest holding of the truth which no error can withstand. Let the knave, and the coward, and the weak darken counsel with many words; they cannot bear one firm and simple answer. It is only the weak who boast of their strength; but the strength of the strong shows itself in every muscle and the slightest movement.

How shall he treat his opponents? He cannot dwell forever in abstractions. How shall he not bear testimony against his brother's sin? Men can afford to hear the praises of virtue and the rebuke of abstract vice, and their sins shall flourish none the less. Are

there not churches in the land? But let him bring home the charge, say 'thou art the man,' call the devil Satan, his own countrymen men-stealers, their abettors false and time-servers, the preacher a blind guide — and alas for him, be it never so true! He has done but his duty, but fanatic and pestilent fellow shall be his mildest names, and persecution his reward. But let him not despair. *He leads the world.* Afar off, the tide of moral life swells up at his rebuke, and sooner or later all men shall follow him.

How will he look upon the future? Without fear and with a firm trust, for he can see into the truth of things, how weak, for all its show, is error, how baseless, though seeming never so strong, are all institutions that are not founded in eternal right. Noiselessly shall true religion pervade the world, finding a home in more and more true hearts, daily increasing the army of the good, wiping away

the stains of evil, healing the wounds it makes, till the world shall change, we know not how. Her visible and startling effects are the smallest part of her good work: her strongest influence is secret. The evil customs of society, supported by authority, dignified by age, seeming so firm fixed that time cannot move them, shall vanish at her touch, like a baseless vision, and then shall appear the new heavens and the new earth that once existed only in the Reformer's dream.

West Roxbury, Massachusetts, U. S.

Sonnet

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY J. W. HIGGINSON.

'T is not that deeds like thine need my poor
praise,
When, though commending not each word of
strife,
I yet would thank thee for thy manly life,
Thou rugged Luther of these latter days:
Oh when will men look through thine ardent
phrase
To the true depth of that devoted heart,
Where selfish hope or fear had never part
To swerve thee, with the crowd, from Truth's
plain ways!
When that day comes, thy brothers, wiser
grown,

Shall reverence struggling man's true friend
in thee,
Thy life of stern devotion shall atone,
For some few words that seemed too rough
to be,
And they shall grave upon thy funeral stone
"THIS MAN SPOKE TRUTH AND HELPED US TO
GROW FREE."

Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S.

A Parable.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

When Ishmael was a young man, motherless and an outcast, with no wife, nor child nor friend — he rode on his only camel laden with dates and corn, a few figs and ripe olives, cummin and precious seeds, journeying alone through the desert to the fair of Shurat. But his camel died in the wilderness; and for many a day's journey did he wander on, barefoot and hungry, a ruined man, leaving his corn, his seeds, and all his fortune to perish there. "This place is accursed and God hath forsaken me," said Ishmael; and he called the name thereof Me-au-rer; "for it BRINGETH A CURSE," said he. The sun burnt him; his lips were parched with thirst — he could not speak — yet

he died not, but reached at last the hospitable tent of Joktan.

Years passed on. Ishmael became a patriarch, rich, the father of many strong ones. He travelled once again, in old age, with his wives and his children and his children's children — men servants, and maidens, and a multitude of camels — an exceeding great company, crossing the desert to go into the land of the Sabeans to die there. And lo, the hot wind of the desert came upon them; the water dried up in their leathern bottles. They were like to perish of thirst. The young men and the maidens cried in their agony towards God. The old men bowed themselves and were silent, awaiting the stroke of the Lord. The moan of the strong camels — it was terrible to hear, as they wandered, crying unto God for lack of drink.

A day's journey of despair they travelled on, and came to a green forest with date-trees

and corn, figs and olives, green grass and a running well. They sat down and were refreshed — yea they drank and their hearts lived once more within them. But as Ishmael, now heavy with years, slept after his fatigue, at noonday, behold that same angel who had appeared and led Hagar to the well in the desert — the WELL OF GOD'S SEEING ME — came and stood before him in his sleep and said, "Son of Abraham, rememberest thou thy camel that perished?" And Ishmael awoke, for he remembered it was here! He saw that out of the corn, the dates, the few figs, the ripe olives, the cummin, and the precious seeds, so providentially lost, this cluster of fruit trees had arisen, and these fields of grass and corn. He blessed God, and said, "Were it not for the misfortune of my youth, I had been ruined in my old age, and this great people with me. Wonderful are the ways of the Lord!"

And he called the name of the place Kol-Ma-as-eh-El — for he said it is ALL GOD'S WORK. And there Ishmael rested from his labors — and his tomb is there unto this day.

West-Roxbury, Massachusetts, U. S.

The Poet of Miletus.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In ancient days, when in the Ionian land,
The poet of Miletus, unto whom
The Ephesians gave three thousand golden
pieces
For singing them one song, desired to add
Four chords unto the seven-chorded lyre,
That he might give a more complete expression
To all the feelings struggling at his heart,
He was forbidden by the popular vote.
This happened some three centuries before
Christ!

Here, too, the popular voice forbids the poet
To add a single chord unto his lyre,
Although he takes no gold from the Ephesians.

And would but give an utterance more complete
To all the voices of humanity,
Even the swart Ethiop's inarticulate woe.
And this is eighteen centuries after Christ!

Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S.

Fugitive Slaves in Northern Ohio.

BY J. R. GIDDINGS.

It was on a pleasant evening in the month of May, A. D. 1840, just as the sun had sunk from view, when the laborers were returning from their fields, that a husband, wife, and two children on foot, with wearied steps were seen entering the village of —— in northern Ohio. The oldest child was a lad of some fourteen, the other a daughter apparently two years his junior. Each carried a small bundle of what appeared to be clothing. From their dusky complexions, their anxious countenances, and their tattered dresses it was apparent that they were fleeing from the land of bondage.

The people of the village were noted for their sympathy for the down-trodden slave. It

was known for hundreds of miles as an asylum for the panting fugitive. The friends of humanity would direct his course to this, as a place of safety from the rapacious slave-holder, and the despicable slave-catcher. These facts were also known to the owners of slaves in Virginia and Kentucky. When they once learned that their locomotive property had directed its course to this village, they usually gave up the pursuit altogether, or came hither for it without further inquiry, hoping that by some means they might succeed in arresting their victims even in this citadel of liberty. So on the present occasion, the owner of the family to which I have introduced the reader, having found that the objects of his pursuit had bent their course directly for the village in question, made no further stop for inquiry, but with his two assistants drove with all possible speed to the very place where the fugitive family had believed themselves safe from his

fangs. In the mean time, the father, mother, and their little ones, on their first arrival were welcomed to the house of a well-known friend of humanity, and, after being duly refreshed, were conducted in the darkness of the evening to a neighboring house to lodge. This was done to prevent all trace of their whereabouts. But it so happened that even here, there were those whose tender sympathies are all in favor of the slaveholder, and are ready at all times to advocate the right of the oppressor to *his property*, in the bodies of their fellow-men. One of these had watched the movements of the friends of humanity, and when the slaveholder and his assistants arrived, at one or two o'clock the next morning, they found him in the road, ready, for a small compensation, to conduct them to the building in which the fugitive family were sleeping. Throwing him two or three dollars, without alighting, they desired him to point out the dwelling where the slaves

might be found. Gathering up the price of his perfidy, without any further remark he passed on before them, and stopping, silently pointed them to the door, and then, as if conscious of his guilt, disappeared and hid himself from view in his own bed-room. One of the slave-hunters remained with their horses, as if conscious that their property was not safe in a land where a man could be hired to betray his fellow-man; while the other two, with pistols and bowie-knives in hand, entered the dwelling and demanded their slaves. Thus suddenly aroused from their slumbers, the inmates were dismayed at the loud threats with which they were saluted. They regarded escape as impossible, and suffered themselves to be seized and bound, and in less time than I have occupied in relating these facts, they were on their way toward a land of bondage. I will leave my readers to imagine the horror of these parents as they were thus compelled to turn

their footsteps towards the scene of their former degradation, and, in contemplation, to behold themselves and children sold to the far South, destined to drag out a miserable existence upon the cotton or sugar plantations of Mississippi or Louisiana.

But the news of their escape spread rapidly through the village. There were, at the time of which we speak, several families of colored people residing there. Some of these had worn the galling chains of slavery, and all had witnessed its horrors. Some fifteen or twenty colored men and boys suddenly collected together, and some of them, in the excitement of the moment, armed themselves with guns, pistols and other weapons. A proposition to pursue the menstealers was made; and, as if actuated by one common impulse, all immediately started at full speed after their captured brethren.

The slave-catchers, with their captives, had not proceeded more than three or four miles before they were overtaken by the colored people; and from the excitement apparent among them, and from their menacing tones, judged it prudent to seek safety in the first house which they could reach. Here they entered with their captives, and barring the door, threatened death to the first colored man who should enter. The house was immediately surrounded, guards were posted, and a regular siege commenced. The night wore away, and when the morning dawned, it showed to the besieged a large increase in the number of their enemies, but it exhibited to them no prospect of escape. No white man appeared to lend them succor: and the exasperation of the blacks appeared to increase with their numbers, and with the prospect of releasing their brethren from the grasp of their persecutors. Time continued to roll on, and the

sun had nearly attained its meridian, when a man of small stature, bright hazle eye, of sober countenance and sedate manners rode up, and engaged in conversation with the colored people outside of the building. Soon after he applied at the door for entrance, and was gladly admitted.

When he had introduced himself to the slaveholders, he assured them of their perfect safety while he was with them; told them that he would protect them if they would accompany him to the seat of justice for the county, where they might have a legal trial of their right to hold the fugitives, with the benefit of counsel. The offer was gladly accepted and they were soon under way for the place proposed. When they arrived at the seat of justice, they employed the only lawyer that could be found to espouse the cause of oppression, and the parties immediately appeared before a magistrate for the purpose of deter-

mining the claim of this Kentuckian to the bodies of the father and mother and children in question. Our friend, whom we introduced to the reader at the besieged house, appeared as counsel for the fugitives. He had long been known as a zealous advocate of liberty, and had often stood by those charged with the offence of loving freedom better than slavery. He was not unprepared on the present occasion; ready and able on all points touching the matter in question, he soon showed his opponents that they had others than slaves to deal with. The slaveholder found himself unable to prove his claim and the captives were discharged. They then partook of such refreshments as their friends provided for them, and a small donation was made to pay their expenses across the lake, and in less than twenty-four hours they were treading the free soil of Canada.

Not so with their persecutors. The friends

of liberty felt the necessity of setting an example that should deter other slave-hunters from committing such outrages in future in that quiet region. The owner and his two assistants were charged with an assault and battery committed upon the persons of the parents and children of whom we have spoken. They were accordingly arraigned and ordered to find bail for their appearance at the next Court of Common Pleas, or to be committed for the want of such bail. By the aid of their lawyer bail was procured and they started with heavy hearts for Kentucky, to remain there some six weeks and then to return and defend themselves for thus laying hands upon their fellow men within the jurisdiction of Ohio laws. Their vexation and mortification was unbounded. But their profane railings were of little use; their bonds were signed, and could only be cancelled by their appearance in Court. In due time they set out on their return to

Ohio. When they reached the village of M—— the owner of the slaves was taken severely ill and died in a few days. His assistants proceeded to the place at which they were bound to appear, where one of them was taken sick and was confined for a long time. The other made his appearance in Court with a most rueful countenance, and apparent dejection of spirits.

These judgments of a righteous Providence having fallen so heavily upon the slave-catchers, and their intended victims being now in a land of safety, the prosecuting attorney, after consulting with the Court and with some of the leading Philanthropists of the County, entered a "nolle prosequi" upon the indictment, and the two living defendants were discharged. Since that time few slave-hunters have been seen in "Northern Ohio."

Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

Our Country.

My friend, what sordid days of dross are these,
Of coward cringing, and of cheap content;
The nation raging, like a hive of bees,
Its dignity in noisiest sallies spent!

I thought to have beheld, as Judah saw
Her youngest victor shamed with glorious tears,
The David of the nations, far withdraw
His youth sublime from basest hopes and fears.

I thought to have beheld his serious eyes
Looking the hero of the world's spent field,
With Israel's holiness and the grace which lies
Lost in the chisel Athens used to wield.

Could the wild seed, cast by Oppression's flail
On sea-beat shores but germinate for this?

The men of iron in their children fail? —
Betrayed the world's Deliverer by a kiss?

Speech, which outruns performance, craves
contempt;
True Greatness points to acts in silent pride.
The Right, from fear of judgment is exempt,
Content Truth's tardy verdict to abide.

Men had a grandeur in the olden time,
A river freely winding at its will;
And if, at times, it darkened into crime,
The force of nature left it grandeur still.

Now thought is cisterned in the market-place,
Whence petty conduits run to each man's
breast;
Now one low vice infects, throughout, the
race,
One man's small virtue echoes through the
rest.

The lofty thought, which spreads its arms to air,
Fed by the silent dews of loneliest woods,
Till its vast crown hangs in the dazzling glare,
And o'er the landscape wide, majestic broods
Is smothered by the undergrowth around,
Content, as saplings, if no oak be there:
Stems, which might soar, now trail along the ground;
No robin sings there, gilds no sunbeam fair.

Thought.

BY SUSAN C. CABOT.

WHAT does Thought do for us?

This question suggests itself when we see how much has been done by Thought in one direction, and how little in another. When we see how little advance Thought has made in the moral world, compared with her progress in the physical and intellectual one, we feel that she has been cheated of her birthright, and that something must be done to arouse her to claim her title-deeds. While by means of her great instrumentality, science has brought the stars to our feet, and carried us, as on eagles' wings, to the remote corners of the earth, what has she accomplished in the moral world? What has she even begun? While the fact still remains that we are in a

land of slavery, still, like Cain, taking our brother's blood! not from the instigation of envy, because we think we have not our just share of the favor of heaven, but from the wish to have more than our share. Can Thought have anything to do with this? No, it would be denying her divinity to say it: passion and selfishness may, but cool Thought never.

Why should not the moral world, like the physical, also have her trophies, won from the field of Thought? While steam-ships, and railroads, and balloons, are filling earth, sea and sky, shall there not arise greater wonders in the moral universe? Shall not self-sacrificing devotion turn iron chains into silken cords of love, prison-bars into gentle persuasion, and, at one word, people God's free earth with millions of free men, changing them from chattels into sons of God?

How is it that Thought is so shy as she takes her rounds in the world within? Why, when

she approaches the holy of holies, which is to be laid open at the last day, why will she not take courage and enter there and find out the secrets of this hidden chamber, where is kept the book of life?

Surely the slave-holder, who makes laws upon laws that he may live securely and make money, has kept strict watch that the most secret place in his soul shall be made secure against this intruder, Thought, or he never could lie down in his bed with the echo still in his ears of those cries which rise up from the heart of the poor being whom he has robbed of his birth-right, without asking himself by what right he does this. If Thought came to him here, would she not say, "How dare you do this great wickedness? How can you so burthen your soul, that it cannot mount above this earth—wet with the blood, and ringing with the sounds of the broken-hearted, the helpless, and the dying; and this all the

work of your hands! Upon this defiled soil must your soul linger; your soul, born for the skies, born to live forever in the fulness of an eternal life! Can you expect that a God of justice can receive and own you for his child? Take me into your holy of holies and let me there stay till I have moved the face of the great deep within you, and shown you that not this earth, but the heavens above, are to be reflected in you; that you are to become an angel, ready for acts of mercy, and a messenger of the Most High. O bar me out no longer! you have lived too long without me; know that I come from the Everlasting One, whose just laws cannot be broken without a fearful looking for of judgment. It cannot be that you have intended to do this great wrong; that you have meant to break the loving hearts of so many of God's children; that you have meant to take from the arms of the mother the child that God has given her; from the

wife the husband, who was to work with her to bring up this child to the knowledge that it is an immortal being! Why make use of me only to further your earth-bound plans? Let me awaken you from this sleep before it becomes the sleep of death, and rouse you to the fact that the abundant crops of cotton and sugar that start from the ground wet with the tears and blood of your fellow-men, will not serve you in that great day when alone with me and your God. Now, I come to you as a friend, praying you to bear with me for a season, to let me tell you the whole truth; but then, on that day, I shall come before you as your accuser and judge."

There have always been some pure spirits to awaken Thought, and to keep her in mind of her celestial birth and mission; some witnesses that her works are to outreach the visible heavens. Let such keep the high places in faith, knowing that if they are not

discerned from beneath there are watchful eyes above that ever keep guard over them. Is it pride, or passion, or selfishness, or the love of this world or its honors, that have aroused and bound together those who have taken into their souls the great thought that, however usage or prejudice or the sanction of the great and powerful uphold slavery, it still is a crime, and must be done away, unless the laws of God and his Son are false? This thought, brooded over in a small upper room till it became a word to be carried into act at all hazards, was the beginning of that noble company, who, willing to take all abuse so long as the great work of redemption is going on, have brought many to think, and by this have brought them nearer to the world of spirits, and are themselves inspired with the great hope that their labors are not in vain for the redemption of our country from her deep stain of slavery. Give me a great thought

said Herder, when he was on the confines of the two worlds. We are, at all times, on this confine; and should always pray for some great thought, to carry us into the eternity of great actions.

West Roxbury, Massachusetts, U. S.

Interference.

ON READING A PAPER, IN DEFENCE OF SLAVERY, WRITTEN BY A CLERGYMAN.

A TRAVELLER fell among the thieves;
He was crushed like Autumn leaves:
He was beaten like the sheaves
  Upon the threshing-floor.

There, upon the public way,
In the shadowless heat of day,
Bleeding, stripped and bound he lay,
  And seemed to breathe no more.

Void of hope was he, when lo!
On his way to Jericho,
Came a priest, serene and slow,
  His journey just begun.

Many a silver bell and gem
Glittered on his harness hem;
Behind him gleamed Jerusalem,
In the unclouded sun.

Broad were his phylacteries,
And his calm and holy eyes
Looked above earth's vanities,
And gazed upon the sky.

He the suffering one descried,
But, with saintly looks of pride,
Passed by on the other side,
And left him there to die.

Then approached with reverend pace,
One of the elected race,
The chosen ministers of grace,
Who bore the ark of God.

He a Levite and a high
Exemplar of humanity,

Likewise passed the sufferer by,
Even as the dust he trod.

Then came a Samaritan,
A despised, rejected man,
Outlawed by the Jewish ban
As one in bonds to sin.

He beheld the poor man's need,
Bound his wounds, and with all speed
Set him on his own good steed,
And brought him to the inn.

When our Judge shall reappear
Thinkest thou this man will hear
"Wherefore didst thou interfere
With what concerned not thee?"

No! the words of Christ will run,
"Whatsoever thou hast done
To this poor and suffering one
That hast thou done to me!"

All are Needed.

BY JANE ELIZABETH HITCHCOCK.

In converting the imbedded marble into a magnificent temple, with massive walls, beautiful columns, and crowning capitals, the services of the architect and the mason, the bold and skilful hand of the sculptor, and the aid of him who quarries the marble—who disengages each block from the mass, are all necessary to its completion. It is a work of labor and of time. The rude and shapeless material appears unseemly, but when the edifice is completed it fills the beholder with delight. The sound of the heavy blows, the drilling and the blasting in the quarry, the harsh grating of the saw, and the ringing of the chisel, may have fallen unpleasantly upon

the sensitive nerves of him who contemplates this work of art and taste; but were it not for these, the temple never would have been erected.

So in a moral enterprize, the services of many are needed; the bold architect to conceive the glorious design, some to separate from the mass of universal mind the individual fragments, others whose patient industry brings each into a fitting shape, and they who with skilful hand fashion the whole into a form of spiritual beauty. He performs no less important service in erecting the temple of freedom, whose startling tones awaken the guilty conscience of the oppressor, than he who leads the repentant spirit onward and upward, and inspires it with a love of universal liberty. He who arrests public attention, and elicits sympathy in behalf of the oppressed, labors as effectually for that end as he who teaches the heaven-born principle of the

brotherhood of man. Kind and gentle language, bold and forcible speech, severe and terrible rebuke are all useful and necessary, and he who uses the latter does as much, perhaps, towards regenerating mankind, as his fellow-laborer who uses mild and persuasive arguments.

As in the marble there is only now and then a block which is suitable for a corner-stone or a pedestal, a key-stone or a capital, so in society there is only now and then a spirit which is susceptible of a separate and individual existence; only now and then one that can be fashioned into an independent body, and fitted for a prominent place. But all others are equally useful. In the erection of the great temple of freedom, each will occupy an important position, and the labor of every workman will be available.

Let not him, then, who goes forward and performs the perilous service of subduing the

flinty heart, undervalue the influence of him who leads a true and beautiful life in the quiet and retirement of his own home. And let not him of the mild and gentle manner, whose spiritual power hallows all within its circle, imparting vitality and character and beauty to his work, deprecate the noise and the strife, the thunder-tone and the earth-quake-shock in the distance. But let all labor, each in his own way and in his own appropriate field, and in due time that glorious temple shall be erected, which shall give shelter and protection to every suffering child of humanity.

Salem, Ohio, U. S.

Sonnets.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

I.

JESUS THERE IS NO NAME SO DEAR AS THINE

JESUS there is no name so dear as thine
Which Time has blazoned on his ample scroll;
No wreaths nor garlands ever did entwine
So fair a temple of so vast a soul;
There every angel set his triumph seal,
Wisdom combined with Strength and radiant
Grace
In a sweet copy Heaven to reveal,
And stamp PERFECTION on a mortal face:
Once on the Earth wert thou, before men's
eyes,
That could not half thy beauteous brightness
see,
E'en as the emmet cannot read the skies,

Nor our weak orbs look through immensity;
Once on the Earth wert thou — a living shrine,
Wherein conjoining dwelt — the GOOD, the
LOVELY, the DIVINE.

II.

OH THOU GREAT FRIEND TO ALL THE SONS OF MEN.

OH thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke and break the captive's chain,
To call thy brethren forth from Want and
Woe, —
Thee would I sing. Thy Truth is still the
LIGHT
Which guides the nations — groping on their
way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day:
Yes! thou art still the LIFE; thou art the WAY

The holiest know, — Light, Life and Way of Heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way which thou hast given.
And by thy Truth aspiring mortals trust
T' uplift their faint and bleeding Brothers rescued from the dust.

III.

DEAR JESUS WERE THY SPIRIT NOW ON EARTH.

DEAR Jesus were thy spirit now on Earth,
Where thou hast prayed and toiled a world to win, —
What vast ideas would sudden rise to birth,
What strong endeavors 'gainst o'ermastering Sin!
Thy blest beatitudes again thou 'dst speak;
But with deep-hearted words that scorch like fire,

Wouldst thou rebuke the oppressors of the
weak:
Or, turning thence to Prophets that aspire,
How wouldst thou cheer the men who toil
to save
Their Brothers smarting 'neath a despot's rod,
To lift the Poor, the Fallen, and the Slave,
And lead them all alive to worship God!
Bigots wouldst thou rebuke — that idle stand,
But send thy Gospel-fraught Apostles con-
quering through the land.

West Roxbury, Massachusetts, U. S.

Thomas Clarkson.

PLAYFORD HALL, near Ipswich, Oct. 3, 1845.

DEAR MADAM:

I RECEIVED your last letter, but was so ill at the time that I was unable to answer it for some days; and indeed I have recovered so little since that time, that I despair of being much better. My constitution is now, probably, as we say in England, "breaking up;" which I regret only, as it hinders me from being farther useful. I could have wished, perhaps, to have lived a little longer, but it would have been only for the sake of seeing the day when slavery should terminate. That its days are numbered I have no doubt; no more doubt than that I am now living; and the event cannot fail of being hastened on

by what has happened in the case of Cassius M. Clay. The brutal treatment of him, and the outrages committed since by the white mob at Lexington, on the persons of the poor harmless black people residing in that city, will be a fine engine for the citizens of the North, with which to work.

I am very sorry that the present state of my health will not permit me to send you the contribution you desire against the forthcoming Fair. A particular circumstance has occurred which will stand in the way of performing what otherwise would have been a pleasure to me. An American, of the name of H. C. Wright, who has been in England, but more in Scotland, for sometime, and who has attended several Anti-Slavery meetings at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places, to the great advantage of the cause, wrote to me a week or two before the receipt of your letter, to do him a great favor, which was, that as my History of

the Abolition of the Slave-Trade contained the facts relating to it only up to March 1807, when the British Parliament put an end to it, he wished to have some little farther history of our proceedings in England since that time, so as to take in the rise and means by which slavery in England was abolished also. He could get this he said (and he said truly) from no other person now living but myself. I consented to furnish him with a little account —though far from well at the time—willing to oblige a person who had done so much for our cause, and thinking that it might afford pleasure to some of our friends in America. I agreed only to give him the facts, leaving it to him so to embellish it as to make it a readable little book. I had no other idea, however, than that it would be the work, on my part, of a fortnight only, though I had too many things on hand even to spare that time; but three weeks have passed, and as I am now a very

slow writer, it will take three weeks more to finish the work. You will see, therefore, how impossible it is for me, when this work for Mr. Wright shall have been finished, and in my present state of health, to write anything fit to read, to be ready at the time of your Fair. I will just say, that I was the more induced to put myself to the trouble of writing on this occasion, when I saw that in the Report of the Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society Mr. Wright had given so lofty and yet so true a character of Mr. Garrison.

Notwithstanding I have said all this, I *will* think of a subject for the Fair, and will endeavor, if I can steal a few moments, at intervals, to begin it and go on with it; and if I can finish it in time I will send it you; but I must know what is the last day for receiving, at Boston, publications for the press.

And here I will ask a question. I have some memoirs of Henry Christophe, king of

Hayti. I corresponded with him for three years, and put him in the way of making improvement for the good of his country, which I believe he followed. His only fault was that of being a too rigid disciplinarian; a fault, indeed, which I cannot palliate; but his intentions were noble, and his projects great, and he had a great mind. When I was at the great Congress at Aix la Chapelle, in Germany, trying to do something with the sovereigns of Europe, then assembled, in favor of the abolition of the slave-trade, I found, unexpectedly, in my pocket, a letter of king Henry, which I had unknowingly brought with me from my own house. This letter had in it remarks on education. I showed it to the Emperor of Russia. After having read it, he asked my permission to show it to the Emperor of Austria, and the king of Prussia. He did so — and told me that both of them were astonished at it as a letter coming from a black man; and

all the three agreed, that though they spared no expense in getting *the cleverest men in Europe* to be their ministers, and to sit in council, no one of their then cabinet could produce a better letter. Now the publication of such memoranda in America might have a good effect in many ways, for however they might class the black man with the brute, in intellect, Henry Christophe, a man as black as jet, had powers of mind equal to those of any President in America. Would such a work do good, then, and *would it suit your Liberty Bell?*

I will finish my letter with a saying of one of the dearest friends I ever had, namely, General Lafayette. I was with the General often, and corresponded with him after his coming out of his dungeon at Olmutz. But the first time I knew him was when I was in Paris, the year after the French Revolution, on the subject of the slave-trade, and I assisted him materially. He was decidedly as uncompro-

mising an enemy to the slave-trade, and slavery, as any man I ever knew. He freed all his slaves in French Cayenne, who had come to him by inheritance, in 1786, and shewed me all his rules and regulations for his estate when they were emancipated. I was with him no less than four different times in Paris. He was a real gentleman, and of soft and gentle manners. I have seen him put out of temper, but never at any time except when slavery was the subject. He has said, frequently, "I would never have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was founding a land of slavery." How would the people of Fayette County like to hear this? — to hear their land cursed by the man who gained it for them?

I remain,

Dear Madam,

Yours truly,

THOMAS CLARKSON.

To Mrs. H. G. Chapman.

Song,

FOR THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

FANEUIL HALL, TWELFTH ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

HEART to heart, and hand in hand
Bound together let us stand,
Storms are gathering o'er the land,
Many friends are gone!
Still we never are alone,
Still we bravely march right on,
Right on! right on! right on!

To the Pilgrim spirit true
Which nor slave nor master knew,
Onward! faithful, fearless few,
Liberty's the prize!
Full of hope that never dies,
Spirits of the free arise!
Arise! arise! arise!

Will you your New England see
Crouching low to slavery?
Rise and say it shall not be!
More than life's at stake!
Rise and every fetter break!
Every free-born soul awake!
Awake! awake! awake!

Listen to our solemn call,
Sounding from old Faneuil Hall,
Consecrate yourselves, your all
To God and Liberty!
On your spirit's kindred knee,
Swear your country shall be free.
Be free! be free! be free!

Heed not what may be your fate,
Count it gain when worldlings hate.
Naught of hope, or heart abate,
Victory 's before!
Ask not that your toils be o'er
Till all slavery is no more,
No more! no more! no more!

Welcome, then, the crown of thorns
Which the faithful brow adorns;
All complaint the brave soul scorns,
Burdens are its choice, —
While within it hears a voice
Ever echoing, rejoice!
Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!

Soon, to bless our longing eyes,
Freedom's glorious sun shall rise;
Now it lights those gloomy skies
Faintly from afar, —
Faith and love her heralds are,
See you not her morning star?
Hurra! hurra! hurra!

West Roxbury, Massachusetts, U. S.

A Communication.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

What I am going to tell you is no fiction: nor can it be called a dream. As to whence it was derived, — suffice it now to say that means of insight into realities exist, — powers of body and soul for a certain recognition of unseen things, — which few are aware of, and scarcely any know how to exert and employ.

A spirit, released from its present life and connexions, shrank from entering upon that state of case and "glory" which it had been led to anticipate as a good portion after death. It preferred ceasing to live to living that kind of life. Liberty of choice being left, however, it chose a lot of service, — eternal service of men. It chose this work; — to abide by our

globe, and live in its shadowy parts; — to travel with the gloom, and penetrate the deeper gloom of mourning hearts. Its work was to enter all sorrowing souls, unseen, unheard, untracked, unfelt, — except in the glow of hope and comfort it was enabled to create. This mission it fulfilled for centuries.

Of what it saw and was permitted to do, I will now give you but one instance. One of its first pauses was in a slave-ship in the midst of the Atlantic, where the company of wretched beings felt themselves in a vault of blackness as terrifying as their fate. The spirit penetrated them all, and found, as it told me, "their hearts as deep as the sea they are on, and as dark as the night about them. I," it continued, "will be the opener of their dawn. Gently — gently — will I let in the light: — only as they are able to bear it. There is no haste: for what is so sure as the spread of the dawn into perfect day?"

Even in such work, pursued with such powers, the spirit found some pain and drawback. Its aids were circumscribed by the limitations of the capacities of the sufferers. In this instance, it could impart only a vague sensation of comfort and hope of relief. While itself looking back and down upon the expanse of centuries, and seeing the fire-fountains of liberty welling up wherever man had put forth his hand, and touched the soil for freedom in the name of God;—while itself perceiving that all fetters of mind and body are perpetually wasting away under the prayers and tears of the few who are ever praying and suffering for the enslaved in some corner of the earth;—while itself seeing and knowing these things, the ministering spirit could not make them seen and known by eyes yet darkened, and intellects yet torpid. It could but let in a dim ray, and infuse a faint glow, whereby however, the bowed head was raised,—the

silent spoke to each other, — the infant was pressed to its mother's beating heart, and an undefined sense of well-being spread through the band of sufferers, though none could tell — nor even inquire — whence came the intuition of hope and help.

If you ask why I tell you this, I can only reply that it animated me, — (it being, as I said, no fiction, nor yet a dream) and that I like to impart to you whatever animates me in the great cause for which you work and endure.

Ambleside, Westmoreland, England.

Our Duty.

BY BENJAMIN S. JONES.

WHY should we rest ingloriously
When earth is filled with strife,
And Error shouts her battle cry
Upon the field of Life?

The labor we were sent to do,
Is steadfastly to seek
A knowledge of the Right and True
With spirit strong, yet meek.

To tread, unmurmuring, the way
The Sinless One hath trod,
And thus draw nearer ev'ry day
In likeness unto God.

The shadowy PAST has from us flown.
The FUTURE cometh late,
The PRESENT only is our own,
Nor will the PRESENT wait.

Salem, Ohio, U. S.

Extract

FROM A SPEECH AT THE ANTI-TEXAN MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL, 1845.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY.

THE compromise of our fathers blunted the sensibility of their children, so that they were too easily turned aside from the high career which was commenced by the Revolution, and suffered the spirit of trade to usurp that place in their bosoms which should have been kept ever sacred to the spirit of Freedom.

Allusion has been repeatedly made in the course of our debates to Plymouth Rock. Ah! sir, the fate of that rock is very similar to the fate of the principle of liberty, upon which our civil institutions were professedly based. Go, sir, to Plymouth, inquire for the Rock, and you shall be led to see where it is *actually*

buried in a wharf, and over it the busy sons of trade daily trample, not conscious that it is a sacred spot. It is true, sir, some of the pious sons of the Pilgrims have rescued a portion of the Rock from that desecration to which I have alluded; but, sir, the disposal they have made of the fragment, (although with a different intention, and for a better purpose) happens still to bear a striking resemblance to the way in which the Declaration of our Revolutionary sires has been treated. They have brought that piece of rock to the side of the most public high way, to be seen and admired of all men — to be seen, but not felt; for around it they have put a strong iron fence, graced with the imperishable names of the men who led in that great enterprise; but a fence so high that none may leap over and stand upon the rock, and actually *feel* beneath him the stable foundation, upon which our forefathers planted their feet.

The men of our day have treated the glorious Declaration of our Independence worse than this. They have set it forth in all the decorations of typographic art. They have placed it in gilded frames and hung it up to be seen and admired. But he who has dared to overleap the restrictions which the Constitution would impose, and take his stand upon the self-evident, eternal truths of the Declaration, has been accounted a fanatic, a pestilent fellow, not fit to live.

This recreancy to principle, Mr. President, this loss of the sentiment and the love of liberty, are the legitimate effects of the disastrous compromise which was made by the framers of our Constitution.

But a new leaf is to be turned in the history of our nation. The doings of this Convention, if they are what they ought to be, will be the first bright record upon the unsullied page. Taking warning from the past, let us see to it

that we do not commence the pregnant chapter with a compromise, — an evasion. No, sir. No, sir! Let us henceforth speak only what is true, and consent to do only what is right.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Sonnets.

BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

I.

EARLY MORNING.

The sun breaks forth with his brightest beam;
The music is sweet of the winding stream;
The reaper is binding the yellow grain,
While the sky-lark carols his sweetest strain;
Thin clouds career o'er the mountain's brow;
In the vale the peasant holds his plough:
And all is gladness, and joy, and peace. —
The fertile field and the snowy fleece:
Nor can I through this realm desery.
As o'er it wanders the kindling eye —
On the smiling farm, or the martyr's grave,
A lordly satrap or groaning slave.
When, Columbia! when shall it be,
That the poet may sing the same of thee!

II.

TO BLANCHE.

I saw and loved; but, it was holily,
Even as a brother, or a spirit might.

SPEECHLESS thou art; yet, able to commune.
With spirits like thine own, and kindred hearts.
What, though to thee has been denied the boon,
Which God to all — save few — on earth imparts —
Hast thou no language? Canst thou not reveal
The holy sympathies which mortals feel?
Thou canst. To me, thine have been all made known,
In language silent, eloquent, *thine own.*
Thine eye has glanced a meaning full and deep,
And told the thoughts which o'er thy spirit sweep.

Yes! I have read thee—and I know thy
mind—
High toned, and pure, and sanctified, and kind.
Though mute, thou canst the soul-sung an-
them raise,
And thy full heart can speak thy Maker's
praise.

Newington, near Edinburgh.

The Liberty Bell.

BY S. MARGARET FULLER.

It was a legend of Germany, that, in the time when the faith of Christendom was lively, and her heart aspiring to be devout, if she had not sufficient clearness of mental view to avoid great mistakes as to the way, a certain society of knights had vowed, with the straitest vow, their service to the oppressed in every part of their country. And so faithful was their adherence to this vow, that Heaven took them under its especial care and allowed them supernatural assistance, that they might multiply good deeds more and more. In their chapel hung a bell, whose silver blazonry chronicled the acts of many who had imitated their Master not only in purity and self-denial, but, also, in active be-

nevolence towards their fellow-men. Its silver sound was, in itself, almost a prayer. It was a beautiful and solemn sight when this sound called many votaries to kneel before the altar. The soft light, that fell through windows painted with figures of saints and angels already admitted to the joys of perfect obedience and intelligent ministry, gave to view faces which showed a kindred spirit, a spirit that could never rest or dally on the upward path to the mount of Salvation, that craved the nearest approach to the sun and stars, the purest, if the coldest, atmosphere which the human frame is able to bear. There was the gray haired man, whose features were marked by a thousand characters that told of noble deeds achieved, or failures well redeemed; there was the youth, in whose eye the light was borrowed, not from the torch of passion, but the morning star of God's own day; there was the minstrel, who had turned his lyre into

a sword, because the time seemed to demand a sharper service to relieve his fellow-men, and those precepts of the Master which forbade that way had not yet been translated; there was the lover, whose mistress had dismissed him to aid his brethren; and many a one beside for whom fortune had prepared pleasant homes in the green shade and beside fresh fountains, but who could not rest and be merry while their fellow-men watered with blood and tears the path of the conqueror, the domain of the tyrant.

These men were of different mould one from another; the veins of some ran with water, of others with wine; and very unlike in degree was the majesty of their course, the firmness of their grasp. But when they all knelt together at the sound of that bell, all true hearts echoed to its call, and gave forth tones, each of which was wanted to swell the strain of heavenly music.

And those hearts, once thus awakened, retained a sensibility so delicate that when any act of oppression was about to be perpetrated on the earth, the votary of this most holy order, who was nearest, heard in the air the warning sound of that consecrated bell. Then did he immediately long, with all his force, to embrace the occasion, — not counting the cost, not to be deterred by weariness, sickness, or scenes of happiness to be forsaken. The means of reaching the scene where his devoir was to be done, were instantly afforded him. On the land a white steed bore him, on the waters white swans impelled his bark. All that was necessary for him, in the conduct of the journey, was to keep his mind clear from malice, anger, impatience and all wrong thoughts, till he reached the spot where his courage and energy were required. God would show the way, if he kept himself worthy to be the instrument. If he failed in

this, the ministry was transferred to another, one more steadfast in the sense that

> "Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
> Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

This legend made a deep impression on me, and though, even in the fairest visionary time of youth, I never met in the greenwood or descried upon the stream one of those chosen servants, with his attendant snowy steed, or swan, and the seal of the shining ones upon his brow, yet I believed such an association could not have died out. These faithful servants must have felt too much the earth's need of redemption to have died in peace without choosing successors worthy to perpetuate the talisman. Still, no doubt, that sanctuary gathered in its worshippers; still they sped through the world dispensing benefits unexpected as manna to those who did not know that the wrongs of the innocent or penitent always woke the sound of the bell.

But, I supposed, only eyes purged to spiritual sight could see them now.

One day I read, in the album of a distinguished contemporary, this signature, — "Dan. O'Connell, of the Order of Liberators." Of this Daniel, I, at that time, knew little; not enough to judge whether he, like the great Israelite, was one able to brave the fiery furnace, and the lion's den, and the silken lures of a court, and speak truth always with a poet's power. But it flashed upon me at once, that the Order to which he vowed himself must be that of the Consecrated Bell, under a new form.

Yes! it is surely so. We know too much now to be content with merely freeing individual victims from their chains. We know enough to war with the errors which forge them. We must liberate men, but we must also establish the principles of liberty for man. We need not the white steed to show us the

way; it is now too well marked to be missed by any who choose to see it.

But now, more than ever, do we need the consecration of the spirit which should precede, the pure tone of conscience which shall direct, our action! Let none consider himself vowed to the Order of Liberators who is not willing, like the knights of old, to fail in his efforts and see the work given to another, if he cannot keep his heart clean from impatience, a love of excitement for its own sake, intolerance, and the bitterness of partisan hatred. For to such, whatever they may outwardly accomplish, He whose name they invoke must surely say, in the hour of spiritual ordination, "I never knew ye."

We stand, it has been said, in a time of revolution; so do men ever. Yet that this is a moment of great and peculiar importance, we do believe. Principles cannot die; but the earthly embodiment of one of the greatest

that give man his claims to spiritual hope, lies gasping with a wound that threatens a long trance, or convulsion. Never did the earth more need the salt to show its savor. Bring the sacred bell; and at its sound must move, before the sincere worshipper, millions of spirits yet unborn to the woes of this world; the scenes of centuries to come demanding his agency to avert evils that shame imagination. Bring, then, the silver bell; but ye who obey its summons, believe, also, that the time demands, and God commands, a deeper, larger wisdom, a severer devotion than those that enabled Milton and Washington to leave us their legacy. We have it to pay over, principal and interest, to our heirs; the mint is ready; let not the pieces which bear the name of Texas be stamped on the reverse with slavery, and the lone star be given for a throne to him who has forfeited the title of Lucifer, except as bitter mockery. Let it not be so, if

well-considered purpose, if flame-like ardor and purity of life, can prevent it. Or, if you feel yourselves unfit to aid in this cause, consider well whether you forever forego admission to the Order of Liberators, since, if you forbear this test of service, you incur a vast debt to humanity, which fate may not, in your own age, afford you opportunity to cancel. Consider well, but not slowly, for the time is short.

"God calls; the angels wait; and fellow-men,
Betwixt the spasms of pain, still question, — 'When
Shall our crushed hearts be healed to say, Amen?'
Our brothers *are* our keepers; ask them why
Immortal hopes in life-long graves must lie,
And they the demons of such destiny?
Cain slew the body — they would slay the soul:
To the unborn extend their fell control.
To thee, oh Lord, our blood doth upward cry,
Not unavenged and not in vain we die:
Thy justice is our surety. Happy they
Through whom to the dark earth its light finds way;
Accursed who shut out each gleam of coming day!"

New York.

A Fragment.

BY JANE E. HORNBLOWER.

God's glorious works! free, as the chainless
winds,
Far as the eye can stretch, ye widely spread!
The immortal heavens that canopy your head
Are glorious — glorious the immortal minds
That bless your beauty. On your mountains'
brow
Free prayers are breath'd, and holy dreams
inspir'd;
From the pure heights above, in clouds attir'd,
Fall radiant thoughts, stainless as mountain
snow,

And visions not of earth. The oppressor, here,
Fac'd by the free winds, and the bright ex-
panse

Of earth, air, water, that invites his glance.
Might own, for once, that liberty was dear.
Free are the creatures all of this bright sphere:
The sheep stray fearless in each dangerous
path,
The eagle combats with the tempest's wrath,
The chorus of the birds is wild and clear.

The very sun shoots down unfettered rays,
Lighting, at will, each glade and rock and tree.
The clouds in their bright charioting are free;
Man's laws are powerless to confine the blaze
Of glorious light, pervading Nature's face.
In liberty the waters freshly flow,
And free the eye wanders the depths below,
The changing views, the dark ravines to trace.

Oh! glorious Liberty! thy name is trac'd
In every work from thy Creator's hand,
And the great bounty which his goodness
plann'd
E'en tyrant man achieves not to efface

With all his blighting power. The corn
waves free;
Oh! free it should be gather'd. Blades and
flowers
Rise up in thousands from the Spring's warm
showers,
And they are man's — to use — to taste — to
see.

Given with a Father's blessing, hateful strife
And base restriction vainly step between;
A mightier power enfranchises each scene.
Since God has charter'd wheat, the poor man's
life,
Gather the sheaves in freedom — free they
grow!
His golden sun has painted that bright grain,
His rains have fertilized that moving plain,
He bade those fields in Summer beauty glow!

Eternal Nature! 'midst thy shows sublime
No tyrant foot should enter even there.

In that great temple of the free-drawn air,
Sits Freedom, thron'd coeval with all time.
Call'd by her Maker's fiat, there she sees
Her subject realms in boundless beauty move;
And, fired with heaven's own atmosphere of love,
A glory on the hills, and vales, and trees.

* * * * * * *

England.

Pro-Slavery Appeal

TO THE WORLD FOR SYMPATHY, ANSWERED FROM OLD IRELAND.

BY JAMES HAUGHTON.

In an Address read by the Hon. T. F. Marshall, on the occasion of the suppression, by lawless violence, of C. M. Clay's paper, — "The True American," — I find the following passage: "For our vindication, under the circumstances, we appeal to Kentucky and to the world."

I know not how this audacious appeal may be met by the people of Kentucky: but as an Irishman I reply, your acts of violence on this occasion only deepen the feelings of contempt entertained in my country for American slave-holders, — feelings which deepen

from day to day, as we see more clearly the inconsistency between their professions of liberty and their acts of oppression.

It is lamentable to behold the position now occupied by the United States of America in the estimation of the rest of the world. Slavery, it is true, exists in other countries, but nowhere else is its hideous deformity so apparent. The charter of man's inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, is ostentatiously paraded before the world, while, at the same time, this magnificent recognition is continually trampled under foot by her citizens. And, strange to say, their perceptions of justice and honor are so perverted by the blighting influences of slavery, that they imagine they stand forth among their fellow-men, arrayed in spotless purity!

But such monsters, in the moral creation, have no just pretensions to associate with the rest of mankind. When they leave their own

sphere, they are obliged to put on the garb of virtue; but it sits awkwardly upon them, and cannot conceal their real character. These "wolves in sheep's clothing" walk uneasily, when they step beyond their own polluted boundary. Such at least is the condition of all pro-slavery Americans who visit old Ireland. Yes! thanks to the fearless exposures and denunciations of O'Connell and his son John, we know how to treat American "soul-drivers."

The incendiaries in Lexington may therefore rest assured that they will meet with no friendly response from us. In return for their blind and bootless attempt to smother free discussion, and their unmanly attack upon the property and privileges of a man who had the magnanimity to free his slaves, and to combat a depraved public opinion by reason and argument, — let them know that Ireland will make every pro-slavery American, who sets

foot upon her soil, feel that she looks upon him as a degraded being, fit only to associate with sheep-stealers and highway-robbers.

That my answer is a true Irish answer, every packet-ship from our shores to America will bear ample testimony.

Oppression, in some shape, exists in all lands, and the poor are its victims in a greater or less degree, everywhere. In some countries open and unblushing tyranny is sanctioned by the laws and ancient usages of society; in others, misery and destitution prevail, arising partly from unjust social arrangement, from erroneous legislation, from intemperance and ignorance. But, even in these cases, the oppressed are generally allowed to complain; their friends are permitted to advocate their cause, and the evils under which they groan are open to inquiry and amelioration. The slave-holding American Union alone would remain wilfully lark and blind, doggedly determined to shut

out the light. She alone claims the right forever to repress the free aspirations of the soul, to transform her victim from a man to a brute, and to keep him so. And if one of her slave-holders, becoming convinced of the sinfulness of his position, struggle through the legal impediments which she has thrown in his way, give freedom to his bondmen, and peaceably advocate the equal rights of all,—she hunts him down as if he were a ravenous wild beast.

Thus, with a Constitution the most glorious ever offered for the admiration and acceptance of any people, it is reserved for America to exhibit the most infamous tyranny that exists upon earth. We do not wonder when we hear of forcible attempts to repress the expression of opinion, in obedience to the mandate of a monarch, in countries where political freedom is denied to the mass of the people. This is only what might be expected.

But we start when we first learn that such things happen in the United States, where the right of free speech and free discussion is guaranteed to all, by solemn compact, and embodied in a written Constitution.

Nevertheless, while we strive to bring the power of enlightened public opinion to bear upon the unjust acts of American slave-holders, we should be diligent in laboring for an abatement of the evils which afflict our own poor. He who sends his sympathies across the ocean, and is deaf to the cries of sufferers at home, is a hypocrite, and deserves not to be trusted.

But, happily, the United States are engaged in a fruitless struggle against free discussion —they cannot shut out the light. Happily for the master as well as for the slave, in spite of all his efforts to overcome the conviction, the master feels that he is at war with all the higher instincts of his own nature. He is at continual war with God, in his own soul,

for he knows that he is ever doing violence to the divine laws. Other sinners may deceive themselves by the plea that they are acting in accordance with the propensities which God has implanted. The warrior may urge the plea of self-defence, and the provocation which his natural propensities of destructiveness and combativeness have received; the highwayman or the sheep-stealer may seek to satisfy his accusing conscience by pleading that the laws under which he lives are partial and unjust, and deny him his fair share of the means of life. But as easily could I believe that a man might thrust his hand into a flaming furnace and feel no pain, as that a man could buy a man and work him without wages and not know that he was doing wrong. He may endeavor to conceal the conviction from himself, by the aid of corrupt public sentiment, and by resolutely silencing

his conscience; but that the consciousness of injustice is a living principle in his soul is proved by the state of uneasiness in which he lives. He is ever in fear, he is the slave of boisterous passions, he enacts cruel and bloody laws to protect himself against the ever-living opposition of his human cattle. Truly, despite his polished manners to strangers, and his haughty demeanor towards his equals at home, the man-stealer is a miserable creature. It would be an act of mercy to release him from the bondage of a system which makes him thus wretched in himself and contemptible in the eyes of the world — of that world to which Mr. Marshall and his compeers have made their audacious appeal. If they have hearts capable of being touched by any feelings of truth and honor, deep will be their humiliation at the response they will receive from the civilized world. The folly of these men in

suppressing a paper conducted by one whose aim was to shed light abroad on the subject of slavery, will array the free pens of the world against that vile system, and strengthen our indignant abhorrence. May the bloody institution soon be uprooted from its very foundation.

Oh, people of America! the heart of humanity shall rejoice when the song of universal emancipation shall resound through the length and breadth of the Union; when it shall be borne with acclamation from summit to summit of your everlasting mountains; when the glad waters of your magnificent rivers shall carry onward the jubilee of freedom; and when your mighty forests and boundless prairies shall no longer echo to the wailing of the bondman; when your Marshalls and your Calhouns, your M'Duffies and your Henry Clays, shall shake off the selfishness which degrades and depresses them, and shall rise

up in the dignity of their nature, free and disenthralled! Then, indeed, may your citizens appeal with confidence to the world to justify their actions, — but not until then.

Dublin, October, 1845.

Jubilee.

BY ALLEN C. SPOONER.

The Equinox is past,
October's days fly fast,
  Its leaves are sere:
The sea, with darker swell,
Pale skies and keen airs, tell
  Stern winter near.

The husbandman, his spoil,
Won from the earth by toil,
  With joy surveys;
And, for his bounteous board,
Full barns and garners stored,
  To God gives praise.

The fisher, on the shore,
Hears the loud tempest roar,
  Careless and free —

And, safe in peaceful cot,
Forgets his toilsome lot,
To farm the sea.

In crowded cities vast,
The friendless and outcast
Together cower:
A blight is on their souls,
And slowly o'er them rolls
The heavy hour.

Near by, in lighted halls,
Where wild profusion palls
The sated sense,
The sons of luxury strive,
With feast and song, to drive
Earth's sorrows thence.

And, as the seasons fly,
The preacher's homily
Is "watch and pray!

For what are human years?
A shade — which but appears,
  Then shrinks away."

But what to us is time?
Eternity sublime
  And boundless scope —
To live and work and grow,
Enjoy, achieve and know,
  Are ours, in hope.

Then let us fearless live!
What's freely given, still give
  With liberal hand:
For love, when like a scroll
The heavens together roll,
  Secure shall stand.

Without remorse or fear,
Each swiftly passing year,
  We'll see depart:

And, by distrust unvexed,
Look forward to the next
With tranquil heart.

And, as time sweeps along,
We'll raise the joyful song,
And bid him fly:
True heart and lofty soul
Own not his stern control;
His power defy.

Oct. 1845.

Discouragements and Incentives.

BY ALLEN C. SPOONER.

The outward evils of man's lot are but the exponents and visible manifestations of inward darkness or corruption. The unjust institutions, pernicious customs and violent deeds of mankind, are superficial merely, and of consequence chiefly as they indicate the interior state of men's hearts and thoughts. Men do not love evil and wrong for their own sakes, and never justify them as such. All the world admits, for example, that if slavery be an evil and a wrong, it is indefensible and ought to be abandoned. Its defence is grounded rather upon the position that it is in fact as near to right as the present condition of human nature will admit.

Nor is this position so entirely false or fallacious as it is frequently stated to be. On the contrary, in the present state of the slave-holder's heart, rëinforced as he is by the sympathy and self-interested opinion of others and sustained and justified by the clerical expounders of the will of God, is it not literally true that slavery *cannot* be abolished? But withdraw the rëinforcement of public opinion, silence the clerical defenders of wrong and purge the mind of the slave-holder from error and selfishness, and slavery becomes impossible.

We are apt to grow impatient and despairing at the persistency of mankind in what we think demonstrated to be wrong. Thoroughly persuaded in his own mind, the reformer looks to see the considerations which influence and decide him, fall with corresponding force and effect upon the minds of others. But it is not to be disguised that hitherto only a very

small portion of mankind have so far attained their full stature as to form their opinions, still less regulate their conduct, with simple reference to right and wrong. It is not wonderful, nor any ground for despair, when so few in all the ages have reached this point, if great masses of men should fail to reach it at a bound.

It is to be considered also, that the prevailing law of human action, hitherto, has been self-interest; a low form of expediency. However true it may be that, in a large view, rectitude and true self-interest concur, it is manifest that a view so large (not to say deep) as to perceive this identity, is to be expected of but very few. Meanwhile, the law of expediency, as practically understood and applied, means what is expedient for *me*, what will conduce to *my* advantage, and not what is expedient on the whole and will conduce to the joint advantage of myself and

the world. An appeal to this law, implying as it cannot but do, the low and degraded condition of mankind, is now and ever has been the readiest method of influencing masses of men. It is the perpetual postulate of the politician and too often of the priest. In dealing with an "institution" so inwrought into the whole fabric of society and character as slavery, it is no easy task to satisfy even candid minds of the wisdom of its abolition, as a mere point of self-interest or expediency. Still more difficult is it to bring masses of men to throw aside all considerations of interest, and sternly look at slavery as a naked question of right and wrong.

Furthermore, it is every day's experience of human nature, that men will and do persist in practices long after they are convinced that they are hurtful and even sinful. It is only by sudden lightning-flashes of energy, or by continual droppings as of the rain, that the

iron chain of habit can be rent or worn asunder. We may then fairly expect that sound opinion will precede, by a long interval, right action. And through what wildernesses of error and prejudice have even the free citizens of New England to struggle before they will arrive at even a sound opinion on the subject of slavery! The quickened conscience and resolved will must follow after; —and may they follow soon!

The very religion of mankind has hitherto been a mixture of blind superstition, ridiculous mummery and base hypocrisy, far enough from practical righteousness and nearly as far from common sense. The application of rigorous morals to the personal, social and political business and relations of men has but just begun. And even now, out of the limits of a very narrow circle, it is considered preposterous to subject practical affairs to the test of moral principles. A member of Congress

would be laughed at who should oppose war with Mexico on the ground simply that all war is wrong. A merchant would be considered unfit for business who should decline to avail himself of his neighbor's ignorance of a rise in the price of flour, to buy his whole stock below the market price. The preacher will extol the majesty of the moral law in sounding phrase, on Sundays. It is a familiar trick with the orator to sound a period or complete a climax with the august name of God. It is deemed becoming in women to be pious and punctual at prayers and preachings. But far enough from business men, who live out of doors and in the light, and carry on the actual work of the world, has hitherto been the needless punctilio and unmanly weakness of bowing obediently to the stern law of right.

It is the glory of this age that it is beginning to import truth and justice and benevolence out of the realms of theory and fancy into

actual life and bring them to bear upon actual persons, institutions, relations, usages and opinions. Properly speaking, this is the only fit business of mankind; or rather it is these principles which ought to regulate all activity. Institutions for the blind, the insane, the orphan, the destitute, temperance societies, anti-slavery societies, are only so many forms of the application of religion to life. All of them are partial, most of them are tainted with somewhat of selfish ambition for office, distinction or applause, in their principal promoters; but they are the best things men have yet attained to socially — they show how high the tide has yet risen.

Looking at the world from day to day, it is hard to tell whether this tide is coming in, or going out; and perhaps it is actually rising here while it is refluent yonder. Yet taking into view a period of a century, we see that there is a steady progress onwards. In New

England we can note in the last ten years a very marked advance in the general mind towards truth and justice. In the metropolis, the State House and Faneuil Hall are conceded, without objection, even to the Abolitionists. The newspapers, reflecting popular sentiments with tolerable accuracy, are not half as bitter as they were ten years since against fanatics and disorganizers. Public men too, are growing quite shy of defending Southern prejudices and institutions, and are beginning to trim their sails to the new blasts of freedom. Even the churches are not now exclusively devoted to doctrinal theology and town-meetings, but to a considerable extent are open for purposes of general philanthropy and humanity. This is something. Still, it is undeniable that the mass of New England people are very little disturbed by all the atrocities attending the annexation of Texas. They do not understand the principles of

liberty with sufficient clearness, or they do not attach to them sufficient importance, to be impelled to any vigorous opposition. The most earnest and assiduous efforts of the friends of freedom have been able to bring out but a feeble numerical manifestation, and there can be no doubt that the general feeling is one of almost total indifference. This shows how much more remains to be done even here than has been already accomplished.

"From within, out of the heart of man," have proceeded all the giant wrongs which obstruct the pathway of humanity. The remedial energy must be awakened and evoked from the same human heart. Slow as the work is, every blow tells. Late though the harvest be, every wayside seed shall germinate.

The need of the philanthropist is unwavering faith and untiring patience. Faith — that no wrong can so entrench itself in God's world

as to escape the dissolution to which it is doomed, and no truth be so beleaguered that it shall not finally prevail. Patience — to work on uncheered by the vision of speedy results, and to maintain a serene peace, which neither disappointment nor delay can ruffle. The noble words of the ancient astronomer are full of the true inspiration: "If God has waited six thousand years for a man to discover his plan, I can well wait for posterity to appreciate my labors."

Boston, U. S.

Stanzas

ON READING J. H. WIFFEN'S TRANSLATION OF TASSO.

BY GEORGIANA FANNY ROSS.

THREE hundred years had passed above him—
The Bard, who Salem's conquest sung;
But none, alas, had learned to love him,
Save those who spoke his mother-tongue.
We breathed his glorious name in sadness,
With labor made some gems our own;
Far better by his wrongs and madness,
Than triumphs of his genius known.

If some, with daring hand, endeavored
To clothe his rhymes in English dress,
The spirit from the form they severed;
We closed the book in weariness.

Forever, through their own unmeetness,
They made his glowing numbers tire:
We only heard their native sweetness,
In some stray note from Spenser's lyre —

Till thou, sublimely thus transfusing
The essence of the Poet's thought,
No word or spell of beauty losing,
At last the noble work hast wrought.
From thee, to him, delighted turning,
As fireside songs his lays we boast;
For pride and pleasure scarce discerning
Which charms the raptured spirit most.

In thee no beam of genius dwindles
To cold reflected light away;
In passing, each its fire rekindles,
O, Poet, at thy soul's warm ray.
No empty shades, no phantoms meagre,
Vex those who hold thy model dear;
We read with eyes and pulses eager,
As if th' original were here.

Yes, themes to whose harmonious measure
Venetian waters wept of yore,
Have now become our England's treasure. —
An added wealth of household lore.
Strains of the spheres, sublime and lonely.
A foreign lay the *mind* may move,
But in our native accents, only,
Becomes the song of home and love.

O, honor to each hand, that twining
In every soil the fairest flowers,
A glorious coronal combining,
Has made some rare exotic ours!
And if, perchance, in gathering, shaken,
Some dew be from its blossom gone,
What though the freshness thence is taken,
Is not the fragrant flower our own?

London, Sept. 25th, 1845.

A Vision of the Fathers.

BY JOHN W. BROWNE.

I DREAMED a dream. Time had withdrawn into himself the last fifty-seven years of our history, and they were as though they had not been. I stood in the Convention of Massachusetts, met at Boston, in 1788, to consider of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, just then proposed to the States of the Confederation — the time of stillness and expectation — before the nation was born. John Hancock was in the chair. His compeers, to the number of more than three hundred, were seated before him; graver and more manly persons than I meet as I walk these streets now. The clause, in the new Constitution, concerning the representation of three-fifths of the slaves, and that of the continuation of the

slave-trade till the year 1808, were under debate. A member rose, and said—

"Mr. President: *I consider myself not as an inhabitant of Massachusetts, but as a citizen of the United States. My ideas and views are commensurate with the Continent;* THEY EXTEND, IN LENGTH, FROM THE ST. CROIX TO THE ST. MARY'S; AND IN BREADTH, FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE LAKE OF THE WOODS; *for over all this great territory is the Federal Government to be extended.* No gentleman within these walls detests every idea of slavery more than I do; it is generally detested by the people of this Commonwealth; and I ardently hope the time will come when our brethren, in the Southern States, will view it as we do, and put a stop to it. The Federal Convention went as far as it could in regard to the slave-trade. The migration or importation, which is not to be prohibited till the year 1808, is confined to the States *now existing, only;*

new States cannot claim it. CONGRESS, BY THEIR ORDINANCE OF 1787, FOR ERECTING NEW STATES, DECLARED THAT THE NEW STATES SHALL BE REPUBLICAN, AND THAT THERE SHALL BE NO SLAVERY IN THEM."

He took his seat, and another member rose and said — "Sir, I have been sorry to hear so many objections raised against the paragraphs under consideration. I think them wholly unfounded. I think that gentlemen will do well to connect the clause concerning the representation of three-fifths of the slaves with the other Article, which permits Congress, in the year 1808, wholly to prohibit the importation of slaves, and in the meantime to impose a duty of ten dollars a head on such blacks as should be imported before that period. Besides, by the new Constitution, each State is left, at its own option, totally to prohibit the introduction of slaves into its territories. What could the Convention do more? It

would not do to abolish slavery by an act of Congress, in a moment, and so destroy what our Southern brethren consider as property. But we may say, *that though slavery is not smitten with an apoplexy (yet by the clause permitting the prohibition of the slave-trade) it has received a mortal wound, and will die of a consumption.*"*

As he was finishing, there came upon the wall, above the head of the President and over against all the members, drawing all eyes to itself, a map of the United States, as at the treaty of 1783, with outlines of fire — the St. Croix, the St. Mary's, and the Lake of the Woods conspicuously marked. Soon the fiery outline expanded, and took in, first, Louisiana, and then Florida, and then Texas. The free

* It was the current belief of the time that slavery was nourished by the slave-trade, and that if the trade should be suppressed slavery would die out. That day did not dream of slave-breeding.

States, to the number of thirteen, remained all in light; and the slave States, to the number of fourteen, were all in shadow; their names in solemn black, ending to the South with Florida, to the South-west with Texas. And Oregon, embraced within the fiery outline which had gradually spread itself to the West, was covered with the living figures of two adverse armies, rushing to battle. In the midst of the shadow appeared the veiled genius of Liberty, her drooping forehead resting upon her hand, her eyes sadly closed, while at her feet crouched a slave. Beneath the whole, in letters of fire, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN 1845—SLAVE POPULATION THREE MILLIONS.

While all eyes were fixed upon this it began to pass away; and in its place came out, on the wall, the figure of a man, with his right hand extended, branded S S, on the palm. He walked from the wall down in front of the President's chair, and seating himself by the

side of Solomon Freeman, of Harwich,* one of the delegates, he seemed earnestly to speak with him.

As he passed from the wall, there took his place upon it the image of a prison, with its rows of cells. Over the door of one of them was inscribed, as on a grave-stone, CHARLES TURNER TORREY, of Massachusetts — for five years from April, 1845, for aiding the escape of slaves. The door slowly opened, and there came from it the figure of a young man, pale and emaciated, who went directly to the seat of Charles Turner, one of the delegates from Scituate, and bowed his head upon his knees and embraced them, while the hand of the old man laid itself in benediction upon his head, and he bent down toward him as one listening. All saw how the face of the old man and the young man answered in likeness to each other, as it might even be father and son.

* Jonathan Walker's home.

All this passed in a preternatural silence, no man looking at his neighbor, but all at the scene before them. At length Charles Turner rose to his feet, and said — "My brethren, our hopes are delusive. The prophecies of good which we have just heard here shall never be realized. Coming events have cast their shadows before, and we have seen them even now. Behold God has pictured to us what lies in the possibility of the future—in embryo, in the womb of time, waiting for one act to be born into visible existence. By no act of ours shall this possibility be made fact. The curse of slavery shall live and not die, if by our act this Constitution is adopted. The suppression of the foreign slave-trade, after the year 1808, shall only give place to a domestic slave-trade, which shall make a coast of Guinea on this side the Atlantic. Proud Virginia, the land of Washington and Jefferson, exhausted in her soil by slavery, shall be abased into the slave-

breeder for this proposed union. We all see the revelation — it is clear to us as the voice of God. The curse of slavery shall not only live at the South, if this Constitution be adopted, but shall come home to our doors. My brother from Harwich shall declare what this revelation has specially opened to him, as I will now declare what it shall bring to the public weal, and what it has brought home to my house and heart."

He proceeded to state, as prophecies, all the history of slavery under this government, as we to-day know it; the purchase of Louisiana and Florida; the Missouri compromise; the Texas revolution and annexation; the rewards offered in the Southern States for the persons of citizens of Massachusetts; the rule for laying petitions, touching slavery, upon the table in Congress; the resolutions to censure, the threats to expel from the House of Representatives, and murder, John Q. Adams, for his

advocacy of the right of petition; the whipping of Amos Dresser at Nashville; the rifling of the Post Office and the burning of its contents in the square at Charleston, South Carolina; the shooting of Lovejoy at Alton, in Illinois; the mob, in Washington street, in Boston, haltering, and ready to murder, him who shall be, in all time hereafter, the most renowned son of Massachusetts; the burning of Pennsylvania Hall; the imprisonment of the colored citizens of the free States, in the Slave states, and their sale into slavery, to pay their jail fees; the demand of the Secretary of State of the United States, in 1840, of England, to pay for American slaves cast upon her islands, as they were being carried to New Orleans, and liberated by her laws; the hopeless desecration of the honor of Massachusetts, in the ignominious expulsion of Mr. Hoar from Charleston and Mr. Hubbard from N. Orleans; the meeting of organized rebels, pillaging the office of

Cassius M. Clay, in Kentucky — to silence the only voice that had ever dared, in the slave States, to lift itself up for freedom to the slave; the branding of the hand of Jonathan Walker, in Florida; the imprisonment of Webster, and Paine, and Fairbank, and Work, and, finally, of his own grandson, the son of his daughter, Charles Turner Torrey, in the jail at Baltimore, for aiding slaves to obtain their freedom, in Maryland, in 1844.

He sat down. A long period of silence followed; all sitting motionless in their seats, in the act of thought. Then they spoke to each other in consultation, and the vote was taken upon the adoption of the Constitution. It was rejected unanimously. All the New England and Middle States followed the example of Massachusetts; and, in the history of the Republic, the shameful events which slavery has written, stood unrecorded; the loom of time stopped; and from the web of

our country's fate, as it was weaving there, the black, *black* threads were cut, and again it went on weaving.

Boston, Massachusetts, U. S.

A Remonstrance.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Oh! say not thou art all alone
  Upon this wide cold-hearted earth;
Sigh not o'er joys forever flown —
  The vacant chair, the silent hearth;
  Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
  To scare those shapes of heavenly birth
That people oft thy solitude?

Though many a fervent hope of youth
  Hath passed, and scarcely left a trace;
Though earth-born love, its tears and truth,
  No longer in thy heart have place;
  Nor time, nor grief, can e'er efface
The brighter hopes that now are thine;
  The fadeless love, all-pitying grace,
That makes thy darkest hours divine!

Not all alone; for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage,
And gather gems, of price untold,
From many a consecrated page;
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's lore, are still thine own;
Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh! how canst thou be all alone!

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above — below — on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings,
The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee;
All earth — that lyre of myriad strings —
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone; the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,

Have each peculiar harmonies
  To soothe, subdue, and sanctify;
  The low sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
  To lift thy grateful thoughts on high—
To say—thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful eye
  That notes the wandering sparrow's fall,
A saving hand is ever nigh,
  A gracious Power attends thy call.
  When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
Oft is His tenderest mercy shown;
  Seek then the balm vouchsafed for all,
And thou canst never be alone!

London, Eng.

The Dream within a Dream.

ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL F. RICHTER.

BY E. LEE.

High above the earth hung the serene sky. A rainbow, like the ring of eternity, encircled the horizon, and broken thunder-clouds, that still murmured with the retreating thunder, lay near the eastern gate of Eden. The evening sun looked behind tears in its setting, and shone on the thunder-clouds, and touched with glory the triumphal arches of nature.

The spectacle made me happy, and I closed my over-full eyes. As the last rays of the sun penetrated my closed eyelids, I heard no sound but the low whisperings of nature. Then fell the dew of sleep upon my soul, and the spring around was shrouded with a soft

gray cloud; but soon beams of light, in variegated lines of beauty, began to play upon the cloud, and in my sleep the cloud was painted over with the bright pictures of dreams.

I dreamed I stood upon the SECOND WORLD. Around me were deep green fields, that in the distance seemed covered with flowers and variegated with broken woods, through which mountains, streaked with golden light, appeared. Meanwhile the meadows wavered, but not as if touched by zephyrs, but by the invisible wings of souls that hovered over them. These souls of the second world were to *me* invisible, for the body is there a transparent veil.

On the shore of this second world stood the Virgin Mary, near her son, and looked down into our earth, with its pale and transient spring, that swam beneath them, as upon a sea of ether, and appeared only as a reflection of the sun upon its dark and troubled waves.

Mary looked tenderly upon her old beloved earth, and said to Jesus — "Ah, my son, my heart languishes to know something of my brethren upon the earth! Draw the earth towards us, that I may look into their eyes. Let me look into the hearts also of living men, and behold again their joys and their sorrows."

Christ replied, "The earth is full of dreams; thou must sleep, that they may appear to thee."

Mary answered, "I will gladly sleep, that I may dream of men."

But, said Christ, "What shall the dream reveal?"

"Oh," said Mary, "show me human love! Show me human justice! Show me the beloved, meeting again after a long separation; and the suffering, made happy by human mercy."

While she spake, the angel of sleep stood behind her; and Mary sank back, with closed eyes, upon his breast.

The earth arose, but as it drew near, it appeared smaller and paler than before. The clouds parted, and the fog rolled away, and laid open the night upon the earth, wherein its own stars were visible. The children of of the earth slept peacefully, and smiled when Mary appeared to them in their dreams. But in this night there was *one* unhappy; *one* that no dream could soothe; only her complaints were now silent, her sighs were exhausted, and her eye had lost all, even its tears! An echo from the Gods-acre* repeated the sighs and the whispers from the house of mourning. The heart of the bereaved one melted within her, and the tears gushed anew from her wounded eyes, and she cried, beside herself with grief, "Didst thou call me, O! beloved, with thy cold lips? Didst thou speak to thy bereaved one? Oh, speak once again; only once again!—No! all is silent; there is no

* Graveyard.

voice from the grave! The buried lies dumb there, and his broken heart emits no sound!"

But Mary heard a voice that called from the second life—"Wherefore weepest thou, beloved? Where have we been so long? We *dreamed* that we had lost each other!"

They had not lost each other; they had met again! From Mary's closed eyes gushed tears of joy; and before she could wipe them away the earth had again sank down.

Now there arose a meteor from the earth, and a fleeting soul trembled at the gate of the second world, as though it had left the earth unwillingly. The body from which this soul had departed lay now in peace, although with all the deep-worn scars of a long life upon it. Near the fallen tabernacle of the spirit stood an old man, who thus addressed it: "I am as aged as thou! Why then true, faithful wife, didst thou leave me alone? Every morning, every evening, I think how low thou

wilt sink in the earth ere I also shall sink beside thee! Oh why am I alone? No one listens to the old man now! Every morning I long for thy true hand, and thy gray hair; and that my feeble life may close with sorrow! Ah! then, All-Good! close it to-day, without pain!"

But Christ sent not the death-angel with his cold hand. He looked himself upon the deserted old man with such a sun-warmth in his heart that the ripe fruit loosened of itself; and like a clear flame his spirit broke from his breast, and met, at the threshold of the SECOND WORLD, the beloved partner of his life; and gently, together, they entered Paradise.

Mary reached both hands lovingly to them, and said, in her dream, "Blessed! remain forever united!"

But wherefore is thy face so radiant, Mary, like that of a happy mother? Is it because thy earth becomes more radiant with its spring

flowers, and rises more nearly to the second world? Thou smilest as happily as if thou saw a mother who had found her child.

"And is it not a mother," Mary answered, "who bends herself, and opens her arms, and cries, 'My child! come again to my heart?' Is it not her own child, that was so early parted from her, and now stands, innocent, near its guardian angel, so early made happy? The mother draws her again to her full heart, warm with a mother's love! 'Oh! look at me, thou dear one, and smile thus forever!'"

Mary said, turning to her son, "Ah! only a mother can love thus — *only* a mother; and *her* happiness is like that of the second world."

Now ascended from the earth a crimson pillar of vapor and smoke, and gathered itself together to conceal a battle-field. At length the smoke parted and revealed wounded men, that lay in each other's bleeding arms. Among them were lofty friends, who had sacrificed

each other, and their friendship, to their respective countries. "Rest thy wounded breast on mine, beloved friend! thou hast sacrificed me to thy country, and I, thee! Now we may again exchange our hearts before our life bleeds away! Ah, we can now only die with each other."

But death turned back, and the iceberg with which it crushes mortals, melted upon their warm hearts. They rose from the terrible battle-field men, to whom the earth could give nothing more. Mary looked significantly at her son; *he* only could comprehend, and console, and fill the hearts of such men.

But Mary turned away her eyes, and melancholy, even in her sleep, filled her heart; for the voice of crime, and the moan of sorrow were still heard in her beloved earth.

She slept again—and now the sounds of jubilee and joy broke upon her dreaming ear. They arose far above our little earth, and

reached the shores of the second world. Mary looked, and her face was radiant with a higher joy than had yet shone upon it. She saw that cruelty and oppression had ceased; the chains of the slave had fallen off! Millions of human hearts that were full of tenderness, and honor, and noble virtues, had become free! Families and friends were rushing together with cries of rapture! Children were pressed to the hearts of mothers, who had groaned and languished when they were torn away! Husbands and wives, separated and sold into distant slavery, were again united! The young maiden, brutally forced to serve a strange master, had found again her betrothed! Oh! what a soul-reviving sound of deep heart-felt joy, mingled with gratitude and reverence, went up from these millions of human hearts.

Mary looked at her son. A divine rapture irradiated her features. "Son," she said, "thy precepts are fulfilled upon the earth! Men

begin to love each other as brethren! The great plague-stain and shame-spot is washed from our earth! The fair portion, where a pestilential vapor had hidden the slough of crime and cruelty, infamy and despair, is changing into a blooming Paradise of faith and love, human virtue and celestial hopes!"

I awoke! My dream! Ah, was it a dream? Will it not be a reality?

Boston, Massachusetts, U. S.

Think of the Slave.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

Sons of the hills! who feel the fresh, free
breeze,
See the free birds among the waving trees,
Hear the glad sounds of heaven's free melo-
dies —
Think of the slave!

Sons of the vales! where flows the unfettered
rill,
Singing its inland song — rejoicing still —
Wandering or lingering at its own sweet will—
Think of the slave!

Sons of the ocean! when the raging sea
Dashes the rocks, — majestically free —
While the storm's thunders shout of liberty —
Think of the slave!

Sons of the desert! where the fierce simoom
Mantles with clouds the earth, — the sky with gloom,
But flees when gentler influences come —
Think of the slave!

Sons of the city! where the eternal tide
Of agitation rolls on every side,
Urging its restless surges far and wide —
Think of the slave!

Sons of the Deity! whose word hath said,
"I of one blood have all — *all* nations made,
I am their common Father and their head" —
Think of the slave!

London, Sept. 29, 1845.

Self-Denial.

BY WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

A GREAT crowd had gathered and were following Jesus of Nazareth, that strange young man, wrought up to the highest pitch of expectation by the astonishing things he was doing, and by the air of authority with which he bore himself. "This is the man," they began to say within themselves, "to lead us on to conquest, and realize the glorious predictions of our ancient prophets." Visions of greatness were beginning to flit before the excited imaginations of the Jewish multitude.

But in the midst of their glowing dreams, he, upon whom the public attention was so intensely fixed, and on whose steps this great crowd was pressing, turned, and said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after

me, cannot be my disciple." What a sensation must these words have produced! Methinks I see the people turning one to another with looks of astonishment and inquiry, wondering what was meant. "What is it that he says? No man can be a follower of his unless he take a cross, that horrible instrument of death, and follow this Jesus, bearing it on his shoulders, like a doomed person carrying the cross on which he is to suffer, to the place of execution!" What a revulsion must the language of Jesus have caused in the minds of the crowd! How deeply must they have been shocked!

And, judging as the world is accustomed to judge, now-a-days, we must say that his language was very indiscreet. The idea of the present day is, that if one seeks to reform his fellow-men, he must be very cautious in the language he uses. He must take good care how he breathes a word that shall offend those

whom he is trying to correct. He must be careful not to waken the evil passions which he strives to chain. He must contrive to lull men into a sort of mesmeric slumber, in which their darling prejudices and beloved sins may all be skilfully amputated, without their ever having the slightest suspicion of it. Would to God there were such a way of getting rid of the evil that is in us, of cutting out the diseased parts of our spiritual frame, without wounding any sensibilities! There are many wonderful discoveries in these days, but this would be the greatest discovery made yet. But there is no such way. Yet we would fain dream otherwise. And accordingly we must pronounce the language of Jesus very injudicious. There was he, trying to win people to listen to him; and yet on a public highway, in the presence of a promiscuous crowd, made up of wise and simple, friends and foes, he declared that to be a friend of his a man must hate father

and mother, and consider himself condemned to a most terrible death! What occasion did he give to the evil-disposed to misrepresent, and to the well-disposed to misunderstand him! "Why listen to him," might his enemies exclaim — "he would abrogate the sacred dictates of nature. He teaches people to hate father and mother. He flies in the face of the instinct of self-preservation, the first law of our being, telling men they must hate themselves! He is crazy, why hear ye him?" And his friends could only say: "He means well. It is a pity he talks thus, he only hurts his own cause."

But the words of Jesus, which to our ignorant way of thinking seem so unguarded, have proved to be words of consummate prudence, of the soundest judgment. What though they shocked all who heard them, although few or none caught so much as a shadow of their meaning; what though they were uttered, inci-

dentally, in an obscure corner of the earth, and no one stood by with pen in hand to write them down, and not an individual in all that crowd thought of committing them to memory; yet they fell like drops of flame, and burnt themselves into the mind of the world. They passed from the lips of Jesus into the common air; and now, for ages, they have floated like the air around the world, mingling with the elements which are the principles of all vitality. They could not but be remembered, and they will never be forgotten. They shall sound, as they have sounded, in the ears of centuries of men.

And it is because they are so strong, because they are weakened by no qualifying clauses, because they express a great truth greatly, with a force of expression corresponding in some degree to the importance of the thought expressed, for this reason they have been powerful enough to perpetuate them-

selves. Had Jesus spoken with caution, he would have spoken without force. If he had startled no prejudices, he would have made no impression. It was needful that the hearts of men should be stirred to their inmost depths, that the truth might penetrate to their hidden springs.

Besides, Jesus could not have spoken otherwise. He knew that what he had to say was true, and that being true, it was invested with the qualities of omnipotence and eternity, and had all the forces of nature, animate and inanimate, visible and invisible to protect and aid it. While, therefore, he never needlessly shocked human hearts, yet when occasion came for the truth to be spoken, he spoke it with a commanding authority, without qualification and without fear. Had he studied the caprices of men, had he timidly sought to avoid misapprehension, it would have implied a respect for the ignorance and willfulness of

men, which they do not merit, (for what are these against the truth of God?) and a distrust of the supremacy of truth, which would have ill become one who knew that he was representing the majesty of the Almighty, and who had been foretold as one whose coming should be as with wind and fire from Heaven.

The occasion demanded strong language. Those multitudes were following Jesus with hearts throbbing with hopes of vengeance and national renown. Had he shown the slightest disposition to avail himself of the interest he had awakened, they would have rushed to arms at his word. On other occasions he was forced to hide himself, so bent were the people upon making him their leader. On the present occasion, he was resolved, as it seems, to cut up their false expectations by the roots. They were hoping he would lead them to a throne. He saw before him the grim figure of the cross. He was declaring truths against

which an unprincipled hierachy were leagued. He saw how the things he said were at war with the established customs and institutions of the world around him, how men would be enraged at him, how necessary it was that he should seal his testimony to truth with his blood. A like fate, he knew, awaited every one who joined him. It was inevitable. The friend of truth must suffer, and must make up his mind to it once for all. Whoever intended to be a follower of Christ must steel his heart against all the importunities of affection and self-love. He must be as insensible to the strongest domestic ties as if no such ties bound him; as indifferent to his nearest kindred and to his own life, as if he loathed them; as fully prepared to be crucified as if he were bending under the weight of the cross and were on his way to execution. Shocking as this state of the case was, still it was the truth; and it was necessary that the people should know it

Jesus wished them to count the cost of discipleship; to follow him, not blindly, but with their eyes open, as he himself says in this same connexion. "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it; lest haply after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, this man began to build and was not able to finish."

Such is the Christian doctrine of self-denial. Whosoever would be a friend of Jesus, must carry his cross and follow him. This was the indispensable condition. In no other way could one be a Christian. Is it so still? Or is it not so? That the words of Christ had an application at the time they were uttered, which they have not now, I will not deny. But some seem to think that their pertinency is now wholly done away, that the day of persecution is past. But who says that? It

is true, fidelity to truth does not expose one to the tortures of crucifixion. Still let any one endeavor to live by the plainest precept of Christ — that reiterated commandment of his, for instance, which bids us love our neighbor as ourself, and acknowledge the lowest of men as a brother of Jesus, nay, as Jesus himself, and he must be prepared to see friends grow cold, and hearts alienated, in whose good-will he rejoices. He must endure the reproach of an unwise zeal, and be content, if others in their charity only pronounce him insane. In this proud day of Freedom and Christianity, it is not safe to plead the simple cause of Christian love, of human mercy. It endangers our comforts. It exposes us to cold looks and hard words, and fills our path with sharp and painful annoyances. These things are not to be named with the tortures to which the first friends of Jesus were subjected. Still such things are, and it requires the self-

renouncing spirit of Christianity to bear them; and they show that self-denial is as necessary as ever. It is impossible to be a Christian without it. All claims to the Christian name, no matter how fully they may be conceded by men, are worthless without the spirit of self-sacrifice. Without that, no matter what else we have, we are strangers to Jesus — no friends of his.

And it is wise to consider to what such a condition of estrangement from him amounts. If we have no spiritual relation to him, if we lack the mind that was in him, we lack the spirit of true men. Alienated from him, from his truth and love, we are alienated from all good, all peace, all hope, all life. And the question whether we will adopt Christian truth and live by it, is a question of life and death with us, in the deepest meaning of the words. Shall our existence be a miserable defeat, or a glorious victory — our joy or our

shame — our heaven or our hell? Shall we join the immortal communion of the just, and rejoice in the ministry of all good angels? Or shall we give ourselves up to be enslaved and tormented by the powers of evil and darkness? This is the question, and nothing less than this; and to one or the other alternative we must make up our mind.

But how can we obtain this essential virtue of self-denial? How get courage to encounter the deprivation of things which we fondly love? How make up our minds to enter upon a path, of the difficulties of which we can see no end, no diminution but in the grave? Jesus and his friends relinquished every pleasant prospect in life. Danger and death stood always before them. How can we ever find it in our hearts to follow them? It is hard to bear the alienation of those we love, to exchange their confidence for their indifference if not their ill will, to part forever with all the

delicious flatteries of friendship, and all the satisfactions of popularity. Where shall we get the strength that is needed?

If we rightly estimate the importance of being friends with Jesus, if we have a just sense of the worth of the things for which all these sacrifices are to be made, we shall find nothing in the world so easy as to do and endure to the uttermost for truth's sake. We shall rejoice to suffer for it. This is the way to destroy the difficulty of self-denial and give to its bitterness the sweetness of heaven — by an entire devotion to right. When the heart is once possessed with this devoted love, there is no longer any such thing as self-sacrifice. Then we live. And life, by whatsoever burthens crushed, even under the terrible weight of the cross, becomes a luxury, and it is blessedness to live even amidst tears and blood.

This truth is illustrated in far inferior matters. Let a man be inspired with an ardent

love of knowledge, and when he is once an enthusiast in any department of science, there is no privation, no suffering that he will not endure, and cheerfully, for the sake of his favorite pursuit. Fatigue, hunger, thirst, separation from friends and from all human society, the dangers of unexplored wildernesses, wild beasts and savages, all these things he accounts as nothing, if he is adding to the stores of his beloved science. You have heard of the surgeon who, after performing a painful operation, began to praise the fortitude of the patient, and was told that the patient had been screaming at the top of his voice all the while. But the surgeon had not heard him. Thus the action of the bodily senses even may be suspended, when any object has taken possession of the heart. The lover of gain — to what sacrifices does he submit, of which he is wholly unconscious! He cares neither for sleep nor food. All the enjoyments

of company, all the delights of the country he surrenders for the sake of his dim and dusty counting-room. He gives up all the pleasures of spending money, for the sole satisfaction of making it. No religious devotee ever submitted to greater self-sacrifices. But in fact he does not know what you mean, when you speak of his self-denials. He is happy in his bargains and his profits, and has meat to eat that you know not of. Would he speak his honest mind, he would pronounce literature, poetry, art, freedom, and truth, all the most arrant humbugs.

In like manner the friend of Jesus and servant of Truth must be so occupied with his service — it must be such a passion with him that he does not know annoyance. We read of martyrs — feeble women, who have endured the acutest tortures without a groan — with songs of triumph. The fact is they were so elevated by the consciousness of serving

the truth, that their physical sensibilities were deadened. Thus was it with the personal friends of Jesus — very humble men, poor fishermen, whose aims never extended beyond the sea of Galilee and the simple occupations of their craft, their boats, and their nets. But Jesus came and filled their minds with a great idea, and instantly they are emboldened to confront magistrates and mobs, and endure dungeons and death.

Thus must all men, in all times, find strength to bear their burthens, to become men in great thoughts, in right principles — sacred truths living in the heart, and opening its inexhaustible fountains of power. Thus alone can we do our duty in our social relations. We need the inspiration of truth, and the love of truth. This is the grace of God, this the power of the Holy Ghost, necessary to the growth of those private affections that gather round the domestic altar, and to the life of every great

public cause, the establishment of a religion, the revolution of a nation, the vindication of great natural rights. We must have faith in principles — Truth, Justice, Mercy, the foundations on which the world rests, the pillars of the everlasting throne, the attributes of the Omnipotent, and then alone shall we have power.

And although it may seem hard to become interested in these things invisible and eternal, as we must be interested; although they now appear to most visionary, mere abstractions and not principles more solid than the rocks and mountains, yet God has made us to be interested in nothing so deeply. And there is nothing the worth of which is in so many ways made manifest. The whole universe is the gospel of their kingdom, and poets, patriots, apostles and martyrs, all join in hymning their majesty. By the illustrations of their value which every page of man's history pre-

sents, by every violation of them that we witness, how solemnly is their sovereign dignity asserted! The wrongs of that great multitude upon our soil, who lie under the mountain-weight of merciless prejudice and trampled under the feet of unjust power, how do they appeal, trumpet-tongued, in behalf of Justice and Mercy! The highest in nature is pleading thus with the highest and deepest in man; and although individual voices may be silenced, this voice of God will keep sounding on, till all hearts quake at the thunders of its remonstrance. We may for a while persist in being interested in other things, in the vanishing shadows and corruptible gew-gaws of the senses. Still nothing can so take hold of the inmost heart of man, nothing so kindle it into a glow, as the sense of the right and the true. And the coolest, most self-interested and most calculating man on earth shall throw his money-bags into the sea, if need be, and set fire to

his houses, with his own hand, when once his heart is touched with the divine love of Freedom, Justice, and Mercy. It is the love of all goodness, the love of God, the soul of all religion, the fountain of all life, the gate of Heaven. May God's grace descend upon us and breathe into us a boundless love of what is just and humane, and so give us to be partakers of the Divine nature and power. May humanity be the all-commanding interest with us; for what does the Lord our God require of us but that we do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with our God. Mark the phrase, *love* mercy. Love is active, irrepressible. It does not fold its arms, but runs on the wings of the wind to defend the weak against the mighty, and to search out the cause of the friendless and the oppressed.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S.

Fight On!

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

In retrospection, champions of th' enslaved,
Great triumphs have been won, as ye behold;
The foe grows weak as ye in hope wax bold,
And greatly fears what once he madly braved.
Yet, though your pathway be with glories paved,
And fresh recruits are constantly enrolled,
How much remains, ye need not now be told,
For you to vanquish, ere the land be saved.
Still groan the suffering millions in their chains,
Still is the arm of the oppressor strong,
Still Liberty doth bleed at all her veins,
And few are they who side not with the wrong:
Consider then your work as just begun,
Until the last decisive act be done.

Boston, November, 1845.

Some Passages from the Poetry of Life.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Human life is full of poetry. From the cradle to the grave the life of every man and woman is an epic poem. Look only at that little child, brim full of life and love and laughter, with his round plump limbs, his rosy cheeks, his merry eyes sparkling with arch meaning, and his curling golden locks; he is the very personification of every object and idea of happiness. He might fitly represent spring, or joy, or love; for what does he know of faded or fading leaves and flowers, of hearts broken or of disappointed hopes? Such a one as he might the second-born of Eve have been, ere he learned to tremble before the anger of his elder brother. Such a one might have been young John, girt about with his

garment of camel's hair, playing alone in the wilderness. Such might have been the very Saviour himself, seated on his mother's knee, and looking into her face with those eyes of intensest love, or playing, like a descended angel, beside the work-bench of the carpenter Joseph.

Yes, indeed, a little child, whether prince or peasant, is beautiful in its young joyous humanity! It is the opening page of life's epic, and it begins, like a spring morning, all songs and sunshine, and when every drop of dew is a lesser rainbow.

Turn now to the closing page — or rather look upon that old man. His frame is bent, his limbs are slow and heavy, his hair is thin and frosted and white as snow; his eyes are sunken and dull, and he takes but a cool interest in whatever passes before him. Day after day, winter and summer, the whole year through, may he be seen breaking stones to

mend the highway. God help him! It is a joyless and monotonous occupation; yet that is a fair sample of old age, for the man is neither crippled by accident nor disfigured by disease. He will even laugh at some quiet jokes, or make merry over many a story of his younger days. He will tell you moreover that he has nothing to complain of; "he can earn his shilling a day; and, bless the Lord! the parish is willing to pay his rent."

Between the first and the last page what a long and varied and strange history, — yet all is poetry! Not written out in measured lines to fall upon the ear with a sweet cadence, but to startle the heart with its vitality, to come home to our own bosoms with all the force of experience, and to infuse into our spirits a holy, yet sad sympathy, and a kindly Christian love! Oh if we would but regard our human kindred in this broad spirit of philanthropy, how different would its lot soon become. For

this spirit is Christianity, which is poetry in its most elevated form, and in this spirit all men are brothers! Then should we see many a sinner, not with the eyes of human judgment, but as the Saviour himself saw them. Unhappy women, walking the streets at nightfall, who, having taken one downward step, can never return, though weeping tears of blood—sinking into irretrievable ruin, because they know that with their fellow-beings there is neither pity nor pardon—even such should we often see more sinned against than sinning; for the spirit of Christianity is emphatically that of mercy and forgiveness.

But now let us return, and between the first few pages, which we hastily scanned, and the last, let us open at random anywhere, and what shall we find?

There is the child at school, suddenly removed from all the domestic charities to a little world of strangers, and often, more 's the

pity, very hard-hearted towards the new-comer. He wears, poor little soul, a brave face all the day, because he has been told that it is unmanly to cry; — but as evening creeps on, sad home-thoughts nestle about his heart, and come crowding into his brain, and, do what he will, he can resist no longer. And thus he gets his first bitter experience of an aching heart.

Again, there is a group of poor children. It is an evening in May, and they are all busied over a little dreary triangle of mould in a dingy corner of a dingy city-court. They are meanly clad, thin and squalid, and ill-grown, and one or two of them are crippled — yet they seem happy at that moment. It is not seeming, it is reality, for they have this day a holiday. They are otherwise the born thralls of Mammon, of the system which requires the daily labors of the poor man's youngest born to eke out the miserable daily pittance. Poor little wretches! And yet for the present they

are happy. The day's work is for once remitted, and here in this dismal nook of the thickly peopled city, has the influence of Spring penetrated, and they are making a garden! What a melancholy attempt to create something pleasant to look upon. The meanest of us has an inborn craving after the beautiful. Thus is it therefore that the withered remains of the nosegay, brought by one of their fathers about a week ago out of the real country, are stuck about, looking to their imagination as natural as life. Yes, and there is the geranium too, which grows in a broken teapot, and has been borrowed for the occasion, from the good-natured widow in the corner; and somebody else has contributed a sickly wall-flower which has languished, not lived, through the winter, in an old blacking-bottle! This forlorn attempt at a garden is really a very affecting thing to any heart that has an atom of sympathy, and we should eschew the man who

would scoff at it. For ourselves, we could shed tears over it, for it tells of strong but ineffectual yearnings, and of small experience, picking up two or three miserable grains of happiness, and contriving to make them yield marvellous contentment.

But sadder by far than the squalid city children, playing at a sham garden, is it to see them the melancholy victims of hereditary disease, lying on hospital beds — we have seen them — and who that has gone the round of a hospital has not? — nor shall we soon forget them.

In the midst of a room full of suffering wretches, lay one on its little bed, pale and patient, dying by a doleful disease, yet withal wonderfully beautiful. At that moment it was asleep, with flushed cheek, and abundant soft brown hair parted from its white forehead, and its thin pale hand, holding with a relaxed grasp a gaily painted, and somewhat

expensive toy, which some visitor, touched with pity, like ourselves, had sent. We remarked upon the beauty of the child.

"Poor thing!" said the kindly physician who was with us, "she has been with us two months, but she will not be here much longer."

"Indeed!" we replied with pleasure, "then she is much better."

"She is incurable!" replied he, "she must either die shortly, or live a loathsome spectacle of disease."

"Ay, poor dear," remarked the matron who was standing by, "it is a thousand pities, for she's as gentle as a lamb. But, bless you, we've only too many such!"

So it was! And as we left the walls of the hospital, we felt that twenty homilies could not have spoken half so forcibly in favor of virtue, as did the wretched, suffering forms of those guiltless victims of shame and sorrow!

But there are bright as well as dark pas-

sages in this epic of ours. There is the band of rosy village children setting forth, warmly cloaked, this Christmas Eve, to sing in their sweet young voices some old carol which tells quaintly the glad event that happened in Galilee when the shepherds and the wise men also, went up, guided by the wonderful star, to worship and to rejoice over the new-born Saviour. Then there is the sudden striking up of sweet music at midnight,—whether it be of heaven or of earth, we cannot at the moment tell—horns and drums, and shrill fifes, and deep-toned instruments, to celebrate the same advent. And there is the ringing of bells on a bright calm Sabbath morning, filling the universal air with a floating murmur of sweet sound, for it is the Sabbath through the whole length and breadth of Christendom. In ancient famous cities peal out the cathedral bells; and down in sequestered vallies among the pastoral hills, and from the rocky glens of

the mountains, wherever there is a village church, rises the glad sound also. We wonder no longer that honest John Bunyan tells us that "all the bells of the heavenly city rang again for joy as Christian and his companion entered at the Celestial Gate!" — for there is no sound more joyful and heavenly than the ringing of church bells on a bright Sabbath morning. It is full of poetry!

And is there not poetry also in the throngs that pass onward on the Sabbath morning through the streets of cities, to their several places of worship? Family after family are there; — the aged man and the infant, fathers, mothers and little children, rich and poor, all attired in their best, bound on the holy errand of worshipping the Universal Father. Yes, there is poetry in it! So is there also — and deep soul-stirring poetry too — in the Catholic woman who has been forth on some little errand of household duty perhaps, and who

places her basket beside her and kneels down a solitary worshipper in some ever-open cathedral. So also, when at the hour of vespers the toiling fishermen leave dragging their nets, and, taking off their caps and folding their hands upon their breast, sing the hymn to the Virgin. Or, when the little child, going or coming from school, kneels bareheaded at the wayside cross, repeats its simple prayer, and then runs homeward. Religion is poetry in its sublimest form!

Birth and death are the beginning and the ending of our epic, and christenings, marriages and funerals are consequently among its conspicuous events. Hark! now, how the bells ring again, — the merry bells of one village — see too, how the whole village is alive! Old and young are looking out from door and window, for the squire's daughter is this day to be married. "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on," and this day the morning is golden

with sunshine. And see, here comes the bridal array, — open carriages, prancing horses, smartly arrayed postillions displaying their white favors; and there sits the bride blushing, in all her beautiful attire; and her attendant bridemaidens, all looking more lovely than common creatures of the earth. And the bridegroom and his men, how handsome and gallant are they! It is a gay and happy company; who would not wish them joy?

There is something in all this, however, which causes a thrill at the heart, and sends the tears to the eyes. The very pageantry of the thing, independently of its human interest, has an electric effect on the spirit, for every pageant is more or less affecting. God help us, for simple-hearted souls! but there has come a choaking sensation in the throat when even a Whitsuntide procession of matrons and maidens, each bearing "her flower-lipped wand," has passed in a goodly array, to the

sound of music, and with a crimson and blue banner borne aloft, up the street to the open church;—for there, too, we felt that there was poetry!

There is poetry too in every funeral. In that of the little child borne to its early grave by six young maidens, all in white. Yes, truly, in every funeral!—from the stately hearse with nodding plumes, and six black horses in their trappings of woe, with its attendant mourning coaches, its solemn mutes, and its coffined procession, by torch-light, to the ancient vault of the family; aye—down to that of the parish pauper, borne in his shell of naked boards on the shoulders of his pauper brethren, to his shallow grave in some crowded and desolate town church-yard. There is indeed much poetry in a funeral! And who has not been suddenly aware, as we ourselves have been, perhaps in some dull winter's afternoon, of a low wailing music

coming onward from a distance, — that never-to-be-forgotten "dead march in Saul," which announced a soldier's funeral? The most striking funeral however of this sort which we ever witnessed, had very little of parade about it; it was merely the funeral of a young recruit. There came up the market-place of the town where we then were, this low sad melody; and then we saw — not the plumed cap and sword laid upon the coffin, and the led horse, with the numberless accoutrements, — nor, following after, his brother soldiers as mourners; there was in this case only the old black hat, with its gaudy ribbons round it, and his old brown jacket — for he was a country lad, who had enlisted; but immediately followed a woman, whom there was no mistaking for a moment; she was his mother. She had followed her son from a distant county, full of trouble and anxiety, in the hope of buying him off and taking him back

with her: for he was her only son, and she was a widow. She had sold and pawned various little articles to prepare herself for this long and arduous journey, and to release her prodigal. She came a stranger to the town, only to find her son dead, and to follow his body to the grave. To see her was to feel a portion of her anguish. A soldier supported her, and the loud wail of her lamentation mingled with the melancholy music. Never did the pathos of real sorrow strike our hearts as at that moment!

Are not meetings and partings also momentous things? Lovers' first meetings, for instance, from which all after-life takes its tone of misery or bliss. And partings! Partings on the eve of battle — partings at the foot of the scaffold — partings in the midst of shipwreck, to meet again a few moments after, in eternity — partings on the sea-beach — farewells, whose tone can never pass away from

the heart — and partings, also, sometimes of strange mystery. Do we not ourselves know the young wife, whose husband, a happy-visaged and kind-hearted man, and a man of easy circumstances also, laid down the book he was reading to her after dinner, and taking up his hat, said he would return for tea? "Good-bye, love," were his words, spoken with an untroubled voice as he closed the door. He hummed a merry air as he stood for a moment on the outer step, passed into the street, and thenceforward was never heard of more! He was a man of good reputation; his fortune was prosperous; not the slightest imputation was whispered against him; he was happy in his home, a loving and beloved husband, and he had many friends; — there was no earthly reason for his concealing himself. It was broad daylight, in the long days of summer, and in a seaport town, where he lived and where he was well known. But neither in

ship nor boat had he left the port; nor could it be discovered that he had left the town either by coach or any other conveyance. The earth might have opened and swallowed him up, for any trace that could ever be gained. From that night forth he never was heard of, either in England or any other land. It was a mysterious fate, to which death, in any form, had been preferable.

"Good-bye, love!" was forever in the ear of that bereaved woman, and she became old before her time. By intense listening, night and day, for his returning footstep, she has become partially deaf; there was a wild anxiety in her eye whenever the door opened, which told painfully what had become the habit of her mind through melancholy years of hope deferred. What his fate really was, heaven only knows, and whether he will ever return. Were he ever to do so, their meeting-moment would be the concentrated joy of a

life; like a condensed essence, strong enough to kill.

Yet there have been such meetings. Shipwrecked men have returned after long years of absence; prodigal sons have come back to their fathers' house; the secret captive has been released from his prison-cell, and restored to his family like one whom the grave had given up;—for human life, as we have before said, has many a sorrowful and many a strange incident.

Clapton, England.

Sonnet....Character.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Who talks of weariness in Freedom's cause,
Knows nothing of its life-sustaining power;
Who in the conflict for the right would pause,
Beneath a tyrant's rod was made to cower;
Who something loves more than his brother man, —
Holds it more sacred, at a higher price, —
Fails to discern Redemption's glorious plan,
Or in what sense Christ is our sacrifice;
Who stands aloof from those who are agreed
In charity to aid and bless mankind,
Because they walk not by his narrow creed,
Himself among the fallen spirits shall find;
Who would show loyalty to God must be
At all times true in man's extremity.

Boston, November, 1845.

The Church.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"Let not the Pope, the bishops, or the monks exclaim against us, WE are the Church; he who separates from us, separates himself from the Church. There is no other Church — save the assembly of those who have the word of God, and who are *purified* by it."— MELANCTHON.

"One hour of justice is worth seventy days of prayer."—KORAN.

"CEASE to trouble our meetings with this subject. The Church is no Anti-slavery Society."

Will you join me then in a specific effort to abolish slavery?

"No. 'T is a dangerous thing this forming of societies for each single evil. I preach the Gospel, which will gradually cure them all."

Doubtless the Gospel is the only cure for human evils and sins — the cross of Christ the only sheet-anchor for the hopes of the race. From the newly opened pages of the Bible

burst forth the dawn of that civilization which gladdened the West of Europe. That same sun still rides high over its noon — and is to know no setting. All this we acknowledge: but *how* is the work to be done?

Not by Christian scholars growing gray over the disputed texts of the Epistles: —

Not by divines immersed in the question whether a goblet, or a running stream is necessary for Baptism: —

Not by churches rent asunder with theories of three orders of clergy, or none.

No. But by the earnest thought and works of Christian men and women, looking not at the things which are behind, but pressing forward to grapple with the wants and the woes of their own day. Why does God's spirit strengthen human nature with all the graces of the Christian character? That the possessor may sit and contemplate his own perfections? If he do, like the youth of classic

fable, his soul will die feasting on its own beauty. That he may build up a sect? That he may sit and think how surely he would have avoided the scepticism of the Sadducee, or the bigotry of the Pharisee, and not have stoned the Prophets?

No. Men and women are endowed by Christianity with hearts lifted above selfishness — filled with love for their race — convinced of the possibility of virtue — of the safety of doing right — of the value of truth — not only or wholly for their own sakes, but that these powers may be used intently and earnestly in analysing the institutions and exposing the corruptions of society, defending the rights of the poor, seeking out the hidden sources of public suffering, "attending to the neglected and remembering the forgotten!"

Christianity is not merely a contemplative hermit, rapt in visions and dwelling on its own states of feeling — no acute metaphysi-

cian, nervously weighing creeds — but a living voice, crying to the busy throng, "repent;" a denouncer of "wickedness in high places," telling unjust wealth to "weep and howl;" bidding "kings to rule in righteousness;" full of woes for such as "devour widows houses;" setting "at liberty them that are bruised." She is as proud of Benezet as of Pascal; and loving Fenelon well, gives as bright a crown to Howard, and girds as cheerfully for the battle the rough and sturdy frame of Luther and the wild zeal of Savonarola.

Now-a-days the *mass* of society recognise the duty and the worth of alms-giving and Sunday Schools — cheap soup and the primer. For the *Church* remains a higher and a harder work. Standing in the van, her prophetic eye should be the *first* to descry suffering, even though the cloud be no bigger than a man's hand: her heart, touched with liveliest sympathy, is to be poured out *first* in its behalf:

hers is to be that wisdom, the child of goodness, which is *first* to devise the remedy.

How shall that body dare to call itself the Church of Christ, which allows any, out of her pale, to go before her own sons in keen sympathy with suffering, or active effort for its relief? In the tender heart, the open hand, the brain that beats not for sectarian or selfish ends, but only that the wide race may be happier and better, dwells the true Church of Him "who went about doing good."

Instead of this the Church, which has been for ages getting ready to do her work, now refuses to set about it. Having scattered so long the seeds of reform and elevation, she sits still, now that the fields are white for the harvest. She disowns the principles which have sprung from her bosom, brands them as infidel, and gathers into her idle fold those timid sheep, which she can still govern, lest they be corrupted by the "running to and

fro and increase of knowledge"—the very blessing of which her proud prophets heralded her as the bearer. Claiming to have on the breastplate of righteousness—she refuses to have anything to do with the battle. Claiming to hold the sword of the Spirit—she keeps it nicely sheathed, while other men contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

The Church rests, even in her own theory, (among us) when she has reformed her own subjects, forgetting that other duty of using their virtues and her position to reform the guilty institutions of society. This is her theory. In practice she rests without reforming either the individual or the mass.

Her army is all equipped—and she idly expects to keep them active and disciplined without exercising their virtues in constant warfare. God has paid back this desertion of her post with barrenness. After copying the

Jesuits "in lengthening the creed and shortening the Decalogue," Christians seem to think that Christianity itself, in the abstract, is somehow or other to work wonders,—but with all that they have nothing to do.

"Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord," said Dr. Arnold, "was true advice to the Israelites on the shores of the Red Sea. It would have been false when they were to conquer Canaan."

Boston, Massachusetts, U. S.

Lines

TO THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE.

BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

Ye, who across the broad Atlantic wave,
Have sent your kindly voices hitherward,
Whilst those who should by our right side be found,
Have recreant proved to Nature and to Truth,
We gladly hail ye as our cherished friends!
Ye, who afar from such heart-rending scenes,
As blot the fair fields of our native land,
Have wept to hear the distant tale of woe.
Ye, in whose breasts no base-born hate resides,
Ye, who can look on Afric's sable sons,
And call them brethren, heirs of the same rights,
That the great Giver of all good designs
For Man, wherever found throughout the globe.

We love to rank ye with the truly great —
The noble benefactors of our race.
Clarkson, thy life awakens in our souls,
The truest worship due to Love and Truth.
Our infant lips oft lisped thy reverend name,
And with increasing years our love has grown.
And ye of later date, ye noble ones,
To whom we owe so much of cheer and strength!
Your names are watch-words in our sacred cause.
Thompson, thy thrilling tones of eloquence,
Upraised for Scotland in the name of Right,
Not yet have died away upon our ears —
Those words of truth are treasured in our hearts.
Bowring, thy gifted pen, so freely lent,
To spread the cause of Freedom and of Truth;
Haughton and Webb, so constant at your posts,
Ye clear and fearless pleaders for the Right;
And Martineau and Pease, your generous aid,

We fondly prize among our choicest gifts:
Abdy, thee, too, whose rich and classic claims
Are unsurpassed but by thy feeling heart;
And Morpeth, nobler in the cause of Truth,
Than in thy own illustrious name and rank;—
We love ye all, and in the Bondman's name,
Invoke Heaven's blessings on your noble lives.

Woodlee, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Recollections of Anti-Slavery at the West.

BY CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

One of the most striking features of a residence in Detroit — to me at least — is the frequent arrival of escaped slaves, on their way to Queen Victoria's country. Scarce a week passes that parties of worn wayfarers — the lashes sometimes yet unhealed on their poor shoulders — do not present themselves to the friends of freedom, imploring aid to cross the river into Canada. Sometimes one solitary wretch — the wreck of a strong man, perhaps — with his iron joints and their wiry sinews almost laid bare by famine, his heart sunken to infant weakness, and unbidden tears coursing down his cheeks, as he tells his hapless tale, asks aid, which a few days more of suffering would have rendered unavailing.

"Are you a single man?" said a dear friend of ours once to just such an one.

"Wife and seven children, massa," was the reply; and with it such a burst of grief as unnerved all present.

Harpies, such as money will always buy, haunt the ferry and the avenues leading to it, so that the steamer, which plies continually between Detroit and Sandwich, is of no service to the fugitive. In canoes, at dead of night, "in silence and in fear," do the descendants of those who left all for Freedom, submit to smuggle into the dominions of the very power against whose tyranny their ancestors revolted, native-born Americans, driven into exile by the injury and oppression of their own countrymen.

And when the canoe reaches British ground, before dry footing can be obtained, what sights have the noble beings, who peril so much for the unfortunate, witnessed among these poor

souls, who are thought by some to have no souls! What plunging into the shallow water, and wading to the shore so longed and prayed for! What prostrations upon the earth, what shouts and tears of joy, what madness of exultation, that the goal is at last reached! What kissing of the friendly soil — British soil! Alas! Alas!

Not always alone, or accompanied only by fellow-sufferers, do these poor dumb witnesses of fraternal cruelty seek the Canadian shore. An incident, which will forever be fresh in our memory, occurred while we were residents of the West. A family of slaves, wearing not the crushed aspect of the fugitives we were accustomed to see, made their appearance at Detroit, decently clad, and accompanied by their mistress and owner. She, a woman of little education and plain manners, had not only willed to emancipate them, but, in order to assure the freedom which she knew would

be so insecure in a slave state, had left all, and travelled with them, through incredible difficulties and embarassments, even to the verge of that country which alone, of all the earth, is capable of the desperate attempt to make Freedom and Slavery walk hand in hand. She was unacquainted with even so much geography as would have taught her the States through which she must pass to reach Michigan; and her inquiries on the road had been answered by information purposely calculated to mislead and perplex her. She had been for years laboring under a conviction that she had no right to those slave-people, though she had not so much as heard that there was a body of persons calling themselves Abolitionists, who interested themselves in favor of those in bondage. Not one single human being among her neighbors and acquaintance who did not condemn her course; not one to whom she could look for advice or sympathy.

Yet this uncultivated but lofty soul was undaunted, and quietly followed up its noble purpose, until the whole number of grateful freed-men were safely landed upon the shores of Canada.

Then did their happy friend, no longer burthened with the title of mistress, take leave of her charge, amid the unutterable blessings of their hearts, and return to the American side to sleep — and, as she said, in peace, for the first time for years; so dreadful had been her sense of wrong, and so great her fear that death might interpose before her plans and their great result could be consummated.

One of the earliest and warmest friends of the slave, in the State of Michigan, was Dr. Arthur L. Porter, who departed this life in the height of his usefulness only a few months since. For years he labored almost single handed, enduring opposition, contempt, slander, loss of worldly goods, — all that the

worldly spirit most fears and hates, — determined to awaken the generous heart of the West to the true view of the slave question He was well known in New England as a person of high scientific attainments, and he entered upon the practice of medicine at Detroit under such auspices as would have insured success. But the avowal of decided anti-slavery sentiments was at that time equivalent to renunciation almost of daily bread, when that bread was to be earned among those who were called the "higher classes" at the West. Day after day saw every engine which the world knows so well how to turn against those who unflinchingly follow out the dictates of conscience, brought to bear against Dr. Porter. His character was maligned, his medical practice traduced, and every death that occurred among his patients was made the instrument of a fresh attack on his reputation and his means of living.

But without one moment's wavering — with an eye single, as it would seem, to the one holy purpose to which he had devoted his life, did he pursue his course, until, before his death, the goodly leaven had spread throughout the mind of the State; and nowhere at the North has a warmer and more decided anti-slavery sentiment sprung up than in Michigan. Nowhere are conventions more eagerly attended, funds more liberally contributed, and talent and effort more freely offered in the service of Freedom than in that far away State; and of all this, we who watched the whole progress of the change, consider Dr. Porter to have been, under the blessing of Heaven, the author and most earnest promoter.

His fellow-citizens, to their honor be it spoken, learned to know his worth. When he was suddenly stricken from the ranks of Christ's own faithful soldiery, the tears of all who had lived within his influence attested

how lovely is goodness, and how ill the world can spare its light; and the whole city felt the blow with a sensibility alike honorable to the deceased and to itself. No purer spirit ever toiled and prayed for its welfare; and none has been more sincerely regretted.

When one remonstrated with Dr. Porter upon the loss and hatred he was incurring in the anti-slavery cause, he replied, "Loss! If by laying down my life I could advance the emancipation of our slaves but a single day, I could do it cheerfully!" And without doubt he spoke the words of truth and soberness. May God supply so great a loss by sending many such laborers into his vineyard! Noble souls there are yet on the same ground, contending still with ignorance and prejudice enough; but the way is comparatively smooth before them; and it may reasonably be hoped that before long it will be as impossible for the

slave-catcher to exercise his blood-guilty trade in the state of Michigan, as it now is within the time-honored shadow of Faneuil Hall.

New York.

Phœbe Mallory; the last of the Slaves.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

"But when returned the youth? The youth no more
Returned exulting to his native shore;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man, with withered limbs and lame;
His mind oppressed with woes, and bent with age his frame."

CRABBE.

I WAS once a great pedestrian; and have performed feats in my time, which should entitle me to a respectable standing, if not an exalted rank, in the sporting world. I used to think little of forty miles a day; and have "made" my six miles within the hour. But all that is over.

"It is not now as it hath been of yore!"

Walking, for its own sake, like virtue on the same terms, is but too apt to be an enthusiasm of youth. I have not, indeed, entirely subsided into the opinion which a gentleman,

recently deceased, who successively distinguished himself in the gay world, at the bar and in the pulpit, once pronounced *ex cathedra*, in my hearing, that "legs are given to man only to enable him to hold on to a horse;" but still a sober ten miles satisfies me now. It will be well for me if this be the only good habit of my youth from which I have fallen away.

During my days of pedestrious grace I resided in Boston, and my walks made me tolerably familiar with the beautiful country that environs it for ten miles on every side; itself being ever the crowning charm of the landscape. It is a great advantage Boston possesses over most other cities that one can almost immediately exchange the bustle of the streets for some of the most lovely and rural scenes in the world. An hour's drive, or an afternoon's walk, transports you, as it were, into the heart of the country. The winding

country roads, and green lanes, hedged with barberry bushes, might beguile you to believe that you were a hundred miles from a great city, were you not continually tempted to turn and see how gracefully, at airy distance, she seems to sit upon her three hills and lord it over the prospect.

One fine autumn afternoon, about ten years ago, when I had been

"Wasting in wood-paths the luxurious day,"

I found myself on the summit of one of a chain of hills, looking towards the city. And what a prospect lay before me! On my right were hills covered with woods clothed in the gorgeous hues of autumn, looking like troops of "shining ones" just alighted on some mission of mercy; in the middle distance, tufted groves, village spires, farm-houses, meadows dotted with cattle, and a brimming river—sparkling in the slanting rays of the sun; in

the distance the city, relieved against the Blue Hills; and on the left the noblest burst of ocean! — Nahant breaking the expanse, with Egg Rock beyond, and then stretching leagues and leagues away, till it had put a girdle round the earth! It was a noble prospect!

After I had feasted my eyes and heart on these glorious apparitions, I was recalled to a sense of the things of earth by the reflection which was forced upon me, that I had had no dinner. I accordingly marked from my hill-top, where all the country lay mapped out at my feet, the course I would pursue on my return home. Descending the precipitous face of the hill, I plunged into

"an alley green,
With many a bosky bourne from side to side,"

which led me, though somewhat deviously, in the direction of the city. After I had followed

its windings for some miles I began to wax thirsty, and, to say sooth, a little weary to boot. So I looked about me, as I walked, for some hospitable door at which, though no saint, I might ask for a cup of cold water.

I pique myself on my skill in the physiognomy of houses, and it is not at every door, any more than of every man, that I would ask a favor. Accordingly I passed by several houses of some pretensions, but which had to my eye an ill-favored and ill-conditioned expression, and passed onward till I came to one that I thought might answer my purpose. It had not much to recommend it in its exterior. It was a cottage of the very humblest description, the walls of bare boards, blackened with age; but yet there was something about it that made my heart warm towards it. It stood a little withdrawn from the road and the grass grew green up to the broad flag-stone, half sunk into the earth, which served for its door-

stone. There was no litter or dirt about the door, the windows were all whole, and there was a general air of neatness about it which showed that the poverty of the inhabitant was at least not sordid.

It had a promising look and I knocked at the door. It was opened, after a short interval, by an "old old" woman, as black as jet, slightly bent by age and leaning upon a staff. Though not expecting to see a person of color, I was pleased to find, that, as far as I could judge from her appearance, I had not been deceived by the lineaments of her habitation. Her dress was of the coarsest materials, but the snowy whiteness of her cap and handkerchief and the scrupulous cleanliness of her checked gown proved the presence of that virtue which is said, on high authority, to be akin to godliness. She received me with the kindliness and good nature which mark her race, and, upon making my necessities known, she cor-

dially invited me to walk in. This I did. nothing loth, and while my hostess was selecting the best of her three mugs for my service, I seated myself, at her pressing instance, in one of her two flag-bottomed chairs, and took a survey of the premises.

They were rough and bare enough, God knows; but still were not without that air of comfort which thorough neatness and good order can give to the humblest dwelling. Her house could boast of but one apartment; but that was sufficient for her purposes. A bed, two chairs, an invalided table, and a pine chest made up the sum of her furniture. The walls could boast of no decoration except a print, over the head of the bed, of the capture of André, in which the cow-boy militiamen were looking most truculently virtuous as André tempted their Roman firmness with a watch of the size of a small warming-pan. The floor was well scrubbed and sanded, and

some peat embers smouldered upon the hearth. After I had slaked my thirst with some delicious water, of which she was justly proud, — all cold and sparkling from the open well, ministered unto by the picturesque puritanic well-pole, — she resumed her chair and her knitting; and, as I rested myself, I entered into conversation with her.

She seemed pleased with the interest I felt in her affairs, and simply and frankly told me all she had to tell about herself and her way of life. She had lived on that spot for many years, and had mainly depended upon her skill as a laundress for her subsistence. As she had grown old, however, and the infirmities of age began to press heavily upon her, she confined herself to the nicer branches of her profession; for the exercise of which the ladies of the neighborhood supplied her with ample materials. Whatever deficiency there might be in her means of comfort, after she had done her

best to provide them, was cheerfully made up to her by the kindness of her neighbors. For, to do them justice, neglect of the poor, black or white, at their own doors, is not one of the vices of the people of New England. She seemed to be very well satisfied with her share of the good things of this life, and evinced a degree of unaffected contentment which is not always seen to accompany a much higher degree of prosperity. I was greatly interested in her character and history, and never walked in that direction again without calling to see her. In the course of my acquaintance with her, I learned, at different times, the simple incidents of her story, which I am about to relate. They seemed to me, when I heard them, to be worth the telling; but I am by no means sure that anybody else will be of the same opinion. Such as they are, however, you have them here.

* * * * * *

Phœbe was born somewhere about the middle of the last century, in the family of the Honorable James Mallory, for many years one of His Majesty's Council for the Province of Massachusetts Bay. He used to live in that fine old house with the Corinthian pilasters, and the magnificent lime trees in the court-yard, which stood on your left hand as you went down King Street towards Long Wharf. It vanished years ago, and gave place to one of the granite temples of Mammon which have long since thrust from their neighborhood all human habitation. There was Phœbe born. Her father and mother were both of them native Africans, who had lived out all their life of servitude under the roof of Mr. Mallory. They were fortunate in falling into such good hands. The few New England slaves were mostly owned by the wealthy families and were chiefly employed as house-servants, and their treatment was at least as good as that of

the same class in any country. But, Phœbe said, nothing could prevent her father from remembering the day, when, as he was hunting the hippopotamus in the sacred river that flowed by his hut, just as he leaped from his iron-wood canoe to draw the monster ashore by the line fastened to his spear, a party, of a hostile tribe, rushed from among the reeds and hurried him to the sea-coast, fifty miles away, and there sold him to a Bristol trader. To be sure he had obtained civilization and Christianity by his involuntary emigration; but as the one appeared to his half-savage mind to consist in wearing clothes and cleaning another man's shoes, and the other in sleeping on his knees through family prayers, and in being obliged to listen, from the gallery of the Old South Church, for several hours every Sunday, to sermons which he could never have comprehended, delivered in a tongue he very imperfectly understood, he

must not be blamed as ungrateful if he thought them but inadequate compensations for the exchange he had made of the sunny skies and golden sands of Africa for the leaden firmament and rocky coast of New England.

Phœbe was more fortunate than her parents in being "native, and to the manner born;" so that her lot was much more tolerable than theirs. She was kindly treated, and taught to read and write. She felt all the strong attachment of the African race to the house in which she was born and to the family which had brought her up. To the end of her days she believed that there was never a house that equalled in magnificence that of Mr. Mallory in King Street. There was never anything half so graceful and dignified as the manners of Mr. Mallory himself, or half so beautiful and accomplished as the daughters, or so handsome and good-natured as the sons,

of his house. Many were the old-world stories she told me of the loves and the feuds of that generation, — of their joys and their griefs, of their festivities and their funerals. A petted slave, brought up from infancy in one of the foremost families of a small community, such as Boston was then, she became a perfect incarnation of all the gossip and scandal of that little world. And some very choice bits of both I extracted from her, I assure you. She, certainly, had no artistic skill in her narrations, and yet there was a life in the very simplicity with which she related facts, which painted them vividly to the mind's eye; and, I think, I have a clearer notion of the way in which people lived in Boston eighty years since, from them, than from more generally recognised authorities.

Her admiration, however, was not entirely monopolised by the higher powers of the family. There was a certain Ambrose, who

had also been born in the house a few years before Phœbe, and had been brought up along with her, who claimed his share. They had played together as children and worked together when they grew older, and it will not surprise the experienced reader to hear that they fell in love with each other as soon as they were old enough to take the infection. Ambrose was a fine, well made, athletic young fellow, shrewd and capable, and of the most imperturbable good humor. His skill in music was such that he was often summoned to the parlor, with his violin, to excite the dance, when his young masters and mistresses had their friends with them. Both Ambrose and Phœbe were great favorites with the whole family, old and young, bond and free, and their loves were looked upon by all with complacent eyes. They formed a little under-plot in the domestic drama, which was not unamusing or uninteresting to the actors,

or actresses, in similar scenes, above stairs. Their true love flowed smoothly on, and it seemed as if no obstacles could be interposed to disturb its course. It was a conceded thing, that at some convenient season Ambrose and Phœbe were to be married.

While the affairs of the humble lovers were in this prosperous train, great events were at the door. The signs which prognosticate a coming storm were frequent and menacing. Voices were heard in the air telling of disaster and woe to come. Portents were seen in the political firmament,

"with fear of change,
Perplexing monarchs."

It was obvious to all discerning persons, who were willing to see, that great changes were at hand. Mr. Mallory was a tory, as might be expected from his official station and position in society. Like many others of his way of

thinking, he exaggerated the power of the British king to suppress disaffection, and undervalued the powers of resistance of the Colonists. Though he had never permitted himself to doubt that the fever-fit of the province would soon pass away, still his position was sufficiently disagreeable while it lasted. He had made himself obnoxious to the popular party, and his situation was at times worse than disagreeable, — it was absolutely unsafe. Phœbe described to me the night when the mob, flushed by the impunity which had attended their previous excesses, came trooping down King Street to execute summary justice on the tory Mallory. Their approach was so sudden that the family had barely time to escape, as they were, through the garden, leaving the candles burning, and the work-boxes and books open on the table, as they fled.

Mr. Mallory's house would probably have shared the fate of Governor Hutchinson's, had it not been for a singular and unexpected diversion. When the mob were gathering in the street in front of the house, and preparing for the assault, the hall door opened suddenly, and Ambrose, like a new Orpheus, issued from it with his violin in his hand. He immediately struck up a lively air, and the effect was magical. The many-headed monster was in a better humor than usual that night. Whether it was that the edge of its appetite was in some degree taken off by the sop it had already had, or whether it was that the patriotic punch (which has never yet had its due as one of the main promoters of the Revolution) had not yet more than half done its work, still the mood of the mob was changed at once from mischief to fun. This unexpected apparition moved their mirth, and

Ambrose, taking advantage of their humor, performed such antic tricks in the moonlight as threw them into inextinguishable fits of laughter. With all the caprice of a mob they soon began to dance, themselves, to his music, and not all the influence of their leaders could bring them up again to the point of mischief:

"So Orpheus fiddled and so danced the brutes!"

This danger over, the arrival of the British regiments prevented any apprehension of its renewal. But the situation of the Mallories was gloomy and uncomfortable enough. The gaieties, which the arrival of the forces produced, in the loyal circles, were no compensation for the breaking up of old friendships, and for the doubt and uncertainty that hung over their future. At last the provincial resistance began to assume a more threatening form. The siege clasped the town around with its iron arms. The beautiful hills which

encompass the town were now changed into mimic volcanoes, belching forth fire and smoke and death against it. All who could, and dared, fled from its borders. Mr. Mallory's political offences were too flagrant to allow him any choice. He was obliged to abide by the result of the conflict where he was. To be sure neither he nor his children would ever admit, even to themselves, the probability of the rebels being ultimately successful; but then there could not but be painful misgivings as to what might befal before the insurrection was finally quelled. It was a dismal winter, indeed, as Phœbe told its private history. Not all the balls and assemblies and private theatricals that were devised to while away the weary hours, could dispel the sense of pain and apprehension which their situation excited in the breasts of the loyalists.

It was not long before the forebodings of their prophetic hearts were fulfilled. The

dreary winter wore away and the dreary spring began. The intentions of the commander-in-chief were kept strictly secret; but there were plenty of surmises abroad as to what they were. But that Boston, open as it was to the sea, of which England was the mistress, would be occupied by the British forces until the rebellion was suppressed, was a thing that had settled down into a recognised certainty. It could not enter into a loyal heart to conceive that the royal troops could be dislodged from the capital of New England by the rabble-rout that surrounded them. But at last the fatal news fell upon their ears like a clap of thunder, that the town was to be evacuated and abandoned to the besiegers! What distress and despair of those who had placed themselves and all they had under the protection of the British sceptre, and who found it powerless in their utmost need! All remonstrance on their part was in vain.

General Howe was inflexible, for he knew that his post was no longer tenable; but he assured the distressed loyalists of all possible assistance in removing their persons and effects beyond the reach of the exasperated rebels.

Phœbe described to me with life-like effect, for it was what she had the most to do with, the confusion of the few days that elapsed between the announcement of the intended evacuation and the embarkation. The grief of the Mallories at leaving the home of their childhood, perhaps forever, and the uncertainty which hung over their future fate, was disturbed by the necessity of deciding which of their effects they should take with them. A limited amount of freight was all that could be possibly assigned to each refugee, and it was hard to decide among all the objects which habit had rendered necessary or association dear, which should be chosen and which

abandoned. All was hurry and bustle and distress. They were obliged to select such articles as contained the most value in the compactest form, and to leave the rest behind. Their clothes, plate, jewels, and such other valuables as they could compress into the smallest possible space were all that they could take with them. But all the old companion furniture, speaking to them of ancestry and of happier days, the family pictures, the trifles which affection magnified into things of moment, because they were seen through the atmosphere of love and friendship which surrounded them, all, all had to be left behind them.

It was a dreadful night, that of the 17th of March 1776, the last that they were to spend in the home of their fathers. Early the next morning they were to embark on board the transports, to go they knew not whither. The young ladies, deprived of their usual employ-

ments, and their recent mournful occupation being over, as the trunks and packing-cases were already on board, wandered about the house, from room to room, like ghosts haunting scenes once loved, reluctant to look their last upon those beloved walls. The gentlemen of the family were busy in making what arrangements they could to secure the wrecks of their property. It was long past midnight before they retired to rest, if rest they could, for the last time under that old-accustomed roof. They had not been long retired, however, when they were aroused again by a clamorous knocking at the door, and the intelligence that they must repair at once on board ship, if they would not be left behind. The rebels had taken up a position on Nook's Hill, which rendered it necessary to evacuate the town at an earlier hour than the one first appointed. The confusion may be imagined. The carriage was at length at the door, and

performed its last service, in conveying the family to the wharf, before it passed into the hands of the patriotic gentleman who had purchased it at a fourth of its value. They found, with some difficulty, the transport assigned to them, and, embarking, awaited the signal of departure.

While they were thus expecting their sailing orders, one of the young ladies discovered that, in her hurry, she had left her watch behind her. It had a value beyond its intrinsic worth, as having belonged to her mother. Her distress was great, and the question arose whether there was time to send for it. The captain of the transport gave it as his opinion that there would be ample time. Then, who was to be the messenger? Ambrose could not be spared from some essential service in the arrangement of the luggage; so Phœbe alone remained to perform the errand. She was accordingly despatched with strict injunc-

tions to make a speedy return. It was a raw blustering March morning, and as Phœbe threaded the narrow streets the light snow was blown in fitful gusts in her face. She made a somewhat wide circuit to avoid the principal streets, which were now full of soldiers, the inhabitants being under orders to keep within doors until a certain hour. She had some difficulty, too, in procuring the house-key from the neighbor who had charge of it; and when at last she obtained entrance, it was still dark and she had to strike a light in order to commence her search. Everything seemed to conspire to delay her return to the ship. And after she had procured a candle, the object of her search was not to be found. She looked for it in every place where it should and where it should not be, but without success. This consumed many precious moments. At last she abandoned the matter in despair, thinking that her young

mistress must have the watch about her, after all, or else it had been dropped on the way to the ship. After securing the house again, she made what haste she could to the wharf. But what was her amazement and despair at seeing no sign remaining of the good ship on board of which all her treasures were embarked!

She could not at first believe her eyes, and she stood for some time in mute astonishment. But, before long, her mind received a distinct impression of the dreadful truth, and she made the air resound with her shrieks and lamentations. She flew distractedly up and down the wharf, imploring to be taken on board some of the transports destined for the same port, but no one had any leisure to attend to her. It was in the height of the hurry of the embarkation, and ship after ship was dropping down with the tide and making what haste they might to Nantasket roads. Almost immediately

after Phœbe had left the ship, orders came down directing her to get underweigh directly, and she was already out of sight. She remained on the wharf in a state but little removed from distraction, renewing her entreaties to all she met for assistance in regaining her master's party. But all the reply she received was curses and orders to mind her own business and to get out of the way. Exhausted at length by her exertions, and finding there was no hope for her, she returned, in agony of mind, to the deserted house in King Street. There, in solitude and despair, flung upon her face on the nearest sofa, she lay for hours weeping as one that refused to be comforted. The merry peals of the bells, and the distant sound of military music, might have told her that General Washington and his victorious army were making their triumphal entry into the town; but she neither heard nor heeded them. Her heart and her eyes were following

the stout ship which was bearing away from her, probably forever, the friends of her childhood and the lover of her youth.

In this state she continued for four-and-twenty successive hours. But after the first paroxysm of grief and despair had exhausted itself, Phœbe was not of a nature to abandon herself to fruitless repinings. It was fortunate for her that it was necessary to take some immediate measures for her own support. For the poor girl was now in a singularly unfortunate predicament. She absolutely belonged to nobody. The imperfect legislation of those primitive days had not provided for such a case of destitution. Had she had the luck to live in these times, in the Southern States, such an anomaly could not have occurred. There, the abeyance of the abandoned property in herself would have been terminated in favor of the fortunate finder; or, at worst, it would have resulted to the State. But in

those days, before political economy, she was suffered to escheat to herself! And so she had nobody to take care of her! Thanks, however, to the thorough breeding she had received in Mr. Mallory's house, she was able to command at once her choice of the best services in the town; and she was soon as comfortably situated as she could be under her unhappy circumstances.

The long years of the war, of course, cut off all definite intelligence of the Mallories and of Ambrose. And the longer years of the peace, which followed it, brought little more satisfactory information about them. All that was certain was, that Mr. Mallory had been provided for by an appointment in Antigua, and it was taken for granted that he had proceeded thither with his family. The humble Ambrose of course had no share in these imperfect advices, and Phœbe was left to guess at his fate as best she might. The Mallories left no

relatives behind them in the province, and all interest in them or their affairs soon died away. There was but one humble heart — Phœbe's — in which they occupied all the room that was not before engrossed by Ambrose, their slave.

Meanwhile, more than thirty years rolled away since the emigration. Phœbe was become a prosperous woman. She had been for some years retired from service and had invested her earnings in a small confectioner's shop, which was well frequented by those who respected the excellence of her character and of her pastry. She had never married — though not unsought — but still remained constant to the memory of Ambrose; though she had for many years abandoned all hope of ever seeing or hearing of him again.

One afternoon as she was sitting, sewing, behind her counter, a man entered her shop. His dress was sordid and travel-stained, and he walked with difficulty, supported by a

rough stick. He stood with his back to the light, so that Phœbe could not see his features distinctly. He stood and gazed long and earnestly in her face. She grew alarmed and asked his business. In the act of replying he shifted his position so that the setting sun shone full upon him. She started from her seat, shrieked, and fell senseless upon the floor.

"I dropped," to use her own words, "as if I was shot!" It was Ambrose himself, come in the flesh to claim her at last. Happily joy is not a mortal disease, or Phœbe might not have survived to tell me her story. Water was at hand, and she soon opened her eyes upon the face of him whom she had loved so long and well. It was changed indeed. Years of slavery had not passed over his head without leaving furrows on the brow and wrinkles on the cheek. But still it was *his* face, and that was all she asked. Time and ill usage had

grizzled his hair and bent his broad shoulders; but to her eyes he was still young,—for she saw him with the eyes of her heart.

It would be hard to say whether pleasure or pain predominated in that first interview. But it was not long before they knew that they were happy. Phœbe took Ambrose to her house, fed, clothed and nursed him; and finally married him. And though their union was late, and did not continue long, it was as happy a marriage as ever knit two hearts in one.

The story of Ambrose, when he was able to tell it, was simple and common enough. He had followed his master from Halifax to London, and from London to Antigua. There Mr. Mallory died. The young ladies married and returned to England, and the sons took to bad courses and died not long after their father. Ambrose was taken in execution for a debt of the last of them, and sold to a Jamaica planter. In Jamaica he suffered for many years the

horrors of sugar-making, aggravated by the contrast of the easy service of his previous life. A few months before, he was sent to Kingston with a load of sugar, and finding a vessel on the point of sailing for New York he concealed himself on board, and succeeded in effecting his escape. Arrived in New York he begged his way to Boston, being detained on the road by a fever caused by the sudden change of climate, and arrived foot-sore, weary and sick at heart, little expecting the happiness that awaited him.

Before long Ambrose grew weary of the town, and as his health had never been good since his return home, Phœbe sold her shop and bought the cottage in which I found her. Here they supported themselves comfortably enough for the few years that Ambrose lived. But the hard winters of New England were too much for the constitution of one so long accustomed to the climate of the tropics. He

died of a consumption, lovingly watched over and tenderly mourned by his faithful Phœbe.

* * * * * *

Such is a plain narrative of the incidents of her life, which I gathered from Phœbe Mallory in the course of my acquaintance with her. I think that they might have been invested with a good deal of romantic interest, had they fallen into the right hands. But such as I have I give unto you.

Phœbe always averred that she was the last surviving slave in the State; and as I could not contradict her, I was willing to believe that it was so. I confess it increased my interest in her, and made me look upon her in some sort as an historical character. And I could not but think of the day when the last American slave will excite a feeling in the breast of some future inquirer, somewhat analogous to that created by the sight of the

last mouldering fragment of the Bastile. May that day soon arrive!

Several years ago I removed from the city and lost sight of poor Phœbe. Not long since, having a leisure day in town, I felt strongly moved to go and see if she were yet alive. Yielding to the impulse, I took the well remembered road that led by her hut. But it had vanished away, and in its place stood a fine Gothic cottage, with an Egyptian entablature at one end supported by four fluted Doric pillars. I knew at the first glance that it would be of no avail to inquire after my old friend at such a structure as this. So I continued my stroll till I came to the village about two miles off. There I inquired of the first man I happened to meet, whether he knew anything of the fate of Phœbe Mallory. I was in luck in my man; for he chanced to be none other than good master Sexton himself. With the cheerful solemnity which marks his calling,

he informed me that she had died about three years before and was buried in the church-yard over against which we stood. I asked him to show me her grave, which he did with professional alacrity. It is the third grave beyond the elm tree, on your right hand, as you enter the gate, next the wall.

I could not but feel a sense of satisfaction, mingled with regret, at the loss of my good old friend, to think that the last relic of Massachusetts' slavery lay buried beneath my feet. I felt proud of my native State for what she had done, as a State, to mark her aversion to slavery. And I hoped that the time was not far distant when she would brush aside the cobweb ties which prevent her from telling the hunter of men, in yet more emphatic tones, that her fields are no hunting-grounds for him.

I have no taste for monumental memorials, as a general thing. At least, I see no fitness in attempting to preserve the memory of

mediocrity or obscurity, by monuments whose very permanence is a satire on the forgotten names they bear. But I have no quarrel with the feeling which prompts men to mark with marble the ground where the truly great repose; or to record the resting-place of humbler merit, when it is fairly invested with some just historic interest. Of this latter class I esteem the grave of Phœbe Mallory. And I shall think it neither absurd nor extravagant, if, within a few months, a plain white marble slab should be found marking the spot where she lies, with an inscription somewhat to this effect: —

"HERE RESTS FROM HER LABORS,

BENEATH THE FREE SOIL OF MASSACHUSETTS,

Phœbe Mallory,

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF HER SLAVES!"

Dedham, Massachusetts, Nov. 1845.

The Falconer.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

I HAVE a falcon swift and peerless
As e'er was cradled in the pine,
No bird had ever eye so fearless
Or wing so strong as this of mine;
The winds not better love to pilot
The clouds with molten gold o'errun,
Than him, a little burning islet,
A star above the sunken sun.

But better he loves the lusty morning
When the last white star yet stands at bay,
And earth, half-waked, smiles a child's fore-
warning
Of the longed-for mother-kiss of day;
Then with a lark's heart doth he tower

By a glorious, upward instinct drawn, —
No bee nestles deeper in the flower,
Than he in the bursting rose of dawn.

What joy to see his sails uplifted
Against the worst that gales can dare,
Through the northwester's surges drifted,
Bold viking of the sea of air!
His eye is fierce, yet mildened over
With something of a dove-like ruth,
I am his master less than lover, —
His short and simple name is Truth.

Whene'er some hoary owl of Error
Lags, though his native night be past,
And at the sunshine hoots his terror,
The falcon from my wrist I cast;
Swooping, he scares the birds uncleanly
That in the holy temple prey,
Then in the blue air floats serenely
Above their hoarse anathema.

The herd of patriot wolves, that, stealing,
To gorge on martyred Freedom run,
Fly, howling, when his shadow, wheeling,
Flashes between them and the sun;
Well for them that our once proud eagle
Forgets his empire of the sky,
And, stript of every emblem regal,
Does buzzard's work for slavery.

Mount up, my falcon brave and kingly,
Stoop not from thy majestic height,
The terror of thy shadow, singly,
Can put a thousand wrongs to flight;
Wherever in all God's dominions
One ugly falsehood lurks apart,
Let the dread rustle of thy pinions
Send palsy to its traitor-heart.

No harmless dove, no bird that singeth,
Shudders to see thee overhead;
The rush of thy fierce swooping bringeth
To innocent hearts no thrill of dread;

Let frauds and wrongs and falsehoods shiver,
For, still, between them and the sky,
The falcon Truth hangs poised forever,
And marks them with his vengeful eye.

Elmwood, Nov. 26, 1845.

Is there any Friend?

BY ADIN BALLOU.

I AM a slave. The hand of violence holds me. I was stolen from my birth by one who calls himself a man, a republican and a Christian. He says I am rightfully his property, because my grandmother was kidnapped from Africa, and my mother was holden a slave by his father. If I assert that I am a man, notwithstanding the wrongs done to my progenitors, he frowns, and seizing the scourge, bids me be silent. I learn that this nation is professedly republican, and has declared that all men are inalienably entitled to "*life*, LIBERTY, *and the pursuit of happiness.*" I hear that they are called Christians, and believe that *every man should do unto others as he would be done unto.* Yet *I* am a *slave*, and treated as a beast, not as a brother man. I have thought

to fly to some distant part of the country; but I hear that the citizens of the whole nation are in a league to return me to my master. Sometimes I have meditated the dreadful alternative of raising an insurrection among my fellow-slaves, and thus obtaining my rights; but I am told the whole army, navy, militia and treasury of the nation are sworn to crush the attempt. I have proposed to petition the Congress of the Union for redress; but I am apprised that slave-holders are at the head of the government, and in full control of the National Legislature; that by constitutional league they hold political power, *beyond others*, equal to *three-fifths* of their human cattle; and that they declare slave petitions an intolerable insult to their dignity. They will not permit a petition from slaves to be received. I have turned to the ministers and churches of religion to intercede for me. A few have wept and prayed and plead for me; but the mass

have been dumb, and some of the most influential have boldly taken sides with the oppressor — using all their eloquence, learning and sanctity to make it appear that God *wills*, the Bible *teaches*, and the Saviour of the world *approves of*, SLAVERY. I have cast my imploring eyes upon the great seats and professors of literature in the land, but with no better results. I would sue for sympathy to the merchants, the manufacturers, the bankers, the wealthy and affluent; but they are either too busy to notice me, or interested with the oppressor, or intermarried with his family. I would, if I could, hope something from politics; but all parties are alike *sworn* to the same *compact*, at least till it can be altered, and are seeking their own glory rather than the slave's redemption. Moreover, the great Democratic party, whose most renowned apostle taught the universal equality of human beings in their natural rights, and who truly asserted

"that one hour of our bondage was fraught with more misery than ages of" colonial subjection to England — this very party, claiming to be of and for the common people, and being in power, have forcibly *annexed* a vast territory to the nation, out of complaisance to slave-holders, and for the indefinite extension of their oppressions. I would cry in the ears of the great mass of working men for help; but they are prejudiced against my color; they are afraid I shall come and dwell among them — that I shall associate with them, and share their advantages; they had rather see me and my posterity forever slaves, than run the risk of being annoyed by our freedom. What shall I do? To whom shall I look? Whither shall I turn? Must I, must my children, must their children, and *all* our *children's children*, be forever *slaves?* Is there no friend? These chains! these scourges! these insults! these violent separations of the dearest rela-

tives! these degradations of body and mind! this ignorance of all that might enoble and bless! these groanings of spirit for liberty! these complicated miseries! THIS SLAVERY!— must they be *eternal?* WOMAN, tender, sympathetic, affectionate, persevering woman, I turn to *God* and *thee* Help the slave! Think of the slave! Plead for the slave! Labor for the slave! Save the slave! Be thou the sun that shall melt down the icy hearts of *men* in our behalf; that shall change public sentiment throughout the land; that shall give the nation a new, merciful and just government; that shall make all the people willing to let the oppressed go free. And *then* the blessings and gratitude of the ransomed shall be thine to a thousand generations;—hovering over thee as a cloud of fragrant incense, and ascending upward to Him who sitteth in the heavens,—our common Father.

Hopedale, Massachusetts, U. S.

The Slave-mother.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

Her new-born child she holdeth, but feels within her heart
It is not her's, but his who can outbid her in the mart;
And, through the gloomy midnight, her prayer goes up on high,—
"God grant my little helpless one in helplessness may die!

"If she must live to womanhood, oh may she never know,
Uncheered by mother's happiness, the depth of mother's woe;
And may I lie within my grave, before that day I see,
When she sits, as I am sitting, with a slave-child on her knee!"

The little arms steal upward, and then upon
her breast
She feels the brown and velvet hands that
never are at rest;
No sense of joy they waken, but thrills of
bitter pain, —
She thinks of him who counteth o'er the gold
those hands shall gain.

Then on her face she looketh, but not as
mother proud,
And seeth how her features, as from out a
dusky cloud,
Are tenderly unfolding, far softer than her
own,
And how, upon the rounded cheek, a fairer
light is thrown;

And she trembles in her agony, and on her
prophet heart
There drops a gloomy shadow down, that
never will depart;

She cannot look upon that face, where, in the
child's pure bloom,
Is writ with such dread certainty the woman's
loathsome doom.

She cannot bear to know her child must be as
she hath been,
Yet she sees but one deliverance from infamy
and sin,
And so she cries at midnight, with exceeding
bitter cry,
" God grant my little helpless one in helpless-
ness may die ! "

Elmwood, Nov. 26, 1845.

What is Anti-Slavery Work?

BY LUCRETIA MOTT.

The person alluded to in the following communication, was placed in the State's Prison in Baltimore owing to some bankruptcy in the family where she had been held a slave, and was likely to be sold away from all her relatives and friends. A feeling appeal was made to the friends of Freedom in Philadelphia, on her behalf, more than a year ago, accompanied by the suggestion that a fund should be raised, to be applied to such cases, and advising our young people to retrench their expenses in superfluities, in order to have it in their power to contribute to the purchase of such as had peculiar claim on the sympathy of the benevolent.

MY DEAR FRIEND, E. H. R.

I HAVE not been unmindful of the contents of thy letter. Could an answer have been given in accordance with thy wish for the poor objects of thy sympathy, it should sooner have been done.

After a free and full discussion of the question of purchase, at a meeting of our Female Anti-Slavery Society, the following resolution was passed by a large majority: —

"Resolved, That while we deeply sympathise with those who are making efforts for their own emancipation, or that of their relatives and friends, by soliciting funds to purchase their freedom from those who unjustly hold them in bondage, we nevertheless must decline all pecuniary aid in such purchase, regarding contributions for this object as a worse than useless appropriation of money, and as an indirect support of slavery.

"Resolved, That we will discourage such contributions, because those who give aid in this way, erroneously imagine they are promoting the cause of human freedom, when they may, in fact, be only transferring the bonds to others, equally entitled to their liberty."

The case of the poor victim of the oppressor's power, so feelingly depicted, is a peculiarly hard one. But, were the circumstances attending the imprisonment and sale of

other inmates of that horrible prison, made known, we might find most of them claiming the especial sympathy of hearts interested in their behalf. Should all the victims of this monstrous oppression be purchased from the inhuman trader in men, he would doubtless advertise for more. And while the disposition of the slave-holder is unchanged, and the trade is legalized, the supply would be furnished.

It is worthy of consideration, whether such purchase be not indeed an acknowledgment of the right of property in man, and therefore inconsistent for abolitionists to encourage.

For years, my sympathy was so wrought upon by the many cases of peculiar hardship, which an intimate acquaintance with the atrocious system of American slavery discloses, that, without much reflection, I contributed my mite toward the purchase of slaves. But further reflection and observation convinced me that it was misdirected benevolence — not

in accordance with the dictates of true humanity. The sum obtained in this way is often used for the purchase of other slaves, — thus keeping up the inducement, either to kidnap the poor creatures on the coast of Africa, or to "breed" and raise them for sale in the northern slave States. Here, an indirect support is given to the system, even while we would fain persuade ourselves that we are aiding in its abolition. If the sums, raised for this object, were appropriated to the enlightening of the public mind on the enormity of the whole system, how much more effective would it be!

Many young people, in this city, are disposed to curtail their expenses in dress, and other indulgences, in order to aid in the circulation of anti-slavery truth, through the length and breadth of the land. We have evidence that the appeals to the conscience and best interests of the slave-holder, are not made in

vain. The occasional response from the South, as well as the reiterated cry for liberty from our Northern land, cheers us onward in our holy enterprise.

Let us then extend our benevolence to the whole class of "the suffering and the dumb," rather than expend our means in acts of sympathy towards a few isolated cases.

Thine for the oppressed,

L. MOTT.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"God and Liberty."

BY CASSIUS M. CLAY.

For full four thousand years or more,
The glorious sun arose and set
O'er Heaven, earth, and ocean's shore,
In discord met; —

Till God himself, worn with the strife,
Of man and all material things,
From his mysterious presence, life
And quiet brings.

First, sounding o'er Judea's shore,
The everlasting fiat fell:
Earth, ocean, and the Heavens adore —
And hosts of Hell!

Delphos, and the Olympian Jove,
And Israel's consecrated fane,
Awed by the living voice of *love*,
Ne'er speak again!

Nor mystic priests, nor Magi more,
Darkly disclose the will above,
Since Christ the emblazoned banner bore,
"Man! God, is *love!*"

From tyrant hands the sceptre falls,
From the assassin's grasp, the sword!
Liberty bursts her prison walls,
Quick, at the word!

Man cannot dam the river's flood,
He cannot stay the eagle's flight,
Nor tame the tenants of the wood,
In all his might!

Then, "spirit of the chainless mind"
That rides the storm — the ocean wave,
Quick as the lightning or the wind,
Art thou a slave?

No! man may spurn the law Divine,
Like Persia's tyrant chain the sea!
With cords and walls the limbs confine,
The mind is free!"

Lexington, Kentucky, Nov. 1845.

Influence de l'emigration Europeenne

SUR LE SORT DE LA RACE AFRICAINE AUX ETATS UNIS D'AMERIQUE.

PAR LINSTANT.

C'est surtout aux Etats Unis d'Amérique que le préjugé de couleur a atteint son apogée. Nous ne trouvons dans les annalles de l'esclavage des nègres aux Antilles, rien qui puisse lui être comparé. Il n'est donc pas sans interêt de rechercher quelle influence exerce sur le sort des esclaves, et des classes de couleur libres, l'émigration des Européens aux Etats Unis.

La condition avilie de la race Africaine dans les Etats de l'Union étant bien comprise, il n'est pas difficile de concevoir aussi pourquoi chaque Européen qui aborde ces pays, contribue plus ou moins directement à entretenir, ou

plutôt à accroître, le prejugé des blancs contre la couleur des nègres. Ceux qui émigrent, sont en général, des individus qui vont chercher en pays étrangers les moyens d'améliorer leur fortune, toutefois lorsqu'ils ne sont pas des gens qui trouvent plus avantageux de s'exiler volontairement que de tomber aux mains de la justice de leur pays. Acquérir des richesses, voilà leur but, et ils tachent d'y arriver, "per fas aut nefàs." Sitôt que les émigrants Européens touchent le sol Américain, le premier spectacle dont ils sont frappés c'est l'existence de deux castes: l'une composée de blancs, c'est à dire, de privilégiés de l'education, des richesses, des emplois, des honneurs; l'autre de noirs, c'est à dire, de parias de la société, d'opprimés. Mus par leur intérêt privé, les émigrants se mettent naturellement avec les riches et les puissants; car ils ont compris que, si quand ils sont dans le Nord, ils se permettent de condamner le préjugé de couleur, et de juger

leurs semblables, non pas d'après la teinte plus ou moins colorée de leur épiderme; mais d'après leurs qualités morales et intellectuelles; ou bien si, quand dans le sud, ils censurent la pratique ignoble et dégradante de l'esclavage, — peu importe d'ailleurs la forme sous laquelle se manifeste leur sentiment, que ce soit en actions ou en paroles, — ils seront immédiatement considérés comme des ennemis de la communauté, et ils verront la porte de la fortune qu'ils sont venus chercher, se fermer à jamais sur eux. Lorsque la morale et l'égoïsme ont à lutter ensemble, bien rarement voyons nous la première triompher. Si ces deux antagonistes ne peuvent s'accorder et marcher de front, l'homme trouve toujours des motifs spécieux pour écouter la voix insinuante de son intérêt privé. Telle est l'alternative dans laquelle se trouve l'émigrant Européen, qu'il a à se décider entre ses devoirs d'homme, de membre de la grande famille humaine, et

son égoïsme, son bien être particulier; c'est à dire, entre la pauvreté, ou du moins la médiocrité et des désagrémens; et les richesses, les plaisirs de la vie; son choix est bientot fait: il prend le dernier parti, et il s'unit aux oppresseurs du pauvre. Chacun d'eux se repete ces paroles du premier égoïste et du premier assassin: "Suis-je le gardien de mon frère?" paroles qui seront aussi un jour sa propre condamnation.

Port au-Prince, Haïti.

Sonnet in Memory of Elizabeth Fry.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

"In prison and ye visited me."

THROUGHOUT all earth, adown all coming time,
Where'er the Gospel's promises are heard,
There shall the human heart be thrilled and stirred
By the remembrance of a love sublime,
That, blotting out long years of grief and crime,
Forever glorified one woman's name.
Friend of the prisoner! shall not thy sweet fame,
Like that of Mary, reach to every clime?
It was not thine to pour rich perfumes down
Before the very presence of thy Lord;
But, in the poor, the outcast and abhorr'd,
Shrinking beneath the world's unpitying frown,
Thou didst the image of thy Saviour see: —
Shall He not say, "thou didst it unto me?"

Weymouth, Massachusetts.

The Worst Evil of Slavery.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE worst evil of slavery in a country is that it debauches the public mind, destroys the public sensibility, makes a nation a nation of Jesuits and hypocrites. The very religion of Christ is made to pander to the sordid evils of slavery. Its sacred sanction is pleaded for its existence, while it is carefully withheld from the knowledge of the slaves; because the very men who plead that Christianity sanctions slavery know that it is a lie, and need no convincing, that if slaves once know the truths of Christianity they will feel that "it makes them free." There is nothing so shocking to contemplate as the so-called *religious* slave-holder. It is an exhibition so

dreadful that they who are not indignant at it must soon come to believe Christianity itself is a farce and an instrument of selfish policy. A national system of slavery is a national system for the inculcation of Atheism; for they who can once come to believe in its propriety, must cease to believe that there exists a God of justice. The greatest curse that can befall an empire is to have a black mass of slavery in it; because that is perfectly inseparable from the destruction of everything that is noble in the public character, every clear recognition of human and divine right, every glorious sentiment of sound benevolence and onward progress of man and his loftier destinies. Slavery rots the heart of a nation; it eats out, like a canker, its sentiment of the great, the noble, and the generous; it sets it on the defence of what it at the same time is conscious is vile and indefensible, and thus stiffens it, as it were, into a doggedness of de-

fiant evil, most mischievous to its fame, and most revolting to contemplate. This is the position of things in America at the present moment, and that great republic, the United States, —

> "Did but some power the giftie gie it,
> To see itself as others see it," —

would rise in a real phrenzy to get rid of the growing curse of slavery; not because it presses on the slave himself; not because men are brutalized, and women worse than brutalized by it; not because blood and tears are made to flow, because flesh is torn and the spirit is trodden out of the negro bosom like sparks of fatal fire; — but because the commission of wrong, the perpetration of cruelty and crime on the weak and defenceless; because justice to man and honor to woman, outraged by its maintainance, are acting worse than the possession by seven devils on the national mind; — are confounding all princi-

ples of right and wrong, of justice and magnanimity in it, and sinking the national character from that glorious eminence which it assumed at the Revolution, to the moral position in which none but its enemies would wish to see it. America must continue to raise a joyous grin on the face of Satan; must cast a practical sneer on her present fundamental principle that "Every man is born free and equal;" must stand as the worst of obstacles in the path of Christianity, and the growth of belief in it; and must disappoint every one who finally looked toward her career as to a great and unexampled development of national policy and mind, till she gives freedom to black as well as white Americans.

Clapton, England.

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. — *The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

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NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

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The Liberty Bell.

BY R. R. MADDEN, M. R. I. A.

THE bell! the bell! the glorious bell
Whose merry chimes delight the ear!
An ever cheering tale they tell,
That all true men exult to hear.

The glorious bell of Liberty!
  Another peal comes booming o'er
The wide Atlantic, charged with glee
  And tidings glad, to each heart's core.

The soul-awakening sounds of old!
  They rouse up all life's hopes anew:
I know them well;—I heard them tolled,
  In lands where Freedom's friends are few.

I gave that bell a pull of yore,
  And though forsooth a feeble one,
And I may never ring it more,
  My fingers stir as if each tone

To instant action called again,
  In Freedom's cause—and thoughts arise
Of noble deeds, and dauntless men,
  That swell the heart and fill the eyes.

The peal of THIRTY-FOUR! the peal
  That made the tropics dance for joy!

Again I seem to hear and feel,
  Bliss without bounds, without alloy.

The tocsin now that roused the land
  Of Tell, in every fibre thrills,
And bravery seems of heart and hand
  An instinct there that Freedom wills.

The tyrant's knell, in every clime
  Where bondage lays its curse on earth,
The bell of death—is tolled, for crime,
  Against the land that gave him birth.

Oh for a glorious peal at last
  Of the true bell of Liberty!
To rend the air, and strike aghast
  The monster might of Slavery.

Oh! for a swing of that great tongue,
  To shake the proud oppressor's throne,
Where'er it's set: with one ding-dong
  To bring the potent despot down.

Oh! for a burst of that deep bell
Of Mafra's tower, to fright away
The people's foes, and ring the knell
Of giant Mammon's godless sway:

To smite with fear the fiends who trade
In human flesh and blood,—the knaves
Who give the gold to make the *raid*,
And rail at those who vend the slaves;

To save the land that holds the graves
Of Franklin, Washington, and Penn,
From laws that make her millions slaves,—
And, worse than brutes, of Christian men.

Ireland.

The Fugitive.

BY EDMUND JACKSON.

We had the pleasure recently of an hour's conversation with Jonathan Thomas, a fugitive from the "domestic institution" of Kentucky, and heard from him a brief account of his escape from slavery, and the dangers and sufferings he encountered in effecting it.

Henry Beale, a wealthy planter of the county of Lexington, and about eighteen miles from the city of Lexington, was, by the laws of Kentucky, entitled to his "service or labor."

Beale was what is termed a kind master, and treated his slaves as well as the nature and condition of servitude permits. "Nevertheless," Thomas said, "I had from childhood

a great wish to be free." After attaining the age of manhood, he made an agreement with his master to buy himself for one thousand dollars; to be paid, as he could, by over-work, earn small sums and deposit them with his master on account of the purchase. At the time of his master's death, in June last, he had paid very near four hundred dollars, and he was then thirty-three years old. Supposing him to have continued to pay for the future in the same ratio, he would have paid the whole sum and obtained his freedom at the age of fifty-two; sickness, casualities and other contingencies excepted. The simple interest on his yearly payments would, in that time, have amounted to nine hundred and thirty dollars more, and thus, in reality, this kind master who had so *disinterestedly* permitted a favored slave to emancipate himself, would have really received, over and above the fair daily earnings of a slave during these thirty-one

years, (supposing the arrangement to commence when the slave was twenty-one years old,) nineteen hundred and thirty dollars, for a negro fifty-two years old, if measured by Time's hour-glass; but, if computed by labor done, and the wear and tear of excessive over-work, incited by the hope of freedom, we think he would have found the infirmities of seventy pressing upon his shattered frame.

These reflections have pressed themselves upon us, because this method of emancipation accords with the popular idea, and meets, too, the popular notions of justice and freedom, when applied to the relation of master and slave on the subject of emancipation. People who pass for very honest folks, are shocked at the idea of stripping the slave-holder of his property without pecuniary compensation, and will not stop to enquire by what right or justice he holds that property, or who must be literally and truly robbed to pay him for it. It

is obvious however that emancipation can never, to any extent, be realized by the over-work of the slaves themselves; for none but the comparatively favored few, who have some mechanical trade, can hope by any possibility to earn enough by over-work to purchase their freedom.

At the time of his master's death Thomas was absent at work at his trade, which was that of a millwright. On his return home soon after, he found his master's son, John, in possession of the estate. This son he represents as a true specimen of "the chivalry," who never earned anything but spent all he could get. He wanted money, and the ready and indeed only source in the slave communities to get it is to sell a negro, and thus in a short time the stock of a plantation disappears.

The slave-trader made his appearance at the old homestead, and one after another was sold off, and Thomas soon learnt that

he also was about to be sold to the trader. "I told master John," said he, "that I had agreed with old master for my freedom, and had paid him four hundred dollars towards it." John said he knew nothing about that, and what was more he cared nothing about it, if it was so — he must be sold, and there was an end of it.

All his long cherished hopes of freedom were thus in a moment blasted, and what was probably worse he was to be forever separated from his wife and children, driven to the Southern slave-shambles, and consigned to the cruelties of the cotton or sugar plantations. This appalling prospect determined him to face the hardly less appalling alternative of flight. His wife, who was free, and two children, he induced a cousin to accompany and assist as far as Buffalo, on their way to Canada, whither he was to follow by another route as soon as he could. "I started," said

he, "from the old plantation the latter part of July, with my knapsack of clothes and provisions strapped to my back and took the road for Ohio, travelling in the night and hiding in the woods or swamps in the day-time: on the morning of the third day, just at dawn, and as I was about to quit the road for the swamp, I heard the tramp of a horse close behind me. I turned my head and saw at once it was master John; at the same moment he halloed to me to stop. I did not answer but ran. He started his horse and said, 'damn you, if you don't stop I'll shoot you.' He had spurred so hard he could not stop his horse when he came up with me, but passed on, and before he could turn back I had jumped the fence, and with all speed I ran for the swamp. He soon followed, and had nearly reached me when he came upon softer ground, and his horse mired so that he could not reach me. He then fired a pistol and wound-

ed me severely in the right ankle. I fell forward upon my hands, felt very faint, and my eyes grew dim; but in a moment this passed off, I rose upon my feet, hastily unbuckled and threw off my knapsack, ran for the swamp which I soon reached, and plunged into a tangled growth of briars, where a dog could scarcely follow. I made my way through as well as I could and soon came upon a small stream of water which parted the briars so as to leave room enough by stooping and dodging to pass between. I waded in this little river for miles through the swamp and made for the mountains, which I reached about two o'clock, as near as I could judge. I sat down and examined my ankle which had become swollen and very painful. I picked out with my knife three shot near the ankle-bone and four more near my shinbone, cut a bandage from my shirt and bound it up as well as I could. For the next three

days I had not a mouthful to eat; nor could I have swallowed it if I had; I was so broken down by fear and trouble."

Let us for a moment contemplate the situation of this poor hunted fugitive, sitting on the hills of Kentucky, alone in his despair — sick at heart, wounded, without money, food or clothes, save what he had on, a price set on him, and every man's hand, for hundreds of miles on every side, against him.

The wanderings of the last of the Stuarts through the wilds of Scotland upon his flight from the field of Culloden, his hair-breadth escapes, the sufferings he endured, and the manly fortitude with which he encountered those severe trials, have been said and sung the world over, and enlisted the world's sympathy and admiration. And yet the dangers which Charles Edward braved, and the sufferings he endured, we venture to think were less than those which this poor ignorant negro

encountered. Every man, woman and child among whom the former sought refuge, were intent, at every sacrifice, to succor and save him from the fangs of the soldiery who hunted him. Every man, woman and child in the slave states are bent upon arresting the fugitive slave, and none may aid or succor.

How Jonathan Thomas contrived to elude his pursuers, and for eleven weeks to drag his weary way, crippled as he was, through Kentucky, Virginia and Maryland, to Baltimore, where fortune favored him, is more than we can conceive. Nor is it well yet to divulge the ways and help which sometimes avail with a stout heart and determined resolution, to free a slave from American bondage.

From Baltimore to Boston, by a rare combination of fortunate circumstances, he was enabled to travel with ease and despatch. By another turn of good fortune he was directed to call upon the slave's friend at

Boston, who immediately administered to his wants and placed his wounded leg under surgical advice. Upon his first arrival it was painful, and to our common nature humiliating, to observe the fear and suspicion that haunted him in the presence of white men. It required some little time and assurance to convince him that they could be his brethren. His untutored gratitude and joy, when this truth was realized, would have touched the heart of the most inveterate despiser of his race. In one week after his arrival he was comfortably seated in the cars on the Western Railroad, with all the necessary means of reaching his anxiously expecting wife and children in Canada.

Doubtless there are many under whose eye this brief narrative of a common occurrence may fall, whose misfortune, or, it may be whose fault it is, to feel no interest in, or look with contempt upon a manly struggle and

heroic achievement, when performed by one of the despised race. Let such remember that the negro is none the less their brother, and that he is "God's image, though carved in ebony;" and let the Christian and the citizen, by such occurrences as this, be ever reminded of the gross hypocrisy and wrong that prevails in this boasted land of freedom and is sanctioned and sustained by the Church and State of which he is an equal and responsible member.

Boston, U. S.

To our American Brethren.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

Swords *are* into ploughshares turning,
Reaping-hooks have banished spears;
Silent is war's voice of mourning,
Dried the source of battle-tears.
Angel-hymns in heaven are singing,
Earth repeats their harmonies;
Once again God's message bringing:
Peace! delightful tidings! Peace!

Brighter days await the nations—
Burst the barriers, break the ban!
Freedom pours her gratulations,
Man is reconciled to man.

Commerce, through the world progressing,
Quickens myriads at her call,
Universalizes blessing,
And makes each the friend of all.

'Midst the joy one sad emotion
Haunts and harasses the breast;
There 's a cloud across the ocean!
There 's a plague-spot in the West!
Men! whom we *would* love and honor,
As ye love your country's fame,
Cleanse the shame-stain resting on her,—
Slavery is that stain of shame.

Bowrington, near Bridgend,
Glamorganshire, Sept. 4th, 1846.

Dismion.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"INSTINCT is a great matter," says Shakspeare: and it is remarkable how instinctively every anti-slavery movement, for the last fifty years, has found itself arrayed against the Union; and how instinctively, also, every such movement has been branded by the South as treasonable. Both tendencies were right. The abolitionist finds no readier foe, no greater obstacle than the Union: and the lover of the Constitution of 1789 knows that slavery and the Constitution will die together. All anti-slavery men have *felt* this;—most of them without being fully conscious of it. But the merit and glory of the American Anti-slavery Society have been, that we have

plainly seen, and as frankly confessed, that our warfare is with the AMERICAN UNION, and that we expect success only in its downfall.

We seek the Dissolution of the Union, because the inhabitants of a country must either support or oppose the Government. They cannot be neutral. Their silence is sanction. But this Government we cannot support, because it requires of its citizens things which no honest man can do: and, secondly, because its chief result has been to give greater stability, strength and extension to the slave system.

But for the fear of Northern bayonets, pledged for the master's protection, the slaves would long since have wrung a peaceful emancipation from the fears of their oppressors, or sealed their own redemption in blood.

But for the countenance of the Northern Church the Southern conscience would have long since awakened to its guilt, and the

impious sight of a Church made up of slave-holders and called the Church of Christ, been scouted from the world.

But for the weight of Northern influence Louisiana had never been bought, and then there never would have been a domestic slave-trade; Texas had never been stolen; nor the Floridas usurped; nor any means of ease found for the serpent, which, girdled with the fire of the world's scorn, was dying by its own sting.

The North supplies the ranks of the army. Witness the muster-rolls of the Revolution; witness Randolph's taunt, that all the South meant to do was to furnish *officers;* witness South Carolina's excuse in 1779 that her sons dared not quit home for the war and leave their slaves behind; witness the South-western press just now, dissuading from too free volunteering for the Texan war for fear that the slaves should seize the opportunity and

rise. Yet it was national troops, *thus drafted*, which put down the insurrection of Nat. Turner: national troops secured the Floridas, thus snatching from the o'er-stung sufferers of Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas, their only refuge from our vulture's talons: national troops cover Texas, without which, Mr. Secretary Upshur told the world, the institution of slavery would not live there ten years.

To our shame, the South confesses that to us she "is indebted for a permanent safeguard against insurrection: that the dissolution of the Union is the dissolution of Slavery: that a million of slaves are ready to rise at the first tap of the drum, and, but for us, where is she to look for protection." We are no advocates for supporting the slave in insurrection, but we loathe still more the supporting of the master in his tyranny. "Hands off," is the Anglo-Saxon motto. Let both parties have fair play; and then if the master, in his fear

of blood, grants the slave his freedom, go home and blush to think how many years your guilty partnership has encouraged him to refuse this justice.

We seek the dissolution of the Union, because the temptation of Southern support is too much for Northern virtue, either in Church or State. Hence the ambition of the great sects hastens to strike hands with the slave-trader, and trims its creed to suit the market; while Northern statesmanship is but a competition in baseness — a bidding for the town's poor — a trial of which party will be content with least for betraying their constituents.

We curse the Constitution of 1789, because it is a cunning device to evade the laws of God; a policy of insurance which the North gave her Southern sisters when they started on this mutual slave voyage. For Nature compels to freedom by making slavery burn

up the soil on which she rests, and the slave grows burdensome as free labor presses on his heels. But the Union says to Virginia, "Not so; when your virgin soil is exhausted raise men instead of tobacco, and we will protect the domestic market by that highest of all tariffs — the penalty of death against the foreign trader." But for this compromise the whole Atlantic border would now be free.

God and Nature have made the master tremble lest his property in man take feet and vanish. The Union gives him her marshals and courts, her judges and laws, her army and navy, to quiet his fears, and bring back the fugitive, if found where the National Vulture flaps his wings.

Of this Constitution it is enough for us to know that, beneath it, the slaves have trebled in numbers and slave-holders have monopolized the offices and dictated the policy of the Government; prostituting the strength of the

nation to the support of slavery here and elsewhere; trampling on the rights of the Free States, and making the courts of the country their tools. We have the highest authority for "judging a tree by its fruits." "The preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of slavery," says Adams, "is the VITAL and ANIMATING SPIRIT of the National Government." Our connection with the Slave States has kept the colored race among us under the ban of a cruel and wasting prejudice.

Let no one say, these things need not have been, and we may reasonably hope for better times to come.

Not so. We shall never launch on another era with a more glowing love of liberty and justice than that which pervaded the Nation's mind at the close of the Revolution.

We shall never try the experiment of letting freedom, with fettered feet, run a race with

slavery, furnished with wings, under better auspices than while the spirit of Wythe and Jefferson made Virginia tremble for her right to crush and kill; while Jay covered New York with his angel wings, and Samuel Adams thundered in Faneuil Hall. All that *political man* could do, chained to the compromises of 1789, has been done: and where is the statesman vain enough to ask our confidence in trying over again the experiment, in which Jay and King, Ellsworth and Strong, Martin and Wythe, Adams and Ames have failed?

No matter what we may think of the character or of the provisions of the Constitution; there are always, *beneath the parchment*, elements of political strength and activity which overrule statutes: and these elements have been found such, in a trial of fifty years, that if you run your eye over the list of Northern statesmen you will find them all either mem-

bers of a defeated party, or traitors; — men who won success only by submitting to a baptism of treason — treason to their lineage, to their own principles, and to their birth-place: who have lived only by speaking at Washington what they feared to say at home, and by whispering at home what they dared not meet at Washington; and whose political death has dated from the day when they were equally well known in both places. Witness Shaw of Lanesboro', Webster of Marshfield, Van Buren of Kinderhook, and Everett of Cambridge.

We abjure the Union, because we will not sail with Slavery at the helm; — because our bayonets shall never shield the hearth, wife, or child, of any man, in order that he may safely trade in human flesh; — because our hands shall never thrust back into hell the trembling fugitive, whom our example and the sight of our happiness has tempted to run

from it;—and, finally, because we believe if the old men of 1776 could now lift up their heads and see the ruin they have wrought, they would curse us as bastards if we did not do them the justice to believe they would have hated such a result, and if we did not do our utmost, in mere justice to them, to blot from history the memory of this, their only, but, alas! their momentous folly or crime.

Boston, U S.

To the Abolitionists.

BY WILLIAM P. ATKINSON.

FRIENDS of Truth, though waiting long,
Still let every heart be strong,
Still let Hope brace every nerve,
Faithful unto the end to serve.

What though the wicked triumph now,
And the crown be torn from Freedom's brow,
And the skies are dark with the clouds of ill,
And the sound of woe our country fill;

And the prophets of God, whose voice should
be heard,
And the followers of Christ, who should
speak his word,

Are dumb in the hour of their country's
shame,
Are false to her cause, and false to His
name.

What though the North with craven heart,
Hath chosen the base and wicked part,
Hath bowed the knee, hath her birth-right
sold,
For the slave-holder's bribe of blood-stained
gold:

In the cause of Man shall our courage fail?
Shall the power of Sin o'er the Truth
prevail?
No hand to save, no voice to cheer,
Shall the hope of the slave be turned to
fear?

No! the arm of Truth is very strong;
The power of Faith endureth long;
The reign of sin shall last but a day;
Like the morning mist it shall pass away.

We are a small and a feeble band,
If we trust in the strength of flesh to stand;
But the sword of the Spirit is ours to wield,
Stronger than Slavery's seven-fold shield.

The power of Truth shall nerve our arm;
That shall preserve our cause from harm;
Though foes attack, though weak friends fail,
The power of Truth shall still prevail.

God's ways are not as our ways;
He reckoneth not by our short days;
Eternity lies at His command;
We will trust in the moving of His strong hand.

Then friends of Truth, though waiting long,
Still let every heart be strong,
Still let Hope brace every nerve,
Faithful unto the end to serve.

New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Speech of Stephen C. Phillips in Faneuil Hall.

DEAR MRS. CHAPMAN:

In fulfilment of a promise which I believe I made, to send a contribution to the Liberty Bell, I enclose an extract from my speech in Faneuil Hall at the meeting held to consider the case of the abducted slave, thinking that you might prefer it, as recording an interesting event, to any article I might be able to write.

I am, dear madam,

Yours respectfully and truly,

S. C. PHILLIPS.

Salem, Oct. 1846.

THE object of this meeting must touch the hearts of all who have listened to the sad story which the Chairman of the Committee has related. It is difficult to believe it to be true. The scene is laid in Boston, and it refers to an act of inhumanity which it is difficult to imagine should have been attempted here. The parties to the transaction are our fellow-citizens, and the

offence charged upon them seems to be the last which could have been committed by a Boston shipmaster, and a Boston merchant. The sufferer is a poor, helpless, homeless fellow-being, who committed an error in supposing that *a slave would be free in Massachusetts, and might be sure of Christian treatment in Boston.*

The unfortunate sufferer was a *slave.* He sighed for liberty, and who condemns the impulse of his nature? Conscious that he was a man, he felt himself entitled to the rights of a man, and resolved that he would make a hazardous effort to obtain them; and who blames him that he should conceive and execute such a purpose? I learn that some whose opinions are respected, express the opinion that he should have voluntarily remained a slave; that it was his only duty to "obey his master," to hug his chains, to bare his back to the lash, to extinguish the desire

for a change of condition, to cease to regard human rights as anything for him; and that because he aspired to a better fate, he should not be an object of our sympathy, and that humanity and Christianity do not plead in his behalf. Repulsive, heart-chilling, unavoidably insincere as is this suggestion — let whoever utters it consult his conscience, or "behold in a mirror" the man who will tell him what he thinks of it — it is the only pretext whereby the conclusion can be resisted, that the escape of a slave from slavery is, in itself, an act to be approved, the exercise of an indisputable right, and, under suitable circumstances, the discharge of a manifest duty. I care not, Mr. President, from what source, however respectable, this suggestion may proceed; but before you, and in Faneuil Hall, I am compelled to assert, that a slave, presenting himself here, and claiming to be a freeman, would deserve to meet, as he would be sure to meet, the

sympathy and admiration of every true man amongst us. The free citizens of the slave-holding States may take a different view of their relation to their slaves; but we of Massachusetts owe it to our known political and religious principles — and the slave-holding States should be so advised — to consider the slaves, *equally with the masters*, as our *countrymen*, as our *fellow beings*, and as entitled *amongst us* to all the rights and privileges of any other countrymen, of any other fellow beings. Some may scruple to sanction this declaration; but I make it unhesitatingly, and I came here, to-night, as far as this case will allow me, *to act upon it.* It is a declaration in conformity to the Bill of Rights, the laws and the judicial decisions of Massachusetts; and never as a citizen, as a Christian, or as a man, shall I be prevailed upon to abjure it.

The sufferer was a slave from no other part of the world than *our own country.* This is

the fatal fact which has caused the guilt and the disgrace of the criminal acts in which our fellow citizens have participated. Had he been a slave from Cuba or Brazil, had he been a serf from Russia, had he been a fugitive from the oppression not yet extirpated from British India, had he been a human being presenting himself in any other character than that of *an American slave*, the sailor's heart would have warmed towards him upon the passage, the merchant's purse would have been open to him upon his landing, the voice of welcome and the hand of relief would have met him everywhere in our streets, and Boston would have proved to him a Christian city. In one word, had he been *a slave, and not our countryman*, he would have been treated as well as if he were *our countryman, but not a slave.* This shows us, Mr. President, what American slavery has "done for us," in one of its effects

upon our principles, our character, and our conduct. The "suffering man" from the "farthest pole" may become or be deemed "our neighbor," and be treated as such; but as for *the slave*, who is "nearer home" — our very *countryman* — he must learn, and the Christian world must learn from his fate, that *our patriotism* forbids us to have any humanity or Christianity, and that our laws are but a mockery, *for him.* Except so far as the proceedings of this meeting shall forbid such a construction, Boston, with all her pride and fame, must expect, and must be understood, of her own choice, to consent to be thus judged and condemned for her direct and potential support of American slavery.

The sufferer in this case is *a negro.* I know full well the force of the antipathy to which, on board ship and on shore, this fact has subjected him. Could he have been a white man, although a slave, his fate might

have been different. But it is hard for us to do the negro justice. I feel the severity of the rebuke that it scarcely becomes us to complain that negroes are enslaved at the South, until they shall be treated more like freemen at the North. I understand the difficulties arising from prejudice which resist all efforts to ameliorate their condition here. I have felt the difficulty of eradicating this prejudice. I am aware how hard it is to reconcile any physiological theory, however demonstrable, which disproves the original distinction of races, to our desire and determination to regard the negro as essentially inferior to the white man. Be this as it may, still the conclusion is irresistible — the judgment, the heart, the conscience all sustain it — that negroes are, as much as any of us, *men* — physically, intellectually, and morally, men — that their degradation may be the result of unnatural rather than natural laws — and that

since the Providence of God has placed them amongst us, we are responsible to God if we fail to extend to them the benefit of our political and social institutions, and to exert all the humane and Christian influences, which can promote the improvement of the individual, and the advancement of the race. The negro, let him have been freeman or slave, be he neighbor or be he stranger, — so long as he is amongst us, is entitled to all the rights and privileges of any white citizen; — and, as Republicans, we belie the principles of our Government, and fail to maintain the Constitution and laws, if we suffer the protection, which is afforded to others, to be withheld from him.

We meet, then, to consider our duty in the clear case of illegal, inhuman, and unchristian treatment, to which this American slave and negro has been subjected. By fraud and force he has been abducted from the streets

of Boston, and he is already far beyond the reach of our sympathy, where neither our wishes nor our efforts can afford him any relief. Under the charge of the second Boston shipmaster, who has made himself an accomplice in the crime, he is on his way back to New Orleans, to meet the fate which there awaits the runaway slave. We may imagine the heavy heart, the disappointed hopes, the bitter grief with which he turned his last look on Boston, as he felt that all which Boston had done for him was to enforce the laws of Louisiana rather than those of Massachusetts; and that what his Louisiana owner dare not have attempted in person, and could not have accomplished through any agent known to be such, a Boston merchant and Boston shipmasters had volunteered, illegally and clandestinely, to accomplish in his behalf. Such truly, Mr. President, is the revolting aspect of the facts of the case, and

deep is the disgrace which must overshadow the fair fame of Boston, so far as the mass of her citizens shall not promptly avow their abhorrence of this outrage, and adopt effectual measures to prevent its recurrence.

* * * * * *

I cannot and ought not to conclude, without adverting once more as every one must do, in his thoughts upon the subject, to the *primary cause* of the wrongs which have been suffered in this case. We shall not have learned the lesson which the case seems to have been designed to inculcate, unless it fixes our attention anew upon *our exposure to the evils of* SLAVERY, *and our responsibility for their continuance.* Our commercial intercourse with the ports of the slave-holding States is now clogged by regulations, which make it almost impossible for those who continue in the trade, to exonerate themselves from an actual, a direct, a constant participation in the

support of slavery. The captain and the merchants implicated in the present case, if they had not felt that their business depended upon it, would have had no desire to retain and return the slave; but they saw that it was for their interest to signalize their devotion to the interests of the slave-owner, and with this view, they were scrupulously considerate of the laws of Louisiana, while they sought to evade, and dared openly to resist, the laws of Massachusetts.

The fact is but too plain, that, unless Northern shipmasters and merchants will connive at and will assist in executing all the harsh and hateful measures which are prescribed for preventing the escape of slaves, and for arresting and returning fugitives, and will tacitly submit to the still more odious regulations by which our free colored citizens, without any imputation or suspicion of crime, are violently abducted from our vessels, thrown

into prison, and *some of them in the end actually sold as slaves*, slavery will be scarcely able to sustain itself in any of the Southern seaports. In view of this state of things, I can see much good, mixed with evil, in the results of the case before us. It will open the eyes of the people of Massachusetts to the danger and the guilt of a silent and passive co-operation with such of her citizens as are practically committed to the support of slavery. It will arouse the public conscience, and insure the vigorous action of public opinion upon every occurrence which involves the sacrifice of human liberty. It will make it certain that no shipmaster, no merchant, no citizen of Massachusetts, will hereafter venture, in the support of slavery, to disregard and violate the laws *of his own State*. Occurring, too, in connection with the political and religious proceedings, which are rapidly converging to the same general issue, it will help to make

it manifest that OPPOSITION TO SLAVERY is henceforth to be regarded as a political and religious duty, no longer to be questioned, no longer to be shunned, no longer to be postponed, but a duty to be at once faithfully, deliberately, and resolutely performed.

Let us congratulate ourselves, Mr. President and fellow citizens, that the sentiment of opposition to slavery is so deeply rooted in the hearts of the people of Massachusetts. With us, indeed, it is an hereditary sentiment, which has descended to us as the heirs of the love of liberty of the Puritans, and of the uncorrupted patriotism of the sages of the revolution. Taught in our schools, and sanctioned in our churches, it is identified with our moral and religious principles. Thus instinct with spiritual life, no party influence, no combination of interests, no apprehension of consequences, can prove sufficient to extinguish it; and it becomes all whom it concerns, to

heed the assurance that while *Plymouth Rock* stands, or a voice can be heard in *Faneuil Hall*, MASSACHUSETTS WILL MAINTAIN AND AVOW THIS SENTIMENT.

Paul Flemming's Sonnet to Himself.

Paul Flemming is mentioned as the most distinguished German poet of the seventeenth century.

This sonnet was translated by Dr. Charles Follen for his lectures on the romantic literature of the Germans. It seemed to me that these circumstances, added to the character of the poem itself, would make it acceptable to the readers of the Liberty Bell.

E. L. Follen.

Be brave in spite of all! do not give up the fight!
Yield not to fortune! seek joy in thyself! and let
Envy beneath thee quail. Aye, do not grieve or fret,
Though chance, and time, and place against thee all unite.
Think it is all designed; affliction or delight,
Whatever be thy fate, take it; have no regret.
Perform what must be done before the task is set.

Thy hope, though not yet born, may still
behold the light.
Why art thou grieved, why pleased? Thou
art, thyself, thy whole
Good and ill-fortune. See things as they
are, I say,
Are they not all within thyself? Up! cast
away
Conceit! ere thou proceed, look in upon thy
soul.
If thou hast learned indeed to will and to
obey
Thyself—the vast rich world must own thy
righteous sway.

An English Child's Notion

OF THE INFERIORITY OF THE COLORED POPULATION IN AMERICA.

My little girl, between five and six years of age, has long been interested (so far as she can understand them) in the objects of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The last two years she sent her little offering to the Boston Fair, and has already finished the piece of work which is to be her contribution this year. She and her brother (two years younger) were admiring her work and spelling out the word "Liberty" in the middle of it, which she began to explain to him, — adding, after she had told him what "Liberty" and "Freedom" meant, — "For do you know, Dicky, in America there are a number of

cruel black people who make slaves of the whites?"

I wish any apologist of slavery could have seen her face of incredulity and horror when I corrected her mistake, and she found that in fact the whites were the cruel, *degraded* oppressors, and the blacks the guiltless victims.

BRISTOL, England.

Lecture on Slavery.

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG.

The following extracts are taken from an unpublished Lecture on Slavery delivered by the Rev. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, of Bristol, Eng., March 15, 1846. The portions of Scripture on which his reflections were founded, being Matt. vii. 12: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and Heb. xiii. 3: "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body."

IT may be worthy of our attention to listen to the tenor of the document put forth by the Congress of America, on declaring their Independence of Great Britain, in the memorable year of 1776. Its first two clauses are couched in the following terms.

"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume the sepa-

rate and equal station to which the laws of nature, and of nature's God, entitle them, — A DECENT RESPECT TO THE OPINIONS OF MANKIND requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to separate.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident — that ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL; — that they are endowed by their Creator with certain INALIENABLE RIGHTS; — that among these are LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS: and that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence indeed, will dictate

that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes.

* * * * * *

But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, — it is their right, — it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

Now it will be observed that an expression occurs in the commencing clause, of a very peculiar import. It speaks of "*a decent respect for the opinions of mankind.*" I own, upon this fact, I, for one, build much. My purpose, brethren, this night, is to awaken and strengthen and sanctify in YOU, that peaceful and holy TRIBUNAL to which this solemn appeal is made: and to induce you to embrace opportunities of bringing that tribunal TO BEAR upon the public and national acts of a people who, so long as this document remains in accept-

ance among them, constitute YOU their CENSORS; and give you a right to proclaim to them your impressions, as with shuddering heart, and shocked soul, you gain the knowledge of the actual and contemporaneous state of things, permitted, cherished, defended,—among that same liberty-loving, liberty-defining people, who CALL YOU TO WITNESS—that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inaniable rights;" and that chief "among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

What, then, *is* this permitted, cherished, defended state of things? Why, that in the United States of America, 3,000,000 of our fellow beings are held and used as beasts and things; living without legal marriage; without protection to family relations; having no control over their offspring, which they must yield up as soon as born—to be reared as

brutes for the market; having no control over their own persons, being robbed of the capacity to make anything their own;—liable to be seized at any moment, and sold to pay their masters' debts. In a word, the sole end of their existence, the profit of the master; and their powers of body and soul—their civil, social, and domestic rights and relations —their time and eternity, all merged in the pecuniary interests of their owners ! !

Such is but a sketch—the merest outline of this appalling and ghastly system: fill it up as you may—no words can do it justice; and thought itself sinks in the very imagination of it. But let us glance for a moment at another chapter of this strange history.

It was but some twenty years later, when on another JULY, another oppressed community "DECLARED" itself free. It was in that month of the year 1798, when HAYTI sprang up, and organized an independent govern-

ment. In 1801, France, in an evil hour for her fame, undertook to re-enslave it. In eleven months the abortive enterprise was at an end; and from that time Hayti has continued free and independent. It was just the case in which a great people had but recently taught them, — "*it was their right, it was their duty* to throw off such a government, and to provide new guards for their future security." Acting on this "right," yielding to this "duty," they did so. And how has the Federal Government of the emancipated descendants of the men who fled from Laud and Charles dealt with this heroic Republic? Why, from that day to this, refused to acknowledge its independence! And for what reason? Simply, distinctly, unblushingly, for the reason — as declared in the public debates in Congress — that "the peace of eleven states in this Union," — (so said Mr. Benton of Missouri) "will not permit the fruits of a successful

Negro insurrection to be exhibited among them." "The Government of Hayti," said another, "has proclaimed principles of liberty and equality; and has marched to victory under the banner of universal emancipation: —our policy with regard to her is plain, — we never can acknowledge her independence." "Never," — said a third, — "will I, never will my constituents, be forced into this .... This body have long been free, I admit;" — (we refer to a debate so lately as in 1838) "*yet if they had been free for centuries, I would not acknowledge their independence!*" Thus spake the men who had sprung into political being by the very act they here repudiate in another! Thus spake the authors or maintainers of the "Declaration" of 1776; — in whose behalf they had appealed to THE WORLD'S OPINION; and in whose support they had mutually pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor!"

Now, my Christian friends, if ever, surely, there was a case in which it might be justified in one human being — in one poor sinner — to sit in judgment on another, — it would be when and as we read these two contrasting sets of things, — when and as we "look on *that* picture and on *this*!" — and then sum up in the sacred and searching words we have included in our text: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM."

But we have included too, in our text — and in fitting, strictest sequence too — with the words preceding: "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body." Remember them, oh remember them! Serve them how you can, and ask and seek in what ways you can add YOUR voice and hand in the holy work of helping,

at least, to "undo the heavy burden, and letting the oppressed go free."

They are said to be happy. If they were, it would be but a motive the more for rescuing creatures with the form and nature of men, from being *reconciled* to a condition in which they are treated as no better or worthier than the brutes that perish. They are said to be happy; and in words so emphatic as the following, in a letter from a leading individual, the Governor of a State, to our venerable Thomas Clarkson. "Our slaves are the happiest 3,000,000 of human beings on whom the sun shines. Into their Eden is coming Satan in the guise of an Abolitionist"!!!

Well, it may be so; but if so happy, if so well treated, why so prone to *run away* from this happiness, and this kind care?

I hold in my hand a list of advertisements from Southern newspapers, but a few, a very few from the thousands of similar ones,

which, in the words of a recent tract on American Slavery — "blacken the columns of the southern press." They all exhibit cases of HORRID MUTILATION AND WOUNDS! Perhaps, therefore, examples of a depraved class of malcontents, who ran away because they were miserably punished, and miserably punished because they were objects unworthy of mercy. They were exceptions to the general rule of servile happiness. Then how account for THE THOUSANDS who, through difficulties that only DESPAIR could conquer, make for the frontiers of CANADA, as offering an asylum which to them is "AS LIFE FROM THE DEAD?"

The same respected authority; the same Governor HAMMOND, in the aforesaid letter, has the discretion to say — "We accept the Bible terms, as the definition of our slavery, and its precepts as the guide of our conduct. We desire nothing more. Even the right to "buffet," which is esteemed so shocking, finds its express license in the Gospel."

Now, construed with such rigor, and with such determination to shut out explaining, qualifying, and more general and controlling views, one might wonder, if to "buffet" were a sanctioned practice in *those who rule*, where the Scriptural sanction was found for the RESISTANCE enacted by *those who were subject*, at the era of the already named "Declaration" of Rights and Liberties? While further we might ask, how far this professed conformity to Bible precepts "*as the guide of conduct*," could consist with the language and spirit of this same individual, who, on the floor of Congress, thinking of his "Eden," and doubtless assimilating with "Satan" the spirit of a Channing, publicly declares a purpose of sanguinary vengeance against the man denoted by our Southey, as "a blessing and an honor to his generation and his country"; warning him for his words of peace and truth uplifted for his wronged brother, and "in re-

membrance of them in bonds," that, if he should cross the borders of South Carolina, not twenty thousand men should save him from being immolated to the wrath of the slave-holding saints and patriots, among whom *that* Governor, to be sure, was as a burning and a shining light!

But we must draw our topic to a close. Subjects crowd upon our thoughts. Recollections multiply as we think. I could name to you the friends whom we have encouraged, as I could speak to you of the institutions which we have strengthened. I could interest you in the letters we have received; and in the thankful and assuring words which have been sent us, that our influence is of use, and that our sympathies far more than our gifts, are valued as indications of that power which is at work, unseen but felt, which gives nerve to the arm of the striving, and hope to the bosom of the generous, in the cause of

"them that are in bonds, and of them which suffer adversity."

On these thought I might detain you longer. But I forbear. I have said enough to inform you. May it be found, through the spirit of God, that I have said enough to IMPRESS you.

On hearing of the Death of Thomas Clarkson.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Thus, faithful one, to thee be given
The meed of glory thine!
Thy spirit, like the stars of heaven,
Forevermore shall shine.

For thou the hearts of men hast bent
To righteousness and truth;
For this thy green old age hast spent,
Thy manhood and thy youth.

Nor "storied urn" nor carved stone,
To Clarkson need we raise,

For wheresoe'er thy name is known,
There dwells thy deathless praise.

Nor nobler tribute couldst thou ask,
To grace thine honored grave,
Than this — the story of thy task —
"Friend of the helpless slave."

We mourn thee not! our hearts rejoice
That thy great soul is free;
It cheers us like a spirit's voice,
But to remember thee!

Cambridge, U. S.

An Illustration of Character.

BY WARREN BURTON.

Many of the colored population of Boston were once slaves at the South. Their lives have been fraught with labors, pains, hopes, fears, agonies, perilous adventure, and perhaps of loftiest heroism, such as hue-scorning Whitedom would wonder at and think gloriously romantic in anybody's life and character but those of the Negro. Among them, too, are the proud world's "little ones," who are high Heaven's greatest; the despising of whom, I verily believe, will be found a fearful thing in the judgments of eternity. Let facts illustrate.

In the summer of 1845, my duties in the Ministry-at-large led me through the African

obscurities of West Boston. In one little yard, in different abodes, I found three individuals who had once been in Southern servitude, and who were entire strangers to each other till they came together in this city from their separate thraldoms. One was a middle-aged woman, who told me a most melting tale about severance from her children and the rending of her maternal heart by the domestic slave-trade. The other two were aged men of above four-score years. The story of one I will here relate: —

Thomas Bailey lived in a little room in a third story, reached by a steep, narrow stairway. On entering I excused my intrusion by announcing myself as a missionary to the poor. His countenance lighted up at this, and he said that he was always glad to see any of God's children. I soon elicited his history.

For more than fifty years of his life he was

a slave on a Southern plantation. It was his fortune, however, to have an uncommonly kind master, who was an Englishman by birth. He had chosen for a wife a woman residing on a neighboring plantation, near a navigable river. He had himself as much happiness as could be expected by one of his lot. But the war of 1812 came on, and the British made depredations on the estates near the water-side. The master of his wife, fearing to lose his slaves by means of the enemy, resolved to send them off to Alexandria to be sold by auction, and Bailey's wife and seven children among the rest. The husband and father was in agony. How inexpressibly precious were these eight living beings! He owned nothing in the world but them — the treasures of his heart, legalized by the Father of Spirits and the God of Love. These were to be torn forever from his embrace, from his sight, and perhaps to be scattered also from each other,

brother and sister, each in a different direction, and far away likewise from the mother that bore them, and who loved them as she did her life. But this horrid separation was prevented on the eve of accomplishment, by the enemy's burning the vessel in which they were to be taken to the slave-market. He now resolved to do his utmost, and dare any danger for their rescue. Under the cover of night and by the blessing of God he was soon able to convey his whole family on board a British vessel lying not far off in the river. What a foretaste of heaven must have been their ecstatic joy at such a deliverance — a fortune so different from the fate which shortly before seemed a very certainty. They were all carried by their new friends to one of the West India Islands where they staid a year. During this period one of the children was taken away, not to irretrievable bondage, but to the freedom of the heavenly

kingdom. They then emigrated to Halifax in the British Provinces. Here his home was soon made lonely and his heart desolate by the decease of his wife. He had before led a life of good ordinary morality, but he had not experienced the regenerating power of religion, and he felt the need of consolations which this world had not to give. By the grace of God, under the preaching of a Baptist clergyman, he became a professed disciple of Jesus. His account of his conversion and of his subsequent life was full of touching pathos. "O!" said he, "the Lord called to me in a voice that went to the core of my heart, and I obeyed him. He gave me the influences of his spirit; then, O! how I loved my heavenly Father; I loved all my fellow men; I loved all the animals, the very creeping things, indeed everything that God made, because He made them. I was very ignorant, for I had never learned to read, and I was ready to

receive instruction from anybody; a little babe might have taught me, I felt so humble and I so wanted to learn."

He said that he now felt how very important it was that his children should be trained up aright. Their mother being dead, all the care came on him, and he felt that as a Christian father he had a great duty to perform. Although by going out at jobbing in the city he might make his labor much more profitable, yet, having learned at the South to cobble shoes, he resolved to pursue this business now, at home, so that he might always be there to take care of his children. He could not teach them much, but he could keep them from some evil and do them some good. He had them kneel around him every night and morning while he prayed to their Father in heaven. At their humble meals, he made them cross their hands and bow their heads while he craved the Divine blessing on

their food. Thus he continued in his bereavement, and trained up his six children till they were old enough to take care of themselves. Then he went out from home to work at much larger pay. He continued in Halifax till about a year previous to the time I met him, when he came to Boston, to visit a daughter. O! thought I, would that the fathers, even the well-educated fathers of this favored city, were as faithful as you. I spoke of Sabbath privileges and of religious meetings generally. "O!" exclaimed he, "they are very precious to me. I could not do without them. Prayer is my meat, my drink, my very breath of life." What a beautiful climax—the earnest eloquence of a devout heart! He could not read a word, but on an old desk lay a Bible, to which I alluded, and he remarked that he should be very thankful if I would read a chapter. I therefore read the CIII Psalm. When I had got through, and

looked from the book to the man, I found him bending forward, his arms resting on his lap, his lips slightly parted, his dark eye distended, and all swimming and glistening with the moisture of emotion, and his face was alive, every particle of it, with expression. The beaming light of intense Christian faith, hope and love, irradiated his features; and that old, wrinkled, ebony countenance was absolutely beautiful; it was the beauty of holiness; like that of those who had passed within the veil. I felt that he was nearer to the mercy-seat than myself, and was of worthier utterance before the Hearer of prayer, and I requested him to pray. At once, as if the act was as familar to him as converse with a friend, he knelt down and poured out one of the most heart-expressing and heart-stirring prayers I ever heard. His voice was not loud and boisterous as that of devotion sometimes is, with the ignorant enthusiast,

but was subdued to a soft, yet still most earnest tone, and flowed into my ear with a melody like notes from music-chords. They indeed flowed into my heart. I had not an idea originating with myself; his thoughts and feelings were individualized directly from him into me. That prayer, indeed, seemed to run directly through my soul—a sort of religious electricity, kindling and melting and fitting it to mingle with and be blessed by those holy influences from the heavenly Father which were ready and waiting for union with the spirit of his child yet in the flesh.

Such was my interview with the poor old African. When I came away, it was with tardy steps and lingering looks behind. It seemed as if I had been at the gate of heaven, and had caught a last earthly glimpse of one about to pass through. Indeed, I saw him no more, for, on returning to the place a

few days after, I found that he had gone to one of his children in another city.

Phrenologists say that the constitutional religious tendencies are stronger in the Negro than in any other race of men. I believe this aged saint's character to be an exponent of the religious capacity of his people. I believe in all sincerity that when the African South shall have freedom and the Bible, and a due Christian culture, the kingdom of heaven will come there with a power and a glory unsurpassed. Indeed, I have the faith that it will be the religious paradise of the land, and an example to the proud white world which it cannot despise, yea, of which it will almost stand in awe.

Boston, U. S.

Voices from the Old World to the New.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

The Drawings referred to in the following lines were sent from Bristol, England, to the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, Boston, United States, October, 1846.

A VOICE from the SWISS MOUNTAINS!
Glorious, free,
Their snow peaks point to Heaven, the
Heaven of love,
While peaceful valleys, with their village
spires,
Tell how their sons, who once in deadly
strife,
Endured and struggled in blest Freedom's
cause,
Now tranquil dwell, respecting others' rights,
As erst they labored to defend their own.

A Voice from British Castles! Tyrants there,
Who knew not Christ's pure law except in name,
Long held imperious sway. Stern men of blood
Lorded it o'er their brethren, round their necks
Fastened the chain, and bade them work as slaves.
They gained their Magna Charta, showed that kings
Should never trample on *their* sacred rights,
But knew not that the Christian's God hath made,
E'en of *one* blood, all nations of the earth.
Oppression's reign is o'er; these feudal piles
All crumble in their ruins; beauteous now;
For Nature, shaming that her sons have been
Thus tyrannous and cruel, hangs a veil
Of tender, verdant ivy o'er those walls,

Once armed with darts and slings, now
crowned with flowers.
And e'en the curious eye can scarce discern
Where the chained captive dragged his tedi-
ous days,
And molten lead was poured by man on man.
The reign of Force must pass, — Nature is
free!
A Voice from NORWAY'S FIORDS! Hardy,
bold,
Her rugged sons rejoice in their wild rocks,
Which no slave's foot shall tread. The dis-
tant sail
Is one of "Freedom's swift-winged angels,
flying
To set the captive loose." Another Voice
From RYDAL WATER! There the poet sage
Passes life's evening, where his lyre hath
waked
The music of the heart, freedom and love.

A Voice from Sunset Lakes! The distant hills
Lave their calm summits in the crystal flood,
And glowing clouds, reflected in the waves,
Tell of a brilliant morrow. Shall the soul
Of man, immortal man, less shadow forth
The bright perfections of the Eternal Mind
Than do these waters? Shall the promise rise
Of peaceful, happy mornings, from these scenes, —
And shall a mournful gloom, unchanged by e'en
One ray of Heaven's own lustre, darkly sink
On the enslaved soul, the child of woe?

And Flowers, too, have their Voice!
Beauteous and bright
They live for joy. Shall God so clothe the flowers,
The creatures of a day, in loveliness,
And hath He not clothed man's undying soul

With beauty more enduring, — infinite?
A Voice from dark GETHSEMANE! His voice,
Who came to set the pining captive free,
To loose the prisoner's bonds; — who died for *all*,
That all through him might gain eternal life.
Let us not crucify the Lord afresh,
And make the Covenant's blood of none effect!
These voices send we thee, America,
From thy old fatherland, our blessed Isle,
To waken thee from thy dead sleep of sin,
To bid thee purge thyself from that foul stain,
That crime beyond all crime, — union of all, —
Which now pollutes thee. Art thou truly free,
Thou land of boasted liberty? The sighs
Of millions, chained in hopeless bondage, rise
Unpitied from thy shores, — sons of thy soil,

Though dark in skin, with souls as fair as thine.
Art thou a Christian country, — thou whose laws
Follow unto the death, the man who bears
The Book of Life to heal the sufferer's stripes?
Thou offerest incense to the God of love,
And tramplest on His image! Thou dost bind
His words upon thy lips, not on thy heart!
Thou build'st the temples of the living God
With blood-stained gold, the price of human flesh.
Yet, Western Land, we love thee. Oft our hearts
Have burned indignant at the heinous wrongs
Our country laid on thee in years long past.
Our fathers oft have sought thy ocean-shores
To fly the tyrant's arm; their pilgrim steps
Hallowed thy soil. Thy patriots are our own,

Sons of our Saxon race. The poet, sage,
Have sent across the waves their heaven-
born thoughts,
Kindling our souls with theirs. And 'tis for
this
We warn thee now, with earnest, Christian
love,
To put thy foul sin from thee. Every brand
Thou burnest on those suffering, helpless ones,
Fixes with deeper stain on thy own soul.
And every piercing cry of deep despair,
Drawn by the tyrant's lash, is heard in
Heaven.
Hear us, our kindred country! Lift thy
voice
With ours against this wrong! Teach not
thy sons,
Thy young and guileless sons, that 'tis the
law,
Their nation's law, that binds the wretched
slave.

But teach them that America is free,
And that no slave can touch thy sacred soil.
Say not that Northern States must closely
join
With Southern to support this deadly sin;—
The Saviour tells us to dissolve the ties
E'en of the closest kindred, if they draw
Our hearts from him. Speak, all ye true-born
men,
Bate not one effort, let no tongue be mute
Until all dwell in glorious liberty,
United in one bond of Brotherhood!

Letter.

BY GEORGE COMBE.

MRS. MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

Dear Madam: I deeply regret having delayed so long to write to you since your kind letter to Mrs. Combe; but we have both suffered from bad health and been much abroad, during the time. Thank God, we are now both completely restored and settled here, and once more enjoy the society of our friends and the other unspeakable blessings of Providence.

In all my wanderings in foreign countries, I have found intelligent men eager to inquire into the condition and prospects of the United States of North America, when they heard that I had visited them; and the descriptions which I gave cheered the hopes of the phi-

lanthropists, and animated the efforts of political reformers. But there was one dark stain on the fair face of the mighty confederacy which it was impossible for me either to hide or to palliate — that of Slavery. Again and again was the question put to me in sorrow, and not in anger, "But *how is it possible* for a people so moral, religious, enlightened, and free, to defend and practice Slavery?" What could I answer? The contradiction between every principle which lies at the foundation of the American Institutions, and of the Christian religion, and slavery, was so complete, that an angel from heaven must have stood ashamed and dumb before every virtuous man who asked him for an answer to this question. I explained to my inquiring friends that the odious system was begun under the British Government, long before America was free; but "why does it continue?" was the instant rejoinder to this

statement. If there is a living being in the United States who does not lament and shudder at this scourge of humanity, he is dead, not only to the voice of conscience and of patriotism but to the sense of shame and the honor of his country. The grand moral lesson which the United States is reading to the world is neutralized, nay, converted into a bitter mockery of reason, by slavery; and in every part of Europe where I have travelled is this deplorable truth known and lamented by the good, but hailed with pleasure and pointed to with triumph by the oppressor and his tools.

That the great, good God, who certainly rules this world on the principles of justice and reason, may prosper your efforts to root out the evil of slavery, is the constant desire of,

Dear Madam, yours very faithfully,

GEORGE COMBE.

45 Melville Street, Edinburgh,
the 22d November, 1845.

Kindness to Slaves.

BY WILLIAM PLUMER, JR.

Our slaves are treated with uniform kindness. — McDuffie.

Talk not of kindness to thy slave! The chain,
That galls his body oft, must in his ear
Forever clank: the whip, resounding near,
Oft on his back descending, driven amain,
Hath, in his quivering flesh, left bloody stain.
How then can he thy tones of kindness hear
Who knows not justice? But, kind master! strip
Thy body to the task, and herd with those
Who toil, for others' gain, beneath the whip.
And share with them the kindness Slavery shows:

So may'st thou judge aright of favors, shown
By power to weakness, where no rights are known.
Such lordly kindness gilds the bitter pill;
But leaves unchanged its deadly venom still.

New Hampshire, U. S.

Effects of Emancipation in Barbadoes.

Edinburgh, the 17th July, 1846.

MRS. CHAPMAN, BOSTON, U. S.

DEAR MADAM: I have the pleasure of sending to you a contribution for "The Liberty Bell," which I hope will be acceptable. It is a letter from Dr. John Davy, the brother of Sir Humphrey Davy, and the author of his "Life," to me on the subject of the Effects of Emancipation in Barbadoes, where he is now residing in official and professional employment.

On one point, I wish that Dr. Davy had possessed more accurate information. He refers to the celebrated Professor Tiedemann as an authority for the statement that the

Negro brain is equal to the European, and he is quite correct in saying that Tiedemann makes this statement; but unfortunately the same Tiedemann gives the *measurements* on which his assertion is founded, and they *directly contradict* his conclusions. The following are the results actually obtained on summing up Tiedemann's measurements.

		Inch.	*lines.*
Average Length of Brain in	4 Negroes,	5	11
" " "	7 European Males,	6	2 1-7
" " "	6 " Females,	5	10 1-2
Average greatest breadth of do. in	4 Negroes,	4	8 1-6
" " "	7 European Males,	5	1 1-7
" " "	5 " Females,	5	4 1-3
Average height of Brain in	3 Negroes,	2	11 1-3
" " "	7 European Males,	3	4
" " "	4 " Females,	2	9 1-2

The measurements by Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, are the following.

	Number of skulls.	*Mean internal capacity, in cubic inches.*	*Largest in the series, in cub. in.*	*Smallest in the series, in cubic inches.*
Caucasian,	52	87	109	75
Mongolian,	10	83	93	69
Malay,	18	81	89	64
Aboriginal Americans,	147	80	100	60
Ethiopians, Negroes,	29	78	94	65

The Ethiopians were all unmixed Negroes, nine of whom were Native Africans.

I make these corrections on Dr. Davy's statement, not because they afford the least countenance to slavery, but because, in pleading the cause of emancipation, we should not avail ourselves of error in any form, even although quite unintentionally propounded. The Negro's brain, although smaller than the European, is quite large enough to constitute him a moral and intelligent being, and, therefore, to fit him for freedom.

Dr. Davy's error is one which is common to him and most of the Physiologists of England, who trusted, (as they were well authorized to do,) in the harmony between the data of Professor Tiedemann and his conclusions, without subjecting them to a scrutiny, and it relates not to facts falling under his own observation but to reports of facts made by Professor Tiedemann, and it therefore does

not in the least detract from the value of his testimony.

With kindest regards and best wishes from Mrs. Combe and myself, I remain,

Dear Madam,

Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE COMBE.

Letter.

BY JOHN DAVY.

Barbadoes, May 3d, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,

I REJOICE to learn that continued exertions are making, both in America and at home, to convince the people of the Southern States that slavery is a mistake equally in practice and theory. I could wish that those who still approve of it, or may consider it a necessary evil, would pay a visit to the West Indies, especially to this island, and witness the

effects of emancipation. I am much mistaken if they would not go back satisfied that the abolition of slavery has here been in every respect advantageous, — to the negroes, to the planters, and to the population generally.

Since I have been in Barbadoes, now verging on a year, I have conversed on the subject with individuals of different classes, — with proprietors of estates, formerly the owners of slaves; with merchants, with colored people who had been slaves; — and, amongst them all, there seemed to be but one feeling, that emancipation was a blessing, and that were it possible to bring back slavery, all would be opposed to it.

This island, you know, is one of the most populous in the West Indies, and its population mainly consists of colored people, the majority of whom belong to the emancipated class. May it not then be taken as a fair example of emancipation, to show its effects

and tendencies, whether for good or evil? With a view to the consideration of these, let us briefly compare the state of Barbadoes before and since the abolition of slavery.

When slavery existed, there was always fear of insurrection, — and especially in times of danger, whether connected with war, or other calamity, such as fires and hurricanes. Then it was necessary to have a standing militia, always ready to act. It was necessary to have beacons and forts, to give the alarm and afford defence. Now there is a perfect feeling of security. The population is considered as one, bound together by common rights and common interests. The militia has been disbanded; and is not likely to be reorganized, except on a threatening of war, Forts are no longer required. Some of them have been dismantled and are forgotten; some have been converted into stations for the police, a body composed chiefly of colored men.

This, it must be admitted, is a happy change, and worth some pecuniary sacrifices; but it is doubtful that it has entailed any such. Let us pass, to judge of this, to the cultivation of the estates under the former and the present systems of slave and free labor. I have been assured by many managers of estates well acquainted with the minute details of expenditure under the two systems, that free labor is really more economical. Nor is this surprising, when we consider the capital invested in slaves as property; the losses it was subject to, from death, natural infirmity and disease; the expense of medical attendance, apart from the unavoidable expenses of supporting them. The free laborer at present is well paid, and is contented, having about a shilling sterling a day, men and women alike; a rate, where the ordinary articles of diet are cheap, and where most laborers have a portion of land for which they pay rent, amply sufficient to supply all

their wants, and to enable them to have some comforts and even luxuries. Commonly, on every estate averaging three hundred acres, requiring about a hundred and twenty laborers, there is a village, where those who work on the farm reside — about fifty families. Being near their work is an advantage both to the laborers and proprietors; and it being for the interest of the latter to attach the former to them, they are dealt with kindly and liberally. If other conduct is experienced, it is only for a short time; they will seek other employment and will have no difficulty in finding it.

Next, let us turn our attention to the moral condition of the population, and consider what it is now in comparison with what it was, and whether any natural change has been the result of emancipation. And let us begin with the white portion of the inhabitants, and

especially the higher classes, those in easy or affluent circumstances, as the planters, the attornies, the managers, merchants, &c. From what I have seen and heard, these classes appear to be exemplary in their conduct. In the times of slavery, it is admitted that they were licentious; that concubinage was common, and not held in discredit, with a looseness of conduct and conversation which could not fail to have an injurious effect on the mind. Youth was particularly exposed to this degrading and enervating influence, when there was no check to indulgence, — no call to exercise control; when too often a gentleman's house was a kind of brothel, and when instances occurred of gentlemen planters keeping in slavery their offspring by slave mothers. Let us turn now to the emancipated race and to the colored part of the community. A woman of color formerly esteemed it an honor to be the kept mistress of

a white man. Now she considers it disreputable, and few connections of the kind are found. Marriage is now become common amongst the black and colored people. It is held to be right, and concubinage wrong. This is the understanding on the subject. It is admitted however by the friends of the blacks, that amongst themselves there is a good deal of irregular connection, that the marriage tie is loose, and that the senses, in all matters in which the passions are concerned, are very little under the influence of principle. Nor is this surprising, when we keep in mind how their habits were formed in slavery, when the marriage ceremony was not permitted, and when chastity was not even known by name. These remarks apply to the older portion of the population. I believe they do not apply to the rising generation, a certain proportion of whom have not been without religious and moral training.

And it is satisfactory to find that the greater the degree of attention that has been paid to this training, the more correct is the conduct of the young people.

As to vices coming under the head of crimes, I believe it may be stated without fear of contradiction, that they are less numerous now than formerly, and that there are few if any countries in Europe in which crimes of an atrocious kind are more rare. I have not heard of the murder of a white man since the abolition of slavery, nor of any instance of revenge taken by the liberated for cruel treatment inflicted before liberation. I have not heard of any instances of house-breaking or of robbery, except of a petty kind, commonly designated as pilfering. The security as to property in which the opulent live here is remarkable. But it is not surprising, when we reflect on the easy condition of the people generally, and the absence in consequence of

a sufficient impelling motive. Want is almost unknown; beggars are almost unknown; and yet there are no poor-laws; no provision made by law for the support of paupers. Prior to abolition, from what I can learn, crime of every kind was more prevalent, — especially robbery. Then there was always at large a certain number of runaway slaves, who supported themselves by nightly depredations, and, occasionally collected in large parties, broke into and plundered the houses of the opulent.

An intelligent writer in the Westminster Review, in considering an opinion advanced by the late Dr. Arnold, viz. that no new condition of society could be expected at this period of the world, hazards the hypothesis, if I recollect rightly, that such a condition may occur and be derived from the African races, depending, as he supposes, on an element belonging to their constitution or tempera-

ment, of mildness, gentleness, and the kindred feelings, prompting to social enjoyment, and opposed to that strife and ambitious contention which has marked the progress of society, especially amongst the white races of mankind. Though I cannot adopt the conclusion of this ingenious writer as regards the example of the African races on society generally, I think there are some grounds for viewing them, as he does, as mainly intent on enjoyment, and undisturbed commonly by the striving voice of ambition. But this may be, because hitherto their animal propensities and affections have been more exercised than their intellectual. To judge fairly of them we must suspend decision till they have been placed in the same circumstances as the old European races, educated like them, governed like them, and allowed to take a part in the government.

An able German Physiologist, Professor

Tiedemann, has endeavored to prove that neither in the African brain, (the intellectual organ) nor in the African mind (the manifestation of its working) is there anything distinctive compared with the European. And this I think is the opinion which commonly prevails here. I have inquired on the subject of many experienced persons, — medical men, lawyers and planters, and assurance has generally been given me, that in natural abilities — in capacity, the Negroes are not inferior to Europeans, and that had they the same advantages of education and the same motives and opportunities for mental culture, their attainments, it might be expected would not be inferior. Their children have a great facility in learning at school, and the men a great aptitude to learn what they take an interest in belonging to their trades and calling, as the use of implements in husbandry, and improved methods in the useful arts. A short

time since, when I was in Antigua, I was present in the House of Assembly during a debate on the manner in which the grammar school of the colony should be conducted. The plan proposed was a liberal one, so as not to exclude the children of any denomination of Christians. It was opposed by an amendment, tantamount to the exclusion of all but those of parents belonging to the Church of England. The liberal view was supported by three colored members. It was a gratification to hear them, they spoke so well, so logically, so temperately, and appeared to be so well informed on the subject. And these were men almost self-educated. Had not my doubts as to the intellectual capacity of the colored races been shaken before, they must I think have been by what I witnessed on this occasion. Before I came to the West Indies, I am free to confess that I had not even been convinced by Tiedemann

that the African mind is not decidedly inferior in power to the European. It seemed to me difficult to imagine how, unless there were some innate inferiority, the African races should have remained so long in a rude, unprogressive state, totally without a native literature, totally without science, and with a knowledge only of the useful arts exceedingly limited and primitive. Certainly it is difficult to account for this. It may perhaps be met by reference to the state in which the inhabitants of Britain were found on the first invasion of the Romans, — in which the inhabitants of Greece are supposed to have been before the introduction of letters. And certainly great allowances must be made for the circumstances of climate, soil and country peculiar to Africa, unfavorable to civilization, — favorable to despotism and rude ignorance. However this difficulty may be explained, I am now ready to grant, that the capacity of the African

mind as witnessed in its ordinary operations, is not below par when compared with the European. Whether the race has any peculiarities of intellect, I am of opinion cannot well be determined at present, and especially as regards fitness or unfitness for the cultivation of the higher departments of science, literature and art. This is a question which may be solved in after times, after trial under favorable circumstances of their intellectual powers. Fortunately, it is one no wise concerned with the great questions, whether they are deserving of freedom, and whether the giving them their freedom is for their advantage, the advantage of their owners, and of society generally.

My own conviction is, that we have a demonstration here of the good effects of emancipation. It is very remarkable, and should be kept in mind in slave countries, that the act of emancipation gave rise to no disturbance;

that the blessing of liberty was received universally with thankfulness and gratitude, and that in many islands the memorable day was kept holy, and given up to religious observances. How creditable was this to the freed and the free! Preparation, it may be said, had been made for the event, in the milder treatment of the slaves during the few last years of slavery, and in the religious instruction given, for which they were chiefly indebted to the Moravian and Wesleyan missionaries. A similar preparation, I would hope, is in progress in the Southern States of America.

Perhaps those who consider the subject of slavery chiefly in a worldly point of view, in connection with pressing interests, may say, that I have taken a partial view of the effects of emancipation in the British West India colonies; that I have noticed what is favorable, and have passed over what is unfavor-

able, and that whilst I have dwelt on the present state of Barbadoes, I have neglected the present state of some of the other islands, which were flourishing during the period of slavery and are now distressed. This is true, I admit, of some of them, especially of the smaller islands, in which, owing to a new direction of labor, the landed proprietors have been great sufferers, and their estates have become depreciated in a remarkable manner. I am disposed to think that their misfortunes have in great part been brought on themselves, by their injudicious conduct. In the first instance they paid the freed laborers at a low rate. This tempted them to emigrate to the larger colonies, where higher remuneration of labor was offered, as in Trinidad and Demerara. Next, the proprietors endeavored to keep them at home by unwise privileges, allowing them to have almost as much land as they chose, and to keep as many cattle as

they pleased, without payment. This did indeed keep them at home, but it tended to keep them also from laboring on the estates of the proprietors. They found it more for their interest and far more agreeable to cultivate land on their own account. The world is now beginning to understand that favoring class-interests — that is, injuring one for the immediate benefit of another, is ultimately injurious to that other; and that for a prosperous state of a community, all interests must be consulted; the general good must be aimed at, and that to attain this under all circumstances, and in all situations, governments, and individuals having powerful influence, should be very cautious how they interfere — experience proving that interference on the part of governments, whether to regulate the price of provisions or to encourage trade or manufactures, or agriculture, is injurious, not only to society at large, but even to

the classes designed to be benefited; and that freedom in the largest, best sense of the word, whether as regards personal liberty, or trade or agriculture, is essential to improvement, and the highest degree of prosperity attainable, because depending on what is implied in freedom, viz. the unshackled exertion of enterprise and ingenuity, or in other words, of the mind of man.

You will receive this letter, through a near and dear relation, who made known your wishes to me to have from me some account of the working of emancipation in the West Indies (you having been informed generally, what my opinion on the subject is) for insertion in "The Liberty Bell," a publication that advocates, she informs me, the cause of freedom in the United States. Even amidst some pressure of official business, I have lost no time in responding to your request, believing the cause of emancipation to be a great and a

good one, and that those who embrace it will have reason to rejoice for vast benefits conferred — great evils avoided. Our mutual friend, and my relation, as you have lately had an opportunity of witnessing, retains, in her advanced years, the fervor, I may say the enthusiasm of youth, in the cause of liberty. Few have been more privileged and favored. Her earliest recollections are associated with the establishment of the independence of the United States: and the sympathy then incited in the great cause of national liberty has ever since been active — kept alive by the glorious events which have marked the progress of reform and improvements during the last sixty years; and I do hope that there is still a gratification in reserve for her, viz. the abolition of slavery in America.

I remain, my Dear Sir, with much esteem, faithfully yours,

JOHN DAVY.

GEORGE COMBE, ESQ. Edinburgh.

P. S. — Sometimes a single fact makes a stronger impression on the mind, and is more convincing than a multiplicity of arguments; the following, it appears to me, must be considered as such a fact. It is, that the value of land in Barbadoes, since emancipation, is so increased, that an estate will sell for as much now as it did formerly, when the slaves necessary for its cultivation were included in the purchase. Who would have believed this to be possible before slavery was abolished. That it is a fact I am assured on the best authority. It is unnecessary for me to comment on it. Others I hope will do so, and with profit, on the score of humanity and their own interests.

J. D.

Fragments

FROM AN UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Epistle

To the Muse of History, perched on her clock-wheeled car over the door, fronting the Speaker's chair, in the Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States.

MUSE, quit thy car! come down upon the floor,
And with thee bring that volume, in thy hand:
Tap with thy marble knuckles at the door,
And take at a reporter's desk thy stand;
Send round thy album and collect a score
Of autographic Rulers of the land.
Invite each Solon to subscribe his name,
A self-recorded candidate for fame.

Come! speak thy thoughts, historic muse, and tell
The truth of all that passes in thy sight:
Say on whose lips persuasion loves to dwell,
Point out the champions rampant for the fight.

Seest thou a sage wild tumult's rage to quell,
And ears all listening with intense delight?
Behold them gathering at their country's call —
Show me the stars ascendant, great and small.

Come! let us take inspection of the Hall —
Two hundred men and twenty-five are there.
Seats in concentric circles hold them all,
And fronting thee the Speaker in his chair,
With clerks before him oft the roll to call,
And con the daily Journal in their care.
At his right hand the keeper of the door,
While beardless pages trip around the floor.

Columbia's eagle, perched upon the mace,
Proclaims the session open for the day.
The man of God implores of Heaven the grace,
And pious and profane, all seem to pray.
But prayer sincere and fervent who can trace?
Muse! canst thou look into the heart and say?
Could but the voice of righteous prayer ascend,
What foe could prosper with our God, our friend?

'Tis well to auspicate the day with prayer;
It speaks the rulers of a Christian land,

It teaches of foul passions to beware,
And bids the heart with kindness to expand.
Oh! 'tis a joy the seraphim might share,
Before their God to see a people stand;
In humble penitence their sins confess,
And seek his face to pardon and to bless.

But shall not prayer ascending to the sky,
In meek petition to the throne of grace,
Shall it not draw in closer bonds the tie
That knits in sympathy the human race?
Shall not the supplicant to God on high,
Find for compassion in his heart a place?
But rising from his knees, unfeeling turn,
And from his feet the humble suitor spurn?

* * * * * * *

Alas for virtue in the heart of man!
Accursed traffic!* dost thou prosper still?
Creation's Lord! may feeble mortal learn
The final purpose of thy holy will!

* The slave-trade.

Wilt thou not speed thy blessing on the plan
The deed of man's redemption to fulfil,
That while this earth revolves her daily round,
Not on her surface shall one slave be found.

Of good and evil who shall draw the line?
What matchless hand shall sever right from wrong?
Lord God omnipotent, that hand is thine,
Strength of the weak and weakness of the strong!
RIGHT is the purpose of thy whole design.
The laws to thee and thee alone belong,
Of mortal man beyond the bounded range:
Right is eternal and can never change.

And when throughout the checkered scene of life,
Thou and thy neighbor cross each other's path,
When adverse interests fester into strife,
And rival passions kindle into wrath,
Restrain thy hand nor grasp the deadly knife,
Rely on God to rescue thee from scath,
Before him kneel — the fountain of all might,
And bend thy soul to his behest of right.

And say not thou, "my country right or wrong,"
Nor shed thy blood for an unhallowed cause.
Thy life and all thou hast to her belong,
And free submission to her righteous laws.
But justice holds no balance for the strong;
Her sword to sanction wrong she never draws.
If, then, thy country tramples on the right,
Furl up her banners, and avert thy sight.

Quincy, 29th Oct. 1846.

The True Picture.

BY SUSAN C. CABOT.

I RECOLLECT, when a child, having my mind much exercised on hearing the word Democrat often used. At last I mustered courage to ask what a Democrat was, feeling that I ventured much in putting so awful a question. The person to whom I applied said nothing, but in a mysterious manner took out his pocket-book and drew upon one of its blank leaves the figure of an animal that resembled nothing in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, and showed it to me as an answer to my inquiry. I looked at it carefully, wondering why it should balance itself on its tail when it had four legs, but still satisfied that I had seen the true picture of a Democrat.

Now it has often occurred to me that the word Abolitionist, as heard by the ignorant and the young, may have had the same effect upon their minds as the word Democrat upon mine; and that their question may have been as satisfactorily answered. Might it not therefore be well to have some simple delineation of a true Abolitionist, and thus disabuse innocent minds of the mysterious dread that this name inspires? Fear is too terrible a guest to be harbored, and therefore it is a merciful act to do what we can to banish it. An Abolitionist, then, a true Abolitionist, stands upright; not on the end of a tail like the old serpent, but on his two feet with his head erect. He is willing to look any one in the face, he is willing to come in contact with any of God's creatures, and he is willing to say to them what he thinks to be God's truth; believing it to be the best thing, the only thing that has in it immortal life. He is sat-

isfied with two legs, as he has no call to hunt down his fellow-man. He wants nothing more than what God has given him, a power to perceive the truth in morals and to abide by it; a belief in the power of right and an assurance that God and his laws are higher than the devices of man. With these convictions he has felt called upon to answer the cry, "Where is thy brother;" and finding him trodden to the earth, to say to those who were in the act of so doing, "Thy brother is demanded; restore him, or thy soul will be branded like the forehead of Cain." The Abolitionist dares to say in the face of the Church that it is atheism to buy and sell our brothers and sisters; to brutify the human being, that our own miserable bodies may have more temptations to forget how soon they will return to the dust. The Abolitionist is willing to give up comfort, ease, and friends, that he may use all his powers to bring his

erring brother to see that in his ungodly traffic in flesh and blood he is bartering his own soul. The Abolitionist cannot turn his heart of flesh into that of stone, and know that the devoted mother, the innocent child, the loving father are to be treated like brute beasts, and not pray God to give him power to do away the awful sin that makes such a thing possible. The Abolitionist looks upon his own home and asks why he should be so blessed with all its joys, and the poor slaves who tread the same soil with him, breathe the same air, hear the same birds, and see the same flowers, should be cut off from all these delights, and doomed to misery! The aching heart that would give all to free these poor sufferers, beats in the breast of an Abolitionist. This is the monster that the godly fear. This is the monster that the young man shrugs his shoulders at, that the young girl blushes for, when he would publish pa-

pers, tracts and books, to make known the truth; would raise money by all lawful means to sustain apostles who are able and willing to go from town to town, from house to house to spread before the people their sins and to reiterate the law, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you;" — would appeal to the heart as the seat of justice and demand of it to redeem itself from the grave of its selfishness, and make it feel that he who would find his life must be willing to lose it in the cause of right.

Cambridge, U. S.

Justice and Mercy.

BY LOUISA J. HALL.

I saw in my dream a countless throng,
By a mighty whirlwind hurried along,
Hurried along through boundless space
With a fearful onward, onward sweep,
Looking like beings roused from sleep,
Till they met their Maker, face to face.

Then, consciousness waked in each dark eye,
The mercy-seat shone above on high,
And a timid, wild, but hopeful gaze
Those wandering spirits upward cast,
As if they had cause to joy at last
When they saw the seat of judgment blaze.

"Justice"! they cried, with sound so clear,
The stars of the universe needs must hear;
"Justice"! again, again rang out,
As of those who felt the hour had come
Their earth-choked lips should no more be dumb,
And all God's worlds must hear their shout.

They were the souls of myriad men,
Who had died, and none cared how or when,
Who had dwelt on earth as slaves — as slaves!
They were the men by death set free,
And flocking they came from their million graves,
They who on earth had scarce dared *be*,
Shaking the bonds from their half-crushed souls,
Uttering a cry that rent the poles,
For they knew that God would hear them then.

And afar I beheld a smaller band
With hands clasped over their downcast eyes,
For before the blaze they could not stand,
And away had fallen their robes of lies.
Naked, affrighted, pierced with light,
They knew themselves and their deeds at last;
From their quivering lips to the throne of RIGHT
A faint low cry of "Mercy"! passed.

Justice, and Mercy! Hear them both!
Bondman and master both are here;
Each asketh that which he needeth most.
Now pass from my soul, thou dream of fear!

Providence, U. S.

Death of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

BY JOHN WEISS.

No tale of magic ever absorbed our childhood with such scarce credible transformations, with such unique transitions, as this man's life and reign, ending in tears and in sorrow. Yet then it is that he appears greatest; he tests his principle by sacrifice.

On the 30th Jan. 1801, Toussaint, followed by a few aids, rode slowly up the inland side of the promontory which forms the most eastern cape of Hayti. This cape juts far out to sea, and encloses within its arm a vast and lovely bay, which was the appointed rendezvous of the French squadron. An American vessel had brought the news that these ships had appeared in southern latitudes. It was a

clear day, and Toussaint swept the horizon with his glass, while the attendants vainly sought to read in his sombre and troubled face whether he saw that which would fulfil their presentiments. As sail after sail hove in sight, he counted twelve from the north, and turned to his friends with a satisfied and even joyous expression. "We are still free," he said — and was preparing to leave the hill, when some one descried more sails from the south and east, all converging toward the cape. He counted slowly till he made out fifty sail; when he turned, for the first time thoroughly discouraged, and with a gesture of utter grief and despair exclaimed, "We must perish — all France is coming to St. Domingo — we are betrayed — they are coming to revenge themselves and enslave the blacks." He hastened back to his capital, and arrived the day after General Leclerc, the brother-in-

law of Napoleon, anchored in the harbor with a third of the French squadron.

The whole number of the invading troops amounted to about thirty thousand men. They were the flower of the French army, and had stood fire, under the eye of Napoleon, in Italy, among the Alps and before the Pyramids. The fleet, consisting of thirty-five ships of the line, twenty-one frigates, and eighty transports, was commanded by Villaret Joyeuse. Leclerc was accompanied by Jerome Bonaparte: and his generals were veterans of Moreau's army, Richepanse, Rochambeau, Lapoye.

The presentiment of Toussaint was correct, though it was shared by hardly a single friend or general. They seem to have been cajoled by fair promises and craftily composed despatches. The attempt upon their liberties was made by adroit diplomacy backed by a politic display of force. Toussaint's two sons,

who had been educated in Paris, landed from the general's frigate, accompanied by Coisnon, their tutor, and brought to him an autograph letter of the First Consul, couched in the most flattering and seductive terms. That man was mean enough, prompted at last by his selfishness, to write to Toussaint, whose letters to himself, full of heart and touching requests for sympathy, he had uniformly despised. His children had been taught to add force to this letter, by their filial appeals to a father's heart; their mission was to seduce him into subjection to France. They recounted the favors which the First Consul had lavished upon them, and besought him to put faith in one who possessed their own affections and had made them devoted sons of France.

At the same time, Leclerc issued a proclamation of the French Consul, calling upon the negroes to receive the French troops,

their brothers. It contained these remarkable words: "If you are told, these forces are destined to snatch from you your freedom, make answer that the Republic will not suffer it to be infringed!" A wretched, barefaced falsehood, penned by the man who, the very next year, caused to be passed a decree reëstablishing slavery in every French West Indian colony: by the man who had told the first philanthropist in France, that he should rejoice to see the face of every friend of the blacks *hung in mourning;* by him, the product of revolution, the child and favorite of liberty, the turgid orator of equality, — the man who disgraced his origin, and advanced his selfish fortunes only by sweeping human rights from his path at the mouth of the cannon, — who bribed fortune to become his ally, with the coin of blood and tears; who bound her fast with the sinews of men — who never dreamed a great principle, whose lexicon did not con-

tain the word renunciation. It was this man, styled by the exquisite satire of millions, "the first of the whites," who dared to cast his evil eye on one heaven-high superior to him in everything except the force of intellect and circumstance, and to insult an honest man with a flattering lie. The blood will not down — indignation will send it, with quick heart-throbs, tingling to every cheek — to think that such a man should have been able to spoil such an experiment, to shatter one of the greatest hopes God ever lent to a human soul, and breaking with it the heart that held it. How does the empty splendor of that guilty career pall and disgust us, as we turn to contemplate the man who lived out one genuine idea, private to no age or race, but part of God's eternal truth. Can we not feel the beauty of his life seize us, like inspiration, and become part of our own free hearts? Will not the children of Pilgrim sires accept a

truth, wherever they can find it, and let it shape for them in the future a more Christian estimate of all who have the lineaments of a common humanity?

But few words will suffice to close the history of Toussaint, the opener of a better future. His best generals, the flower of his army, his bosom friends, his own brother and one of his children, deserted him. After a touching interview with his sons, during which two strong principles of his nature strove for mastery — his love of offspring and of liberty — he declared for the latter, because in his liberty was included that of his race. With little more than a single battalion of grena diers, the remnant of a magnificent army, he retreated into the mountains, was driven from post to post, his force dwindling each day more by desertions than by the fire of the enemy, till an honorable capitulation was his sole resource. He retired to his plantation,

closely watched by French spies and surrounded by troops. It is asserted that he only capitulated, in order to give the yellow fever a chance to thin the ranks of his enemy, relying upon his influence with the blacks to combine them anew and organize a fresh resistance. It is also said that he occupied his retirement in tampering with his old generals who had entered the service of France, and in propagating what is styled in such cases treason, — notwithstanding the conditions of his capitulation. At any rate, two letters of rather insignificant import, afforded to General Leclerc a sufficient pretext for his arrest. Even his old officers desired and pressed this act. French gold, with rich plantations, the gift of Toussaint himself, filled them with a love of peace at any risk; and they knew their late leader too well to believe that the luxurious ease of a plantation could ever hide his indomitable principles. The proceedings of

the French had not yet confirmed to them the apprehensions of Toussaint. He was seized by night and conveyed on ship-board, before the blacks in the neighborhood had time to intercept the manœuvre. There was a slight skirmish on the beach, but the boats were already beyond the reach of their fire.

Toussaint was transported to France with his wife and family: but he was not permitted to see them for an instant, till his arrival at Brest. They met for the last time as he was about to be removed from the vessel. It is said that the agonizing scene produced a complete revulsion of feeling among the sailors who had been studiously prejudiced against him; and the interview was cut short for fear of the consequences. He was carried, in a wagon reserved for criminals, to the Chateau de Joux, in the Jura. As he passed through Paris, he was delayed for a day to be interrogated by Napoleon. The examination

was conducted through the medium of Cafarelli, one of his aids: but the assertion that recourse was had to torture is defective in proof. The magnificent First Consul, "the first of the whites," was chiefly interested to know where Toussaint had hid his money! "I have lost something greater than treasure," was the constant and mournful reply.

At the approach of winter he was transferred to the prison of Besançon, where he was put into a dungeon, exposed to all the rigors of the season; the floor was of brick, the walls were seamed with icicles, his prison fare was of the rudest. In such a place lingered this child of the tropics, seeing his own blue mountains piercing a bluer sky, and threading their majestic defiles on his favorite horse, for some errand of freedom or of mercy, only in painful dreams. And here, in full sight of the dreary Alps, which seemed to mock, by their barrenness, the memory of those green Alps of his

native island, he died. He was buried in a prison coffin, by prison menials. No solemn drums rolled out their thunder — no wail of trumpets brought triumph and regret to the memory. The spring-clods of France rattled upon his coarse coffin at the moment when his soldiers felt themselves betrayed, and found that his prophecy was just. The martial airs which lent hope to their noble struggle, and the last vollies which announced the submission of a treacherous foe, formed his most appropriate funeral service — while they vindicated his prophetic name.

Watertown, Massachusetts.

Lines

ON BEING REMINDED THAT CLARKSON WAS DEAD.

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

"ANOTHER star gone out in Freedom's sky"?
No! — 't is the meteor-lights of earth that flee:
"Another star gone up" to burn on high,
A star of faith, and hope, and liberty!

He is not lost — he hath not passed away —
Clouds — earths — may pass — but stars shine calmly on;
And he who doth the will of God, for aye
Abideth, when the earth and heavens are gone.

He is not gone *from us*, — but nearer yet
To freemen's hearts he dwells than e'er before:
O! say not - feel not — that a star is set! —
A star is risen to cheer us evermore!

He is not dead,—for this corruptible, now,
Hath put on incorruption, and the eye
Whose earthly light is quenched to all below,
Beams with the light of immortality.

Thy seed, O! man, is quickened when it dies—
Nor yields its perfect fruit till that same hour:
So, while in dust *his* body mouldering lies,
His risen soul shall work with quickening power.

It lives e'en here—it works e'en now—and they—
Thousands—on whom his look—his voice ne'er fell—
Catch from his dying face a kindling ray,
And feel new thrills of life the bosom swell.

He walked all day with God in love and fear—
At eve God took him—and he was not there:
Now in God's omnipresence he is near—
Near *thee*, O, slave! O, freeman! in thy prayer!

Alas! that such a heart is in the grave!
Thanks for the life that now shall never end!
Weep—and rejoice, thou terror-hunted slave!
That hast both lost and found so great a friend!

Newport, U. S.

An Equation.

BY THOMAS T. STONE.

"Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

The Heathen is regarded, in his relation to the Infinite Good, as stranger; the Jew, as servant; the Christian, as son. The state of the first is ignorance; of the second, servility; of the third, freedom. The Christian obeys indeed; but his obedience is at once intelligent and spontaneous. His is the spirit, whose essence is love; whose form is truth; whose movement is energy. Christianity, historically considered, is manifestation of this spirit; internally considered, is its immanence in the soul. Considered in both views, it is free obedience, spontaneous virtue,

outflowing life, alike exemption from imperative law and subjection to inwritten, inliving law of freedom. In other words, Christianity is one term of an equation, whereof Freedom is the other.

It is a great question with churchmen of this age, whether Christianity justifies slavery. Texts are collected from both Testaments to further the answer. One man elaborates an argument from Moses and the Prophets, to prove that they condemn it. Another does the same with the Gospels and Epistles. But on the contrary, stands out the champion of slavery, with weapons, offensive and defensive, drawn from the same armory. Not a few may find themselves somewhat darkened by the thick flights of darts and spears over their heads, eclipsing the very sun. There is a readier way, it seems to me, to dispose of the question. Christianity is Freedom. Not only does it teach the doctrine; it is itself the

principle and element and form of Freedom. This is enough. The question is as if you should ask, whether freedom justifies slavery. The principles are totally antagonistic.

I will suppose an ancient Polytheist and a Jew speaking of the Unity of God. "Thy belief and thy worship," I hear the former exclaiming, "are said not to be like ours. They suppose that instead of many gods, there is in reality but one." "True," saith the Jew, "God is one, even Jehovah, who said to Moses, 'I AM.'" "But this is not the doctrine of thy scriptures," coolly replies the stranger. "Blasphemer of Moses and of God!" cries the Jew, "Hath it not been said, 'Hear, O Israel! Jehovah our God, Jehovah is one!' And the first of the ten words forbids us to have any other in his presence." "It is so written indeed. But thy scriptures are full, notwithstanding, of the contrary doctrine. Take your first passage; Moses does

not say, Jehovah our GOD, — it is GODS: just so in his first book; the creative powers are by no means limited to one Being, they are referred to several. In the beginning GODS created the heavens and the earth. The same strain continues through the story of creation — GODS effected it. And your theophanies, they concur in the same view: Abraham sees three angels, — divine forms, — and Lot sees two, neither of them, one. Then again, with all their denunciation of foreign deities, your law-giver and your prophets do not despoil them of their existence and character as deities, but simply declare that Jehovah — the Jewish divinity — is greater than Chaldean Baals or other dæmons. And we do not dispute that among our gods there is one greater than others, — a Father of gods and men. Wherein differs the monotheism of Judea from the polytheism of the nations?" My Jew happened to be less skilled than his

antagonist in the laws of grammatical and historical interpretation; but he shuddered at these imputations on his venerable scriptures, and could scarce choose but curse the idolater, and imprecate wrath upon him. Indeed it seemed to me that there were some facts, which the unbeliever mentioned. I look into my Hebrew Bible, and everywhere I find GODS spoken of, not GOD; and there seems some reason to believe that the old Jews thought Beelzebub a real Baal, and all those dæmons substantive powers, though evil, and though moreover inferior to the God of Israel.

Is the Mosaic institution polytheistic? Its first principle, every man perceives, is antagonistic to all idolatries, mythologies, polytheisms. One God! This is its central principle. This idea is soul and essence of the institution. Who sees it not? Yet its letter gives us everywhere GODS, as truly as Homer, or Hesiod, or Herodotus. How this

has occurred in the Hebrew language, — for our translations fail to give us all this peculiarity, — and by what laws of interpretation we limit plurality to unity, I will not stay to inquire. The illustrative fact is all I wish to present.

One Being, the central thought of Moses. Father, the central idea of Jesus; to which son is naturally correlative, and from which brother is immediately derived. But the son is free, — brotherhood infolds equality of freedom. Man, no longer stranger, no longer servant, henceforth son; this is the divine aspect of Christianity. Each man, no longer alien from other, no longer tyrannous, or servile, henceforth brother to all men; this is the human aspect. Freedom is the essential quality adhering to both.

I am brought to the fore-stated conclusion, — CHRISTIANITY IS FREEDOM. Bring me then the records of your Patriarchs; I need not

stop to determine whether you tell me truth or not in saying they were slave-holders. I say, that, if so, they failed of recognizing and applying the great principle, not a dogma, but the essence, of Christianity. Open your rolls of Mosaic statutes, and prove if you can that they suppose and justify the enslavement of men. Very well; whatever Moses may have justified, Christianity is Freedom. Tell me that while Jesus said nothing which remains to us against slavery, and that the Apostles welcomed enslavers of men as disciples and brethren; it is enough to say, for your chapter and verse, admitting the servile interpretation, I have sufficient answer in the Christ living in me: the Christianity which is life of my life, soul of my soul, a true God's presence, the Immanuel, — the Christianity which alone I welcome as of Heaven, redeeming and blessing earth, — the sole true Christianity is Freedom. And he who would derive supports

to slavery from this life of God in the soul of man, might as well essay to demonstrate that the sun radiates darkness; that heat produces cold; that life is the source of death, or health of sickness. O, heed not such illusions. Health is itself, not sickness; life is life, not death; heat gives forth its own radiations, not cold; the sun is evermore sun, and pours forth its own influences through heavens and earths.

Salem, Massachusetts.

Resolution and Temptation.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

A SPIRIT whispered in my brain —
"Have you to-day resolved again?
How often have you tried in vain!

"The Scriptures show a better way.
'T is better not to vow, they say,
Than thus to vow, and never pay."

I said — why throw away my shield?
For if I have not won the field,
I am not conquered, till I yield.

I can resolve, in faith and prayer;
'T is mine, if not to do, to dare;
There is no evil like despair!

And to resolve, depends on me;
Not so, to win the victory;
Yet victory I hope to see.

For in the Book from which you quote
Far other words than those were wrote,
Far other, and of worthier note.

'Ask and receive'—'unfaltering keep
Thy purpose, do not faint nor sleep,
And in due season thou shalt reap.'

"But how?" the fatal voice replied—
"For who can swim against the tide,
Where circumstance rolls far and wide?

"To-day, your will is firm and plain—
To-morrow, in the stream of men,
This purpose is forgot again.

"'T is time, in Freedom you rejoice,
But what avails a barren choice
Against this all-seductive voice?"

But wise Ulysses — then I cried —
That Syren voice and song defied,
For to the mast his limbs he tied.

So I, against these outward blows
New circumstances can oppose,
And with my foes defeat my foes.

Thus, when the breeze behind him fails,
The skilful sailor trains his sails,
Moved forward by opposing gales.

"Escape thou thus the outward sea
Of circumstance and destiny,
Canst thou escape thyself?" said he.

"For whosoever hopes he can
Change all his thoughts by rule and plan,
Intends to be another man."

Thus to despair my soul was brought;
Yet, in the blackness of my thought,
Another hope my spirit caught.

Fixed by unalterable plan,
Through sire and son the life-blood ran,
Yet blood is not the whole of man.

A single impulse from above,
A single throb of generous love,
These outward barriers shall remove.

That love, shall give me strength to do;
That inward spirit, breaking through,
Shall suddenly make all things new.

The doubting spirit answered straight,
"This hope contends with sterner fate, —
Canst thou thy being re-create?

"The omnipotence of love I grant,
But love is still your deepest want,
And who can find love's secret haunt?"

Then — through the silence of mine ear —
Another voice I seemed to hear —
Say "God is love, and God is near."

"O, turn thy failing heart to Him,
Who stoops from circling cherubim,
To hear the sinner's lowly hymn.

"He knocketh daily at thy door,
New strength to lend, new life to pour,
Where deadly weakness reigned before.

"Poor spirit, from thy wanderings come!
Through these cold doubts no longer roam,
But dwell at once in God, thy home.

"His love, not thine, shall fill thy breast,
And of that sweetest peace possest,
Thou most shalt work, when most at rest."

Boston, U. S.

A Sketch from Maryland Life.

BY CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL.

TEN years ago, a colored man, with an honest, straight-forward countenance and long dark hair thinly striped with grey, walked irresolutely back and forth before the window of a bookseller's shop, in the city of Philadelphia. Now he paused for a moment to gaze wistfully at some richly bound Bibles, just within the glass, now he waited without the half-open door, and finally, as if any certainty were better than suspense, he entered. For several years this faithful Christian had laid aside all he could spare from his scanty earnings, on what is called the "Eastern Shore" of Maryland, in the hope of procuring for himself and his children a copy of the Word of God.

I know not by what strange Providence it happened, but this colored man knew how to read, and as he stood, on that clear, sunny morning, by the bookseller's side, and turned over the leaves of that long desired volume, feeling that it cost more than he could spare, his heart ached and the tear sprang to his always pensive eye. "Come," said the bookseller, coaxingly, "you shall have it five cents lower, and I will throw in this hymn-book." Sherry took the hymn-book, and turned over its leaves. He caught the first lines of well-remembered hymns, and a glimpse of some short stories that his curly-headed boys would climb his knee to hear. One or two pictures decorated the book, and the innocent man, looking on a coarse cut of a slave, holding out his hand for the iron, and another of the overseer, with his cow-skin at his side, little thought that these plain representations of fact, would be termed "libelous and insurrec-

tionary" by the government under which he lived. He forgot that he was in a *free*, and bound for a *slave*, state; he thought only of his Bible and his songs, and trusting to God to forgive his extravagance, he emptied his pockets and went away. The happy little faces that clustered about him on his return, banished all anxious thoughts of his improvidence. The hymn-book came to be cherished like the Bible. Often had he hummed his baby to sleep by the joyous carol of "Canaan, happy Canaan," while the mournful strains of "Come, ye disconsolate," had checked full many a Sunday frolic of the older boys. At night it was carefully laid upon the shelf, but all day it nestled in the otherwise empty pocket of Sherry Williams, and full two years had now gone by without his ever missing the money it had cost. He was by trade a mason, and on another bright and gorgeous morning, with a far lighter heart

than that with which he had waited the bookseller's decree, Sherry threw his hod over his shoulder, and taking his trowel in his hand, started for a neighboring farm-house, where his services were wanted. He threw his jacket over the settle, and climbed up the spacious chimney of the old kitchen. While he was proceeding with his repairs, he heard the full, sweet voice of Dinah, the cook, singing what he called "spiritual songs," below, and his work speeding all the lighter for this accompaniment, he was soon down again. To his surprise his favorite book was gone; but Dinah, who had spied a corner of it peeping from his pocket, soon came to relieve his suspense, — to beg him to stay to dinner, and read her some of the pretty hymns, which she had not the learning to spell out. "Yes," said Sherry, "if you will sing me one of those sweet songs that made my heart dance while I was up in the chimney, I will read you all I

know." Dinah promised; while Sherry ate, she sang, and when they had finished, he opened his dear book. While they were both busied over its pages, a son of the master of the house, a pining country lawyer, on the "Shore," came lounging in. I am glad I do not know his name. He may have come of honest blood, and I would not give it an ignoble fame. He was longing for a client and found it in his native state. Poor Maryland, thou hast much to answer for. Standing on the brink of the free states, thou hast not been able wholly to check the flood of light which hath invaded thy border; nevertheless, thou hast turned thy back on its glory, and chosen the rather to gaze moodily on thine own shadow. A glance sufficed to reveal to the white man the character of the book, and he humbly begged to borrow it of Sherry, who smothering his love for its worn pages, unhesitatingly complied with the request. Sherry,

be it understood, was a free man, and after waiting a reasonable number of weeks, he went to the lawyer's office for his book. The pettifogger put him off to an hour which he named. Sherry went again and found himself in the power of the sheriff; his book, indeed, in his pocket, but manacles on his free hands. He was torn from wife and children and carried to Baltimore to be tried; for it is thus, O, Slavery, that thou dost protect thyself! *Fifteen witnesses* testified, upon the trial, that Sherry was honest, pious, industrious and content, — he had never been heard to complain, — was the last man in the world to create an excitement. In short, nothing could be proved against him, but the fact that such a hymn-book was in his possession. Weeping children and a heart-stricken wife surrounded him, but their tears flowed over cheeks of palest bronze, and so made no impression on the heart of a judge far darker and

harder. The law had taken hold of him, and it would not retract. The statute under which he was convicted, sentences the colored man who shall be found with an incendiary publication in his possession, to an imprisonment in the penitentiary of not more than twenty nor less than ten years. In consideration of the evidence to character, adduced upon his trial, and in *despite of* the public excitement on the subject, poor Sherry was sentenced to ten. The pettifogger was satisfied, his angry client gained her cause, and the miserable family of the prisoner begged their way back to the "Shore." I have forgotten how many children Williams had, but I am sure it was a round dozen, and the oldest boy was the only one able to help himself. God help him, poor man, as he climbs those prison steps, and feels the little hands fast tugging at his heart! But Sherry knew his duty, and was faithful to what was

given him to do. Every one in the building loved him, and when I saw him, six years after his imprisonment, he had *risen*, so said the overseer, to be the head baker of the establishment. In the meantime his friends had not been idle. New England blood had boiled as it listened to his story, and scores of Baltimore merchants signed, once and again, a petition to the Governor in his behalf. The last effort was founded on his exemplary conduct during the six years of his imprisonment, and was presented to a new governor, just after he had taken his chair, and while his heart, it was thought, would be inclined to mercy. Alas! how far were the petitioners mistaken. He was a little man, and measured all things by a little standard. "Gentlemen," said he, "if I were to take any action in this matter, in the present state of the public mind, a favorite though I am, I should be impeached!" and there the matter ended,—

till it was carried to a higher court, and the Governor became defendant.

This happened just before my first arrival in Baltimore, two years ago. I went to see Sherry, whose tall frame had bent, and whose dark hair had whitened all over during those painful six years. He was busy at his oven, his apron was white with flour, and he seemed only intent on serving the hungry men about him,—but, deeply engraven on his fine manly features was a look of unsatisfied anxiety that I shall never forget. Once only during those six years had he heard from his home; for neither he nor his children could write; and that once, by dint of miserly thrift, his oldest son had made the long journey, and brought him welcome tidings of health and peace, about his hearth. His hymn-book, of course, had been taken from him, but his Bible, whose "anti-slavery and revolutionary" principles the government of Maryland is not

yet sharp-sighted enough to discern, was his only companion in his cell. As I looked upon the gray-haired man, and saw his lip quiver, as he spoke of his family, my heart throbbed almost to bursting, and I determined that something should be done to relieve him. Once and again my husband had communication with influential persons concerning him, but all who knew anything of the matter, more especially the intimate personal friend of the Governor, declared that all proper means had been tried, — but one resource was left him, calmly to wear out the remaining part of his sentence, — the Governor had determined to pardon no persons convicted on such counts. So I desisted, but often since, when I would have closed my eyes for a night's rest, has the image of that injured man, gray-haired and stooping, come between me and sleep, and the tears have started to my eyes, as I regretted that I did not present

that petition in my single woman's strength. There were two things which made Sherry's case seem peculiarly hard. The first was that uniform testimony to his probity and excellence of character, which prevented slaveholders themselves from doubting his account of the manner in which he obtained the book; and the other was the fact that the statute which made it criminal to hold it, did not become a law till Sherry had had it full two years in his possession, and *he* was as ignorant of the statute itself as he was of any sinister interpretation which the government of Maryland might choose to put upon plain representations of *fact*. But two years of imprisonment remain to him, and doubtless he prays more and more earnestly that life may be spared, till he shall gaze once more upon that precious family circle. Yet, who but the all-wise Father of us all, can tell whether it be best that his prayer should be heard —

whether that gaze would not be one of agony? We will not doubt the fidelity of his wife, we will believe that the spoiler has touched none of those whom he, by the grace of God, kept holy; but, at least, he will find her whom he loved bent under the sense of social degradation, the weight of unusual cares, and the pressure of poverty. He will hardly know her sunken eye and anxious brow. The babe who was unconscious of his fate, will have grown to the active boy; the girls who clustered about his knee will be wives, perhaps mothers, and God grant that none of that dear circle may have been sold into servitude to pay the poll tax or secure the livelihood of the rest. Yet this and more things might have been in those long ten years. However joyful the return, Sherry will see with pain that the hours when he was needed in his home have passed by, principles are already decided for his children, and if they could not

read the language in which their Bible is written, before he went away, they probably never will.

I have written his history without comment, simply as it occurred. It seems to me that an expression of strong indignation would weaken the anti-slavery argument contained in these pages. Let the story burn in your hearts, American freemen, and kindle there the fire of truth. The time shall yet come, when we shall see her torches blazing on all our hills, and her God-lit barks floating even on the bosom of the Chesapeake. A system which to sustain itself among men feeds alike on the heart's blood of slave and freeman, trampling everywhere at the North and South alike on human right and human law, so surely as God is true, contains within itself the seeds of its own death.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

BY BENJAMIN S. JONES.

Why stand ye idle, when
The harvest field is white,
And true and stalwart men
Should labor for the Right?

Is it because the dross
Of earthly fame, is naught
To him who bears the cross
As Jesus meekly taught?

Is it because the hold
Of Mammon's power is strong,
That carelessly and cold
Ye idle all day long?

Is it because ye fear
What evil men may say,
And dread the scoff and sneer
That waits you in the way?

Or is it, that within
  The kingdom of your heart,
The deadly power of sin
  Hath killed the better part?

Why stand ye here so late,
  Wasting your time and power?
The shadow on the plate
  Marks the eleventh hour.

Yet even now, a call
  That wakes the dead from sleep,
Inviteth one and all
  To enter in and reap.

Why stand ye idle then?
  The harvest field is white,
And true and stalwart men
  Should labor for the Right.

Salem, Ohio, U. S.

Mount Verney:

OR, AN INCIDENT OF INSURRECTION.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

"Rise like lions after slumber,
In unconquerable number!
Shake to earth your chains, like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you!
Ye are many! they are few!"—SHELLEY.

IT was towards the close of an April day, (how different from those he had left behind him!) in the year 1773, that a gentleman of some political prominence in the town of Boston, found himself riding up the approach to Mount Verney, an estate lying in one of the midland counties of South Carolina. The visit of Mr. Langdon (by which name it is our sovereign pleasure that our traveller shall be known) to the Southern colonies, was

partly of a personal, and partly of a political, nature. His physicians had doomed him to expiate his intemperate excesses of study and professional application, by some months of exile from New England, and the stirring character of public affairs at that time, induced him to select the more important of the Southern provinces as his place of banishment. The signs of an approaching collision with the mother country were too plain to be mistaken, and Massachusetts Bay, as the ringleader of the gathering revolt, was naturally anxious to know to what extent the other colonies were ripe for the conflict; and how far she might rely upon them for assistance in the last appeal.

It is no part of my purpose to give any particulars of his success, or ill-success, in his demi-public capacity. I will only say that, though his mission looked towards "Disunion," and even towards the possible contin-

gency of "cutting their masters' throats," his reception and treatment were very different from that extended a year or two since, by the same sovereignty, to an accredited ambassador of Massachusetts, who visited it for the purpose of instituting a suit at law, before the tribunals of the nation, to settle a question of personal liberty. Nor will I embrace the opportunity, though a tempting one, to remark upon the folly of the Northern provinces, even at that early day, in reaching after the broken reed of Southern alliance, which has, from that time to this, only pierced the hand that leaned upon it for support. My only object in giving these particulars is to satisfy the constitutional craving of my countrymen, which would not be content without a sufficient explanation of the circumstance of my traveller being in the avenue to Mount Verney, on the day and year I have indicated.

There he was, however, and as he walked

his tired horse along the picturesque road that wound its way up the side of the gentle hill upon which the house stood, he could not help contrasting the scene and the climate with what his native land was affording at that moment. Though it was early in April, the luxuriance of the vegetation put to shame the leafiest summer of his colder clime. The sides of the hill he was ascending were hung with tufted woods of the tenderest green, stretching far away upon the plain. Though the primeval forest was, in some sort, cleared from the hill-side by which the planter's mansion-house was approached, still there were left clumps of forest trees and thickets of flowering shrubs, with here and there a single tree of colossal dimensions, which threw sharply defined shadows upon the brightest and freshest of greenswards, as the sun hastened to his setting. Delicious perfumes, wafted from a thousand blossoming trees and

shrubs, and myriads of birds of strange plumage and new song, and the balmy sweetness of an atmosphere which it was luxury to inhale, made the traveller feel that he was indeed transported leagues away from his bleak native coast, and borne nearer to the sun.

Following the windings of the road along the park-like slope of the hill, Mr. Langdon at length drew rein before the chief entrance of the mansion. It was a building of no particular pretensions to architectural beauty, excepting such as it might derive from its adaptation to the climate. Deep piazzas, their slender pillars garlanded with creeping plants, of an ever-changing variety of flower and fragrance, lent to the lofty hall and spacious apartments a shade and coolness deeply delicious. The rankness of the vegetation gave to the grounds in which it stood a somewhat untrimmed and neglected aspect, yet the place had a distin-

guished air and a look of tropical elegance. It seemed to be an abode where the mere pleasure of animal existence, and the delights which dwell in the senses, might be enjoyed in their highest poignancy.

The rare event of a visitor at Mount Verney was soon made known by the clamorous uproar of an infinity of dogs of every degree, and by a bustle scarcely more intelligent, of troops of curious negroes, jostling one another in their anxiety to see, under the pretence of serving, the new arrival. The master of the house, to the monotony of whose life any interruption would have been a relief, hastened out to welcome his guest with hospitable earnestness. He had heard that Mr. Langdon was in Charleston, and had written to him to beg him to take Mount Verney in his way. His prominence among the disaffected of the colony, his intelligence and his wealth, made Mr. Langdon think it

worth his while to accept the invitation, although it took him somewhat out of his way. Mr. Verney ushered him into the house and heaped upon him every hospitable attention.

Mr. Verney was a bachelor of some forty years, "or by'r lady inclining" to five and forty. He lived alone with his slaves, without the solace or the care of female society. Like most men of such habits of life, he had an older look than belonged to his years, and there was besides that indefinable air about him, which gives one an instinctive consciousness that he who wears it is not a happy man; that melancholy and depression are his abiding guests. But though these fiends might not be far remote, they were certainly exorcised, for a season, by the magic of exciting and intelligent companionship. He was all animation and festivity of spirits under the stimulus of the congenial society of a man fresh from the world of life and action. He

was full of questioning curiosity about that world from which he chose to live remote, and seemed to relish the rare luxury of conversation, with all the keenness which long abstinence could give.

The evening wore away in various talk, for which their common friends at Charleston, the newest gossip of the town and the latest public news, afforded topics enough and to spare. Supper time came and they were ushered by a sable seneschal into the dining-room, the size of which was curiously disproportioned to the number of the party. The appointments of the table indicated the wealth of the host in the affluence of plate and china they displayed. The viands were rather barbaric in their profusion, perhaps, than *recherché* in their preparation; but they were none the less welcome to a hungry traveller. This repast, in those days and latitudes, was the principal meal of the day.

The chase and other sylvan sports, which formed the chief business of the planters, furnished their tables with every variety of game. The yet unexhausted soil yielded, almost without labor, the choicest vegetables and fruits. The "murdered land" had not as yet began to haunt its assassins with the spectres of poverty and want. Those were the golden days of Carolina.

The repast was accompanied and succeeded by flowing cups. The cellar of Mount Verney was bid to yield up its most treasured stores, in honor of this hospitable occasion. Punch, too, the most seductive and deceitful of beverages, was there in a brimming bowl of the daintiest of china; a libation with which that generation welcomed, speeded and crowned the business of every day. Neither the health nor the habits, however, of Mr. Langdon permitting the indulgence which was the approved custom of that day, the circulation

of the bottle and the bowl was made to give place to animated discourse, which was prolonged late into the night.

As the large hours began to melt into the smaller ones, they gradually concentrated their discourse on the serious temper of the times, and the portentous events which seemed impending. The probabilities of an actual contest with England, and its chances, if it could not be avoided, were fully discussed. The weight of the several colonies in the scale of battle, should battle come, was considered and calculated; which could be relied upon as firm in the faith, which were wavering, which strong and which weak, in the prospect of the coming struggle. Mr. Verney did not hesitate to indicate the radical weakness of the Southern colonies.

"Our slaves," said he, "will be a continual drag upon us. The British will forever have an army of observation, and of occupation,

too, if opportunity serves, in the very heart of our country, — cantoned about in all of our houses and quartered upon our estates."

"You do not think, then, that the slaves are to be depended upon in case of an invasion?"

"Depended upon! Were slaves ever, since history was, to be depended upon when they had a chance to be even with their masters? Yes, they may be depended upon for our deadliest and bloodiest enemies!"

"I cannot but think," replied Mr. Langdon, "that you do not take sufficiently into consideration the force of long habits of obedience, and the personal affection of the slaves for their masters."

"Their personal affection for their masters! My dear sir, had you lived your life among slaves, as I have done, you would know what reliance to put on that head! God knows, that I have had an experience against which no theory and no philosophy can stand!"

And as he spoke a deep shade of melancholy clouded his features.

After a pause Mr. Langdon proceeded: — "What you say is an argument fatal to the defence of your slavery. It shows it to be incompatible with the existence, or at least the safety, of any Commonwealth where it is permitted."

"To be sure it is," replied Mr. Verney. "None but a fool or a villain would attempt to defend it on its merits. But what are we to do? We have the wolf by the ears, and we can neither keep him nor let him go!"

"It is hard to say, indeed," said Mr. Langdon, "but could you not first tame your wolf, and then let him go? A wolf may be tamed, — a negro may be civilized. Educate your slaves, prepare them for freedom, and then there can be no danger in giving it to them. Does not a wise foresight point this out as the only feasible precaution against consequences terrible to think of?"

"My friend," replied his host, in a voice agitated by strong emotion, "you talk of you know not what. Relax your hold upon the wolf, as you must if you would tame him, and he will bury his fangs in your vitals for your pains. No, no! such an attempt would be full of ruin. My whole life has been but too bitter a commentary on your philosophy! God forbid that the curse of an unreasoning philanthropy be visited upon other innocent heads!"

Mr. Langdon saw that his new friend was deeply moved by some uncontrollable emotion. He knew nothing of his history, and consequently could not divine its cause. He felt a strong curiosity to know what it was, but politeness and a sense of what was due to the evident mental sufferings of his host, forbade any expression of it. He accordingly waited in silence.

After a short pause, Mr. Verney recovered

his equanimity, and turning to his guest said: "But I ought to apologize for keeping a tired traveller so long from his rest. Shall I show you your chamber?"

Mr. Langdon assented, and following his host was ushered into his apartment.

* * * * *

The room into which Mr. Verney conducted his guest was on the same floor with the dining-room and parlors, as they were called in those days before drawing-rooms. It had the look of having been intended, and of having been formerly used, for the reception of company. The furniture, though evidently of an age anterior to that of the inhabited part of the house, was of a style and description better befitting what our ancestors used to call a "dog-room" than a bed-chamber. The height and size of the room however made it a very fit place for the invocation of slumber, in the climate of Carolina. A journey of

thirty or forty miles on horseback gave it a very inviting air to the tired traveller, and he thought he had seldom seen a more tempting object than the ample and luxurious bed, to be ascended only by a pair of steps, which reared itself in one corner, as if the appointed altar of Morpheus himself.

Mr. Verney shook hands with his guest at the door, and wishing him a good night, left him to his repose. Mr. Langdon was too tired and sleepy to take much notice of anything the room contained, excepting his couch; but he could not help observing, as he was undressing, two large portraits, nearly full lengths, of the size of life, which occupied corresponding panels, on the side of the room opposite to the bed. The one nearest the bed was of a gentleman in the dress of the days of Queen Anne or of George the First, his dark intelligent face looking out from the fullest of full-bottomed wigs; and the other,

of a lady in a fancy dress, which made it more uncertain as to the age in which so charming a shepherdess had predominated over the two sheep, which seemed to make up her flock. Mr. Langdon took but a hurried glance at them as they looked down upon him from their elaborately carved frames of tarnished gold. He bestowed one wondering thought upon them, as he climbed up to his repose, marvelling that two old family portraits of the apparent consequence of these pictures, were suffered to hang neglected in a place where they must be so little seen. But sleep soon banished all thought of his neighbor's affairs, or of his own, from his mind.

It was broad day the next morning when he awoke, (for early rising was not one of the vices of Mount Verney,) and when he looked at the pictures again in the light of the sun, he felt yet more surprised than he had done the night before, to think that they should be

relegated to a remote bed-chamber. He was no connoisseur, as he had had few opportunities of seeing good pictures, but a correct natural taste, assisted by personal intimacy with Copley, then in the prime of his genius, and familiarity with his works, made him sensible that they were paintings of no common merit. Especially in the picture of the gentleman did he think he perceived the hand of a master. Upon taking a more minute survey of his apartment, his surprise was yet farther increased by the discovery of a picture opposite to these, of three beautiful children — two boys and a girl, — the boys, apparently, from seven to ten years old, drawing the little girl, of four or five, in a garden carriage, — or rather the elder drawing and the younger pushing it from behind, — in all the glee and romping spirits of childhood. There was a quaintness about the look of the children, dressed according to the fashion of that day,

(in the costume of men in miniature,) that struck Mr. Langdon, whose passion was children, even more than the elder portraits.

After breakfast, by Mr. Verney's invitation, he rode with him the rounds of his extensive plantation. He inspected the fields of rice and of indigo, on which depended the profits of the proprietor, and surveyed the plantations of Indian corn, yams, sweet potatoes, and other esculent vegetables for the support of the negroes, and the supply of the great house. He visited "the quarter," where the slaves lived, and saw how slavery looked in the shape of womanhood, of worn-out old age, and of childhood, more hopeless and melancholy than old age itself. Although the arrangements for the slaves were as good, or better, than he had seen on the other plantations he had visited, still there was that about the home that was no home, — sordid, cheerless, melancholy, — of the negroes, that struck

a deeper horror of the system through the veins of the stranger, than all the burning toils of the field. The gardens and grounds about the house were viewed the last. At each stage of their excursion, the economy of a great plantation was explained and illustrated by Mr. Verney, whose strong native sense, joined to his long experience, eminently qualified him for such a lecture.

The ride occupied the chief of the morning, and dinner was announced soon after their return home. As they were sitting over their wine, after dinner, it was next to impossible that they should talk of anything but slaves and slavery. Mr. Langdon had a natural abhorrence of the system, which was not at all diminished by what his own eyes had seen of it. His zeal for liberty was a principle, universal in its nature and in its application, and he was deeply sensible of the disgraceful inconsistency of a contest for

freedom carried on by the masters of slaves, and trembled lest this element might prove fatal to the whole movement. Mr. Verney assented to all his general principles, and had nothing to say against his deductions from them.

"What you say, my friend, is all unquestionably true. But, here are we, and there are the slaves, and what are we to do?"

"I will tell you what you may *not* do, if you really wish to be rid of this horrid curse, and that is — *nothing!* You are in the mire, I admit, but you can only get out of it by putting your shoulder to the wheel, and the sooner you begin, the better for you."

"It is easier to say that something must be done than to say what that something should be. We find ourselves bound up with the blacks in this infernal spell, and how to break it passes my art, I must confess."

"Were it not," replied Mr. Langdon, with

some hesitation, "that the suggestion last night seemed to give you pain, I should insist on what I then said, that you cannot expect your slaves ever to be in a condition to receive their liberty, unless you begin to put them in a condition to receive it. Pardon me," he continued, seeing a cloud again begin to brood over the brow of his friend, "pardon me, if there be anything painful or improper in what I have said; for you must know that I can have no design to give you pain."

"There can be nothing improper," Mr. Verney replied, "in so natural a suggestion as yours; but I will not affect to deny that it is painful, deeply painful, to me. If I have reason to know anything on earth, it surely is the fallacy of your proposition. It does indeed touch me nearly."

Observing Mr. Langdon look concerned and interested, he proceeded, —

"I see that you are curious to know what

all this means, and having raised your curiosrty, it is no more than right that I should gratify it, though it be a task that I would willingly decline."

Then silencing with a hasty gesture a polite attempt on the part of his guest to waive the subject, he added, —

"Nay, what I have to tell is no secret. It is part of the history of the colony; and it is a weakness in me to shrink from what I am liable to hear of, and do actually hear of, from almost every one, — (but that is not a great many) — that comes to see me. Did you observe anything in particular in your bed-chamber last night, or this morning?"

"You can hardly think me so blind," replied Mr. Langdon, hoping that here was an opportunity of saving his host from an unpleasant personal narrative, "as not to have observed and admired the admirable family pictures that hang there. I only

wondered at their being there instead of here, or in the hall. By whom, pray, were they painted?"

"They are what I meant," said Mr. Verney, with a forced calmness eloquent of deep emotion, "they are all that remain to me of my house, once an honored one in two countries. My father, my mother, my brothers and my sister, — all united in one horrible destruction, and I left alone, of the happiest of households, the last of my name and race! You can hardly wonder, my friend, that I do not choose to have such mementos always before my eyes! You will wonder the less when I shall have told you of their fate."

* * * * *

I shall give the substance of Mr. Verney's narrative, as it remains among the papers of his guest, in my own words, for the sake of the succinctness and brevity which the inexorable limits of this volume demand. I believe

that I have omitted nothing material to the story, though I have left out many conversational digressions and explanations of the way in which the narrator obtained his knowledge of incidents, which did not come under his personal observation. I only hope that in laboring to be brief I may not become obscure.

Colonel Verney, the father of our acquaintance, was the grandson of the first emigrant of the family to the New World. His grandfather was a French Huguenot, of a noble family, who was one of the multitudes dragooned out of his native country after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz. The Vicomte du Verneuil, and his ancestors, had always been among the pillars of the Protestant faith in France. Their blood had helped swell the orgies of the feast of St. Bartholomew, and had been poured out on almost every battle-field during the long wars

of religious ascendancy. For the century, nearly, that the Edict of Nantz remained in force, they were always active in the intestine broils which disturbed the reign of Louis XIII. and the minority of his successor, and in the later intrigues which gave to religious bigotry the air of statesmanship, in the act which expelled half a million of the best subjects of France from her soil. The representative of this turbulent house, therefore, had no claim for exemption, had he wished it, from the common fate of his faith.

M. du Verneuil first took refuge in England. He was kindly received, as were all his unfortunate countrymen, who escaped thither; but his very superiority in point of rank, made his position more irksome to him than the humbler artizans, who easily obtained employment and melted into the mass of the laboring population, found theirs to be. He had brought away with him a remnant of his

property, which, though relatively large, was very inadequate to support him and his family in the style they deemed essential to their dignity. He was soon obliged to cast about for some mode of living, which would save his pride and his dwindling estate at the same time.

About this period public attention in England was strongly directed towards the proprietary colony of Carolina. The noble proprietaries were endeavoring to revive on those distant shores the decaying feudality of the Old World. They had called philosophy to their aid, and in making John Locke the Lycurgus of their infant realm, the fantastic spirit of Shaftesbury thought they had imitated the wisdom of the ancients who made their philosophers their law-givers. But the experiment redounded as little to the credit of philosophy, as the incorporation of negro slavery with the institutions he ordained, did

to the honor of the philosopher. But at the first establishment of the Constitutions of Carolina, their defects were not developed, and their fanciful structure attracted more general attention, doubtless, than a more rational plan would have done. But there was one great want yet to be supplied. Palatines, landgraves and caciques, chancellors, chamberlains and admirals, there were good store; but the proprietaries sadly lacked common people over whom these dignitaries were to predominate. Accordingly, they did their best to promote emigration by every means in their power.

The tide of industrious and worthy emigrants which now flowed from France, came very opportunely for them, and they endeavored, with success, to direct it in part towards their new colony. The names of many of the principal families in Carolina, — Manigault, Petigru, Legare, Gaillard, De Saussure, — still bear witness to that great emigration to her

shores, as the names of Bethune, Revere, Deblois, Amory, Bowdoin, Faneuil and many others testify to our own share in it. M. du Verneuil, as a man of some property, was a very desirable recruit. His attention was drawn to this Eldorado of the West by the Earl of Berkeley, and all its real and imaginary advantages set forth in golden phrase. It seemed to be what he wanted, and he was easily persuaded to embark himself, and all the fortunes of his house, in the hazardous adventure. He set sail for the New World, and arrived with his wife and only child, a youth of about sixteen, at Charleston, in November 1686.

It need hardly be said that his golden expectations were disappointed. He found a scene as different from that whence he came, as can well be imagined. But with the elasticity of spirit, and power of adaptation, of his nation, he soon conformed himself

to his new circumstances, and became one of the most prominent men in the rising commonwealth. Madame de Verneuil died soon after their arrival in the colony, having sunk under the strange hardships and discomforts of her new lot. But his son, the grandfather of Mr Langdon's host, took kindly to his adopted country and throve apace in it. He married early and established himself, after his father's death, at Mount Verney, then on the frontiers of the province. His name, the pronunciation of which had long been an offence to English tongues, was finally corrupted and Anglicised into Verney, a change to which he readily consented. As the colony flourished, he grew rich and increased in goods, and like a patriarch as he was, he had gold and silver, men-servants and maid-servants, and much cattle.

His contentment with his lot, however, did not blind him to the disadvantages of his position for the education of children. He

accordingly sent his only son, at an early age to England, to receive his education there. As his body-servant, and in some sort his companion, he sent with him a young slave, who had had charge of him from his earliest years. Arnold, for so the slave was named from his original master, was not many years older than young Verney; but he had shown a discretion and considerateness so much beyond his years, and evinced so genuine and tender an affection for his young charge, that Mr. Verney was perfectly content still to entrust the care of his personal safety and comfort to him. Arnold, as well as his young master, looked forward with delight to the new and strange scenes in store for them, and he felt a sense of trust and responsibility, which raised him sensibly in his own estimation.

To England they went early in the last century. Young Verney, still accompanied

by Arnold, proceeded from Eton to Oxford, and from Oxford to the Inns of Court. Wherever he went, Arnold was still a prime favorite both with his master and his young companions. His imperturbable good humor and lightness of heart were a continual letter of recommendation, while his sterling excellencies of character won for him genuine respect. He availed himself of such snatches of instruction as he could seize by the way, with such success, that it was a common saying, among Verney's companions, that Arnold knew more than his master. However this might be, he was singularly well instructed for one in his condition of life, and might have passed muster very creditably among persons of much higher pretensions than he. In his zeal for knowledge he was encouraged and assisted by his young master, who seemed to feel as if all the intelligence

of his sable satellite was but the reflected radiance of his own.

At length the time of return arrived, and somewhere about 1720, Verney, accompanied by Arnold, sailed for home. It was a great change for Verney, that from the crowds and gaieties of London to the solitude and monotony of his father's plantation. But it was a yet greater change for poor Arnold, who found himself transported from a land of freedom to a land of slaves. The kindness with which he had been uniformly treated, and the circumstance that in England he was rather better treated than worse, on account of his color, had almost made him forget that he was a slave. His return to Carolina was to him almost like a reduction from absolute freedom to hopeless slavery. His eyes had been opened and he saw his own condition, and that of his race, in all its horrors. The abominations, the cruelties, the debase-

ment which necessarily attend upon slavery, shocked him as they never could have done had he remained always surrounded by them. The thought that he, too, was one of the victims appointed by an inexorable fate to this dreadful destiny, filled him with anguish and despair, which could not be uttered.

Gloom and despondency settled down upon his soul. The change which had come over him was obvious to all, and the old planter easily divined the cause.

"You have spoiled that boy, Jack," said he to his son, "you have made him above his business. You had better let Jones put him into the field for a while. There's nothing like hard work and flogging to take the sulks out of a nigger."

His son, however, refused to take this humane advice, and still kept Arnold about his person, as his body-servant, contenting himself with forbidding him the use of books

and writing materials. He prided himself much upon his sagacity in devising this notable remedy, when it appeared, at last, to be crowned with success. After a long period of depression and melancholy, the cloud seemed suddenly to pass off from Arnold's countenance, and the weight to be removed from his heart. He addressed himself to his duties with all his former assiduity, if not with all his old gaiety of spirit. Had his master been an acute physiognomist, he would have seen that the look out of his eye, the air of his head, the carriage of his body, were all different from what they were of old. But he only observed that he was cured of the sulks, and congratulated himself on his wise prescription of abstinence from books and pen and ink.

But this change had deeper springs than the philosophy of Verney dreamt of. It proceeded from the reception of a great idea,

the adoption of an absorbing and abiding purpose, for which to live. While he was plunged in the depths of his despondency, — despairing for himself and his race, — a thought flashed into his darkened mind, and illuminated its gloomiest recesses.

"Why," thought he, "are my people and myself slaves? Why do we remain slaves? Is there, indeed, no remedy? Is it a necessity, that when we outnumber our tyrants, four to one, and every one of us is a match for four of them in strength, is it a necessity that we remain slaves forever?"

The thought nerved his mind anew. His gloom passed away. He saw clearly the relative strength of the masters and slaves. He remembered that the Spaniards were at hand in Florida, ever ready to sow dissention in the colony, and to breed discontents among the slaves. He felt that a blow might be struck, which would give all the broad lands

of Carolina to those hands that extorted wealth from them for others. He felt that a mind only was wanting to watch and guide events, in order to conduct such a revolution to a triumphant issue. He was proudly conscious that his was a mind capable of this great task. He looked upon the advantages of education he had enjoyed, as something providential, and designed for a mighty end. He saw himself the appointed leader of his people in their Exodus out of the land of bondage. In his excitement of thought, he saw the whole process of deliverance pass as it were before his eyes, and he beheld his nation free and happy, in the homes they had wrested from their oppressors. He accepted this natural operation of the mind, as a prophetic intimation of duty and revelation of success. His destiny was fixed. He devoted himself to the rescue of his miserable race. A deep calm brooded over his soul. He was

conscious to himself that he was equal to the work he had undertaken, and he was at peace. And he had yet another seal of his fitness for his mission, — he was willing to wait!

Long years he waited. But the purpose of his soul was fixed. The deliverance of his race became the absorbing, the overwhelming passion of his being. The degradation in which he saw them plunged, the vices which were forced upon them, the barbarities which they endured, made his life bitter to him, and his only relief was in the distant hope of rescue and retribution. His character was obviously changed, but under the quiet gravity with which he performed his offices about his master's person, nothing was suspected to lurk, except the desperate contentment of a hopeless slave.

As time passed away the usual changes which it works were wrought in the condition

of Colonel Verney, — for such was the rank which Arnold's master held in the colonial establishment. Death, marriage, and birth had bereaved and blessed him, according to the common lot of man. He succeeded his father in the possession of Mount Verney, he won the chiefest of Carolinian beauties to share it with him, and he was girt with growing infancy, the charm of the present moment, and the hope of future years. His political position was eminent and influential. His plantation was a mine of still increasing wealth. He seemed to have nothing left to desire.

The public duties of Colonel Verney took him regularly every winter to Charleston, and frequently to various and distant parts of the colony. On all these expeditions he was attended by Arnold as his body-servant. The opportunities which were thus given to the restless observation of the slave to discern the

strength or the weakness of the different portions of the province, and to select the disaffected spirits among the servile population on whose coöperation he could rely, were faithfully improved. His manner of life, too, was eminently favorable for watching the signs of the times, and for seizing the moment which they should pronounce auspicious. He bided his time in patience, well aware of the momentous issues of the enterprize he revolved in his mind and determined not to endanger its success by any premature or ill-considered action.

Nearly twenty years had thus glided away since Arnold first accepted what he considered a call to be the deliverer of his people, and the favorable moment had not yet appeared. At last the conjunction of events seemed to portend the hour at hand. The relations between England and Spain became every day more and more disturbed. The

aggressions of Spain upon English commerce and English rights, were the favorite topics of one of the mightiest oppositions that an English minister ever had to encounter. Sir Robert Walpole lingered out with difficulty his wise and pacific policy, with continually dwindling majorities, against such antagonists as the elder Pitt, Pulteney, Wyndham, and Lyttelton in the Commons, and Bathurst, Carteret and Chesterfield in the Lords. But the public mind of England was at fever-heat, burning for a Spanish war. It was obvious that the only chance of the pilot at the helm of state to retain his hold upon it, was to shape his course with the tide, whose current was too mighty for him to resist. A Spanish war was inevitable.

The relations of the colonies of Carolina and of Florida were among the vexed questions which were to be adjusted by the sword. The colonies, in those days, were

ever the pawns of the royal chess-players of Europe, the first to be moved, and the first to suffer, as the "unequal game" of war proceeded. The Spanish Governor of Florida, Don Manuel de Monteano, was a man that well understood the nature of the move required of him. His theatre was a narrow one, but he was an actor that gave dignity to the boards he trod, and he was resolved to grace his narrow stage with action worthy of the widest scene. Long before affairs were ripe for war, he had been busy in forecasting preparation for it. His emissaries had been dispersed, in various disguises, over Carolina. The relative strength of the whites and blacks, the false security of the former and the necessary disaffection of the latter, were well known to him. He had that greatest of gifts in the craft of government, a wise choice of instruments with which to work.

His most confidential agent, was one Da

Costa, a Jew of Portuguese extraction, who fixed his head-quarters in Charleston, where he lived unsuspected, as a pawn-broker and dealer in small wares. The character of his traffic was such as brought him, without suspicion, into constant communication with the slaves, and gave him opportunities of judging which were the fittest tools for his purposes. He was too keen an observer not to single out Arnold, at almost his first casual interview with him, as the man of men for whom he had been long in search. A short acquaintance made them thoroughly understand each other, and they became of one mind and of one heart in the work that lay before them. They digested their plans, they assigned to each other, and to the few confederates they could trust, the parts they were to play. A general insurrection was to be sustained by a Spanish invasion. The freedom of the slaves was to be guarantied, and

the colony was to be governed by the blacks, as a dependency of Spain. It was a good plot, well conceived and well arranged, and there seemed to be no reason why it should not succeed.

A part of Arnold's business was the encouragement of an extensive system of evasion into Florida, by the slaves. This was done to such an extent that one entire regiment of escaped slaves was mustered into the service of His Catholic Majesty, armed, equipped and paid on the same footing with the rest of the Spanish army, and officered by the picked men of their own number. The colonelcy of this regiment was offered to Arnold; but he justly considered that the post of danger and of honor, in such a perilous enterprize as this, was in the heart of the insurrection, and not at the head of the invasion. So he voluntarily remained a slave, though escape was easy, and though freedom,

distinction, rank and equal society were within his grasp, that he might be a more faithful and effectual servant of his injured race.

Notwithstanding, however, the intimate relations of Arnold with DaCosta, he was free from giving him his entire confidence. He had no faith in the abstract zeal of the Spaniards for human rights, and he believed that their real purpose was only to substitute Spanish for English masters. He foresaw that his end could only be achieved by another servile war, under much less favorable circumstances, following upon the one impending, unless he could guard against this danger. He meditated the subject long and deeply. And his conclusion was one that startled and dismayed himself. He could discern but one way of permanent peace and safety for the blacks. And that was the utter extermination of the whites!

He could not escape from the terrible pres-

ence of this dreadful necessity. His heart died within him when it first stood revealed to his sight. It haunted him by day and by night. It was almost enough to stagger his resolution, and make him abandon his design with horror. The images of his master — the companion of his youth and the unalterably kind friend of his manhood — of his mistress, the beautiful, the gentle and the good — of the generous Arthur — of the frolic, mischief-loving Edward, his especial pet — of the little Alice — of all of whom he was ever the chosen play-fellow and bosom friend — these phantoms made him quail for a moment as they rose before his mental sight in that fearful midnight, when this ghastly Idea first startled him with its apparition. He had neither wife nor child. All his affections centred, with passionate intenseness, in his master and his children. They were all he had to love. Was this terrible blood-offering required at

his hands? His own life he was ready to pour out. He foreboded that he should not survive the coming struggle; but must he sacrifice lives infinitely dearer to him than his own? He flung himself in an agony of despair upon his face, and wept long and bitterly.

But, presently, a wail was borne upon the air through the open casement, distant but fearfully distinct. It was the chosen hour for punishment. He started to his feet. It was a woman's voice, shrill and shrieking, that reached his ear from the remote "quarter." It sounded like the "exceeding bitter cry" of his race, whose wrongs he had forgotten, reproaching him for his weakness. He thought of their blood and tears crying to Heaven for vengeance; a vision of chains and whips and branding-irons, and an endless procession of enslaved generations, rushed upon his soul. Was this great deliverance to be wrought

without the dearest sacrifice? Was it to be purchased without a price? He would not shrink from his part of it, dreadful as it might be. But God grant that he might not survive the victory it was to buy.

This necessity was felt by all the blacks who were admitted into his confidence. It was agreed upon that the massacre should be universal, and the future exclusion of the white race from the province the condition of its submission to the Spanish power.

Everything was ready. England and Spain were at war. The Spanish auxiliaries were at hand. The day approached. It arrived. It was a Sunday, and one of the loveliest of autumnal days. Arnold repaired early to the slave-quarter and harangued the slaves upon a case of surpassing cruelty they had witnessed the night before. A tumult of excitement was gathered around him. The alarm spread. Jones, the iron-haired, iron-featured and iron-

hearted overseer approached, with two assistants, to suppress the disturbance. Seeing Arnold, whom he hated because beyond his usual authority, he rode up to him with savage glee and uplifted whip. In a moment he was stretched lifeless on the ground. His assistants met with the same fate, in the twinkling of an eye.

The taste of blood and of revenge had been given, and Arnold knew that the appetite would grow with what it fed on. He mounted the overseer's horse, and sending messengers to the neighboring plantations, led the crowd of slaves towards the great house. As they rounded the offices, and came in sight of the house, Colonel Verney was seen hastily approaching them. His commanding figure and military bearing, acting upon their habit of subordination, checked the progress of the slaves, and they stood indecisively looking at him and at each other. Arnold saw that this

was the moment on which all would depend. He rode in front of the confused crowd.

"Why, Arnold," exclaimed his master, "what is all this? How came you on Jones's horse, and what means this disturbance?"

"It means, sir," answered Arnold, "it means liberty to slaves and death to tyrants!"

"Tyrants! you rascal," replied Colonel Verney, "dismount this instant, and I will soon thrash this insolence out of you!"

Arnold dismounted and approached his master with a firm step, while the gaping crowd stood awaiting the issue. As soon as he was within reach, Colonel Verney lifted his cane and aimed a blow at his slave's head. Arnold closed with him; in an instant he had wrested the cane from his master's hand, a slight motion made the scabbard fly far off upon the lawn, the blade which it had concealed glittered in the air for a moment, and

in the next it was buried deep in the heart he loved most on earth.

"Ungrateful slave!" exclaimed the dying man, as he fell heavily to the ground.

"No," replied Arnold, more to himself than to his master, "A *slave* cannot be *ungrateful!*"

I state facts. I do not propose examples. As an historian, I tell the doom which slavery once brought upon its victim tyrants. As an abolitionist, I show the only method by which such horrors may be averted. But let no one who boasts of blood shed in the battles of freedom, affect a horror at such scenes as I have described. If ever blood was spilt righteously for the vindication of rights or the redress of wrongs, that which has flowed in servile insurrection is the most hallowed of all. And let no one whose classic enthusiasm kindles at the story of a Brutus or a Timoleon, whose love of country and of freedom was too mighty for the ties of sonship or brotherhood

to hold them back from imagined duty, brand as foul and unnatural murder the sacrificial act of Arnold the Slave.

The blow was decisive. It turned the tide of feeling at once. The negroes rushed forward with shouts of triumph, over the dead body of their master, towards the house. Arnold checked them, and found them willing to listen to his directions. He hastily told them that they must make all speed towards Stono, a small settlement about five miles off, where there was a warehouse full of arms and ammunition. Ten were detailed for the bloody business to be despatched at Mount Verney, under command of the only confederate Arnold had on the plantation, one whom he could rely upon to see that there was no superfluous cruelty committed. All the rest, following Arnold who had remounted his horse, hurried in the direction he had indicated.

As they hastened along the high road, they were continually reinforced by parties from the neighboring plantations, so that by the time they reached Stono they were four or five hundred strong. The little settlement was soon carried and sacked, every white put to death, and a large supply of muskets and cartridges secured. Arnold now called a halt and reduced his promiscuous multitude to something like order. The guns and ammunition he distributed as far as they would go, among those of his followers on whom he could most depend. The rest were armed with axes, scythes, clubs, or whatever other weapons their hands could find. A quantity of white cloth furnished them with banners. Drums and fifes were also in the warehouse, and musicians are never wanting where Africans are to be found. Arnold knew human nature too well not to avail himself of these appliances. So they took up their march

towards Jacksonburgh, with drums ' ating and banners flying, in some show of military order.

Long before this, the tragedy was over at Mount Verney. The party to whom it was confided did their work quickly and thoroughly. I will not harrow up the hearts of my readers, nor my own, by the details which my materials afford. Humanity naturally revolts at the horrors of slavery, whether they are administered by the masters or by the slaves, according as the one or the other have the power in their hands. It is enough to say that Mr. Langdon's host, then a child of six years old, was the only white left alive in the house. And his escape was owing to the affection and presence of mind of his nurse, who, by affecting zeal in the work, and pretending to despatch this part of it herself, managed to deceive the destroyers, until they had left the bloody scene and hastened after

the main body of the insurgents. The terror of the child might well extend its influences over the whole of life. The ghastly spectacles which blasted his infant sight, when he was released from his hiding place, changed the current and the complexion of his being. He was thenceforth what these cruel calamities had made him. Such a cloud passes not away with the morning of life, but sheds its baleful shadow over its noontide and its evening hours.

Meantime the insurgent force moved successfully on towards their destination. They destroyed every house on their way, and put every white person they met to death. Unfortunately for them, they found abundance of liquor in the houses they sacked. Their chief in vain urged upon them the necessity of entire sobriety for their safety and success. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and Arnold saw with dismay, an element of

failure developing itself, on which he had not counted. He hurried them on, in hopes of engaging them in some active service before they became unfit for it. Presently a small party of gentlemen were seen riding rapidly towards them. They stopped suddenly on perceiving the strange sight before them, and anxiously reconnoitred the armed mass. Arnold at once recognized in the chief of the party Governor Bull, with whose person he was familiar. The Governor saw the whole truth in a moment and, wheeling about, gallopped off with his companions in the opposite direction. Arnold, who had retained his horse for such an emergency as this, pursued them at full speed, accompanied by a few other mounted slaves. They fired upon the flying horsemen, but without effect, and were soon obliged to give over the pursuit, as the governor and his company were much better mounted than they. Here was

another untoward occurrence, ominous of ill success.

A large congregation was assembled at the little village of Wiltown, in the Presbyterian church, to hear the famous Mr. Archibald Stobo preach. The preacher was in the midst of his sermon, when a sudden noise of horses' hoofs drew the attention of the audience from him. They looked towards the door, and to their surprize they saw Governor Bull enter. They rose to receive him, and Mr. Stobo paused in his discourse. Acknowledging their civility with a slight wave of the hand, His Excellency exclaimed, standing at the door of the church — "Gentlemen, a large body of insurgent negroes is close at hand. They have fire-arms, and it looks like a serious matter. Make a stand against them here, while I ride on to Jacksonburgh for reinforcements."

In another moment he was off, but the

scene of confusion that he left behind him passes description. The men sprung to their arms, which they were required by law to carry with them to church, and issued forth upon the green. The screaming women and children were left within its walls for protection. Captain Bee, the principal gentleman of the neighborhood, assumed the command, and led the small force out of the village towards Stono. His own house stood on an eminence about half a mile off, and the first thing he saw was, that it was in the possession of the insurgents. They had evidently got at his wine cellar, and showed unquestionable marks of intoxication. A negro on horseback was busy among them, riding from group to group, with earnest gestures of exhortation.

It was none other than Arnold, who found his forces becoming more and more untractable and insubordinate at the very time when

order and discipline were needed the most. He in vain endeavored to prevail upon them to move upon the enemy. Presently the enemy moved upon them. Captain Bee led his men rapidly along the road, and, guided by his knowledge of the country, posted them so as to command the insurgents on the lawn, while they were sheltered by the trees that skirted it. Arnold saw their danger, and ordered the small body of sober men that obeyed his directions, to fire upon the enemy in their covert. As soon as their fire was thus drawn, Bee and his men issued from their cover, and passing by Arnold and his few without notice, poured a volley with deadly effect into the drunken and dancing crowd on the lawn. The panic was instantaneous and complete. They dispersed in every direction, throwing away their arms as they fled.

Arnold now drew off his command to a

thicket that bounded the lawn on one side, and bade them sell their lives as dearly as they could. The numbers were now more equal, and the conflict was long and desperate. At last, on the road from Wiltown, a reinforcement was seen approaching, which the Governor was leading to the battle-field. Seeing his chance of maintaining his ground gone, Arnold rushed out at the head of his surviving friends, to cut their way through the enemy's ranks, before the succors arrived. But it was too late. A body of horsemen galloped upon the ground. The negroes, with Arnold at their head, fought desperately, but in vain. He was cut down, and as he fell, a dozen sabres were uplifted to make his fate certain. But Governor Bull dashed into the circle, exclaiming, —

"Stop, gentlemen! This fellow must not die yet. He knows things which we must know, first!"

He was taken from beneath the horses' feet and carried to the town, where his wounds, which were not dangerous, were dressed. This done, he was thrust into a den of torment, called a slave-prison, belonging to a private person, to spend the night. And what a night it was!

The next morning he was brought out and examined. But no word of knowledge could they extract from him. He acknowledged, and justified, his own part in this rising; but he utterly refused to implicate any others, or to give any information as to the extent of the conspiracy. He was tied up and flogged (for the first time in his life) until he fainted from loss of blood; but no syllable of information, or cry of pain, could be extorted from him. This ordeal was repeated for three days, with fresh inventions of torture. But all in vain. His firmness was unshaken. Then they spoke of pardon and favor as the reward of

frankness. But the only reply they could obtain was a bitter laugh, which mocked the delusive offer of the cruelest torture of all. At last wearied with their vain attempts, and fearing lest he might die of exhaustion, they dragged him to a tree in the public square and hanged him like a dog.

He died, but his memory, spectre-like, long haunted the province. His talents and his endurance, which his examination and torture had displayed, alarmed the planters even more than the bloody effects of the insurrection. At the very next session of the Colonial Legislature, (1740,) the instruction of slaves was made a highly penal offence. The alarm was universal. Every man feared lest he might have an Arnold on his estate.

And there was reason for their fears. Notwithstanding the cruel examples which were made of the captive insurgents, the spirit of Arnold seemed to walk in the province.

Partial insurrections, the fruit of his labors, were frequent for several years after his death, and it was not till after the peace with Spain, that the colony regained its former tranquillity.

* * * * *

"Was I not right," said Mr. Verney, with a mournful smile, when he had finished the narrative of which this is an imperfect sketch, "Was I not right in saying that I had had an experience that refuted your theory of educating slaves for freedom?"

Mr. Langdon could make no reply to such a question, after such a story. He wrung his friend's hand in silence. He had nothing to say, for Philosophy had not as yet taught men by examples, that the safe, sufficient, and only possible preparation for freedom is EMANCIPATION.

The next morning he took leave of Mr. Verney and pursued his journey homeward, a

sadder, if not a wiser, man. He hated slavery more than ever, for this dreadful picture of its works. But while his heart bled for the blight which it had shed upon the life of Verney, he could not disguise from himself, standing as he did on the brink of a civil war for liberty, that his deepest sympathies were with Arnold.

When the Revolution broke out, Mr. Verney joined the army and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the line. He fought in many of its battles with the desperation of a man for whom life has no charm and death no terrors. But he survived all the great battles in which he had a part, to fall at length in a partizan expedition, on which he had volunteered, when on a leave of absence, in his native state.

As he died without children or kindred, his estate escheated to the sovereign people. It has passed through many hands, and has been

racked and "murdered," like many an other. I am told by one who lately visited its neighborhood, that it is now a barren sand-hill, its house in ruins, its trees cut down, its fields a desolation. The pictures, which elicited this story, alone remain to recal it. But it is only for their merit as pictures, that they are valued, — the portrait of Colonel Verney being perhaps the only original Kneller (except one of Jeremiah Dummer, in Boston,) in the country. They are preserved in a public collection in Charleston and admired by multitudes, as works of art. But their history is fading from memory, and it is only to a few old men, whose daily life is in the past, that they recal the pride, the sorrows and the ruin of MOUNT VERNEY.

Dedham, Massachusetts, U. S., Dec. 1846.

Lines

ADDRESSED TO ANDREW J. STEVENSON ON HIS ARRIVAL AS MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM THE UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BY JAMES HURNARD.

Go back! pale-faced ambassador,
To thy own land of slaves;
Touch not our talismanic shore,
Plough not our free, blue waves.

The land of Sidney, Hampden, Pym,
Frowns on the recreants bold
Who value men by strength of limb
And sell those limbs for gold.

England rejects thee from her shore,
She covers thee with scorn;
Her toil-worn sons 't is true are poor,
But they are freemen born.

Go! make thy human stock thy care,
  See how the young ones thrive;
Inspect their limbs, their worth compare,
  And golden bargains drive.

Go to the men who sent thee here,
  And hide with them thy shame;
Men, who not heaven's dread judgment fear,
  Nor heed their own fair fame.

Who, born beneath the sultry South,
  Frequent the human mart—
With love of freedom in their mouth,
  But slavery in their heart.

Behold the WRITING ON THE WALL,*
  By Freedom's finger drawn,
Do you not blush to read, that "all"—
  "ALL men are equal born?"

* The Declaration of American Independence.

Where is your "sacred honor" then?
How is its value shown?
'T is but a flourish of the pen,
And cheats yourselves alone!

Your "spangled banner" high may flash
Her famous "stripes and stars;"
The first denote the driver's lash,
The second mean the scars.

Go back, pale-faced ambassador,
To thy own land of slaves!
Touch not our talismanic shore!
Plough not our free, blue waves!

England.

Prayer to God for the Planters.

BY AN EXILE;

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

I.

God of Mercy, God of Peace and Love, pardon, O pardon the Planters! Their crime is great, but thy pity is infinite. As of yore thou didst cause the refreshing waters to spring from the rock in the desert for the multitudes of thy servants, so cause also to spring up in the desert of their souls the living fount of Charity. May the Angel of Repentance descend and sit by the pillow of their last hour! And between them and thy Judgment may there arise, at the last day, for them, and for their country, which they are dishonoring, the prayer of those who suffer for thy sacred Cause, for thy sacred Truth, for

the Emancipation of the Nations and of the Human Soul!

II.

Their crime is great — they have sinned, they yet sin against thee and against Humanity, the Interpreter of thy Law upon the earth. The spirit of Evil which tempted Jesus, thy Son, nurtured by Genius and by Love — offering to him at the outset of his divine career, the riches and the thrones of the Earth, has tempted them — without Genius and without Love — in the form of the idol, Interest. They have yielded: subjugated by the senses, they have abjured intellectual and moral life. They have crushed Man into the Slave; and thy sacred image into the Fetish of a sugar-cane. But thou, hast thou not received the prayer of thy Son, nurtured by Genius and by Love, for his murderers? Pardon then, pardon the Planters also, O Father!

III.

Thou hast placed, as the symbol of the eye of thy Providence, one Sun in the Heavens for all the Earth. Thou hast interwoven in the harmony of one immense chord, of which our Music, eldest daughter of Religion, is only the feeble and indistinct murmuring of an echo, all these worlds, — finite rays of thine infinite Thought, — revolving around us like the scattered letters of a divine alphabet, all of which we shall one day know. Everywhere in this beautiful physical Universe — the drapery of thy Thought — thou hast caused to shine before their eyes a teaching of Unity. And they, they have closed the eyes of their souls, they have broken into pieces this Universe, beautiful and one, and, on the ruins of thy Unity, have raised a hostile Dualism — two natures, two laws, two lives. Pity, O Lord, pardon, O pardon the Planters!

IV.

Thou hast in History — the progressive manifestation of thy Life in Time and Space — placed before them a second source of Truth; whence there is ever flowing, in mighty waves, the grand thought of Unity — the sum of thy Law. After having begotten the whole human race from one Adam, thou hast, by a providential education, from day to day becoming more and more visible, conducted man, collective and social man, from the state of slavery to that of serfdom; from serfdom to hired labor, and, that nothing may be wanting to the clearness of the progression, thou art now causing the Nations to shake, that to the world of hired labor may succeed that of association. Thou hast caused to float above these three worlds, which are the image of thy triune activity, the sacred voice of Calvary, " *Ye are all brothers, for ye are all one in God.*" And they, they have closed

their ears to that sacred voice, shut their eyes to the development of thy thought in history; they have said, "*We are not brothers, we are masters and slaves.*" Of all the leaves of the Great Book they have kept only that which contains the story of Cain and Abel — violence and right; and they have said unto themselves, "*There are these two human races, — the accursed race, and the privileged race, to which we belong,*" without perceiving that even upon their foreheads is the sign of thy condemnation, since it is by violence alone that they have crushed the man under the slave. Pity, O Lord! pardon, O pardon the Planters!

V.

And thou hast placed, as a third witness of thy truth, a cry within the heart of every man, a spring in every conscience, which says — "*I am free, free because I am responsible, free because I am man — made in the image of*

God, containing virtually within myself the capacities, the aspirations, the destinies of the whole of humanity." And they, they have denied the universality of this cry: shut up in their egoistic self, they have said, "*It is in us only that it exists,*" not seeing, unhappy men, that they could not set bounds to it, without effacing it from all creation; for God has not created the *planter*, but *man.* They have sowed hatred, and prepared revolt; denied the God of love, and provoked the God of vengeance. Listen not to their blasphemy, O Lord; pardon, O pardon the Planters!

VI.

O Lord, may their understandings be opened, and their hearts moved. At night, may the angel of good inspirations descend to them in their dreams, and may they hear from him the cry of horror of all in humanity that believes and loves — the mournful cry of all those who endure and struggle for good in

Europe, and whose constancy and faith are shaken by their self-willed crime — the mocking cry of the princes and the kings of the earth, pointing out to their agitated subjects, the proud *republicans* of America — the sole guardians of the Helotism of heathen ages — the long lament of Jesus, suffering, through them, even to this day upon his cross. In the morn, when they awake, may their children, as they present to their lips their innocent and curly heads, murmur, inspired by thee, "Father, O father, emancipate our brother, the black man; do not buy, do not sell any more the son of man for thirty pieces of silver; see, this black man too has a mother and little children like us. O that his aged mother may rejoice in him, proud and free! O that his children may smile at him in the morning, fresh and joyous, as we are smiling to-day at thee, O father."

VII.

God of mercy, God of peace and love, pardon, O pardon the Planters! Their crime is great, but thy pity is infinite. Open in the desert of their souls the living fount of charity. May the Angel of Repentance descend and sit by the pillow of their last hour; and between them and thy judgment may there arise, at the last day, for them, and for their country, which they are dishonoring, the prayer of all who, like me, suffer for thy sacred cause, for thy sacred truth, for the emancipation of the Nations and of the Human Soul.

London, October, 1846.

Extreme Unction.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Go! leave me, Priest; my soul would be
  Alone with the consoler Death;
Far sadder eyes than thine will see
  This crumbling clay yield up its breath;
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains
  Than holy oil can cleanse away,—
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse
    gains
  As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Yes, from these talons, yellow now
  As with the taint of handled gold,
Those meek lambs shrank not which, I trow,
  Are shepherded in spring-tide's fold;

For they were spotless then and strayed
  Child-like o'er nature's gladdened breast,
As on a mother's once they played
  Soft preludes of the eternal rest.

Call, if thou canst, to those gray eyes
  Some faith from youth's traditions wrung;
This fruitless husk which dustward dries
  Has been a heart once, has been young;
On this bowed head the awful Past
  Once laid its consecrating hands;
The future in its purpose vast,
  Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

Blithe leaped I forth to grapple fate,
  My feet brushed through the sun-thrilled
    dew
Of love's fresh morning, and life's gate,
  Flung-wide, unbarred enchanted view; —
Saturnian realms, whose happy bowers
  No more with grasping discord rung.

Broad scope for all the spirit's powers
Of cunning hand, and pen, and tongue.

But look, whose shadows block the door?
Who are those two that stand aloof?
See, on my hands this freshening gore
Writes o'er again its crimson proof!
My looked-for death-bed guests are met:—
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
And there with eyes that goad me yet,
The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep and says,
"I gave thee the great gift of life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?"
Can I look up with face aglow
And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

I have been innocent; God knows
When first this wasted life began,
Not grape with grape more kindly grows,
Than I with every brother man;
Now here I gasp; what lose my kind
When this fast-ebbing breath shall part?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth
Without a place to lay his head;
He found free welcome at my hearth,
He shared my cup and brake my bread;
Now, when I hear those steps sublime,
That bring the other world to this,
My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,
Starts sideway with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall be,"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of himself to fashion me;

He sunned me with his ripening looks
  And heaven's rich instincts in me grew
As effortless as woodland nooks
  Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
  Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for four-score years
  A spark of the eternal God;
And to what end? How yield I back
  The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
  Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
  To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose night
  The ominous shadows never lift;
But 't is more awful to behold
  A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
  The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
  Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
  But clutch the keys of darkness yet;—
I hear the reapers singing go
  Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
  Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O, glorious Youth that once wast mine,
  O, high Ideal, all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
  Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
  The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
  The image of the God is gone.

Elmwood, Cambridge, U. S.

The Childless Mother.

BY J. E. SNODGRASS.

After practising my profession for a year or two in Virginia, amid the familiar scenes of my boyhood's mountain-circled home, I removed to Williamsport, a quiet little village on the Maryland side of the romantic Potomac. During my residence in the latter place, an incident occurred, the relation of which will, perhaps, serve a useful purpose, while furnishing as I have been requested to do, "a page for the Liberty Bell."

At the dawn of a day in early spring, I was startled from slumbers rendered perhaps unusually profound by the labors of the previous day. The cause was a scream, which violently cleft the cold clear air with its piercing

agony. I instantly sprang to my feet, only to have my ears saluted by shrieks still more startling. So loud had the voice now become, that it seemed to startle from the bosom of the quiet river echoes such as had perhaps never been heard since the days when its glassy tide used to reflect the war-whoop of the Indian and the scream of the panther.

The voice could readily be distinguished as that of a female, though coarse and harsh in its tones. It soon ceased, however, as if stifled by the very intensity of the agony it had expressed. On subsequent inquiry of a servant, I obtained the following solution of the soul-troubling mystery.

In a hut, a square or two distant, had lived, for some time, a colored woman, the mother of two children, whose wants she had supplied with the labor of her own hands. She had regarded herself as a "free woman" — free as the air of the surrounding hills — and she

was so regarded by all who knew her. But she had no "free papers," having omitted to secure them, it was said, through over-confidence in the source from which she had received a verbal pledge of freedom. A fatal omission, too frequently made by the virtually freed.

Little did that sable woman dream, amid the quiet darkness which enwrapt her toil-worn frame in unconsciousness, that a still harder lot — O, how hard a one — was so near in its awaiting. She was aroused at earliest dawn, by a rap at her humble door. She responded to the signal, and bade the visitants enter. They did so; but for what purpose, suppose you, reader? To talk of work to be done by those who are glad to "ask leave to toil," or utter other words of cheer? No — alas! No — far different the errand on which they came. One of them claimed her as his "chattel," and ordered her to be seized

as his "slave." It was done, and she was conveyed, with her oldest child, to the county jail, some six miles distant, there to await the "highest bidder" for the blood and bones of his fellow men!

"Was it the fact of being sold to Georgia, that caused those unearthly shrieks," you ask? "Is that not a common thing in Maryland?"

It is far too common, I answer with shame; but it was not that which caused such intense agony. The cause was far worse even than this. I will tell.

Nestling warmly in the mother's bosom, through that sadly terminated night, had lain a babe, but a few weeks old — a babe which, colored though it was, and doomed to become as deep-hued as its sable mother, was her baby still, with all the tender and helpless ways of a baby — and that mother loved it as fondly as the fairest-skinned mother of this land could love her own. But it was deemed

an *incumbrance* to its mother, in the slave-mart. So they tore it rudely from her bosom! It was *that* which had caused the shriek of agonized affection, — the speechless utterance of a mother's bereaved and tortured soul! Yes, they tore that tender child from its mother, and she became the inmate of a gloomy prison!

"For what cause?" you ask. "Had the woman committed any crime?"

Not the least possible crime was she guilty of, except it really be a crime to wear a black skin. But she was a slave, — at least she was claimed as such. Besides, you see they only transferred her from one prison to another — for what is slavery but imprisonment? In fact, it is generally imprisonment of the worst kind — *imprisonment for life.*

"What became of her babe?" some anxious mother impatiently asks.

I cannot answer further than that it was

left with a colored woman, who promised its mother to take care of it. This, it is probable, she was allowed to do, until it was old enough for the "Southern market."

Mothers of the land — ye who have borne children, and felt the feeble pulsations of their little hearts responding to your own — know you not how to commiserate that cruelly bereft mother? I trust that you do. Then plead, and *work* for the cause of the slave! Strengthen the hands of your husbands, and fathers, and brothers, amid their stern conflict with the giant Wrong — amid their self-denials and their sufferings — in the face of private malice and public scorn! Woman can do much, if faithful to her mission — so much that, with the coöperation of the wives, and mothers, and daughters of our guilty land, the "Liberty Bell" would soon cease to send forth such heart-rending tones as the shrieks of the Childless Mother.

Baltimore, U. S.

The Last Words of Marie Roland.

When the noble wife of Roland,
To the scaffold was brought forth,
In her prime of life and beauty,
Crowned with dignity and worth;
Calmly stepped she from her prison,
In her robes of death arrayed;
With her raven tresses floating
All around her stately head.

Not a plaint or murmur making,
With undimmed and tearless eyes,
To her doom of terror walked she
Like a queenly sacrifice.
Through the blood-stained streets of Paris,
Silently, she took her way;
All her life of strength and courage
Swelled within her breast that day.

As she passed the recent altar
Raised to sacred Liberty,
She made mournful invocation
To the goddess of the free.

"O! thou dear one, fondly sought for,
Fiercely toiled for by our race;
Knoweth man thy fitting worship?
Is this earth thy dwelling place?
For thy radiant brow is clouded
By the errors of the time;
In the holy name of freedom,
Men commit the blackest crime!

In a land where lavish nature
Strews her treasures far and wide,
Where the people scout at monarchs,
And their freedom is their pride;
Where those very freemen fetter
Forms as human as their own,
And the haughty Southron's scourging
Wakes the wretched Negro's groan.

Surely, Liberty is blighted
By the errors of the time;
In the holy name of freedom
Men commit the blackest crime." JULES.

A True Tale of the South.

BY JANE ELIZABETH JONES.

In the mansion of a Southern slave-holder, on a luxurious couch reclined a youth of some twelve or fourteen years of age. The gorgeous curtain excluded the softened light of a September sun, and somewhat deepened the shade of thoughtfulness that rested upon the intelligent face of that young boy. His thoughts dwelt not upon the circumstances of his present life — in the remembrance of other days he forgot the splendor of his uncle's mansion, the boundless wealth by which he was surrounded, and the multitude of slaves who stood prepared to do his bidding. The recollections of his childhood came thronging up before him — he stood again in

the presence of his venerable grandfather when the hour of death drew nigh — he felt the pressure of the trembling hand, and listened to the failing voice of that good old man, as in the simple accents of undying love he said, "Henry, grandfather hopes thee will be a good boy, and always try to do right." Precious to the youth was this remembrance, and the after knowledge of the sacrifices made by that relative whose obedience to the "inward light," had led him to give freedom to nearly four hundred bondmen whom he had claimed as his, impressed this language upon the soul of the child so that it might never be effaced. He remembered, too, the weekly gatherings he used to attend in the little Quaker meetinghouse, where his grandmother bore her testimony against slavery, and urged upon all the necessity of following the example of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive. And as memory

rolled back yet farther the tide of time, he remembered that his deceased father, too, had sacrificed his Southern feelings and Southern property, and exchanged the character of slave-holder for that of abolitionist.

A piteous shriek aroused him from his reverie. He sprang to his feet and drawing aside the curtain that he might obtain a better view, beheld a sight that deeply moved his soul. One of the female hands on the plantation, had, from sheer inability, lagged behind in her allotted labor, and the whip of the brutal overseer was urging her on to her task. The countenance of the young Southerner flushed with indignation, for he had long felt slavery to be a curse. The blandishments of slave-holding relatives, and the promise of a slave inheritance had not been able to efface the teachings of his earlier life. "O! how long," said he, "shall these poor creatures suffer? How long shall bodies be chained

and lacerated, and souls degraded? Shall the power of the oppressor never be broken? Slavery thou art accursed, and by the memory of my venerated grandfather, and by the love I bare my parents, boy as I am, I will do what I can to destroy it."

The lad had always been a favorite with the slaves, for young "Massa Henry" had ever a pleasant look and a kind word for them. From this time, he interested himself more in their affairs, and entirely gained their confidence. Of the one hundred and seventy on the estate, many did not hesitate to express to him their deep abhorrence of slavery, and their intense desire for liberty. On one occasion five strong and stalwart men made known to him their determination to seek a land of freedom, in case he thought it could be done without recapture. He gave assurance that he would aid them, and though the attempt would be hazardous to both them and him,

yet he advised them, by all means, to try it. He promised to write passes, and when a suitable opportunity presented, to give them all necessary instruction. A fitting time soon arrived. His uncle and aunt had gone on a visit from which he had been excused on the plea of sickness. He had travelled extensively through the Southern States, and was possessed of much valuable knowledge which he could apply for the fugitive's benefit. As a pass would not serve for more than twenty-five or thirty miles, he wrote five for each, deeming that number sufficient to take them to a free state. After the labors of the day were ended, he repaired to the negro quarters. Here a difficulty met him. None of the slaves could read, and how were they to distinguish one pass from another? If the wrong one was shown, it would bring all parties concerned into difficulty and great danger. This was soon arranged, however.

Henry thought that with a little drilling, there would be no danger of mistakes. "Now boys," said he, "be sure and remember that the pass you have in your hand will carry you to A——, then destroy it, and show the one I have pinned on the inside of the right breast of your round-about, which will take you to B——. Then use that in the right leg of your trousers, then the one in the left leg, and lastly this on the left side of your round-about, which will answer until you get into a free state." Having made them fully understand his instruction, he held out his hand and said, "good bye boys, and God bless you." In reply, one of the slaves cast a piteous glance upon him and said, "Massa Henry, are you gwine to send us away without shoes?" This caused the expedition to be deferred until the next night — he retaining the passes for safe keeping. The following day his uncle and aunt returned — were rejoiced to find their

nephew so much better, and gladly assented to his request to have the coachman drive him over to P——, as he thought a little ride would do him good. When they reached the town, he sent the servant some distance on an errand, and during his absence purchased five pairs of shoes — on which he expended nearly all his pocket-money — and concealed them in the carriage-box.

When night came there were anxious hearts in the negro quarters. The five slaves assembled in the appointed place. The light of the fire before which their hoe-cake was baking, was scarcely reflected by the dark and gigantic forms that assembled around it. Hardly a word was spoken — their hatred of slavery had arisen to its highest pitch — their intense love of freedom, and the danger consequent upon an attempt to win it was too big for utterance. Perhaps, too, they had some misgivings of the faith or courage of the

lad who had promised to befriend them. How could they be otherwise than anxious? Five strong and able-bodied men, worth perchance as many thousand dollars, had risked their chance for liberty and for happiness upon the determination and humanity of one upon whom the suns of thirteen summers had scarcely shone; and who had been brought up in all the indulgence of a slave-holder's son and a slave-holder's heir. Might he not falter in his purpose? Might he not even betray them? Or at least might not weariness overcome him so that he would sleep long past the hour when their eyes should be fixed on the North star, and their feet pressing forward? Should they be detected, they would probably be sold to the far South, there to be consumed under the lingering torments of oppression far worse even than that which they were then enduring.

But Henry failed them not—he was scarcely less anxious than they. He retired to bed,

but not to sleep. His mind was dwelling upon the sufferings and degradation of the bondmen, and with the thought of their wretched condition came the cheering recollection of all that his father and grandfather had done for their redemption; and in the silence of his own heart he again heard repeated, "Henry, grandfather hopes thee will be a good boy, and always try to do right." The youth had been placed amid sore temptation, but the impression made upon him by the teachings of those he loved, was as deep and fresh upon his heart as when he listened to their counsel; and he came forth from the furnace of trial, purified by its fires, and his young spirit glowing with intense desire to give freedom to the captive. As soon as all was still he left his chamber, glided stealthily down stairs, entered the carriage-house, obtained the shoes and hastened to the negro hut, where he was joyfully but silently welcomed by the half doubt-

ful, half expectant slaves. He gave them their shoes and their passes — drilled them in the use of the latter — bestowed on the company his last dollar, and then bade them farewell forever. Although their eagerness to go was very great, and they had already indulged in visions of freedom and happiness far away, yet that "farewell forever," recalled their wandering minds, and the thought of leaving him, their generous hearted benefactor, caused them to linger on the threshold of their miserable cabin, and the deep affection of the negro heart made the strong men weep as children. Henry gained his chamber unperceived, and not many weeks after received a newspaper which he had enveloped and directed them to send to him when they should be in safety.

This was the commencement of a life of active labor in behalf of the bondman; and before young Henry had reached the threshold of manhood, scores of fugitives blessed his

name, as they cast into the rushing waters of Niagara the last fetter that bound them to degradation and slavery; and even now on the free soil of Canada many an eye kindles with animation, and many a heart beats more quickly in its dusky bosom, at mention of the name of "Massa Henry."

At his uncle's decease he became the inheritor of all his slaves; but the possession of such a property, with all the luxury and splendor it could bring, had less charm for him than the teachings of his youth. The syren voice of the tempter fell unheeded upon his ear, and his sympathy for the down-trodden of his race remained as warm and as true as when he first pointed the bondman to the North star, and aided him in his flight from slavery. That he might remain a friend of the poor and the oppressed — that he might cherish, undimmed, the sweet remembrance of his childhood — that he might retain a conscience void of

offence toward God and man, he provided for the freedom of his slave inheritance, choosing rather to become a penniless abolitionist than a wealthy slave-holder.

Though the name of Henry is but little known to the world, and but few of the abolitionists, even, have become acquainted with it, yet his life has been none the less useful, nor his kindness to the slave less grateful. Should this little sketch appear improbable to any of the readers of the Liberty Bell, I can assure them that these incidents, with many others of thrilling interest, I received from his own lips.

Salem, Ohio, U. S.

Poem,

ON SEEING BIARD'S PICTURE OF A SLAVE MART.

BY SARAH SANFORD.

ARGUMENT.

The Spirits of Ancient Sages, being made acquainted with the revelation which has, since their time, been granted to this world, repine at not being allowed to view or partake in its benefits. Their presumption is rebuked by the sight of a *Slave Mart;* by which they become aware how disgraceful is the discrepancy between the advantages which earth has received and its improvement of them; and how little it is yet fitted to afford happiness to purified spirits.

Deep is that region's sweet serenity,
Where the blest dead first waken from their sleeping;
There angel-ministers, their vigils keeping,
Earth's children train for Heaven's high mystery;
Soft twilight reigns there, such as earth ne'er saw,
Of blended Life and Death, Time and Eternity.

There those, the untaught wise, who kept the law
Graved in their hearts, long saw their wisest lying,
Still heavy with the languors of his dying;

While over him, with love absorbed in awe,
Rapt Plato hung, to see the vapors white
Of the death-breathing hemlock lazily withdraw,—

Leaving his rugged brow like some stern height
Lifeless and grey beneath the dawn's cold breaking,
Until the soft flush of the soul's awaking
Stole o'er it;—from his lips, not smiling quite,
But parted for a smile, death's damps retire;—
His misty eyeballs slowly kindle into sight.

There was the mighty Clazomenian sire,
The Sole Great Mind still, as on earth, discerning;
And there that Eastern Star,* so purely burning,
Though he in *earthly* worshipped *heavenly* fire,
And in the day's great orb, that unknown light,
For whom the twilight earth panted in vague desire.

To such as these, angels, with proud delight
By slow degrees the mighty page unrolling,
Taught the great Law the universe controlling;

*According to Herder (Persepolitan Letters) Zoroaster (whose name signified Golden Star) taught the worship of the Supreme Being under the name of *Om*, a particle expressing strong desire.

And last, as stronger grew the dazzled sight,
They showed those sons of earth, how daylight's flood
Had visited the world which they had left in night.

How He, who victor by the grave had stood,
Lay meekly down within the narrow dwelling,
Death's terrors with his solemn presence quelling;
And how he, by his tears, his sweat, his blood,
For every tribe and nation freely shed,
Had sealed the mighty bond of love and brotherhood.

"And in their spring-tide green, we may not tread
The fields we loved so well when foul and blighted,
And labored for, with toil so ill-requited?
But why before thy face thy broad wings spread,
Thou seraph, who that world's bright course dost
guide! —
If men are brothers now, and death no longer dread?"

Downcast the angel stood; when he replied, —
His organ-voice was hoarse with smothered weeping;
"How many years, my watch in patience keeping
Upon that single atom in the wide
Blue infinite, with fear and hope I've striven
For that bright, erring orb, my sorrow and my pride!

"Slowly, oh slowly, has the blest seed thriven;
How have I looked, after each woful falling,
For the sweet signs of penitent recalling,
And borne to heaven the prayer to be forgiven!
But many a blight-spot festers at the core;
Even now, my heart with more than mortal anguish
riven.

"My sight grew dim, and I could look no more.
There is no paradise of calm reposing;
But evil still with steadfast strength opposing,
The good must toil and struggle as of yore."
But still the murmur ceased not; "Let us gaze,
But for one hour upon it! We implore,—

"By our true struggles in those evil days;—
By the mysterious agonies of dying;—
By all the ills we bore in patience, buying
So dear our heritage! And in the blaze
Of such pure light, what darkness can remain?"
"—'T was mercy drew the veil ye fondly ask to raise;

"But since I see you tempted to arraign
The Providence oft kindest in withholding,
Come, and repent, that guilty scene beholding."

—Then sighs of hope and fear, of joy and pain,
Met them, like hot breath from a furnace cast,
As the Dead came to look upon the earth again.

But all pure passions even death outlast;
The thick air panted with the troubled yearning,
The nameless extacy of home-returning;
As white-winged swans, when winter's depth is past,
The genial South forsake, exultingly
To rustle once again on the chill Northern blast.

Meanwhile, upon the heaving of the sea,
(With sails now faintly in the faint breeze flapping,
Now with loose fold the steady masts enwrapping,)
The anchored vessel vibrates languidly;
Hot comes the breath from Afric's burning sand.
As for her destined freight she waiteth patiently.

And with as calm a patience, on the strand
Tarry her masters yet, their traffic ending.
Appeased is now the tumult of contending;
And they are gathered all, a quiet band,
The sellers, and the buyers, and the bought;
Accomplished is the scheme with such deep wisdom planned.

The doubtful, bloody battle has been fought,
But not by them, the fair-skinned Christian strangers;
They stirred the strife, but wisely shunned its dangers;
And now the booty to their feet is brought;
To give some gold, some trinkets, is their part;
And then the prey is theirs, for which these shores
they sought.

So many limbs, to labor and to smart;
So many sinews, strung for long-enduring,
And healthful organs, length of life ensuring;—
So many pulses of the human heart;—
So many brains, whose thoughts shall ne'er unfold;—
Such is the merchandise of that renowned mart.

Ay, scan your victim; leave no bone untold,
No muscle, ere your barter be completed;
Yet hath your subtlety itself defeated;
The *soul* lies crushed within its hollow mould.
Ye think, perchance to buy a man; but learn,
'Tis but a clay-machine, though rarely wrought, ye
hold.

But scarce perhaps as yet; he still can spurn
Insult, half-understood; still, still rebelleth

Th' instinctive manhood in his breast that swelleth,
Which shall wane from him, never to return.
And thou, poor victim! dost thou writhe to feel
Into thy living flesh the branding-iron burn?

Thou must endure, when time *this* wound shall heal,
Within thy soul the cankered fetters crushing,
Till thy dark cheek forget the sense of blushing,
Thy woman's pulses quick to woe or weal,
Calmed by despair, beat sullenly and slow,
Unmoved by hope, or love, or pity's soft appeal.

But envy *her*, yon mother, beat in woe
O'er her slain child; how blest is her complaining;
When others moan beneath the whip-stroke's paining,
She 'll feel no smart, for joy that *he* lies low;
That his soft limbs and childish spirits gay,
Can meet no word unkind, no driver's scoring blow.

And now, ye Christian strangers, go your way;
Go, fitting traces of your presence leaving,
Ye, in the covenant of love believing;
Those whom their savage nature taught to slay,
You, proud instructers of humanity,
Have taught the subtler arts, to ensnare and to betray.

The vessel sailed:—but then a thrilling cry
Rang startlingly beneath the cloudless heaven,
In anguish not to mortal bosoms given;
So moans the forest in its agony,
When struggling wildly from its night-mare sleep
Beneath the ghastly hush of tempest-laden sky.

Back to their rest those woe-struck wanderers sweep;
But a deep voice o'ertook them: "Earth will purge
The foul stain from her! From the gloomy vision
Turn your pure gaze, until in deep contrition
We expiate the past! The good will urge
Their prayers and labors, till earth's utmost verge
With Love and Truth be girt, as with the booming
surge."

Bristol, England.

The Destiny of the Nation.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

THIS nation is hastening to its baptism. It is a baptism of blood. It were downright Atheism not to believe it. It was prophecy, dictated by inspiration, when the sage of Monticello, beholding the tears of the oppressed, exclaimed, "*I tremble for my country, when I remember that God is just.*"

No matter, though the warning were not thundered from Mount Sinai, nor threatened in stern decree, by Hebrew prophet commissioned of God. It was founded on the highest, holiest philosophy. It was based on nature's irrevocable statutes — on the never-changing law, that links events to their causes, throughout the universe.

By a moral evaporation has our guilt been ascending, until the dark cloud hangs suspended in the heavens, all charged with thunder; too soon to hurl the bolts of all nature's righteous indignation down upon us. Sorry philosopher is he who thinks to stay the desolation. Nature must be false to herself, must repeal her eternal mandates, or the dread prediction shall be fulfilled.

There is a moral, as well as physical gravitation; and the laws of both are beyond all revocation. Call it what men may, the vengeance of Jehovah, or the action of natural causes and effects, the result is the same.

Who needs one to come from heaven, to assure him that "*the wages of sin is death?*" The solemn declaration is written, not on Judean parchment alone, by pen of inspiration, but on nature's broad face, from system to system, all over the dominion of God.

There is no longer hope. The church ought

to have averted the doom. She might have done it. But instead, she has invited it, with most unholy zeal. No depravity has been too desperate for her to sanction. Slavery has been her delight, war her pride. Sacred to her alike has been the blood of Bunker and of Calvary. Washington she worships. Bonaparte she almost deifies — a warrior in heaven, whetting his sabre on the stones of the New Jerusalem, bathing it in the blood of the king's enemies, and then returning, to be crowned with laurels in some celestial Tuilleries, or palace of St. Cloud — all because he once declared, (*possibly*, knowing what he said,) "*the death of Christ is the death of God.*"

There is no salvation in such a church. She is the millstone on the nation's neck, to make more dread and certain the nation's calamity.

Milford, New Hampshire.

A Twilight Vision.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

When the stealthy twilight's coming is shadowing the room,
And the cheerful fire leaps upward, the brighter for the gloom,
And a sense of all the blessings that God has made our own,
Seems clearer to the spirit than when the daylight shone;

Then, in that holy season of thankfulness and prayer,
The solemn angel-monitors God stations everywhere,
Draw back the folded curtains whereon our day-dreams glow,
And show behind, the miseries that other hearts must know.

And so, last evening, sitting with dear household voices round,
Making their pleasant music, there came a deeper sound,

A voice that called my spirit from the fireside, far
away
To where a woman and a slave upon her death-bed
lay.

Before her eyes already had passed a dread eclipse,
And her hand groped round for water to wet her
fevered lips,
"They have not left me even one," in anguished
tones she said,
"Of all the children I have borne, to hold my dying
head.

"My children always cheered me, they were so good
and kind,
But sometimes when I looked at them, a thought
would cross my mind
That used to make the sunshine of summer days feel
cold, —
The thought the dreadful day would come when they
should all be sold.

"But I tried hard to forget it and to think it could
not be,
For I was everything to them and they were all to me,

And it seemed well-nigh impossible that any human heart
Was cold enough and harsh enough to tear us all apart.

"So they grew up and worked with me under the bright sunshine
Until I dared to look at them and think of them as mine.
It was not long that on my heart this sense of comfort lay,
For very soon they came to take my eldest boy away.

"They rang their silver, coin by coin, under my very eyes,
It sounded louder in their ears than could a mother's cries:
Then I gathered all my children, save the lost one, in despair,
As a hen folds in her chickens when a hawk is in the air.

"They came again, and then again, again, and then again,
They bore one off from me each time, those iron-hearted men,

Till, of the six my God had given, they left to me but one,
And then they bade me bow my head and say, "His will be done!"

"They left my youngest, and for her I toiled with double strength
When master's working-hours were through, that I might earn at length
Enough to buy her freedom back, when the sure day should come
And bring those men to take from me what made my hut a home.

"Ten years of toil had passed away (she was but six years old
When tightly folded in my arms she saw her sister sold;)
And now she was a woman grown, so active and so gay,
That light of heart as any bird, she sang the livelong day.

"Ten years of toil had quickly passed and added to
our store,
So that each day the certainty of freedom grew still
more;
The price was high, too, I had set, for I 'd a mother's
pride,—
And yet the beauty of my child, I only wished to hide.

"They came at last, we felt prepared, nay, I felt even
glad,
That I could hold within my hand the only claim
I had
To call her daughter, seeing that which, at her hour
of birth,
God gave in heaven, was valueless as dust upon the
earth.

"They came, and we with trembling hands counted
the money out,—
But master hardly looked at it, and said, turning about,
'Ten times the money that lies there, was paid for
her to-night,
And she must go!' Then everything grew black
before my sight.

"And she was gone, and from that time I only wished
for death;
Now it has come, how willingly I breathe my latest
breath!
But thou hast told me in my heart not long, O Lord,
not long
Shall the race be to the swift and the battle to the
strong."

I saw no more, my saddened soul returned to whence
it came.
Less brightly then before my eyes leapt up the cheer-
ful flame;
And louder than those voices dear I heard the question
sound,—
"Do ye remember those in bonds as ye with them
were bound?"

Elmwood, Cambridge, U. S.

A Pocket-Piece.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

Sir Walter Scott in a speech, which he made at Roxburgh in opposition to Parliamentary Reform, remarked that it would be conceding what the people had lived contentedly without. They had not felt the absence of representatives of their own choosing as a privation, and it was the part of wisdom not to put such things in their heads. The measure, if it succeeded, would lead to new demands and open a door to innovations of which none could calculate the extent or foresee the consequences. This was the essence of Sir Walter's argument, which having concluded, he retired, saying, *Morituras vos saluto* — "about to die, I bid you farewell!"

It is not surprising that one who had spent his life in an enthusiastic rubbing of rust from the Feudal System, should have cherished such thoughts; yet they are mean and covinous thoughts, making government a mere *argumentum ad ignorantiam.*

I once employed a Spanish servant, a bright young man, but he did not know how to read and write. He informed me that his mother sent him, when a child, to a *sapatero* [a cobler] in Madrid, to learn his letters, but as soon as her priest found it out he took her to task for it, telling her that to send her boy to learn letters would make him a republican, an *infidel* and a *negro.* These are epithets bestowed in the modern revolutions of Spain and Portugal by the Absolutists upon the Constitutionalists or Liberals. The priests were powerful auxiliaries of the Absolutists, and sought to turn against their opponents the traditionary hatred, still cherished by the

people against their old African invaders, the Moors. His pious and affectionate mother was alarmed for the safety both of her son's soul and her own. She straightway took him from the sapatero, and so, said Joaquin, "I grew up a poor dolt."

An eminent Colonial Governor of Virginia thanked God that there were no such mischievous things as free schools and printing presses within his favored jurisdiction. The same felicity is still enjoyed to a very satisfactory extent by that colony as a member of this "most enlightened and virtuous republic," but with the superadded blessing of severe legal penalties to ensure its continuance. To nearly half of her people the alphabet is "an unlawful assembly." Thus does despotism everywhere pronounce its own doom, confessing that its trust is, not in truth but in the concealment of truth.

The ignorance of their slaves is not how-

ever the only or the principal reliance of the bold usurpers, whose oppressive and wicked rule has made this Union a blighting and a consuming curse. They rely much more upon the ignorance of the masses in the free states. I propose to illustrate this in a single particular, for to do it in all would require a huge volume. "The Liberty Bell" could not ring all the changes in a year, if it rung nothing else. I refer to the subject of taxation. Low as the spirit of the North has sunk, nothing I am persuaded but profound ignorance could have made them submit quietly to the gross and continual outrage that is done, and has been done, time out of mind, to their pockets.

The first basis of taxation agreed upon by the Old Congress, and the only one practised upon, under its authority, was "the value of all land within each state, granted or surveyed for any person, as such land and the buildings

and improvements thereon shall be estimated." Now such land in the slave states was worth only from half to a quarter as much as like land in the free states, or states, if not absolutely free, holding but few slaves. As to buildings, the inequality was still greater; for every farm, especially in a northern climate, must have substantial and expensive buildings, whereas one set of buildings and most of those rude and slight, serve for the largest Southern plantation. There the cattle in most places graze all the year round. They have few barns of any value. The quantity of hay is one-*fifteenth* of that made in the free states. The size of a Southern plantation is equal to that of five to twenty Northern farms. The slave-huts, with rare exceptions, are of no value. They are built in the night, after task, or on Sundays, and are composed of logs and poles, which the slaves carry on their backs from the woods, stuffing the interstices

with clay. They are ten or twelve feet square, forming a single apartment, without chimney and without windows. The poorest Northern laborer with a family, rarely occupies a house worth less than two hundred dollars, and usually has a cow and a barn. In respect to improvements on land, it may be truly said that they are not known in the slave states. Their own writers agree, and the face of the country attests, that their agriculture is one uniform process of exhaustion and land-killing.

What justice was there then in such a rule of taxataion? An hospital of lunatics could not have hit upon one more absurd, nor knavish ingenuity upon one more iniquitous. In all slave countries the value of the slaves is just about so much subtracted from the value of the land, and its appropriate appurtenances and improvements.

By this cunning and stupid arrangement,

property in human flesh obtained under the Articles of Confederation (like the property of the nobility and clergy in France, until the Revolution,) a complete and permanent exemption from taxation; and a corresponding excess of burden was cast upon free labor. The Articles of Confederation, though intended to be perpetual, ceased with the adoption of the present Constitution, but they left a precedent to the South, and to the North a habit of cowering to impudence and arrogance.

By the present Constitution it was intended that the labor of a slave should furnish to the Government *three-fifths* as much revenue as that of a freeman. It never has paid *one*-fifth, nor one-fiftieth as much.

With trifling exceptions the revenue has been raised by duties on imported goods, the duties becoming a part of the price paid for them by the consumer. It is a tax on consumption. Let us see how it has been managed.

All stuffs for slave-clothing, and all raw materials for negro-cloths, down to the dye-stuff, have always been admitted either free or at duties five to ten times less than articles of the same kind used by laborers in the free states. Even if the duties were impartially laid, the advantage would be immensely on the side of slave-holders, by reason of the superior quality and cost of the clothing of free laborers, and the great excess in the quantity required by a Northern climate. Slave children on the plantations go stark naked until they are ten or twelve years old, and the adults do the same, the greater part of the year, with the exception of some rags and shreds fastened above their hips. It is a notorious fact that plantation slaves of all ages and conditions, but more especially the aged and infirm, suffer cruelly, both night and day, in cold weather, for want of clothing

and bedding. The latter consists of a single blanket of the flimsiest fabric.

The food of plantation slaves, being a peck of corn per week, with a small allowance of meat at Christmas, is never imported and of course is never taxed. They are allowed no tea, no sugar, no coffee, no spices, no molasses, no crockery, glass, cabinet or hard ware, except an iron pot. Their doors, if they have them, are hung on wooden hinges and fasten with a wooden latch. They sit on blocks or rude benches of their own make. They lie on the ground or on boards. Some eat with wooden spoons of their own fashioning; but generally for knives, forks, shovel and tongs, they use their fingers. All those necessaries, comforts and conveniences, which a slave has not, a Northern laborer, whatever his color, has, and is taxed for them. The only article of slave consumption which is impartially taxed, is *salt*, and to those who understand

the wily and deceitful character of slave legislation (and that includes about all the legislation of the Federal Government,) this will account for the persevering and violent struggle of the slave-mongers to have that tax abolished *in behalf of the poor!*

These exemptions of slave-holders from their due share of the burdens of the Union — of its armies, navies and diplomacies, all directed by slave-holders, and always employed in the peculiar service of slavery, are a fraud upon the free states. They show that slave-holders care as little for the distinction of *meum* and *tuum* in regard to whites as they do in regard to blacks. Like the open and more honorable robberies of feudal chiefs in the middle ages, they are submitted to through ignorance and imbecility. They constitute a bounty of yearly millions upon slave-holding and slave-breeding.

Under such a system of taxation, the free

states during this and the next generation, will pay the debt of some five hundred millions, which our masters are now incurring to massacre peaceful and inoffensive Mexicans, for the purpose of extending and eternizing slavery and the slave-trade in regions where both had been abolished.

Does Heaven see, and yet its thunders sleep?

Northampton, Massachusetts.

Edward S. Abdy.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

The one thing needful in the prosecution of the anti-slavery enterprise is, that its advocates should cherish in themselves that discriminating moral sense, that high idea of duty, that uncompromising integrity, and that active fidelity to principle, which, taken conjointly, constitute high character.

The best security for the remembrance of this necessity, is the contemplation of such a noble life as has been recently closed in England by as true an ending — the life of Edward S. Abdy.

When the anti-slavery cause was struggling with its earliest difficulties, Mr. Abdy, then travelling in the United States with a brilliant

reputation as a scholar, and as a gentleman, rose above the merely prudential and conventional maxim, that man, out of his own country, should be only an observer, and identified himself with the small and despised band who were acting on the principle that, man's country being the world, and his countrymen all mankind, no distinction of race or clime should bar the path of Justice or of Freedom.

In 1834, he published his valuable work — "Journal of a Year's Residence in the United States." His high reputation had commended it for reprint to an American publishing house, when the fact transpired that Mr. Abdy had sought out and sympathized with the small band of abolitionists whom the world neglected, and condemned those whom the world was applauding for a contrary course. In deference to slavery, the book was suppressed.

It would require a long biography to do

justice to the uncompromising rectitude of this great, good man. Personal sympathy alone could not move him;—he renounced the fellowship of the British and Foreign anti-slavery committee the moment he found they were quakers and bankers more than abolitionists: and the act prepared the way for the formation of the Anti-Slavery League.

Mere expediency could not sway him;—he withdrew from the Anti-Corn-Law League, when it sent testimonials of respect to slave-holders: and the deed aroused the noble minds who were laboring for Free Trade, to the importance of moral sanction in carrying on the work of moral suasion. Admiration could not delude him;—he saw and said, when observing the differences between abolitionists and the most brilliant and influential intellects of this country, that they were wrong and the contemned abolitionists were right;—and the strengthening efficacy of a

just man's judgment has been as a tower of defence to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The plea of ignorance he never made, to excuse himself from the duty of forming a judgment in cases of moral controversy. The meanness of neutrality in such cases he never was guilty of. The cowardice of "daring to say," in such cases of moral opposition, "that there is blame on both sides," he never incurred the disgrace of. He was a Churchman, yet exalting the power of godliness above the form; and ready to coöperate in doing good, irrespective of opinion, with every human being whose personal character he could trust in.

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one,"

devoting his great acquirements to those on whom oppression enforces ignorance. He was well connected, holding a definite position in English society, and yet drawn by

moral sympathy to the American abolitionists, to whom rank and fashion are but an idle sound.

By an extract from Mr. Abdy's will, communicated by his executor, it appears that his death, no less than his life, was a testimony to right and freedom; for he "gives and bequeaths the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, in trust, for the benefit of the anti-slavery cause," to one of the American abolitionists.

But few of them have ever seen his face, but all who knew his character felt moved as by the loss of a brother, on hearing the news of his departure. All their cause needs to ensure its success is integrity, resolution, fidelity and devotedness like his.

Boston, U. S.

Last Thoughts of Thomas Clarkson.

On the 20th of August, 1846, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Thompson visited the venerable Clarkson, who gave them a most affectionate reception. Though feeble in body, his mind evinced an extraordinary degree of activity; and on parting with them, he placed in their hands a manuscript, saying that it contained his last and most mature thoughts on American slavery, especially on the subject of a dissolution of the Union, giving them a strict charge to make his views known wherever they thought such publication would be useful, and at the same time expressing his entire approbation of the anti-slavery course of Mr. Garrison, and particularly of his views respecting "no union with slave-holders," and "the dissolution of the Union."

In consequence of the wish expressed by Mr. Clarkson that his views might be made known, the following paragraphs have been selected for publication in this volume, from the manuscript thus solemnly entrusted to Mr. Garrison.

"If we inquire into the subject, we may find probabilities next to certainties, — by which it can be proved that the people of America ought, nay, must have a better and more perfect Constitution than they have now; and that not only their free political institutions, of which they so much boast, need to be trespassed upon, but greatly improved. Can it be denied, that when the old, or rather the present Union is dissolved, the American Government must still go on, and that the new Union, or Unions, which succeed it, will have the power of making laws, as at present, each for the state or states which might

belong to it? If, then, there should be in the present statute-book, any free political institutions, to which the people are attached on account of their excellencies, the new law-makers would be fools indeed, if they did not retain them. If, again, there were bad laws, which were in any degree injurious to the people, or which had not worked well, would they not be blotted out? Besides this, the new law-makers would have the power of searching antiquity for new laws that were good, and of introducing these and others which their own experience might suggest as useful or wanting. Thus, America might have a legislation, and free political institutions, such as the world never yet saw.

"I consider, then, the dissolution of the Union, by affording the opportunity of making such a change, among the greatest of blessings, and, in all probability, nothing but a dissolution of the Union could produce such a

glorious opportunity. What other event could give America the opportunity of legislating anew, but the dissolution now in question? If this opportunity should be allowed to slip, nothing occurs, within the range of my vision, at present, that could repair it."

To My Birth-Place.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Whether a persecuted child of thine
Thou deign to own, my lovely native place,*
In characters that Time cannot efface,
Thy worth is graved upon this heart of mine.
Forsake me not in anger, nor repine
That with this nation I am in disgrace:
From ruthless bondage to redeem my race,
And save my country, is my great design.
How much soe'er my conduct thou dost blame,
(For Hate and Calumny belie my course,)
My labors shall not sully thy fair fame;
But they shall be to thee a fountain-source
Of joyfulness hereafter — when my name
Shall e'en from tyrants a just tribute force.

* Newburyport, Massachusetts.

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. —*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

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NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

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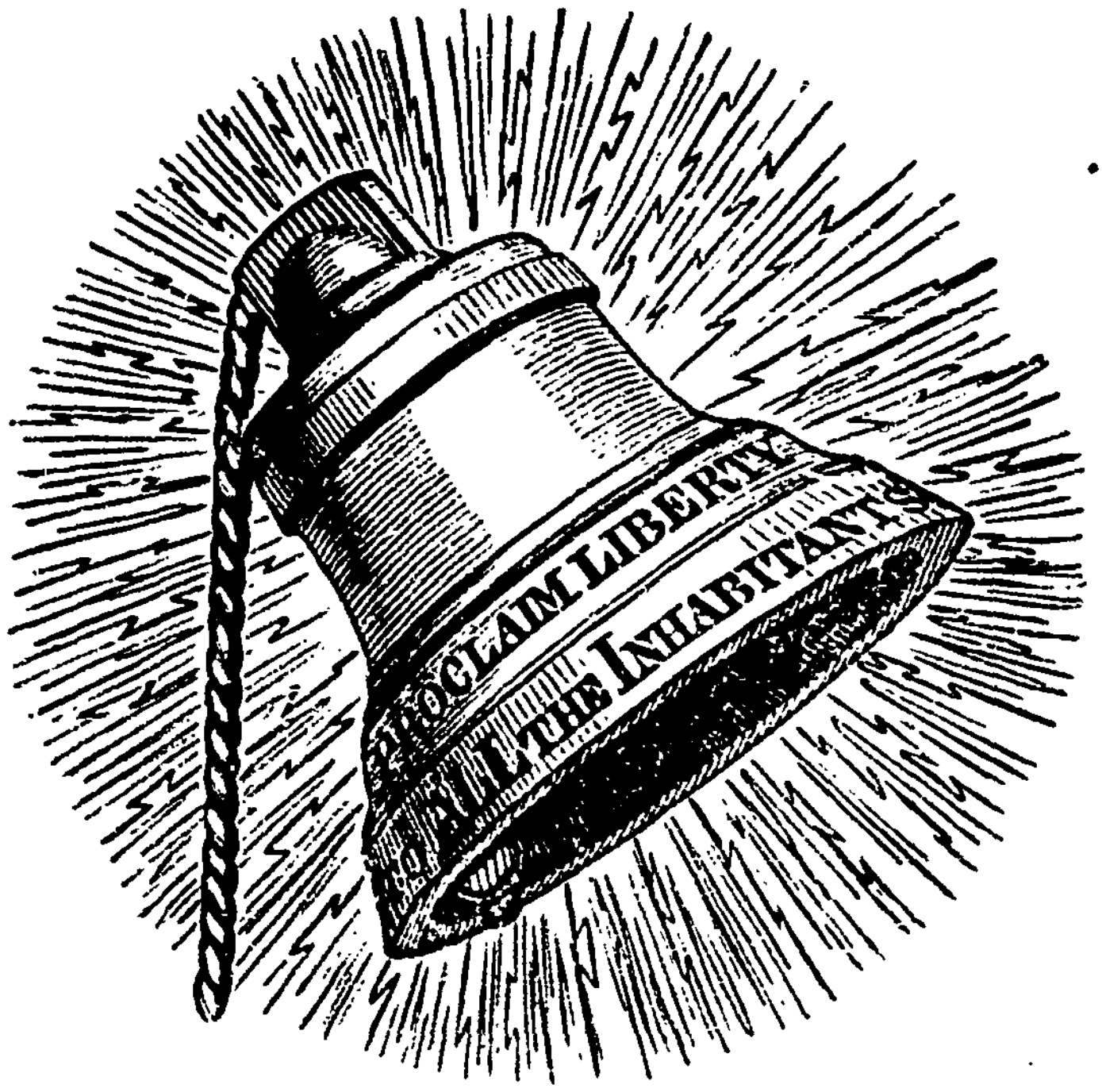


The Insurrection and its Hero.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY A SOUTHRON.

If, reader, you have never lived in a Slave-land, you can know nothing, comparatively, of the terror which an insurrection creates.

All other perils are understood. Fire upon land, or storm at sea, wrapping mortals in

a wild or watery shroud, may be readily imagined. Pestilence, walking abroad in the city, making the sultry air noisome and heavy, hushing the busy throng, awing into silence heated avarice, and glooming the very haunts of civilization as if they were charnel-houses, can be quickly understood. But the appalling terror of a Slave revolt, made instinct with life, and stunning as it pervades the community, — the undescribed and indescribable horror which fills and sways every bosom as the word is whispered along the streets, or borne quickly from house to house, or speeded by fleetest couriers from plantation to plantation — "an insurrection" — "an insurrection" — must be *felt* and *seen* to be realized.

Nor is this strange. The blackest ills are associated with it. Hate, deep and undying, to be gratified — revenge, as bitter and fiendish as the heart can feel, to be gloated over

while indulged — lust, unbridled and fierce, to be glutted — death, we know not how or where, but death in its basest and most agonizing form; or life, dishonored and more horrible than most excruciating death — these are the *essence* of an insurrection. Could worse forms of evil be conjured up? Can any human actions, — the very darkest that walk at midnight — excite equal terror? We pity Slaveholders who are startled by the dread of it, and wonder at their want of manhood in exposing the gentler sex to this human whirlwind of fury and revenge and lust and death.

But to our story. — I remember, when a boy, going out one bright day on a hunting excursion, and, on returning in the evening, meeting at the bridge, a mile or more from the town I lived in, a body of armed men. The road turns suddenly, as you approach the spot from the south, and is skirted, on either side, by deep swamps. I did not see them,

consequently, until I came directly upon them.

"Where have you been?" was the abrupt question put to me by the captain, without offering the usual salutation.

"I have been hunting," I replied, "along the banks of the river, and up by the old Hermitage."

"Did you see or meet any one?" continued my questioner, no man else saying a word.

"No one."

"Go home, instantly," he said imperatively, "and keep up the main road. Don't cross over by the swamp, or the old ford"—two nearer footpaths to the town, skirting heavily timbered land.

I cannot recollect now whether I had heard before of an insurrection. I had not, certainly thought much about it, if at all. But I knew, instantly, why these armed citizens were at the bridge. The low, compressed, yet clear

voice of the captain, the silence of his men, their audible breathing as they waited for my replies to his questions, their military order, with sentries in advance, — told me all, and I experienced a dread which chilled me through; and the deepening shade of the forest, under which I had so often whistled merrily, served now to add to the gloom of the hour. I asked no questions. With quickened pace I pushed up the main road, and was not long in reaching my father's house. I wished to know the worst, and to help in meeting it.

I found all alarm at home. Guns were stacked in the passage, and men were there ready to use them. Two friends were in the parlor, informing the household of the place of rendezvous for the women and children, and the signal which was to be given, if the town should be "fired," or an attack be made upon

it, by the Negroes. I inquired, and learned here, the cause and extent of the danger.

That morning, a Negro had informed his master of the plot, and had represented to him that it reached plantations an hundred miles off, and embraced the thickest Negro settlements in the State.

The first step taken was, to arrest the leaders named (some thirty in number) by the informer. The second, to inform town and country of the impending danger. Armed patrols were started out in every direction. Every avenue to the town was guarded, and every house in it made a sort of military fort. The apprehension was, that the plantation Negroes would rise, and sweep all before them, with fire and sword; and the "white strength" was prepared, in all its force, to meet this contingency.

The master, if he be kind to his bondmen, is apt to believe that they will never turn

against him. We hear planters say, "I would arm my Slaves," — whenever this subject is broached. This is a strong expression, and to be received with "grains of allowance," as the sequel will illustrate. Yet, boy-like, I felt as if no soul, in *our* yard, could strike a blow against one of the family, and, in this temper, I went to the servants' quarters. Not one of them was out — a strange event — and not a neighbor's domestic was in — a still stranger circumstance! They were silent as the grave. Even "Momma," privileged to say and do what she pleased, and who would be heard amid the laughter and tongue-clatter of the rest, had nothing to tell me. I asked a few questions; they were simply answered. It was evident that the servants were frightened; they knew not what they feared; but they were spell-bound by an undefined dread of evil to them, and harm to us. Indeed, this was the case with the blacks, generally, and

while the excitement lasted, the patrol did not arrest one Slave away from his quarters! An honest Irishman remarked, at the time, "it was hard to tell which was most frightened, the Whites or the Negroes."

The proposed revolt, as regards territory, was an extended one. It embraced a region having over forty thousand male Slaves. But the plot was poorly arranged, and it was clear that those who planned it knew little or nothing of the power they had to meet and master. For six months the leaders of it had been brooding over their design, and two days before its consummation they were in prison, and virtually doomed as felons! Their seizure arrested the insurrection without bloodshed,—but not without a sacrifice of life! That was demanded by society and the law, and made. Thirteen of the Negroes arrested were declared guilty, and hung! They had, according to all notions then, a fair

trial; lawyers defended them, and did their best; an impartial and intelligent jury determined their fate; and by the voice of man, not of God, this number of human beings was "lega' " sent out of existence!

The leader of the insurrection, — ISAAC, — I knew well. He was head-man to a family intimate with mine. Implicit confidence was placed in him, not only by his master but by the minister of the church, and everybody who knew him. The boys called him "Uncle Isaac," and the severest patrol would take his word, and let him go his way.

He was some forty years old when he first planned the revolt. His physical development was fine. He was muscular and active, the very man a sculptor would select for a model. And yet, with all his great strength, he was kind, and affectionate, and simple as a woman! He was never tired of "doing" for others. In intellect, he was richly gift-

ed—no Negro in the place could compare with him for clear-headedness, and nobleness of will. He was born to make a figure, and, with equal advantages, would have been among the first in any throng. He had character, that concentration of religious, moral, and mental strength, which, when possessed by high or low, gives man power over his fellows, and imparts life to his acts and name.

His superiority was shown on the trial. It was necessary to prove that he was the leader, and counsel were about taking this step. "I am the man"—said Isaac. There was no hesitation in his manner; no tremulousness in his voice; the words sounded naturally, but so clear and distinct that the court and audience knew it was so, and that it could not have been otherwise.

An effort was made to persuade him to have counsel. His young masters pressed

the point. The court urged him. Slave-holders were anxious for it, not only because they could not help liking his bearing, but because they wished to still every voice of censure, far or near, by having a fair trial for all. But he was resolute. He made no set speeches; played no part. Clear above all, and with the authoritative tone of truth, he repeated—"I am the man, and I am not afraid or ashamed to confess it."

Sentence of death was passed upon him and twelve others!

The next step, before the last, was, to ascertain all the Negroes who had entered into the plot. Isaac had managed this part wisely. He kept his own counsel, and, besides his brother, as was supposed, no one knew who had agreed to help him at home, or from a distance. The testimony was abundant, that he had the promise of such help. His declaration to the colored informer,

—"the bonfire of the town will raise forty thousand armed men for us," —was given in evidence. He admitted the fact. But no ingenuity, no promises, no threats, could induce or force him to reveal a single name. "You have me," he said; "not one other shall you get if I can prevent it. The only pain I feel is, that my life *alone* is not to be taken. If these," pointing to his fellow captives, "were safe, I should die triumphantly."

The anxiety on this point, naturally, was very deep, and when the usual expedients had failed, the following scheme was hit upon. Isaac loved his minister, as everybody did who worshipped at his altar, and the minister reciprocated heartily that love. "Isaac will not resist him—he will get out of Isaac all we want to know"—this was the general belief, and, acting upon it, a committee visited the pastor. An explanation took place and

the good man readily consented to do all he could.

He went to the cell. The Slave-felon and the man of God confronted each other!

"I come, Isaac," said the latter, "to find out from you everything about this wicked insurrection, and you,"—"Master," hastily interrupted Isaac, "you come for no such purpose. You may have been over-persuaded to do so, or unthinkingly have given your consent. But will you, who first taught me religion, who made me know that my Jesus suffered and died in truth—will you tell me to betray confidence sacredly entrusted to me, and thus sacrifice others' lives because my life is to be forfeited? Can you persuade me, as a sufferer and a struggler for freedom, to turn traitor to the very men who were to help me? Oh master! let me love you;" and rising, as if uncertain of the influence of his appeal, to his full stature, and looking his

minister directly in the face, he added, with commanding majesty — "you know me."

I wish the *very* language of Isaac, the Slave, could be used. I wish that I could repeat the tale as I heard the old minister tell it. So minute, yet so natural, so particular in detail, yet so life-like! The jail, its inner cell, the look and bearing of Isaac, his calmness, his greatness of soul! It was touching in the extreme. I have known sternest Slaveholders to weep, like children, as they would listen to the story. But I can only narrate it, as I remember it, in briefest outline. The old divine continued:

"I could not proceed. I looked at Isaac; my eye fell before his. I could not forget his rebuke; I acknowledged my sin. For the first time in my ministerial life I had done a mean, a base act, and, standing by the side of a chained felon, I felt myself to be *the* criminal."

A long silence ensued. The minister was in hopes that Isaac would break it; he did not. He made several efforts to do so, but failed. Recovering from his shock at length, and reverting, in his own mind, to the horrors which the revolt would have occasioned, he resumed the conversation thus:

"But, Isaac, yours was a wicked plot, and, if you had succeeded, you would have made the very streets run blood. How could you think of this? How consent to kill your old master and mistress? How dream of slaying me and mine?"

"Master," Isaac quickly responded, "I love old master and mistress. I love you and yours. I would die to bless you any time. Master, I would hurt no human being, no living thing. But you taught me, that God was the God of Black as well as White — that he was no respecter of persons — that in his eye all were alike equal, — and that there

was no religion unless we loved him and our neighbor, and did unto others as we would they should do unto us. Master, I was a Slave. My wife and children were Slaves. If equal with others before God, they should be equal among men. I saw my young masters learning, holding what they made, and making what they could. But, master, my race could make nothing, hold nothing. What they did they did for others, not for themselves. And they had to do it, whether they wished it or not, for they were Slaves. Master, this is not loving our neighbor, or doing to others as we would have them do to us. I knew there was and could be no help for me, for wife or children, for my race, except we were all free; and as the Whites would not let this be so, and as God told me he could only help those who helped themselves, I preached freedom to the Slaves, and bid them strike for it like men. Master, we

were betrayed. But I tell you now, if we had succeeded, I should have slain old master and mistress and you first, to show my people that I could sacrifice my love, as I ordered them to sacrifice their hates, to have justice — justice for them — justice for mine — justice for all. I should have been miserable and wretched for life. I could not kill any human creature without being so. But, master, God *here*" — pointing with his chained hand to his heart — "told me *then*, as he tells me *now*, that I was right."

"I don't know how it was," continued the old minister, "but I was overpowered. Isaac mastered me. It was not that his reasoning was conclusive; that I could have answered easily; but my conduct had been so base, and his honesty was so transparent, his look so earnest and sincere, his voice so commanding, that I forgot everything in my sympathy for him. He was a hero, and bore himself like

one, without knowing it! I knew, by that instinct which ever accompanies goodness, that the Slave-felon's conscience was unstained by crime, even in thought; and, grasping him by the hand, without scarce knowing what I was going to do, I said, Isaac, let us pray. And I prayed long, prayed earnestly. I did not stop to think of my words. My heart poured itself out, and I was relieved."

"And what," I asked, "was the character of your prayer?"

"What it ought to have been," energetically replied the old divine. "I prayed to God as our common Father. I acknowledged that he would do justice; that it was hard for us poor mortals to say who was right and who wrong on earth; that the very best were sinners, and those deemed the worst by us might be regarded the best by Him. I prayed for Isaac. I prayed God to forgive him, if wrong; to forgive the Whites, if he was right;

to forgive and bless all. I was choked with tears. I caught hold of Isaac's hand and pressed it warmly, and received his warm pressure in return. And with a joy I never experienced before or since, I heard his earnest, solemn 'Amen,' as I closed.

"We stood together for some time in silence. Isaac was deeply moved. I saw it by the working of his frame, and the muscles of his face, and his eye. For the first time, tear-drops stood on his eyelids. But stilling every emotion, he began, as calmly as if he were going to rest:—

"'Master, I shall die in peace, and I give you a dying man's blessing. I shall see you no more on earth. Give my love to old master and mistress, and'—for a moment he faltered, but with concentrated energy choked down instantly his deepest emotion as he continued more solemnly than I ever heard mortal speak—'and, master, if you love me,

if you love Jesus, lead my wife and children, as you have led me, to — heaven. God forever bless you, master.'

"We parted. I saw him no more. I could not see him hung, or pray for him, as requested to do by others, at the last, dying hour. I had been with him long. For four hours we were together in his narrow, noisome cell. How indelibly are the events which occurred in them impressed upon my memory! Oh Slavery! Slavery!"

The citizens outside awaited anxiously the good minister's egress from the jail, and, when he appeared, crowded round him to know the result. He looked like one jaded with a long journey. He was worn down. "It is useless — it is useless — let him die in peace," was all he said; and seeing that he was deeply moved, and taking it for granted that he had been engaged in devotional exercises with the dying, silence pervaded

the group, and he was allowed to depart in peace. And never in public, or in a mixed audience, would that minister refer to Isaac, or the hours he spent with him!

No other effort to elicit information from the leader was made, and none who promised him help, were discovered through him.

The death-day came. A mighty crowd gathered to witness the sad event to which, in that place, it was to be devoted; and the military, with gleaming swords and bright bayonets, stood under the gallows, to guard against escape or difficulty. Six "felons" were upon the gallows — it could hold no more — and Isaac was first on the list. "Be men," said he, when one of the number showed some timidity, "and die like men. I'll give you an example — then obey my brother." That brother stood next him. Isaac gazed intently upon the crowd — some thought he was looking for his wife and

children — and then spoke his farewell to his young masters. A few words passed between him and his brother, when, saying audibly, "I'll die a freeman," he sprang up as high as he could, and fell heavily as the knotted rope checked his fall. Instantly his frame was convulsed, and, in its muscular action, his feet neared the plank on which he had stood, looking as if he sought to regain it. His brother, turning his face to his comrades, deliberately put his hand upon his side, and leaning forward, held the body clear, with his elbow, as he said, "let us die like him."

The authorities perceived that the terrors of the law would be lost, and none of "the good" they anticipated be secured among the blacks, especially, who filled up the outer circle of the dense crowd, if this lofty heroism were witnessed. They proceeded rapidly with the execution, and, in a few moments,

Isaac and his brother, and their felon comrades, were asleep together!

The bodies of the blacks, after dangling in the air the usual time, as if in mockery of heaven and earth, were cut down, coffined, and carted away to their burial place. That was an out-of-the-way old field, with a stagnant lagoon on three sides of it, and a barren sand waste, covered with a sparse growth of short pines, on the other.

Beneath the shade of one of these pines which skirted the field, and not far off from the felons' graves, a colored woman, and a cluster of little ones, might have been seen. These were Isaac's wife and children. They stood where they were, until all, save one white man, had departed. He made a signal, and they approached the burial-spot. He pointed to a particular spot, and left. None know, save our Father, how long the widowed one and the fatherless remained there, or

what were their emotions. But next morning, a rough stake was found driven into the earth, beneath which Isaac lay, and ere the next Sabbath dawned, a pile of stones, with an upright memorial, was placed at the head of his grave. How these stones were obtained—for none like them were to be seen within thirty or forty miles—no one could say, though all knew *who* put them there. The rude memorial still stands! The grave of Isaac is yet known! And that widowed one while she lived—for she, too, has departed—kept the lone burial-spot free from weeds, and covered it with the wild rose, as if the spirit which once had animated the cold clay beneath, loved a robe of beauty and sweetness!

As not the least remarkable feature in Isaac's conduct was the course he pursued toward his family, we cannot close without referring to it. He was an exemplary

husband, and a wise as well as kind father. His wife was not superior, intellectually, but she was affectionate, and he so moulded her character as to make her worthy of him. His children were well-behaved, and remarkable for their polite manners. His very household gave evidence of all this! Everything was in order; the furniture was neat; in all the arrangements he had an intelligent eye to comfort and taste; he had a watch, and some tolerable scripture engravings; and his little garden was well stocked with the best vegetables, the best fruit, and the rarest flowers.

Of the plot Isaac's wife knew nothing. He had evidently thought of his failure, and committed no women, and as few married men as he could. He meant, let what might happen to him, that his partner should suffer no harm. This was evident enough from his conduct. For the first thing he did, after his

arrest, was to desire an interview with his old master. That was denied him. Not that the old gentleman was cruel, or angry, — for he loved Isaac — but because as he said, "he could not stand it." The next thing was, to send for his young master. He came, and to him he said, "Massa Thomas, I have sent for you to say, that my wife does not know anything about the insurrection, or any of my action. I wanted to see old master to beg him not to sell, or separate her and the children. I must get you to do that. And, Massa Thomas, when your father dies, I want you to promise that you will help them." The young man promised, (and we rejoice to say his word was kept) and then Isaac, the Slave and the felon, blessed him. Never again, until near his last hour when conversing with his minister, did he refer to his family, and the only message he sent them was a torn Bible, with this sentence rudely

writ down on one of the leaves, — "We shall live again, and be together." So deep was his affection for his family, and so careful was he to ward off every suspicion or danger from them!

I met last summer the Slaveholder — an intelligent and humane man — who commanded the military the day Isaac was hung.

I referred to the scene. He spoke of it as one of the most moving that he had ever witnessed, and to my surprise, though very much to my gratification, remarked:

"I never knew what true heroism was, until I saw Isaac manifest it upon his seizure, trial and death. I felt my inferiority to him every way, and I never think of him without ranking him among the best and bravest men that ever lived."

The record below tells of his crime; and he will be remembered, on earth, as a felon!

but the record above will contain his virtues, and, in heaven, the good will know and love him, — for ISAAC was a MAN.

The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

I STAND on the mark, beside the shore,
Of the first white pilgrim's bended knee;
Where exile changed to ancestor,
And God was thanked for liberty.
I have run through the night — my skin is as
dark —
I bend my knee down on this mark —
I look on the sky and the sea.

II.

O, pilgrim-souls, I speak to you:
I see you come out proud and slow
From the land of the spirits, pale as dew,
And round me and round me ye go.

O, pilgrims, I have gasped and run
All night long from the whips of one
Who, in your names, works sin and woe!

III.

And thus I thought that I would come
And kneel here where ye knelt before,
And feel your souls around me hum
In undertone to the ocean's roar;
And lift my black face, my black hand,
Here in your names, to curse this land
Ye blessed in Freedom's, heretofore.

IV.

I am black, I am black,
And yet God made me, they say:
But if He did so — smiling, back
He must have cast his work away
Under the feet of His white creatures,
With a look of scorn, that the dusky features
Might be trodden again to clay.

V.

And yet He has made dark things
To be glad and merry as light;
There's a little dark bird sits and sings,
There's a dark stream ripples out of sight;
And the dark frogs chant in the safe morass,
And the sweetest stars are made to pass
O'er the face of the darkest night.

VI.

But we who are dark, we are dark!
O God, we have no stars!
About our souls, in care and cark,
Our blackness shuts like prison-bars!
And crouch our souls so far behind,
That never a comfort can they find,
By reaching through their prison-bars.

VII.

Howbeit God's sunshine and His frost
They make us hot, they make us cold,

As if we were not black and lost;
And the beasts and birds in wood and wold,
Do fear us and take us for very men;—
Could the whippoorwill or the cat of the glen
Look into my eyes and be bold?

VIII.

I am black, I am black,
And once I laughed in girlish glee;
For one of my color stood in the track
Where the drivers' drove, and looked at me:
And tender and full was the look he gave!
A Slave looked so at another Slave,—
I look at the sky and the sea.

IX.

And from that hour our spirits grew
As free as if unsold, unbought;
We were strong enough, since we were two,
To conquer the world, we thought.
The drivers drove us day by day:

We did not mind; we went one way,
And no better a liberty sought.

X.

In the open ground, between the canes,
He said "I love you," as he passed:
When the shingle-roof rang sharp with the rains,
I heard how he vowed it fast.
While others trembled, he sate in the hut
And carved me a bowl of the cocoa-nut,
Through the roar of the hurricanes.

XI.

I sang his name instead of a song;
Over and over I sang his name:
Backward and forward I sang it along,
With my sweetest notes, it was still the same!
But I sang it low, that the slave-girls near
Might never guess, from what they could hear,
That all the song was a name.

XII.

I look on the sky and the sea!
We were two to love, and two to pray, —
Yes, two, O God, who cried on Thee,
Though nothing didst thou say.
Coldly thou sat'st behind the sun,
And now I cry, who am but one, —
Thou wilt not speak to-day!

XIII.

We were black, we were black,
We had no claim to love and bliss —
What marvel, ours was cast to wrack?
They wrung my cold hands out of his —
They dragged him — why, I crawled to touch
His blood's-mark in the dust — not much,
Ye pilgrim-souls, — though plain as THIS!

XIV.

Wrong, followed by a greater wrong!
Grief seemed too good for such as I;

So the white men brought the shame ere long
To stifle the sob in my throat thereby.
They would not leave me for my dull
Wet eyes! — it was too merciful
To let me weep pure tears, and die.

XV.

I am black, I am black!
I wore a child upon my breast, —
An amulet that hung too slack,
And, in my unrest, could not rest!
Thus we went moaning, child and mother,
One to another, one to another,
Until all ended for the best.

XVI.

For hark! I will tell you low — low —
I am black, you see;
And the babe, that lay on my bosom so,
Was far too white — too white for me.
As white as the ladies who scorned to pray

Beside me at church but yesterday,
Though my tears had washed a place for my knee.

XVII.

And my own child — I could not bear
To look in his face, it was so white:
So I covered him up with a kerchief rare,
I covered his face in, close and tight!
And he moaned and struggled as well as might be,
For the white child wanted his liberty, —
Ha, ha! he wanted his master's right.

XVIII.

He moaned and beat with his head and feet —
His little feet that never grew!
He struck them out as it was meet
Against my heart to break it through.
I might have sung like a mother mild,
But I dared not sing to the white-faced child
The only song I knew.

XIX.

And yet I pulled the kerchief close:
He could not see the sun, I swear,
More then, alive, than now he does
From between the roots of the mangles —
where?
I know where! — close! — a child and mother
Do wrong to look at one another,
When one is black and one is fair.

XX.

Even in that single glance I had
Of my child's face, — I tell you all, —
I saw a look that made me mad, —
The master's look, that used to fall
On my soul like his lash, — or worse, —
Therefore, to save it from my curse,
I twisted it round in my shawl.

XXI.

And he moaned and trembled from foot to
head, —

He shivered from head to foot, —
Till, after a time, he lay, instead,
Too suddenly still and mute;
And I felt, beside, a creeping cold, —
I dared to lift up just a fold,
As in lifting a leaf of the mango fruit.

XXII.

But MY fruit! ha, ha! — there had been
(I laugh to think on't at this hour!)
Your fine white angels, — who have seen
God's secret nearest to His power, —
And gathered my fruit to make them wine,
And sucked the soul of that child of mine,
As the humming-bird sucks the soul of the flower.

XXIII.

Ha, ha! for the trick of the angels white!
They freed the white child's spirit so;
I said not a word, but day and night
I carried the body to and fro;

And it lay on my heart like a stone — as
chill;
The sun may shine out as much as he will, —
I am cold, though it happened a month
ago.

XXIV.

From the white man's house and the black
man's hut
I carried the little body on;
The forest's arms did around us shut,
And silence through the trees did run!
They asked no questions as I went, —
They stood too high for astonishment, —
They could see God rise on his throne.

XXV.

My little body, kerchiefed fast,
I bore it on through the forest — on —
And when I felt it was tired at last,
I scooped a hole beneath the moon.

Through the forest-tops the angels far,
With a white fine finger in every star
Did point and mock at what was done.

XXVI.

Yet when it all was done aright,
Earth twixt me and my baby strewed,—
All changed to black earth,—nothing white,—
A dark child in the dark,—ensued
Some comfort, and my heart grew young;
I sate down smiling there, and sung
The song I told you of, for good.

XXVII.

And thus we two were reconciled,
The white child and black mother, thus:
For, as I sang it,—soft and wild,
The same song, more melodious,
Rose from the grave whereon I sate!
It was the dead child singing that,
To join the souls of both of us.

XXVIII.

I look on the sea and the sky!
Where the Pilgrims' ships first anchored lay,
The great sun rideth gloriously!
But the Pilgrims' ghosts have slid away
Through the first faint streaks of the morn!
My face is black, but it glares with a scorn
Which they dare not meet by day.

XXIX.

Ah, in their stead their hunter-sons!
Ah, ah! they are on me! they form in a ring!
Keep off, — I brave you all at once, —
I throw off your eyes like a noisome thing!
You have killed the black eagle at nest, I think;
Did you never stand still in your triumph, and shrink
From the stroke of her wounded wing?

XXX.

(Man, drop that stone you dared to lift! —)
I wish you, who stand there, seven abreast,
Each for his own wife's grace and gift,
A little corpse as safely at rest,
Hid in the mangles! yes, but *she*
May keep live babies on her knee,
And sing the song she liketh best.

XXXI.

I am not mad, — I am black!
I see you staring in my face, —
I know you staring, shrinking back, —
Ye are born of the Washington race!
And this land is the Free America, —
And this mark on my wrist, — (I prove what
I say)
Ropes tied me up here to the flogging-place.

XXXII.

You think I shrieked there? not a sound!
I hung as a gourd hangs in the sun;

I only cursed them all around
As softly as I might have done
My own child after. From these sands
Up to the mountains, lift your hands
O Slaves, and end what I begun.

XXXIII.

Whips, curses! these must answer those!
For in this UNION, ye have set
Two kinds of men in adverse rows,
Each loathing each! and all forget
The seven wounds in Christ's body fair;
While He sees gaping everywhere
Our countless wounds that pay no debt.

XXXIV.

Our wounds are different — your white men
Are, after all, not gods indeed,
Nor able to make Christs again
Do good with bleeding. *We* who bleed, —
(Stand off!) — we help not in our loss, —
We are too heavy for our cross,
And fall and crush you and your seed.

XXXV.

I fall, — I swoon, — I look at the sky!
The clouds are breaking on my brain:
I am floated along, as if I should die
Of Liberty's exquisite pain!
In the name of the white child waiting for me
In the deep black death where our kisses
agree, —
White men, I leave you all curse-free.
In my broken heart's disdain!

ENGLAND.

Harshness of Abolitionists.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

"The Abolitionists are so harsh, so uncompromising, so very severe, no wonder that the Slaveholders detest them. We at the North agree with them in principle,—all the world hates Slavery as much as they do; but it is their bad spirit we find fault with. The same truths might be uttered in such a tone, in such an acceptable Christian manner, that the Slaveholders themselves could not be offended, but would listen patiently to them, and be led to look into the subject, and perhaps be convinced.

"What man likes to be told that he is a robber, and that he is accessory to murder and

to all other crimes? Of course such accusations make the Slaveholders and their friends very indignant, whereas a gentle, respectful language, which should not hold back the truth but speak it in love, and a proper respect for their rights, would never offend the Slaveholders. They are a generous, high-minded, chivalrous people; have a nice sense of honor, and of course will bitterly resent such treatment as they meet with from the Abolitionists."

These are the stereotyped sayings of the moderate opponents of the Anti-Slavery cause. In reply I will relate a little anecdote which I heard the other day, just observing in passing, that it is a *peculiar* chivalry which whips women and children, and is willing to be maintained by the unpaid earnings of their labor, and which makes them a marketable commodity. A *peculiar* generosity and high-mindedness, that allows a man to rob and

abuse a being weaker than himself, in order that he may live in idleness and luxury. A *peculiar* sense of honor, that takes all it can get from the poor victims in its power and gives nothing it can help in return. But everything is *peculiar* that relates to Slaveholders, and I will say no more of their chivalry and generosity and high-mindedness and nice sense of honor, for in truth they are not worth speaking of, or they would abolish Slavery to-morrow, and proceed to my story.

A very kind-hearted old woman was expressing to the lady of the house in which she lived as cook, her dissatisfaction with the old cat, because she was not willing to trust her kitten with her. "Why, ma'am," said she, "she puts no confidence at all in me,—she spits at me if I touch her kitten, and always seems to mistrust that I shall hurt it. And yet don't I love the little dear? and don't I pet and feed it? and don't I drive away the

dog when he goes near it? and don't I make much of the silly old cat herself? for she's a real good mouser, and yet the ninny is afraid of me, do what I will."

"Perhaps," said the lady of the house, "she knows and remembers that you drowned all her other kittens."

"But," replied the tender-hearted cook, "I was very gentle and particular in the way I drowned them. I warmed the water so that they should not be chilled with it, and I took them all up softly as possible, and put them carefully into the tub, so that they need not know anything about it, but in spite of all my kindness to the silly old cat and her kittens she jealouses me all the time, just the same as if I wanted to hurt her or her kittens."

Are not the Slaveholders as shrewd as this knowing old cat? and would they feel any better towards us if we always took pains to warm the water, in the hope that it might

shock them less, in which we hope yet to drown their peculiar institutions?

Were we to stroke them ever so softly, and say poor Puss ever so lovingly to them, they would feel no more confidence in us than the cat did in the cook, for they know well that we have set our faces against what they hold dear, and that the hideous brood of monster-sins which they have brought forth and still nurse and cherish, is in danger; and so, like the wary old cat, they are jealous of us, let us "roar" never so much "like sucking doves."

Perhaps, too, Grimalkin was acute enough to perceive in the old woman's mode of proceeding some resemblance to her own tiger nature, and dreaded her all the more on that account. In that case Puss was in the right, and showed her sense, and I doubt not she feared her more than she did the dog, who, though a ruder, was a more open and honest, enemy.

So, most likely, it would be with the Slave-holders and their abettors, — they would only dread and hate the Abolitionists the more if they were smoothed-tongued, more polite, and attempted to gloss over their determined hostility to Slavery, with gentle words. But were it not so, and could they gain anything for their cause by such means, they would disdain to use them. In the words of Curran, we ask of every pure and noble-minded man and woman who believes in the gospel of truth and fréedom, When you address the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you convey your feelings of horror and indignation? Would you stoop to the meanness of qualified complaint?

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

To Earth.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Arouse, old Earth! thy sleep no more
That fevered dream assuages,
Which bound thee to the crumbling shore
Of long and darkened ages.
Rise, and the chains that 'round thee cling.
Rend with a strong endeavor,
Till with a sundering sound they spring
From off thy limbs forever!

The faint, far light of coming dawn,
Within thine eyelids creeping,
Bids all the phantom fears be gone,
Which filled thy heart with weeping;
And when the ever-mounting sun

Shall bring at last the morrow,
His eye of light shall look on none
Whom thou hast born to sorrow.

Forget the centuries of gloom,
With that long slumber blending,
When o'er thy breast an iron doom
Seemed ceaselessly impending!
No more thy Titan soul may feel
Oppression's endless goading,
For voices from the future steal,
Fraught with a glad foreboding!

Hope yet, O Earth! unfelt before,
Truth steals her silent marches,
As steals the dawn of moonlight o'er
The night that overarches;
The shadows move but slowly back,
Chased by the radiance cheery,
And thou must walk a twilight track
Through many a cycle weary!

Yet, even now, within thy veins,
The leaping blood rejoices;
And soon, a power that laughs at chains
Shall fill thy breast with voices!
And better far, the woes which cried
From thy great soul unheeded,
Shall find, despite of Wrong and Pride;
The solace which they needed!

Then lift thy solemn front on high,
In earnest, mute appealing;
While up thy grand eternal sky,
The morning-red is stealing!
Till Crime and Wrong and Slavery
Shall leave thy martyred bosom,
And, with God's blessing, gloriously
The flowers of Freedom blossom.

KENNETT SQUARE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Enthusiasm.

BY SAMUEL BROOKE.

When the earth is wrapped in mist, when thick vapors fill the valleys and curl around hill and crag, when the sun's light is intercepted by heavy clouds, vision is rendered indistinct, and the eye fails to perceive things as they are. The absence of a genial warmth chills the system and benumbs the feelings, while the surrounding gloom, pressing upon the spirits, dissipates enthusiasm, fills the soul with despondency, and afflicts the mind with doubt.

But when those clouds are chased away, when the mists disappear, and the sunlight returns to warm and to vivify — the material

world seems to the beholder to have undergone a change; the mountain is no longer a dark shapeless mass, nor the jutting crag a moving monster enveloped in a shaggy mantle; the ravines no longer send forth from their dreary recesses misty apparitions to bewilder the beholder by chasing each other in an eddying dance, for the sunlight has taken the place of cloud, fog, and darkness; the inanimate exhibits itself as it meets the sunbeam in all its freshness, newness, and beauty, — the flowers fill the air with sweet perfume, — while animated nature, relieved from the gloom, pours one rich song of joy upon the ear, filling the heart with delight and the soul with rapture. In this is seen the type — the antitype is found in the moral world.

Upon the subject of human duty, when the moral vision is obstructed, when the mind is undecided as to what is right, when mists

of doubt envelope the truth, when in the surrounding gloom the straight paths appear crooked, and duty is misunderstood, let but the light of truth burst through those clouds and shine in upon that intellect, then doubt and darkness will rapidly flee away; and if the mind, thus warmed by the sunlight of God's beautiful truth, becomes a diligent seeker after the right, the light will continue to pour in; truth after truth will develope itself; the paths of duty will become plainer and more inviting; new beauties will unfold themselves to the mental eye; the spiritual vision will become more and more distinct, and that which is sweeter far to the soul than the music of feathered songsters, will thrill the heart.

In the joy and delight thus experienced, is to be found the reason why those who love the truth have obtained some knowledge of it; and, guided by its light, are often so

enthusiastic. The truthful are happy, and wish others to be so: the virtuous are joyous, and wish others to experience the same joy. Is it not true that when an individual has been enabled to see, though it be but indistinctly, the path of duty; when his feet are guided by its light, when new life has been imparted to him by the vivifying influence of the truth, when he understands that to do right confers the greatest amount of happiness, and that it is the highest interest of all to be happy, he experiences that joy which the pure in heart always wish others to share?

This is evidence of a renewed spirit, of a regenerated heart, that the individual in whom that spirit dwells, desiring all others to be happy, tries to render them so by presenting the truth, by persuading them to embrace the right, by leading them into the path of virtue, by reconciling them to God, by

cheering and encouraging the bruised and broken-hearted, by lifting up the down-trodden, by rescuing the outcast, by redeeming the Slave.

Some there are whose feelings are so callous that they can neither warm up on the subject of right and duty, or feel for the woes of others, but who look down upon the afflicted with as cold and chilly an aspect as does the wintry starlight night upon the homeless, houseless wanderer. And, as they who looked upon the Gorgon's head were changed to stone, so also are those who feel not for the afflicted — who assist in heaping injury upon others — who familiarize themselves with Slavery without laboring for its overthrow, thus petrified and rendered unable to appreciate the self-denials of the good, or to discover the springs from whence well up their feelings of joy and gladness.

But the Abolitionist is always more or less an enthusiast. His life evinces a high regard for great principles,—his actions proceed from generous impulses,—impulses that cannot be fathomed by the cold, the hard-hearted, the unfeeling, the selfish, and the bad. By them he is derided as a fanatic, and called an enthusiast by way of reproach.

MARLBORO, OHIO.

Placido, the Cuban Poet.

BY BENJAMIN B. WIFFEN.

"Hear how the name of virgin Cuba rings
O'er the blue waves where he her poet sings:
This was his meed, the Slaves' unpitied pains,—
He praised her charms, and she repaid him—chains."

GABRIEL DE LA CONCEPCION VALDEZ — better known by the name of PLACIDO, was a native of the Island of Cuba. Born in Slavery, yet of great natural genius, he was beloved and appreciated by some of the most respectable young men of the Havana, who united to purchase his freedom. His enemies assert that he was intended for king in the last insurrection of the Negroes, in 1844, and that he was an instigator of it,—a charge which may be received as a truth or as a

calumny, according to our estimate of the veracity of Slaveholders, in their own cause.

The Poet Placido, however, was apprehended on these accusations, and, after a long examination, was sentenced to death with ten other persons, by the council of war. It was rumored that he would proceed along with the others to the Capilla, the chapel of the condemned. At the expected time a crowd assembled. Placido appeared, walking with singular composure, and saluting, with ease and freedom, his numerous acquaintance. The unhappy victims who are condemned to suffer, are conducted into a chapel, hung with black, and dimly lighted. A succession of priests attend to chaunt, in sepulchral tones, the service for the dead. Here the criminals remain four-and-twenty hours. Placido manifested, during the whole time, a serenity truly admirable. He came from the chapel calm and undismayed. On his way to execution,

he carried a crucifix in his hand and recited in a loud, plaintive, yet firm voice, a beautiful prayer in verse, already known to our readers, from a translation made by Maria W. Chapman, which has been reprinted in Scotland, in Chambers's series of tracts. This prayer had been composed in his solitary moments, during his confinement, and his touching recitation of it thrilled through the hearts of the attentive masses of people, who lined the road as he passed along. According to persons who were present, the last stanza was finished just when he reached the place of death.

Arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench, with his back turned, as ordered, to the military. Rapid preparations were then made for his death. It was well known, that in an affecting poem written by Placido in prison, he had said it would be useless to seek to kill him by shooting his body, they

must strike his heart to make it cease its beating. And now the dread moment arrived. At the last he arose and said, "Adios mundo;" "adieu world," and sat calmly down. The word was given. Five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up. He turned his look upon the soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman resolution, and exclaimed, "No hay piedad para mi: soldados, fuego!" "There is no pity for me: soldiers, fire!" pointing to his heart. At that instant two balls pierced his breast. He sank while his last words seemed to ring in the ears of the beholders.

He died, June 1844, at six o'clock in the morning, a victim of Slavery. A noble mind was cut off from the earth. Such, by the confession of his enemies, was the extraordinary courage he exhibited in his latest hours.

The following is the version of a piece written on one of his birth-days, in which, as the event seems to prove, the mind of the poet and the prophet is exhibited in numbers, in which the reality of suffering surpasses all the ornaments of style.

Thirty Years.

BY PLACIDO, THE CUBAN POET.

"Whose very sorrow suffers NOT to weep."—DANTE.

WHEN I review my gloomy years,
From childhood to this hour of sorrows,
I read my destiny with fears,—
Not Memory's, indeed, but Horror's.

The force that quickened it to bear
And kept my soul its anguish under,—
If efforts of supreme despair
May such be called,—I view with wonder!

Now thirty years have gone in strife,—
Cycles, not suns,—in groans and sighing,
Suffering became as life,—and life
A perpetuity of dying.

Yet ah! the keenest past is small,
And that even now I am sustaining
When I compare their thorns with all
The *crown* of agonies remaining.

WOBURN, BEDFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND.

The American Revolution.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY.

We are accustomed to boast mightily that the American Revolutionists first unfurled that standard, upon whose folds are inscribed the natural, equal, inalienable rights of man. And yet (oh mountains fall and hide our inconsistency) there is not another nation upon earth, that is outraging these rights more than we are. Well may two million five hundred thousand of the people of our land (almost as many as the whole population in 1775) rue the day that severed this country from the dominion of the British crown. Had it not been for that event, they would probably at this day be rejoicing in the boon

of freedom with the eight hundred thousand emancipated in the West Indies. If it be our honor that our nation first unfurled the banner of human rights, it surely is our shame that that banner has been snatched from our hands, and borne onward where we as a nation are afraid to follow. Monarchical England has set her bondmen free; while we, a vaunting Democracy, are contending before the world, that it would be unsafe to give liberty to men that are enslaved!!

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

Response across the Atlantic

FROM BRITONS TO AMERICANS.

BY HENRY TREND.

This name should be well known to the Baptist denomination of the United States, as that of the Secretary of the "Western Association of Baptist Churches," which has repeatedly forwarded from England protests and resolutions against Slavery. Mr. Trend says in a note accompanying this response, "I am happy to know that in England the great majority of Evangelical Christians, and none more decidedly than Baptists, deem Slavery and Christianity incompatible with each other."

BRETHREN — o'er the western ocean,
On the wings of every breeze,
Thrilling with intense emotion
Our awed spirits, sounds like these
Float, with deepening murmurs round,
'Till our sea-girt shores resound.

"Where the Pilgrim Fathers landed,
Having burst Oppression's chain,
And, by Freedom's voice commanded,
Crossed the wide and billowy main,
And, on the untainted sod,
Reared an altar to their God—

"Where their sons, in after ages,
Scorned to tyranny to yield,
'Blazoned in heroic pages,
Victors on the battle-field;
Fighting, 'till the fight was won—
Conquering under Washington—

"Where united States are banded
By the laws of equal right,
And those laws, though single-handed,
Swear to keep from craft and might;
Making this their solemn plea,
'Men are equal born and free'—

"Where the Gospel's free salvation,
Like a full and flowing tide,
Has throughout a joyous nation,
Borne its blessings far and wide,
Bidding souls enslaved be free
With celestial liberty —

"There — yes, there — O, hear the story!
Whilst your spirits blush to hear
Of the stain on Freedom's glory,
Man enslaves his brother there,
(Free by nature and by grace,)
Be he but of Negro race!

"Small may be the dark infusion,
But it vitiates the whole;
Spreads contagion and confusion
O'er the body and the soul;
Making what *seems* man at least,
Chattels, or at most a beast!

"Or, if *man* his fellow name him,
Still, as of inferior caste,
Every custom tends to shame him,
And to misery bind him fast;
Civil, social, Christian right
Prostrate, and denied him quite.

"Thumb-screws, iron collars, lashes,
There on *man* are brought to bear;
Ah! and *woman's* flesh in gashes
Implements of torture tear:
Scarred, flesh-mangled, writhing, see
That fair form in ebony!

"There, the Slave-mart, without pity,
Rending holiest ties below,
Flourishes in every city —
Fruitful source of crime and woe!
Beauty, manhood, mind, for gold,
Like the coarsest wares are sold! —

"There, should God's free grace reclaim him,
From the slavery of sin,
'*Brother*' — Christians will not name him,
Owing to his darker skin;
Nor their sacramental feast,
Hail the Negro as a guest!"

Brethren — sounds like these are sweeping
Oft across the deep blue sea;
British Christians' hearts are weeping,
Touched by powerful sympathy.
Brethren, are these rumors *true*?
Do they breathe the truth of *you*?

Oh, with earnest exhortation,
We would hail you o'er the wave —
Wipe the mark of degradation
From the brow of every Slave —
From your own fair face efface
Such a blot of foul disgrace!

True — on history's page 'tis branded —
Exiles from our shores you flew;
Fierce, intolerant zeal commanded
Doings which you could not do;
Thither, led by Freedom's hand,
Hied you from our bigot land.

True, by aid of warring legions,
England sought to fix the yoke,
Through your newly-peopled regions,
Which indignantly you broke;
Whilst your hosts from sea to sea
Raised the shout of victory.

True, the evil which you nourish,
Was the growth of British crime;
Britons first made Slavery flourish
In America's fair clime,
Like the deadly Upas, strong,
Fruitful of unuttered wrong.

Hence, we dare not take the station
Which a spotless land might take;
We are still a "guilty nation."
Sins to mourn o'er and forsake,
Cover us with conscious shame,
When our brethren's faults we name.

Giant evils stalk around us;
Drunkenness defiles the land;
Blasphemy might well confound us,
As before our God we stand;
Bigotry, and cant, and pride,
Swell around us like the tide.

But, throughout our wide dominions,
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Freedom flies on out-spread pinions,
Bidding *man as man* be free:
Slaves, awaking at her call,
Rise, and all their shackles fall.

Heard you not the mighty shouting
  O'er the Caribbean sea,
When from Negro hearts undoubting,
  Burst the song of jubilee,
Soon as morning's early ray
Woke the long expected day?

Then it was our sinful nation
  Raised the fallen, freed the Slave;
Whilst the loud reverberation,
  Sent the news across the wave—
"Man is free throughout the world,
Where the British flag's unfurled."

Let a holy emulation,
  Fire you to as bright a deed;
Be in truth the freest nation,
  Worthy of such glorious meed.
Who their brethren's thrall abet,
Are themselves half-bondmen yet.

Bright your heavens are, and your mountains
  Rise magnificently high;
Rich your prairies, and your fountains
  Pour their mighty waters by,
Giants, in their glorious sweep
Onward to the distant deep.

Think you that the God of Nature
  To your land these beauties gave,
Lighted up its every feature
  With his glory, that *the Slave*
There might live, and toil, and sigh,
Bleed, and agonize, and die?

In his Word the Lord has spoken;
  Brethren, hear what he demands;
"Let the tyrant's yoke be broken;
  Loose the captives from their bands."
Shiver the oppressor's rod
At the mandate of your God.

Then your brother's blood not calling
Vengeance from his justice down,
Nor your shuddering souls appalling
With the vision of his frown,
From his mercy's boundless store
He will bless you more and more.

But, with awful self-delusion,
Should you scorn his high command,
Dread the horrible confusion
Which must overspread the land,
Should your servile hosts at length
Wake in their now dormant strength.

Prostrate you might see them lying,
Vanquished in the bloody fray;
But how oft the warrior, dying,
Makes his conqueror rue the day!
Glorying, as he seeks the shade,
In the havoc he has made.

Dire the woe, and loud the weeping,
  Which would rise on every hand:
Hark! the awful sounds are sweeping
  O'er your desolated land:
Widows' wails and orphans' cries
From your burning dwellings rise!

Brethren — hear the distant thunder,
  Heralding the coming ire!
Ere the clouds are riven asunder,
  Ere the concave fills with fire,
Set the swarthy exile free,
Partner of your liberty.

See those clouds, such vengeance showing
  Towards you if impenitent,
With celestial radiance glowing
  Through the bow that's o'er them bent;
Promise still of covenant love
From the God who reigns above.

Mercy's angel stands imploring,
  Ere she spurns the Slave-tilled sod,
Ere on rapid pinions soaring,
  She regains the throne of God;
Her disastrous absence fear;
Keep her by repentance, here.

To our God our prayers ascending,
  Now implores his grace for you,
That, your hearts to mercy bending,
  He may make you just and true.
Blow the trump of jubilee:
Let AMERICA BE FREE.

BRIDGEWATER, ENGLAND.

Incidents of Travel.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

How strange and little to be anticipated are the turns of our destiny! What could I have thought if any one had told me, this day twelvemonths, that the great practical business of the next New Year's day would be to avoid the heat! Yet it was so. In the four preceding months I had received the idea of going to the East, and prepared for the journey; had crossed France, and been supposed lost in the Mediterranean; had seen and examined Malta, visited dreary Alexandria and beautiful Cairo; had passed the Pyramids and awful old Thebes; and ascended the Cataract, and lingered about the Holy Island, where the ancient oath sounded in my

mind's ear,—"By Him who sleeps in Philæ;" and now, on New Year's day, I was on the Nile high up in Nubia;—about twenty miles from Korosco, when I came on deck at sunrise.

It was on this day that I obtained some of those glimpses into the life of the natives which mark particular hours of foreign travel, and abide in the memory. After breakfast—the boat was going very slowly—there being no wind, and the crew being employed in tacking, two of us went ashore to walk for a mile or two, and see what we could see. The other two were afraid of the heat, and remained on board. The heat was indeed excessive. The sand almost burned my feet through my boots; the glare would have been insufferable to the eyes without goggles; and though my umbrella was covered above the silk with brown holland, I found myself seeking the shade of every clump of palms

and every acacia I passed. On the opposite bank of the river, — the Lybian shore, — there was a strip of green which refreshed our English eyes. The thorny acacias which fringed the bank, were completely covered with bindweed, rich in blossom. On our side, (the Arabian,) there was no such hedge. The dark stony desert came down to our very path. The dreary brown rocks left but a narrow slip between them and the river. Of this slip, a part was occupied by a primitive burying-ground. By the care taken of the graves, it would seem that a parched and bare place like this may be as dear to the survivors of the dead as the greenest grave-yards in any country-region of England or America. Each grave was marked out with stones; and the more recent ones were thickly covered with thorns, — to keep off the hyænas and jackals which harbor among the neighboring rocks.

Near this rude cemetery, which the traveller might easily pass unobserved among the strewn stones of the desert, was a hut which might tempt him to enter, for shade and water. We entered it, and were not sorry to find it empty, that we might examine fully so fair a specimen of a Nubian dwelling. The family were absent, — no doubt hoeing their plot of ground, — their crop of lupins, or wheat, or beans, or their castor-oil, or cotton-plants; or one or two might be working the sakia, — the wheel by which they raise the water of the Nile, and pour it into the little channels which intersect the ground. The melancholy creak of the revolving wheel is the music which the Nubian peasant loves best. He sets his songs to it in the day, and dreams of it at night. The Nubian peasant is eminently thrifty and industrious. The desert leaves so little cultivable land by the river side that those who would live there

must work hard, and make the most of the narrow strip along which mud is deposited by the inundation of the Nile. Among the most thrifty of these peasants must have been the inhabitants of this hut; for it was clean and tidy to a most creditable degree. Its form was that of an oblong square, slightly contracting from the base to the roof, — as Egyptian edifices always do. Its walls were of mud spread upon reeds or millet-stalks; the mud so smoothed, outside and in, as to look much better, in that dry climate, than any other material, except squared stone. It is in moist climates that mud dwellings are so wretched. It is quite another matter between the tropics. Round three sides of the dwelling ran a broad raised seat or divan, of the same structure as the walls. Here, no doubt, the family slept. At the further end were two earthen jars, — one very large, and the other smaller, — the large probably to

contain the millet-seed wanted for daily food; the other for water. It is not unusual for these jars to be fixed in the ground, or on a stand, in front of the house; and then the wayfarer may help himself to water; but no one ever thinks of touching the grain. The roof of this hut was very pretty. Trunks of the palm were laid from end to end, on the top of the walls; and the fronds and leaves were stuffed and woven in, so as perfectly to exclude the light and heat, — which is all that is necessary to a roof there.

Such is an ordinary Nubian dwelling. Some have spaces for sleeping marked off, — hardly divided, — by partitions one or two feet high. Where the inhabitant has an ox, to turn his water-wheel, or is the happy proprietor of a cow, an enclosure, like a pound' with mud walls, may be seen near the dwelling. And in the garden or little field, is a low, rude pillar of stones, from which the

children sling stones, or shout, to scare the birds from the crops.

Simple as is this mode of life, and scanty as are its accommodations, it would seem, from the looks of the people, that here is enough for their happiness, if what they may obtain were but secure. Those whom we saw in their fields and about their huts, had cheerful countenances and sleek forms.

But this one proviso; — if they were but secure! Here are some, — cheerful, sleek, and hopeful. Where are others who were born and reared by their side? Some under the bastinado, or in prison, or carried off to the hated army, because they cannot pay their taxes. Others in the Slave-market, or placed in houses where it is an affair of chance whether they are happy or not; but where it is certain that they cannot be happy if they have any yearning towards that home from which they are forever exiled. Why, if

I, a mere passenger through the country, look back with a sort of tender regret upon those free and quiet scenes which I shall see no more, — the deep purple mountains sloping down to meet the orange sands, — the blue brimming Nile, the palm clumps, the sakia shrouded in verdure, the neat dwelling about which the pigeons hover all day and over which the stars pass unclouded every night of the year, what must the remembrance of these things be to the man doomed to be for life the spy and jailor of the hareem? or the girl imprisoned for life behind the curtains of the women's abode? Supposing her lot the best, — that she is a favored wife, there can hardly be a day when she does not sigh, amidst the luxury, and *ennui*, and jealousies of the hareem, to be again under the broad sky of her own land, working with her mother at the guhern, or driving the ox with her little brother; or singing while she bakes the

bread for her hungry father's meal. There may be, and there are, degrees of horror in Slavery: but here, where, by universal consent its horror is mildest, because the sin is committed by those who know nothing of freedom, the disgust is enough to mar, to the thoughtful heart, the peace of the tropical roof, and to jar the music of the stars at midnight. Happy shall he be who visits Nubia when Slavery is no more.

ENGLAND.

Lines

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

These lines, written by a member of the family of that devoted friend of the cause, JAMES HAUGHTON, Dublin, were found in a box of contributions to the Bazaar.

'Tis writ in Scripture's sacred page,
And for our profit written there:
The righteous man — the holy sage —
Regards the oxen in his care.

'Tis writ in Scripture's page of truth,
The sparrow's fall is marked by Him
Who made the bird: — no heedless youth
May think it sport to crush a limb.

The tale is in the Scripture found;
What rage the unthinking prophet shewed,

Who felled injurious to the ground,
The faithful beast on which he rode:

How God looked on, and marked the deed,
By blinding wrath — not justice done.
Not e'en the humble ass might bleed,
But God beheld that suffering one;

And lent to that dumb beast the power
Of human speech with man to plead;
The humbled prophet in that hour,
Confessed 'twas sin, the ruthless deed!

And doth the Lord for oxen care?
Raise the dumb beast the man above?
What soul may read — yet heedless dare
O'erlook the truth, that GOD IS LOVE.

If the dumb ass, with bleeding wound,
Unjustly dealt — was marked by Heaven:
If low and prostrate on the ground
The prophet sought to be forgiven:

If to the beast who reasons not,
A mighty sense of justice came:
And if that blow remains a blot,—
To him who dealt it *lasting shame:*—

Oh how shall then a brother's blood
Cry to the Lord with awful sound!
Not one small drop—A MIGHTY FLOOD—
LAND OF THE SLAVE—CRIES FROM THY GROUND!

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

L' Esclavage.

PAR LINSTANT.

Cette tâche imprimée au caractère Ameri-cain, ne reste pas seulement confinée dans le sud; elle s'etend aussi, sur le Nord. Il existe éntre ces deux parties de l'Union des relations politiques et commerciales telles, que le Nord participe à tous les actes du sud. Et si le premier n'a plus d'esclaves, il n'entretient pas moins au suprême dégré le prejugé de couleur, lequel serait pis que l'esclavage lui même, si quelque chose au monde pouvait être plus terrible que la perte de la liberté.

Que le Nord y reflechisse donc; qu'il se décide enfin à cesser toute participation à l'œuvre d'iniquité qui se poursuit en ce moment dans le sud. Il en est temps encore;

car il arrivera un moment où il n'y aura plus moyen de s'opposer a l'emancipation des esclaves. Alors les mâitres du sud appelleront à leur secours la banqueroute générale pour s'affranchir de leurs dettes envers les creanciers du Nord. Alors une grande perturbation se manifestera dans le sein de l'Union; des embarras politiques surgiront; les existences individuelles seront compromises; l'Union sera en danger. Juste punition que Dieu, dans sa colère inflige aux violateurs des droits de l'humanité, à ceux qui commettent toute sorte d'iniquités; qui ravissent *le bien d'autrui par violence;* qui affligent le faible et le pauvre, qui oppriment l'étranger sans aucune forme de justice.

The Fugitives' Hymn.

BY T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE myriad stars are gleaming
Over heads that are bowed in prayer,
And the Northern Lights are streaming
Through the mild and fragrant air,
Like the pillar of fire that once shone clear
Upon Israel's weary way;
And so, in a joy that knows no fear,
Father, thy children pray;—
While we rest where no foe can find us,
Our toils and grief seem o'er,
With the Land of Slaves behind us,
The Land of the Free before!

Far up through the shadowy pine-tree boughs
The night-winds roll and sigh,

And prayer sinks to whispering as we think
It may be Thy voice on high!
Has thy breath indeed come downward
To the depths of the forest lone?
Then well may our prayers go upward
To thine Eternal Throne;
They shall rise through these solemn arches,
And mingle before Thee,
To shelter our weary marches
Toward the Country of the Free!

By day and by night in our ceaseless flight
We have toiled with footsteps slow,
We have shrunk from each voice, we have feared each noise,
As if all that lives were our foe;
Yet no thought of crime was in one breast—
Since each but sought to save
Himself and those whom he loved the best
From the life and the death of a Slave;
So, firm and fearless, though hushed and low,
Our night-song swelled to Thee,

As we wandered on in our wretchedness
Toward the Country of the Free!

We would breathe no curse, we would ask
no ill,
For those whom we leave behind,
But that Thou will grant them a wiser will,
A better and holier mind;
Our thoughts and our hopes are all before,
The Past is gone like a dream—
When we tell to Freemen our story o'er
How strange will its sorrows seem!
We are safe when we reach their sunny hills,
When we stand on their waving plains;
They will laugh to scorn the tyrannous voice
That would call us back to chains:—
We will toil with joy in that promised Land
And sing our praise to Thee
Who didst lead us forth with a mighty hand
To the country of the Free!

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

Clerical Influence.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

Some years ago, while on a visit to Newburyport, I was urging the claims of the Anti-Slavery cause upon a friend whose active benevolence and strict conscientiousness led me to hope that he would favorably receive the truth upon that subject. He had been several years absent from the country, and I supposed that a mere statement of the principles and measures of the Abolitionists, and of the opposition they met from the representatives of trade, church and state, would be sufficient to enlist his sympathies in their favor. I was disappointed. He gave no sign of assent while I spoke; and his closing words showed me how hopeless

would be any further direct attempt to influence him. "I cannot believe," said he, "in the goodness of any cause to which such a man as Dr. Dana is opposed."

Our countrymen pay little heed to the denunciations of that prophet who said "Cursed be he that putteth his trust in man." We trust to the doctor for our health, to the parson for our religion, and to the candidate of our party for our political creed; even the apparent exceptions to this rule serve to fortify it; for contemners of the medical faculty, opposers of the clergy, and dissenters from the political parties are so because they have transferred the trust formerly placed in these to the inventor of some opposing system, whose statements they now receive with unreasoning docility as synonyms of reason and truth.

The sympathies and influences of his profession are sufficient to account for the

Rev. Dr. Dana's opposition to Anti-Slavery, and at the time of the conversation above referred to, I had entirely forgotten that his son, also a clergyman, is settled in Charleston, South Carolina. This fact was first recalled to my mind by the following notice, which I found in the Charleston Courier of May 22d, 1847.

"SUNDAY NIGHT DISCOURSES. — Several Clergymen, Pastors of Churches in this city, will deliver a Series of Discourses on important subjects of the Christian Religion, each successive Sunday night. The Nineteenth Discourse will be preached To-Morrow Night, by the Rev. W. C. DANA, in the English Lutheran Church, Archdale St. Service to begin at 8 o'clock. Subject — Choice of Moses, an example to young men."

In the same paper, in close proximity to the above, was the following, with various other Slave advertisements.

"AT PRIVATE SALE, a Negro Woman, 30 years old, with her child, 3 months old; she is a good child's nurse and house servant, of good character and dispo-

sition; she will be sold reasonable to a resident of the city.

"Also — A Fellow, 30 years old, a good bricklayer and laborer.

"A Fellow, 45 years old, a field hand and gardner. Apply to R. C. GEYER,

"Broker and Auctioneer, 18 State St."

It may be that Mr. Geyer, who so coolly proposes to sell a woman and her child "reasonable," is a member of Mr. Dana's church; and if so, he might very probably reply to one who should commend Anti-Slavery, — "I cannot believe in the goodness of any cause to which such a man as Mr. Dana is opposed."

Perhaps he went, the Sunday after having advertised to sell his fellow beings, guilty of a skin not colored like his own, to hear Mr. Dana, a Northern clergyman with Southern principles, recommend the example of Moses to the imitation of the young men of Charleston.

What, think you, did he say of Moses? Oh! that we could have heard that sermon! What a glorious opportunity to speak truth where it was most needed! The speaker, a man of Massachusetts! The subject, Moses! The audience, Slaveholders! Alas! that such an occasion should be wasted, or worse, perverted and abused.

Did he tell them of that Moses who so thoroughly and practically sympathized with his enslaved brethren as to refuse to ally himself even with the royal family of their enslavers?

Did he tell them of that Moses whose zeal was so aroused against oppression that he killed an Egyptian whom he saw flogging a Hebrew Slave?

Did he tell them of that Moses, the prototype of Nat. Turner and of Toussaint L'Ouverture, who devoted the best energies of his life to the work of breaking the chains

of his enslaved countrymen; who first secretly incited them to demand immediate emancipation and then openly claimed it for them in the face of their oppressors; who, in the prosecution of that work, set at naught the laws of the land, the authority of the magistrates, and the claim of property in human flesh made by the Slaveholders, and who summarily settled the question of "compensation," by exacting it from the masters for the benefit of their former Slaves?

Did he praise that Moses, the sternness of whose Anti-Slavery shrank not from carrying DEATH into each family of the oppressors?

Did he urge upon them the example of that Moses, first insurgent general and then legislator, who issued this decree to his emancipated nation—"THOU SHALT NOT DELIVER AGAIN TO HIS MASTER THE SLAVE WHO HATH ESCAPED FROM HIS MASTER TO THEE?"

Nay, verily! The Moses whom he recommended to their imitation was quite a different person.

But again; did he connect the past with the present in the minds of his hearers so much as to tell them that if Moses were now to appear in Charleston, and recommence his old work among his colored brethren and their masters, he would be hung by the neck till he was dead, under the laws of the state and city, unless he were first burned alive by the Slaveholders?

Did he tell them that modern Abolitionists, agreeing with Moses only in the demand for immediate emancipation, and disagreeing with him as to the propriety of killing the enslaver and forcibly exacting compensation for past services extorted by him, are far more lenient to modern Slaveholders than Moses was to the Egyptians, and therefore far safer models for their imitation?

Nothing like it.

But what then did he say of *Moses*? How could *Moses* be presented by a Pro-Slavery man as a model for Slaveholders?

It is very possible, by omitting part of the truth and skilfully arranging the remainder, to give it the effect of a lie; and this device has often been used by the opposers, especially the clerical opposers, of Anti-Slavery. A lecture might be given on the history of Toussaint, every word of which should be true, and yet every word acceptable to a Charleston audience. Mrs. Gilman's Recollections of a Southern Matron probably contains no literal violation of the truth; yet whoever should rely upon that book as a correct exponent of Slavery would find himself wofully deceived.

Nothing is more certain than that a just statement of the Anti-Slavery character of Moses, and a serious proposal that his exam-

ple should be imitated in Charleston, would cause its author to be ignominiously expelled, if not murdered, by the people of that city. And it is equally certain that a teacher of religion who lives in the midst of Slavery without opposing it, practically defends it. We need not read Mr. Dana's sermon to know its character. Since he retained his popularity with a slaveholding congregation after preaching it, he must of course have either suppressed or falsely stated some parts of the history of Moses, and the very parts which a preacher of the *Gospel* would most clearly and strongly have stated, in the hearing of such an audience.

The facts above mentioned, specimens of a large class which those may see who will, show why the church and the clergy are regarded by Abolitionists as the great bulwark of Slavery. Clergymen go from the North to the South, settle over churches composed of

Slaveholders without questioning their Christian character, and buy, or otherwise assume the possession of Slaves themselves. This is enough to disprove their pretensions to the character of Christian ministers; but they do worse. They make religion itself the minister of sin; they wrest the facts of the Old Testament and the precepts of the New from their true significance, and prostitute the sacred office of preacher of the Gospel to the defence of the foulest abomination which that Gospel was sent to exterminate. They sanctify by their approval the worst of popular vices. Instead of leading their people up towards Christianity, they distort and pervert that holy system until it seems to spread its protecting wing over the crimes of those on whom they depend for bread; and when a conscientious and ingenuous soul, not yet wholly depraved by the corrupting influences of the Slave system, is startled by some new

cruelty or impelled by the voice of reason and humanity to inquire into his own duties towards his inherited Slaves, these reverend corruptors of youth allay his fears, turn aside his doubts by ingenious sophistry, quench his good resolutions, and make even the Bible a snare for his feet. The Southern clergy, I say, act thus. The Northern clergy, knowing all this, unscrupulously extend to these men the right hand of what they call Christian fellowship, and partake with them the guilt of practical advocacy of the Slave system. And the people, alas! blindly follow where these blind guides lead.

It is a pleasure however to know that all are not such. The truths of Anti-Slavery, by their necessary connection with all other truth, are opening the minds of men and women to much that was formerly hidden from them; and among these revelations, not the least important is that which shows that

we are not doing God service in supporting those clergymen who, directly or by implication, deny the paternal relation of God to men, or the fraternal relation which he requires men to bear towards each other.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Hail! the Dawn!

BY W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER.

ὦ χᾶιρε λαμπτὴρ νυκτός, ἡμερήσιον
φάος πιφαύσκων.—ÆSCH. AGAM. 22.

ALL hail! the weary night at length is bright-
'ning
Into the sunshine of the perfect day.
See! see! where Freedom's herald-star, enlight'ning
The rising nations with auspicious ray,
Leads up, 'mid ever joyous bursts of song,
In mystic dance, the sacred hours along—
The golden-footed hours, that speed the reign
O'er earth of PEACE and RIGHT. On rock and plain
LOVE lights her fires; whilst on prophetic wings
HOPE, like a morning bird, soars up and sings.

Come and do it better.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

THE cry is often raised against the Anti-Slavery folk, "Their work is a good one; the end good; perhaps the motive—but the method foolish and the spirit bad. We also hate Slavery in the abstract; yes more, we hate it in the concrete; but we do not like the measures of the Anti-Slavery men, and we dislike their spirit."

To all such we say—That sounds very honest. You like the aim but not the means. Come and do it better. There is room enough and to spare. If you hate Slavery, abstract and concrete—let your hatred appear in your action. If you like not our path travel in your own, with what progress you may, and God

speed you, say we. If you like not our society, or our name, why, work in such company as you will, and with such a name as you shall get; only work.

There are two ways of criticising an action — one is to sit down and tell how bad the action is, how faulty, how inadequate; the other is — to set examples of better actions. One is criticism by censure, the other criticism by creation. Now the Anti-Slavery men have been so abundantly blessed with the first kind of criticism that they are almost afraid it is wasted on them. Pray give them a little of the latter; criticise them by example. Reform their bad hand by setting them a good copy.

The Politician — that is the Party-man — says, "But the Anti-Slavery men actually abuse the State. We like their work, not their abuse." To such we say again: Come

and do it better. Oppose Slavery; prevent its extension; get it ended, and all that without abusing the State. Only oppose it manfully, openly, and with a continual front — as the Democrats oppose Protection; as the Whigs Free-Trade.

You say "The Anti-Slavery men do not like the Constitution, call it Pro-Slavery and the like, — so they are enemies of their country." They have small reason for liking the Constitution as it is now. It is no great wonder that a man who believes "all are men created equal," "endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights" — should dislike that part of the Constitution which perpetuates Slavery, which binds man to defend Slavery, to bear arms in its behalf, to pay money for supporting it, to deliver up a fugitive who makes his declaration of Independence—setting up on his own unalienable right to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.

Removc this blot out of the Constitution and no Anti-Slavery man as such will quarrel with it. But as things now go, the Defender of "the Constitution as it is; as our fathers left it to us," is in danger of becoming a defender not of Freedom, but of Slavery; not a Friend to his country, but a Foe who fastens about her neck a mill-stone which must at last drown her in the depths of that sea which swallows up wicked States. Get a Constitution which does not protect the robber of men and what Anti-Slavery man will wag his tongue against it? Oppose Slavery in your own way, without abusing the State.

The Sectarian, the man of a theological party — says likewise: "But the Anti-Slavery men abuse the churches, speak ill of the orthodoxy of our times, and have no great faith in the Clergy themselves. We like their work, but not their abuse of the churches."

To them also we say: Come and do it better. Oppose Slavery with the same zeal that you oppose heresy, infidelity, unbelief, and without abusing the churches, slighting the orthodoxy of the day, or without underrating the Clergy, — only oppose it. Take as much pains to teach Christianity, with all that belongs thereto — the whole counsel of God — to the Slave and the master in the United States, as you take to send missionaries to India, China, and the Sandwich Islands. Perhaps the Negro on the Gaboon river does not need a missionary to help save his soul more than the Negro-driver on the Potomac or the Cattahooche. The Heathenism of Eastern nations is very bad — no doubt; but the Heathenism of America is a little nearer at hand and more inexcusable. But oppose Slavery if you can, and not offend the churches.

Is it true that the Anti-Slavery men speak ill of the churches except so far as those

churches uphold Slavery by speech or silence? It has not yet been shown. In opposing churches, church-doctrines, and church-servants, the Anti-Slavery men only meant to oppose them so far as they upheld Slavery. Surely they never thwarted the efforts of any church which aimed to promote Goodness and Piety amongst men. But suppose they have erred a little in opposing the churches which never liked an opponent — and you see the error. Why, extend a little charity toward them; criticise them bravely by setting a better example while sparing the churches. Contend you, with all your might, against Slavery itself. The old opponents of Slavery will never disturb you; the Slave shall bless you. One day the churches shall call you a Saint — which is a trifle. To-day the angel of the churches shall say: "Well done good and faithful servant!"

Good sober quiet men say — "The Anti-Slavery men are right in the main. Slavery is not the only wrong of our times; but the worst and the most inexcusable. We find little fault with what they say about the State or the Churches, thinking that pretty well deserved. But they quarrel with one another: the Old School is bigoted, the Liberty-Party sectarian, both hate one another most cordially and waste their lives in mutual contention. We like their work, but not their quarrels." To such likewise we say: Come and do it better. Do it without Bigotry, without Sectarianism, without Quarrelling. But be sure and do it.

Quarrelling is no new thing. Sometimes there has been a little jarring among political men — one has known of such things at Conventions, when only men of one party met together. A quarrel amongst Sectarians is a thing that has happened. Perhaps there was

never a council of divines the most orthodox, or the most heterodox, but they separated after a little strife and went home with heart-burnings — at least some of them. Men who meet to discuss the method of Prison Discipline bring their old quarrels from the Convention or the street, and sometimes hardly keep the peace. Still notwithstanding the great age and undeniable respectability of the habit of quarrelling, calling hard names, and getting red in the face — it is a bad habit, and we are glad to see you dislike it. Therefore set the Abolitionists an example; oppose Slavery without quarrelling. Spend all your strength on the enemy; do'nt waste a shot by any random fire, or in any private quarrel. Who knows but you are exactly the men that are needed to bring down the game after the bush has been so long beaten and so much ado has been made on all sides? Criticise by superior creation. Come and do it better.

A Christmas Hymn.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHN TAUBER.*

BY THEODORE PARKER.

I.

A LOVELY burthen bearing,
A Bark comes sailing fast;
Angels the work are sharing
Around the stately mast.

II.

The laden Bark comes near us,
Sent by the Father's Word;
It brings great Help to cheer us,
Jesus, the Saviour, Lord.

*. Born 1294, died 1361. The rudeness of the original rhyme and rhythm is preserved.

III.

The Bark approaches nearer,
The small Boat comes to land;—
The Heaven has opened clearer,
The Sun is close at hand.

IV.

Oh, Mary hath selected
For us her flesh and blood;
The child for us elected
Is man and also God.

V.

There in his crib reclining—
A lovely child is he;
His soul like light is shining:
How must we honor Thee.

VI.

Oh Mary, Christ's dear Mother,
How honored must thou be!

For Jesus is our Brother;
A lovely child is he.

VII.

From that dear mouth so holy,
If I a kiss should steal,
Though sick and melancholy —
I know I should be well.

VIII.

Oh Mary, God's dear Mother,
How great thy praise must be;
For Jesus our dear Brother,
Great honor brings to thee!

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Bibles for the Slaves.

BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

THE above is the watch-word of a recent but quite numerous class of persons, whose ostensible object seems to be to give Bibles to the American Slaves. They propose to induce the public to give, of their abundance, a large sum of money, to be placed in the hands of the American Bible Society, to be employed in purchasing Bibles and distributing them among the Slaves.

In this apparently benevolent and Christian movement, they desire to unite all persons friendly to the long imbruted and long neglected Slave. The religious press has already spoken out in its favor. So full of promise and popularity is this movement that many of

the leaders in Church and State are pressing into it. Churches, which have all along slumbered unmoved over the cruel wrongs and bitter woes of the Slave, — which have been as deaf as Death to every appeal of the fettered bondman for liberty, — are at last startled from their heartless stupor by this new cry of Bibles for the Slaves. Ministers of Religion, and learned Doctors of Divinity, who would not lift a finger to give the Slave to himself, are now engaged in the *professed* work of giving to the Slave the Bible. Into this enterprize have been drawn some who have been known as advocates for emancipation. One Anti-Slavery Editor has abandoned his position at the head of a widely circulating journal, and has gone forth to lecture and solicit donations in its behalf. Even the American Bible Society, which a few years ago peremptorily refused to entertain the offensive subject, and refused the offer of ten

thousand dollars, has at last relented, if not repented, and now condescends to *receive money* for this object. To be sure we have had no public assurance of this from that society. It is, however, generously inferred by the friends of the movement, that they will *consent to receive money* for this purpose. Now what does all this mean? Are the men engaged in this movement sane? and if so, can they be honest? Do they seriously believe that the American Slave can receive the Bible? Do they believe that the American Bible Society cares one straw about giving Bibles to the Slaves? Do they suppose that Slaveholders, in open violation of their wicked laws, will allow their Slaves to have the Bible? How do they mean to get the Bible among the Slaves? It cannot go itself,— it must be carried. And who among them all has either the faith or the folly to un-

dertake the distribution of Bibles among the Slaves?

Then, again, of what value is the Bible to one who may not read its contents? Do they intend to send teachers into the Slave States, with the Bibles, to teach the Slaves to read them? Do they believe that on giving the Bible, the unlettered Slave will all at once — by some miraculous transformation — become a man of letters, and be able to read the sacred Scriptures? Will they first obtain the Slaveholder's consent, or will they proceed without it? And if the former, by what means will they seek it? And if the latter, what success do they expect?

Upon these points, and many others, the public ought to be enlightened before they are called upon to give money and influence to such an enterprize. As a mere indication of the growing influence of Anti-Slavery sentiment this movement may be regarded by

Abolitionists with some complacency; but as a means of abolishing the Slave system of America, it seems to me a sham, a delusion, and a snare, and cannot be too soon exposed before all the people. It is but another illustration of the folly of putting new cloth into an old garment, and new wine into old bottles. The Bible is peculiarly the companion of liberty. It belongs to a new order of things — Slavery is of the old — and will only be made worse by any attempt to mend it with the Bible. The Bible is only useful to those who can read and practise its contents. It was given to Freemen, and any attempt to give it to the Slave must result only in hollow mockery.

Give Bibles to the poor Slaves! It sounds well. It looks well. It wears a religious aspect. *It is a Protestant rebuke to the Pope,* and seems in harmony with the purely evangelical character of the great American peo-

ple. It may also forestall some movement in England to give Bibles to our Slaves,— *and this is very desirable!* Now admitting (however difficult it may be to do so) the entire honesty of all engaged in this movement,— the immediate and only effect of their efforts must be to turn off attention from the main and only momentous question connected with the Slave, and absorb energies and money in giving to him the Bible that ought to be used in giving him to *himself.* The Slave is property. He cannot hold property. He cannot own a Bible. To give him a Bible is but to give his master a Bible. The Slave is a thing,—and it is the all commanding duty of the American people to make him a man. To demand this in the name of humanity, and of God, is the solemn duty of every living soul. To demand less than this, or anything else than this, is to deceive the fettered bondman, and to soothe the con-

science of the Slaveholder on the very point where he should be most stung with remorse and shame.

Away with all tampering with such a question! Away with all trifling with the man in fetters! Give a hungry man a stone, and tell what beautiful houses are made of it, — give ice to a freezing man, and tell him of its good properties in hot weather, — throw a drowning man a dollar, as a mark of your good will, — but do not mock the bondman in his misery, by giving him a Bible when he cannot read it.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

The Spirit's Birth-song.

BY ALMIRA SEYMOUR.

FORWARD now, alone, brave spirit!
In the guidance of thy God;
Lean not on another's merit,
Cling not to the genial sod —
Duty's pathway is before thee,
Steep and rugged though it be,
Right's broad banner floating o'er thee —
Forward! hopeful, trusting, *free.*

Turn not to the leafy bowers
Where soft dalliance asks thy stay —
Heed not the swift-footed hours,
Beckoning thee to pleasure's way;
Say not, I am sad and lonely,
And the waste is bleak and wide,
He who gave the spirit, only
Can its wanderings safely guide.

Look not on the Past in sorrow,
  Look not on the Past at all —
Ask not counsel of the morrow,
  Answer to the Present's call:
'Tis a cry from Him who made thee,
  From thy bleeding, brother man.
Strive thou — angel-hands shall aid thee,
  Heaven send blessing, for earth's ban.

Disappointment and desertion
  Are but spurs to lofty souls,
Urging to renewed exertion
  Every life-wave as it rolls.
Be thou strong in love and labor,
  Brave of heart and firm of hand;
God thy Father, man thy neighbor,
  Though in earth's remotest land.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Old Samba.

BY ELIZA LEE.

"Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere;
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here."

Memories of early life, from the fresh waters of the fountain of existence, gush up with ten-fold vividness when bereavement, sadness, or solitude press upon the heart and overshadow it with the dark wings of melancholy. At such moments, if we have ever been remotely or indirectly the cause of pain to others, if we have ever helped to barb the arrow of ingratitude that has pierced the heart of the lowliest of our fellow beings, how does the memory of the wrong bow down the human spirit and steep it in tears of penitence!

When such moments occur to me, full and vivid recollections of poor Sambo come back with all the kindred associations of early youth — home, parents, sisters, brother, now all scattered and passed away — and overwhelm my spirit with secret and bitter memories. Sambo was the earliest friend and associate of my youth. When domestic Slavery existed in New England he had been the African Slave of my maternal grandfather. My grandfather was an eminent and most respected clergyman in Maine, when Maine was a part of Massachusetts. Before the year 1780, almost every family of a certain rank in Massachusetts had one or more African Slaves. They were the attached and most kindly treated servants, or domestic *help*. It has sometimes seemed to me that they held almost the same relation in the family that the jester or clown used to do in old feudal times, in the families of princes. Sambo was

old, even before my grandfather's death. He was admitted to the utmost familiarity of speech, and allowed many liberties that a white servant would not have taken. I remember an anecdote that my grandfather was fond of repeating, though it told rather against his own liberality. His salary as a minister was small, aud he was obliged to practise close economy; and when occasionally the ribs of beef and mutton had been rather closely picked before they reached Sambo's trencher, my grandfather would say, "Ah, Sambo, the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat."

In those primitive times there were no inns in K——; but, if there had been, the minister's house was of course the home of the wandering clergy, who had only to lift the latch, day or night, to find a hearty welcome or a comfortable bed. When the Court came round in its circuit, and the honored judges with well

filled saddle-bags — on one side their robes and wigs, the other stuffed with learned opinions and hard-labored judgments — stopped at the parsonage door, there was joyful welcome and entertainment for judge and beast. On one of these occasions — and it was the most respected chief justice who gladdened the door-step — Sambo tethered his valuable nag to a bare ledge of granite, in the sterile pastures of the wild New England coast. When my grandfather chid him severely for his inhospitality to the poor beast, Sambo answered, with a twinkle from the white of his black eye, "Massa tell Sambo nearer the bone the sweeter the meat, so Sambo think nearer the rock the sweeter the pasture."

My mother was the only child of Sambo's master. At his death Sambo refused the competence and independence that was offered him, and preferred passing into the light, gentle and loving service of my mother, now

married, and the mother of three children, — myself, my little sister, and a baby of a few months old.

How intense and how touching in its exhibition was the affection of poor Sambo for his master's daughter and her young children! He was free, yet he was bound in bonds, soft and flexible, but stronger than links of riveted steel. He was now very old. As I recollect him, when I was six years old, his head was white as snow; his face, black as polished ebony, was covered with wrinkles; and his tall form spare and bent. But even then, he would give whole days to my youthful sports; would carry me upon his back over the wild hills, or would sit all day by the pebbly brook, helping me to make and sail my tiny boat; or he would hunt the bushes "from morn to dewy eve," in search of blueberries for my supper. My little gentle sister was his favorite, and in all our excursions she was in his arms, — the

little lady, whose foot must never touch the ground, whose cheek the winds must never roughly visit. Sambo was a true knight, — worthy of the best days of chivalry, — with a loyal heart towards women. The baby also was best pleased with Sambo. He could always soothe her to quiet or to sleep. He would nestle her delicate fair face in his swarthy bosom, and the cambric of her dress would be wrapped in his coarse woollen frock, while her little white arms were laid upon the wiry net-work of his face. She, innocent babe, saw his soul through those bleared eyes, as white and pure as the lily of her own complexion.

But, ah, the halcyon days of life soon passed away from Sambo and from me. My gentle, tender mother was taken from her home of love to her home with angels, and her poor orphans wept, wondering and amazed at the change.

Is it not mercy that tempers with ignorance the loss of a mother to her young children? Did they understand their loss, could they appreciate its magnitude, how would it bruise and break their young hearts. The most precious love is that which we do not understand; and the heaviest loss is that which sits lightest upon the young spirit. When years have passed away, and we go back in memory to that first but evanescent grief; or when our footsteps, with the weight of added years, press the turf that covers the ashes of a mother's heart, then, then we weep our loss afresh, and feel that our whole life and character has been changed by that first grief.

A few years passed, and another sat by the domestic fireside, in my mother's place; another fair and lovely infant filled the cradle. Poor Sambo was now too old to dandle the baby, and I was too young to observe that since his young mistress died he had much

pined away, or to understand the profound depths of his grief when he would take my two little sisters in his arms and myself at his knee, while floods of tears coursed over the deep furrows of his cheeks. Then he would tell us stories of his native land, — for Sambo had been a prince in Africa, — till a flame seemed lit in his faded eye, and a faint color would mount to his hollow and worn face. But Sambo was now almost blind; he was quite useless, and was becoming every day more burthensome. My second mother could have, of course, none of those tender, kindred associations that made my own mother regard him as one of the dearest objects of her care; and, as he had rocked the cradle of her infancy, she would have tended the footsteps of his age, and cheered the hour of his death. He was troublesome in his second childhood, and a hired lodging was prepared for him, — still, however, furnished with every comfort

except the soothing presence of the children of his love. This severance from them loosened every tie on earth, and broke his faithful heart; he survived his removal only a few weeks.

Devoted friend of my infancy! should God permit me to behold thee in heaven, where thou art doubtless an angel of love and beauty, I will fall at thy feet and ask thee to forgive the pang of ingratitude that I unconsciously planted in thy loving heart.

Sonnet.

BRITISH WEST INDIAN EMANCIPATION.

BY JANE E. HORNBLOWER.

A MIGHTY sound came rushing through the air,
Of thousand human voices; 'twas the cry
Of an indignant multitude on high,—
Of virtuous hearts it was the deep-breathed prayer:—
"Strike off the chains!" The victims of despair —
They shall, they shall be free! Yes, as we live,
And as this mighty boon is ours to give,
For Freedom we will stand; and nobly dare
To struggle for the helpless. Groans and tears
Come from yon Western shore, and blight our soil.

Our brethren perish in their bonds and toil.
Loaded with crime the awful Past appears.
Our hands are stained, our souls are sick with sin;
And now the work of mercy shall begin!

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

The Slave of Mammon.

BY SUSAN C. CABOT.

It is interesting to travellers, when on a journey, to meet with one who has some incident to relate that throws light upon the difficulties and dangers that beset an unknown road.

I was seated upon a circular bench that was placed around a delicious spring of water, and where I, with many others, had stopped to allay our thirst, and rest under the covering which protected us from the hot sun. While there, in rather a listless state of mind, a woman came to fill her pitcher at the spring. I was interested in her appearance, and addressed her, knowing from what I had heard that she was a Slave. I said, "Do you

know that here in this place you are free to go and come as you please; that no one has a right to take from you what God has given to you?" She was silent for a few moments; then, resting herself against a pillar, said, "Yes, I know all that very well; I have been told of it by everybody here; but I have got to work, and I have a kind mistress to work for; I don't see that it makes so very much difference where a person is, so long as she has got to work. I see white people here who don't seem to be much better off than I am. They have to work just as hard as I, and much harder. I see very bad white people here at the North."

"Yes," I said, "and it is *because* they are very bad that they allow such a thing as Slavery. People here at the North are as bad as people at the South, and a great deal worse, if they do not do all they can to prevent Slavery, — for Slavery is the worst sin in the

world; any one who takes from another the freedom that God has given him, does him the greatest injury. When you think that your mistress has a legal right to make you do whatever she chooses you should do; has a right to punish you, to sell you to a master or mistress that may make your life miserable, and to do with you whatever she pleases, you must feel that it is a great injury to you."

"Yes, but then I have a mistress who would not do any of these things to me; she has always been kind to me; and did I not last summer tend her through all her sickness as if she were a child, — and can I leave her? No, I could not leave my mistress any way — she has always been so good to me; she always trusts me, and lets me do as I please. I can come and go, just as I like. No, I never would leave her; there is something here that will not let me do it," — and she placed her hand upon her heart, — "no, my

conscience wont let me do it; I have studied it all out; a great many times have I studied it, and I can't make it out that it is right for me to leave her. Providence has been with me so far, and will continue to be with me to the end." These are her simple words.

Such an incident as this strengthens our faith in the power of virtue, and awakens anew our sense of wrong. If this poor Slave could so have lighted her torch on the altar of devotion as to make her path appear bright to her, what a lesson to those who have taken advantage of her ignorance to place her in the lowest rank of human beings. How did this poor black woman shine forth to me in rays of divine light; and how appalling to the heart the fearful fact that of such have we dared to make beasts of burden! She was the teacher at the well, who had meat to eat that her employers knew not of. It is such travellers on the way that may carry us to the

spring of living water, and from whom we can learn that wrong-doing is the great Apollyon in our unknown path.

Let the Slaveholder take this lesson of affectionate devotedness to his heart, and then ask, who is the nearest to the kingdom of heaven, — this woman, who by change of circumstances may be placed upon the auction-block, or himself. Is he not the mean Slave who takes such a base and cruel advantage of a noble but unenlightened conscientiousness? and is not the being whom he calls his Slave the free child of God?

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

The Field.

BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

I SEE a field before my view,
The harvest bending to the gale;
The laborers in that field are few,
But men who ne'er in duty fail.

I'd rather labor with that band,
An humble gleaner though it be,
Than feast within the Southron's land,
Bedecked with spoils of Slavery:—

Than sit in legislative hall,
The champion of its council-board,
Though listening, as my accents fall,
The heartless crowd my words should hoard.

Then with my sickle in my hand,
No more a gleaner let me be;
But working with that steadfast band,
Reap the white field of Liberty.

WOODLEE, NEW BEDFORD.

Reminiscences.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH GARRISON AND ANTI-SLAVERY.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

In 1831, I was a settled Orthodox Congregational minister in West Newbury, Massachusetts. At that time I first heard the name of William Lloyd Garrison, through the Liberator — some numbers of which were sent to me. I read them, and my heart and my head said — "*he is right.*" To turn man into a chattel, is a sin of unrivalled magnitude; and the church or the state that cannot exist, except by perpetrating this iniquity, must be wrong, and ought to be blotted out. I was strongly affected by his bold attacks

upon a Pro-Slavery Church and Clergy. My nature deeply sympathized with the daring reformer and rebuker of legalized, and baptized, and popular wickedness. While my sympathies, my conscience and reason said — "*he is right,*" my *position* as a minister was against him. As a MAN, I felt that he was doing what all ought to do; but as a professional minister, I thought he had no business to assume the office of Reprover of the Church and Clergy, even if they did sanction Slavery.

I did not join with Mr. Garrison, nor seek his acquaintance. My position as a clergyman forbade it. The *priest* hedged up the way of the *man*, — and the feelings and convictions that grew out of my position as a member of the great human family were overruled by my associations as a member of the priesthood and the church. I thought the church and priesthood must be sustained, whatever became of humanity. But I was

not happy. I knew I was wrong. My heart urged me, at once, to seek acquaintance with Mr. Garrison and to identify myself with him, but my position as a priest, — a position that ever has been and ever must be hostile to justice, truth and human brotherhood, — held me back for nearly four years.

In the meantime, I became an agent for the American Sunday School Union. This led me to pay particular attention to the moral, intellectual and social condition of the Slave States. I never addressed an audience on the subject of Sunday Schools without alluding to the condition of the Slaves and of society at the South. In this agency I travelled some eight thousand miles, and everywhere heard Mr. Garrison spoken of with great bitterness — especially among the clergy — and this only increased my desire to see and know him. I seldom met a minister who could speak of him without bitterness.

The spirit which was manifested towards him by the churches and clergy, went far to convince me that they were wrong and that he was right.

In 1834 I was living in Boston. The following year is memorable in the annals of American Anti-Slavery. GEORGE THOMPSON was with us, and helped to rouse the storm which in the autumn of that year threatened to overwhelm the Abolitionists. I had often seen Garrison in public meetings, but never had spoken to him. I had often heard him speak, and had read his writings, and my heart always responded to his appeals in behalf of the Slaves, and my nature always sympathized with his daring fidelity to humanity, and his stern rebukes of Slaveholders and their abettors.

But I was leagued with the clergy — met them often — heard them descant long, and frequently, and earnestly on the sins of Sab-

bath desecration, of non-attendance of meeting, of neglecting oral praying, infant baptism, and the communion. I often heard them designate Mr. Garrison as a low-born, low-bred, uneducated, obscure mechanic, who presumed to sit in judgment on the church and clergy — God's appointed agents — as they said, to save the world. Often did I hear these ministers of Boston gravely and earnestly discuss whether they should read notices of Anti-Slavery meetings — whether they should give their vestries to hold Anti-Slavery prayer-meetings — and all these discussions were interspersed with most bitter taunts against the Abolitionists for the fewness of their numbers and the obscurity of their position. These ministers themselves convinced me that they were just what Mr. Garrison declared them to be. I met with several of them once a week, and took notes of their sayings and doings — especially in

regard to Anti-Slavery and Abolitionists; and I felt that no men could be meaner, and more time-serving. Still, in me, the *man* was yet subservient to the *priest*—the priest was above the man—the *shadow* above the *substance.* I had long felt and advocated the truth—that INSTITUTIONS WERE FOR MEN, NOT MEN FOR INSTITUTIONS—but I did not see that my conduct, in standing aloof from Anti-Slavery and Garrison, to preserve my standing as a priest, was a refutation of this. At length my eyes were opened. I walked the streets of Boston—arm in arm with a *colored* woman, on an errand of kindness and mercy to the poor—never dreaming of what was to be the result. I finished my visit to the poor, and went to my boarding-house. The storm began. I was told I had forfeited my standing in all respectable and Christian society. I was ridiculed and taunted by professed Christians. That mo-

ment settled my mind. Come what might, I determined to embrace the first opportunity publicly to identify myself with Mr. Garrison in the Anti-Slavery movement — and to be one with the Slaves and the colored people, and make their sorrows, tears and stripes, mine.

Soon after, during the night, a gallows was erected in front of Mr. Garrison's house, and on it, in the morning, were hanging, in *effigy*, himself and George Thompson. I heard of it — and went at once to call on Mr. Garrison and have an interview with him. I found him in the midst of his papers — making selections for the Liberator — calm and serene, as if nothing had happened. Our first interview was in reference to governments founded upon the right to shed human blood. From that day to this he has been to me as a brother, and whatever may be his theological opinions, while he shows by his works

that he is the friend of the oppressed and the enemy of all oppressors, I will love him and work with him.

Soon after, an opportunity was offered to present a Resolution on the character of a Pro-Slavery Church and Clergy — and to accompany it with remarks — on which occasion, in order that my position should be mistaken by none, I said, "I had identified myself with the American Slave — that I was the enemy of all who made merchandise of men or that connived at it — even by silence, and that I had *swallowed* and *digested* Thompson, Garrison, Liberator and all; and that Anti-Slavery had become an element of my social and spiritual being." From that period I have had no temptation to swerve.

From that time the hearts and houses of former friends were closed against me — all — except *the hearts of the children* with whom I had been associated. Every child's

heart is an Anti-Slavery heart. I came into a new world — *I was born again.* Old things passed away — all things became new — new friends and new associations were mine. I lost my standing as a minister — for that I cared not. I began to feel that I must give up my position as a priest, or give up my God and my humanity. I am convinced that the kingdom of heaven — which is the kingdom of Non-Resistance, of Anti-Slavery, of Teetotalism, and all practical reform, — has no enemy more malignant and more potent than a *professional priesthood.* I renounced a Pro-Slavery and War-making Church and Priesthood as the deadly enemies of God and man, and have not ceased to hold them up to the scorn and execration of mankind.

I was a minister to children in Boston at that time. I left them and became an Anti-Slavery agent to children. My last meeting with the Boston children with whom I had

been associated, will never be obliterated from my heart. Dear, precious beings! they had indeed introduced me into the holy of holies of humanity. I loved all men the better for my intercourse with them. I did then feel and do still feel that there is more divinity — more of God — in the sweet affection, the unsuspecting confidence, the beaming eyes, the bounding step and merry laugh of a child, than in all the sermons, prayers, Sabbaths, ordinances, meetings, and consecrated temples of all the time-serving, slaveholding, war-making clergy and churches in the world.

My thanks will ever be due to Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and to the Anti-Slavery movement, for the benefits I have received from them. I have no apology to offer for my adhesion to Anti-Slavery, or for renouncing all allegiance to the United States Government, and seeking its overthrow. I glory in being an In-

FIDEL to the man-stealing, and man-killing religion of this nation. The God that sanctions Slavery and War is not my God, but is to me a demon of blood, a fiend of darkness. To such a God I must be an Atheist in order to be a Christian — as was Jesus and the Apostles to the gods of Greece and Rome. Anti-Slavery must triumph on the ruins of the churches, and priesthood, and government of this nation — for they are joined with the oppressor against the oppressed. They make man a victim to observances, to sacred times and places, to titles and institutions. I can never repay to the Anti-Slavery cause the good it has done to me. In this, tens of thousands will one day unite with me. They will heap blessings on a cause which has brought them out of the Pro-Slavery darkness of this land, into the light of Anti-Slavery.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Idiot Era.

BY A "BACKWOODS GIRL."

To Mrs. Chapman:—

Dear, though (to me) unknown, lady:—Will you pardon the presumption of a poor (pecuniarily speaking) backwoods girl, in addressing you. If I had anything to give to the cause except the lines I snatched time to write, I would most gladly do it. I have never written for the press, and beg you to accept them if you deem them worthy of insertion in the "Liberty Bell." I would subscribe for it, but the only luxury I have ever been able to afford is paper. I hope you can read my writing, but my pen is bad, and I have nothing but an axe to mend it with.

Forgive the verdancy of this "first attempt" at satirizing, as I am not yet twenty. I am an eager reader of the accounts of the Annual Bazaar, in my (borrowed) Liberators, and have longed to send you some token of sympathy, if nothing more. After I finished "Idiot Era," it first occurred to me that you might think it worth putting in the Liberty Bell. If you do not, however, it is just as well,—act your pleasure about it. E. C. W.

Hail! spiteful Muse of Byron, Pope, and Young,
Prompter of spiteful satires said and sung,—

I thee invoke! O! guide my spiteful pen,
To write most spitefully of idiot men.
But if thou wilt not answer to my call,
Nor light my cabin with thy torch at all,
I'll rhyme despite thee, since thou art so chary,
And be inspiréd by a dictionary —
Like the fair lady who admired the rows
Of words ranged neatly, that its lids enclose,—
As transcendental authors grasp each word
That seems tremendous ere 'tis fairly heard;
And give a passage to displeasing sense
In monstrous words, — inordinate, immense.

I know, a Doctor,* of that numerous pack
Who dress their notions, like themselves, in black, —
Says, "Woman's glory is to shine unknown;"
I seek not glory, and *can't* shine, I own;
But let my thoughts through hobbling verses reel, —

* Dr. Young, in his "Love of Fame."

I'll bear the satires that such sat'rists deal:
For who can see the numerous host of ills
That swarm our Continent, like patent pills,
And be contented with a silent tongue,
That leaves them living, —yet alive, unsung?

Twice twelve long lines of preface are enough, —
Long as a hired journal's paid-for puff,
Or advertisement, paid for by the square,
Of Slaves escaped from "happiness" to care,
That make some editors a public curse, —
(The ready hirelings of each open purse,)
Who, statesman like, display their idiot dotage,
And sell their birthright for a mess of pottage!
Trust, statesman like, to those who trusts betray,
Yield up their birthright, nor receive their pay.

Such thou, Gag-Atherton, the wise and great,
Thou recreant Yankee of the Granite State!—

Bend hither, now, thy lengthened, flexile ear,
A backwoods minstrel's wooden song to hear:
Hear how thou sold'st, at Giant Slavery's call,
Freedom's great birthright, — in our Congress Hall, —
For a less price than Esau could afford!
The praise of tyrants is thy sole reward,
Except the title of intrinsic worth, —
Of dough-faced Traitor to thy native North!
Well, cram thy gag-rules into Congress' mouth,
And bow obsequious to the tyrant South;
Fawn on her now, her office-dregs to sip, —
That turn to wormwood on thy traitorous lip.

Behold! a Hammond to a Clarkson write,
To prove light darkness, and black darkness light; —
Tell gross absurdities with solemn air,
That show a liar or an idiot there;
But still no traitor he, — *he* has not swerved
From the great Dagon that his father served.

Not so with Paulding, — giant expungee
Of lines, unfit for overseers to see, —
The "almighty dollar" glittered to his eyes —
He blots his satires to secure the prize;
Satires 'gainst Slavery blots, — expunges all,
And — gets an office from the Capitol!
How many a breather of ecstatic song,
That might lend voices to correct the wrong,
Has sold the halo from his poet's crown,
To gain a dollar, and avert a frown!

An endless portraiture I might unfold,
Of idiot Genius chasing after gold,
But turn to sing the volumes made to sell,
By one who never rightly learned to spell;*
Whose nightmare dreams proved to his waking sight,

* Mr. Priest is a notoriously bad speller; and when the truth of some of his Egyptian statements, in his "Origin of the Negro race," was challenged as disagreeing with Gliddon's reading of the hieroglyphics, he declared that no one had as yet read the hieroglyphics! He also says that he was an Abolitionist, until a dream convinced him of his *error*.

Freedom was wrong, and Slavery was right;
Time-serving PRIEST, the server of all time,—
Dabbler in Helicon and Deluge-slime;
Who writes of Egypt, with a knowing air,
And vows that Gliddon has read nothing there.
Thus proving, against proof, the Negro race
Black in their nature as they are in face!

Now, from another and a wider field,
Bristling with pens its infamy to shield,
I hail, to grace my fool-enamelled page,
The great prime Idiot of this idiot Age!—
Freighted with Negroes, wooing western gales,
For dank Liberia she spreads her sails;
For thirty years her millions has she spent,
While Press and Pulpit their assistance lent,
And has transported o'er the foaming waves,
The five days' increase of three million Slaves.
I leave to scholars of pro-slavery schools,—
To those who 're skilled in mathematic rules,
To tell the years that must expire, before

The last will tread on far Liberia's shore.
Such thy philanthropists, besotted clime!
Now let thy legislators grace my rhyme.

Behold! a dandy on a balanced chair,
Running his fingers through his flowing hair;
Burning tobacco spreads its fragrance sweet—
The table's humbled 'neath his booted feet:
The painted fire-board's roses blossom fair—
And each of spittle gets a plenteous share.
More rings the dandy's lily hands adorn,
Than you can count on aged Brindle's horn.
A shutter shakes,—O heedless wind! forbear!
Nor cause again the startled fop to swear;
Let him his duel for to-morrow scan,
As best becomes the valiant Congress-man;
While oft, at call of Honorable Dandy,
His slave presents him with a glass of brandy!

But not alone *such* idiots make the laws,
From which her breath the giant, Slavery, draws;
The Arch-Magician from the Empire State,
While White-House vassals cleaned his golden plate,
Loosened our blood-hounds on the Negro's track,
And sent our armies to *persuade* them back.
They chain the Indian, while his Negro wife
They take to Georgia as a Slave for life;
His banished nation, driven to exile, moans
Its native forests, and its fathers' bones.
A shattered remnant, on a stranger shore,
Must build their cabins, and "rèturn no more!" —
Because the fugitive from wrong and toil
Sought an asylum on their Indian soil,
Weary, a stranger, and they took him in, —
And now they expiate their heathen sin!

When iron Henry, o'er the British realm,
Steered with red hand and blood-encrusted helm, —
When Popery's arm the bonds of conscience broke,
Reclaiming Heretics with fire and smoke, —
There rose a voice to plead the injured cause,
And beg protection of the tyrant laws;
" Ho, to the Pillory ! " each statesman cries,
" Crop both his ears, and scourge him for his lies, —
" On the broad palm of his seditious hand,
" Impress a lesson with an iron brand:
" ' Sower of Sedition ! ' — quick — the initials press,
"And brand the Heretic with great S. S."
When turncoat Tyler caught, by accident,
Harrison's mantle in its far descent,
Some chattels, caused by Nature's whims to be
Endowed with longings for their liberty,

Chanced to be caught (the idiotic elves,)
Trying to get possession of themselves;
On Slavery's blessings they had turned their back,
Helped by the captain of a cruising smack,
When Tyler's minion, from free Yankee Maine,
Bound the sick captain with an iron chain,
And in the flesh of his *Slave Stealing* hand,
Impressed an S. S. with an iron brand!
Presses, that spoke of the intolerant reign
Of England's monarch, and his servile train,
In words indignant — now, with idiot sneer,
Hint at poor Walker, and with slavish fear
Of their great masters, south of Dixon's line,
Cant on of "masters' rights," with hypocritic whine.

But when the judgment that the dreamer saw,*

* Voltaire, in his "vision," saw all the wrong-doers sent to the "universal mad-house, — the largest building imaginable."

Reigns over earth, and idiot earth-born law,—
When maniacs have creation's mad-house filled,
A vast addition to its size they 'll build;
With room enough within its bounds to hold
The swarm of idiots that grow fools for gold.
There, with no mischief for their hands to do,
Let them chase bubbles, and catch bubbles, too!

CERESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

Progress of Free Principles in Congress.

BY J. R. GIDDINGS.

It will be the duty of the faithful historian to transmit to future generations the unwelcome truth that in the Congress of the United States the freedom of debate was stricken down in the year 1836: that for six years subsequently to that period the people of the Free States permitted their Representatives to sit in the councils of the nation upon terms of degrading inequality with those of the Slave-holding States. During that period no Northern member was permitted to give utterance to the honest sentiments of his heart, in regard to the "self-evident truths" on which our government was originally founded. The Slave-power reigned triumphant in the Hall

of Representatives, coercing the advocates of freedom to observe the most rigid silence.

While the present Executive, JAMES K. POLK, presided over the deliberations of the House of Representatives, the supercilious tyranny of the Southern Slave-driver was more perfectly displayed than at any other period. He permitted no speaker to allude disrespectfully to the institution of Slavery. If a member was so unfortunate as to refer to it in terms of unkindness, he was instantly ordered to his seat: yet the House had never adopted any express parliamentary rule to suppress discussion on that subject. The practice was entirely founded upon Slave-holding arrogance, aided by the long existing habit of Northern men to submit to Southern dictation. Such was the degradation of Northern sentiment at that time, that members from the Free States often courted Southern favor by calling to order the advo-

cates of humanity, whenever they spoke irreverently of the "peculiar institution." Indeed the "*gag-resolutions*" of 1838 were introduced by a member from New Hampshire. But some Northern members were dissatisfied with this state of things, and held frequent consultations as to the best mode of emancipating their country from this political slavery.

In February, 1841, an effort was made to call the attention of the House to the fact that the then existing war with the Florida Indians had been brought upon the country by the exertions of the President to sustain the Slavery of the South. This took place, while a Northern member occupied the chair, in Committee of the whole House. A scene of great confusion and disorder ensued; but after some three hours time consumed in calls to order, and interruptions, the documentary evidence relating to the subject was laid before the House, and subsequently published. This

incidental attack upon "the patriarchal institution," created much uneasiness among the Slaveholders. They charged the Chairman with direliction of duty, in permitting the interests of Slavery to be thus collaterally assailed. The success of this attempt encouraged Northern members. They began to speak more freely and with less veneration of Southern oppression. Southern members became alarmed. Finding they could prevent the discussion of Slavery in no other way, they had recourse to threats, insults, and attempts at personal intimidation. But these expedients failed; and members from the Free States exhibited still more firmness and greater determination, until those from the Slave States finally yielded. Thus, after years of unremitting effort, the freedom of debate was regained.

While a few Northern members were thus laboring to relieve themselves and their

constituents from the restraints thrown around them by the vitiated state of Northern sentiment and Southern arrogance, they succeeded in effecting another reform, not less important, by preventing legislation for the direct support of Slavery. From the earliest history of Congressional legislation, that body had uniformly enacted any and all laws called for by the Slave interest. Even the territorial Slave Code of Florida, the most barbarous that ever disgraced a Christian government, was approved by a large majority of the House of Representatives. The Committee on Foreign Affairs, in 1841, made a report, threatening Great Britain with war, in consequence of the authorities in her West India Islands refusing to arrest, and deliver to our Slave-merchants, those human chattels who had gained their liberty by being shipwrecked on soil rendered free by British laws.

Our legislative documents exhibit the fact that a member from Connecticut, while chairman of an important committee, reported a bill, giving some five thousand dollars from the public treasury, as a bounty to those, who, twenty years previously, had murdered in cold blood some two hundred and seventy colored people residing on the Appalachicola river, in Florida, for no other crime than that of preferring freedom to bondage. The bill became a law, and the hard earnings of our Free Laborers were paid as a gratuity to those assassins of Southern Slaves.

As late as 1842, a distinguished member from New York, at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill directing the Treasurer of the United States to pay over certain monies, then in the treasury, to Southern Slave-dealers who had lost possession of their human cargoes by reason of being shipwrecked on a coast

uncursed by human bondage. The bill passed, under a silence imposed by the previous question; and Northern members sat in that Hall gravely legislating for the benefit of Slave-dealing miscreants who richly merited a halter at the hands of our Government. But the money was paid over to them, and justice still weeps unavenged. This was the last act of the kind which passed that body. The freedom of debate had been so far regained, that further legislation for the direct support of Slavery became impossible. When in 1843 a member from Ohio, as Chairman of the Committee on Territories, reported a bill to pay some sixty thousand dollars to individuals inhabiting West Florida, as a compensation for Slaves stolen from them in 1814, by the army under General Jackson, it was discussed,—and its character being made known, there were but thirty-six votes in favor of its passage.

Many other attempts of a like character also failed; the last of which was made by the Executive, at the late session of Congress. By the aid of his Cabinet, he endeavored to persuade that body to appropriate fifty thousand dollars as a compensation to the Spanish slave-merchants professing to own the human cargo on board the "Amistad," when she landed at New London. The Secretary of State sent a written communication to the Committee of "Ways and Means," urging the appropriation. He also appealed, in person, at the Capitol, and exerted his influence with his personal and political friends in favor of those piratical dealers in human flesh. When the question came up for discussion, the letter of the Secretary was read at the Clerk's table, and Mr. Adams rose to expose its misrepresentations. Feeble, and trembling with age, his voice was so weak that he could make himself heard only by those near

him; yet he was no sooner announced by the Chairman, than the members from all parts of the Hall gathered around, and, after listening to him some ten minutes, less than thirty were willing to vote for the measure; and when it came into the House, on the call of the ayes and noes, it was rejected by a majority of nearly four to one. I do not expect to see another attempt in Congress to legislate for the direct support of Slavery.

I have not time to speak of the suppression of the right of petition, and of the manner in which it was regained. The labors of Mr. Adams on this subject would furnish matter for an interesting volume. The attempt to expel him from his seat, for his faithful efforts to maintain the rights of the people, must be within the vivid recollection of every reader. His defence on that occasion presented one of the sublimest scenes ever witnessed in any legislative body. It was a glorious triumph

of truth over error and prejudice. But this part of my subject must be consigned to the pen of a more able historian. The labors of Mr. Adams were crowned with signal success. The right of petition was regained after eight years of unremitting toil. These facts distinctly mark the progress of free principles in the councils of our nation.

JEFFERSON, OHIO.

An Extract.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Force never yet gained one true victory:
The outward man, by pike and ball o'er-
argued,
Bends low his politic will; but still, within,
The absolute Man, on whom the bases rest,
Deep under-ground, of the infrangible State,
Stands up defiant, plotting loyalty
To one poor banished, homeless, hunted
thought,
The dethroned image of a native land.

Never was city-wall so strong as Peace;
This, founded sure on the soul's primitive
rock,
Smiles back upon the baffled engineer;

The mine at its foundations tugs in vain;
An olive-wreath, stretched harmlessly across
Its open gates, enchants all enemies,
So that the trumpet baulks the knitted lips
That would have jarred it with the trampling charge,
And, hushing back its hoarse and quarrelsome voice,
Like a disbanded soldier when he sees
The nestled hamlet of his unstained youth,
With its slim steeple quivering in the sun,
Pipes with repentant note the gay recall.

What hath the conqueror for all his toil?
So many men from men turned murderers;
So many spoiled in the fierce apprenticeship;
So many sacred images of God,
Sons, fathers, brothers, husbands, trampled down
Into the red mud of the plashy field;
So many vultures gorged with human flesh;

So many widows made, so many orphans;
So many cinders for so many homes;
So many caps flung up as there are fools;
And, when his shattering and ungoverned
course
Is run at length, he drops, a mass inert,
Like a spent cannon-ball which the child's
foot
Spurns at in play,—what further need of
him?
Peace will not brook to have her snowy
leaves
Turned rudely by those crimson-smutching
thumbs;
The smooth civilian elbows him aside;
Like an old armor he is hung in the hall,
For idle men to count the dints upon,
A buttress for the spider's hanging-bridge.

And for his country what hath this man
conquered?

A kindred people's everlasting hate,
The bloody drain of untamed provinces;
Those are ill crops whose sickle is the sword.
And for himself? I never heard that any
Dared knock at Heaven's gate with his reeking sword,
Or lift the next life's latch with bloody hands.
The merry plough-boy whistling to his team,
The noisy mason and the carpenter
Efface the ruinous letters wherewith he
Essayed to carve an everlasting name.
The tyrannous lion preys upon the lamb;
Men fear him and instal him king of beasts,
Yet prize the wool above the ravening claws.

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Annie Gray.

A TALE.

BY CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL.

"His rest, his labor, pastime, strength and health,
Were only portions of his master's wealth;—
His love—O name not love—while men can doom
The fruit of love, to Slavery from the womb."—MONTGOMERY.

"And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head to think himself a man?"—COWPER.

On the finely macadamized road which leads from La Prairie to Montreal, a number of low stone cottages attract, by the quaintness of their aspect, the attention of the traveller. They seem to link America to the Old World, and prove that some few of her sons, at least, retained a love for its elder

cities. As one saunters along this road at night-fall, while the red sun still lingers in the west, many things conspire to remind him that he has passed the "line of the States;" first of all, the broad, low houses, — built of stone, and floored with clay, — with overhanging attics, without casements, protected only by large wooden shutters, until the season becomes severe; then, the crowds of foreign-looking inmates, the lazy and untidy thronging the doors in antique costume, or smoking under the stoop in bed-gowns of blue calico, quilted petticoats of white, stout shoes, and broad straw hats, — the men wearing closely fitting provincial caps, decorated with tassels of red or blue, according to the character of their ancestral blood. The active still lingered amid the harvest, even at the late autumn season in which our tale commences, fully bedecked with pipes and petticoats. But many a happy circle, in a more

fortunate interior, glistens with true English tidiness. The white-washed walls betray a love of cleanliness; which the trim children, the baby with its wide cap-border of snowy lace, clustering about the frugal board, — so tempting in its niceness to the tired passer-by — only confirm. A little further on, one detects many peculiarities, significant of the mixed races which inhabit the land, and the absence of district schools. The baker has painted over his door a most unnatural sheaf of wheat, and two crusty looking loaves, while the ale-house rejoices in a rough board, which, swinging to and fro, tempts its poor victim to a freshly tapped barrel, and a foaming glass.

Glad to find himself on ground which, if not wholly free, is certainly released from the fetters which bind his own soil, the American hardly remarks the many signs of slavery to sloth, to drinking, and the pipe, which pain-

fully surround him. The sunny landscape, enlivened by groups of gaily dressed women, in the field, a thing unseen at home, cheats him into pleasant thoughts.

About a mile from La Prairie, he passes, on the right, a huge stone farm-house, of the olden sort. The eaves run back to the ground; heavy casements and broad shutters protect it from the winter winds. The enclosure seems neatly kept, and just above the ancient well-sweep, on which the large slow-growing lichens have kept a faithful tally of years, stands the stone crucifix. Beautiful symbol of a faith that he despises, it lifts itself up, with broad arms, to the height of twenty feet, enclosing in its bosom a time-worn shield — once a beautiful medallion — recording the sufferings of our Lord. It was a fair superstition, he thinks, which thus united the living spring and the Rock of Ages; and while he bows his head, and the

now vanishing sun sends mellow gleams of light through oak and sumach and broad shadowy maples, suggesting pleasant dreams of the stained windows of those "prayers built into stone" — the once seen cathedrals of his father-land, — the vespers that his childhood whispered at his mother's knee, hallow afresh his heart and memory.

It was about four years ago that a traveller found himself aroused from such dreams by the coarse voice of a woman, who, as she closed the door of a small cottage on the other side of the dusty way, looked in at the window, saying, in French, "If your mother is 'nt better by the midnight, Matty, you must come for me." We have always hated eaves-droppers, and have no desire to invest any such with the dignity of a hero. Our traveller was no philanthropist, but he was still young enough to be curious; and he crossed the road, to the cottage, towards

which these words had been directed; and, sheltered by a wide shutter, the projecting hedge, and deepening twilight, he gazed directly in. A neater room than ordinary met his view; and there was something tasteful in the arrangement of the white muslin curtains, about a bed which stood near the window, that at once directed his attention to "Matty's mother." A female, whose light olive skin, rendered uncommonly transparent by illness, contrasted painfully with large voluptuous eyes, and glossy curls of extreme length, lay stretched upon the white pillow. As he gazed, a sweet but startling voice said to the girl who bent over it, — "Matty, open the shutters, that I may once more see the fading light." The girl approached him, and with a vehemence which brought the prominent Roman features of the stranger into some danger, threw back the shutter, and turned again to the bedside.

Rapid as her movements were, the traveller read in features very unlike her mother's, (a plain but animated countenance and a somewhat awkward frame,) the history of a heart and head such as he had seldom met in one like her, indisputably of African blood.

What was it in the face of the girl, in the voice of the mother, that startled him with by-gone memories? But he came here to listen. "Matty," said the invalid, with a faltering voice, "I have always told you, that, at the last hour, you should know your mother's entire history. I have no longer the right to keep it back. It has been, alas! simply from the fear of agitating you with its horrors, that the communication has been so long delayed. Matty, your mother was a Slave!"

"I guessed it, mother," said the girl, "I guessed it, when I saw you rise from your

sick bed, with kindling eyes, to shelter a poor fugitive."

"I would have laid down my life for her," said the invalid earnestly; "but listen, for my breath is short. I was born on a retired plantation in Westmoreland county, Virginia, within a short distance of the spot where the great Washington first saw the light. My mother I never knew. For the offence of giving me birth, she was exiled from her home. My father, it was said, was the favorite son of the old lady whom I remember as my first mistress. Mrs. Elsie Gray was wealthy, generous, and aristocratic. Her property, at her death, which occurred when I was about six years old, chiefly devolved upon my father; but for a reason which I can easily guess, she did not choose to entrust *me* to his care. I was bright, and, Matty, — I hope that there is no harm in saying it now, — I was very beautiful. I had become

a favorite; and to her only other grand-child and namesake, a girl about my own age, I was consigned, in an affectionate letter. I saw that letter many years afterwards, and I cannot forget that the old lady entreated her dear Elsie to shield me from what she termed the *dangers* that had menaced my mother; and to keep me, through life, carefully by her side. It was owing, however, to the indolence of my new mistress, who resided in the city of Georgetown, rather than to the old lady's recommendation, that I received an excellent education. I was expected to amuse and occupy my young mistress; and when she was too wilful to study, I learned her tasks and taught them to her by various devices. I slept on a trundle-bed at her side —she could never bear me out of her sight— and as we grew older I read aloud to her, while she was seated at her embroidery, or pursued the quiet occupations of her

station. My father died soon after Madam Gray, and the estate passed into the hands of Elsie's parents. For a number of years, we passed our summers in Westmoreland; and groups of gay friends often accompanied us. These were our most precious years of unfolding womanhood; they were spent in reading, in light employments, and the joyous relaxations suiting our age. Rapidly as Elsie had unfolded in beauty, and many as were her admirers, there were not wanting those among them who had dared to whisper that I was the lovelier; and I knew that it was true. You cannot conceive, dear Matty, all that I suffered at such hours. In the city, I was always in attendance on my mistress, unless, indeed, at the private festival, — but it was always with her hat or shawl hanging on my arm, and in a position which betokened my dependence; but in lonely Westmoreland such distinctions were not possible. In our

rural festivities all depended upon my wit, my voice, and above all, *my activity*. I was in constant requisition; and so cultivated was my mind, and so fair my face,—for one of African blood,—that twice, dear Matty, I listened to words of affection from one who fancied himself my equal, and answered them with these few words,—'I am a Slave.' The first time, I can truly say, the words gave me no pain, save that which followed in the consciousness of my unprotected position,—of the impossibility of my ever marrying, in a manner that would satisfy at once myself and others. But painful as these thoughts were, they were soon banished by Elsie's affectionate care, and her childish promises, that her home should always be mine. I had been named for a great-aunt of Elsie's, and was familiarly known as Annie Gray.

"It is the custom of some Slaveholders to give their own surnames to their Slaves, and

where we were known, this excited no surprise; but in Westmoreland it occasioned awkward mistakes. Among the summers that we passed there, the last two will ever remain impressed upon my mind. They were the last before my Elsie was married. There went with us, at these times, but two friends. One was a gay and dissipated man, named Meredith — my future master; the other, a distant connexion of Elsie's, from the North, — one who had been abroad, who had seen Wilberforce and Clarkson, who was the pupil of Channing. Until he came among us I knew little of Slavery, — but he expounded it; he set it before us in its true light; he pleaded against it; and in our hours of leisure he read to us from the books which he most valued. Under his influence my mind and heart expanded; a great change worked itself within me; I interested myself in the other Slaves; I tried to teach them; I talked to

them of freedom, when now, for the first time, I understood it. My mistress liked to listen to him, for he was handsome and eloquent; and Meredith delighted to 'cut him up' for her amusement. He could not but feel my quiet sympathy; and though few were the words exchanged between us, we well understood each other. I never thought of loving *him*, — for I felt that I was not his mate; but he, — he met me at the table, at the fireside, and on the green sward. He little dreamt of what I knew.

"I have told you, that the first time I confessed my situation to one thus deceived, it gave me little pain; but the second, — I thank God that he did not require me to inflict all I then suffered, on myself! — the words came from Elsie's lips. It was at the close of our second summer, together, — a few weeks before Elsie's marriage. We were about returning to the city, and had gone in

playful pilgrimage to the spot where Washington was born. Elsie gathered fig-leaves from a few venerable stumps, as we sat gazing at the lonely chimney which marks the site of his early home. Arthur rallied her on her inconsistency, spoke of the Slaves, and of the great beauty and distinguished ability of some. 'With all your chivalry,' exclaimed Elsie, 'I do not believe that you have ever guessed our Annie to be a Slave!'

"I sat at some distance, and my back was turned; but I could hear the husky voice, with which he asked, 'But she is surely your cousin, Elsie?'

"'Ask Meredith,' was her only reply.

"'No,' said Meredith, 'we do not believe that old story; she is only a Slave. To be sure Elsie's mother thinks that the old lady intended to free her, but she died before her letter was finished. So much the better for

us. The said letter is the greatest gem in the old lady's casket.'

"'But you,—surely *you* will emancipate her?' urged Arthur, turning to Elsie.

"'That will be as Meredith says;' she answered, laughing.

"I heard their retreating footsteps, but I did not know all that I endured until some hours after, when I found Arthur bathing my forehead in spring-water, and read, in his pale face, his apprehensions for me. He staid but a moment after I was restored, and it was to utter, in a voice which he vainly strove to render steady, these few words,—'Find that letter, see if what they have told me is true,—then, fly with the rising sun. You know your route.' He pointed to the north, dropped a purse at my feet, and was gone.

"Often had I held within my hand, as I replaced Elsie's jewels, the precious letter

of whose character I was so ignorant. This night, ere I retired, I did not hesitate to conceal it in my bosom. I knew that Elsie had not looked at it for many years. I saw that the paper was rudely and *freshly* torn, but I was not prepared for the loving words I found within. I no longer doubted that freedom should have been mine, and I believed that Meredith stood between me and it. A Slave, then, I must ever be. I never saw Arthur again. In the morning Elsie learned that he had gone; and I pined in silence, for I knew too little of the world to follow his advice. I doubted not that the letter which had been so carelessly kept had contained either an express provision for my freedom, or a declaration of intentions equivalent to this. Why Meredith had destroyed it, I was too soon to know. Often I wandered alone over the beautiful heights, and under the warm sunshine gazed down

upon the blue Potomac, the broad and fruitful vineyards of the Jesuits, and the rose-encircled dwellings of our friends; and, while my heart swelled, and my mind aspired, I asked of God — if I alone were created in vain!

"Elsie was married. Up to this time my duties had been nominal, but we now removed to a place of Meredith's, called Northwood, in South Carolina. Here I was entrusted with the duties of a housekeeper, and expected to confine myself to them. If I appeared at table, it was only to carve or to make tea; and when, a short time after, Meredith persecuted me with his dishonorable addresses, I no longer wondered that Elsie was dispirited, indifferent, and every way unlike her former self. Meredith threatened to be revenged upon me for my severity, and he kept his word. He knew that he was in my power; and soon after the birth of his first

child, while Elsie was too feeble to dispute his will, he insisted on my marriage. God grant, dear Matty, that you may never know the agony I experienced at this prospect; I, whose heart was full of the absent Arthur, — who would rather have died than have brought a Slave into the world, and who could look for no union which would not bind me to ignorance, brutality, or irreligious coarseness! God had mercy upon me, however. I was united by Meredith's command, and the aid of a clergyman, (may Heaven have mercy on him also,) to one of the upper field-hands. With a malice well worthy of him, Meredith had, as he thought, selected one of the coarsest and least desirable men on the estate; but I soon learned to estimate a noble nature in my husband. He devoted himself to books, and in about a fortnight mastered the alphabet. I did not conceal from him the state of my own feelings, and I

successfully strove to indoctrinate him into Arthur's sentiments. At the end of six weeks he disappeared, leaving me no clue as to his object, or the direction he had taken. But I did not misunderstand him. I knew that he was a free man, a hired hand, and that he was too proud of his wife to wish her to continue a Slave. The light in my eye filled Meredith with rage. For the first time I was whipped, — not severely, — for Elsie interceded for me with tears, and I could not tell what I did not know. I was then closely catechized as to the condition in which I had been left; and when I declared that I had no prospect of becoming a mother, I was told that if nothing was heard from my husband by the close of another six weeks, I must prepare myself again to be a wife. Distasteful as my marriage had been, my husband's nobleness toward me had entirely won my regard, and this declaration threw me into

despair. Had I been a quarter Slave, I should have made my escape; but brought up in luxury with Elsie, I must have died ere I reached a free State. A few days of agony converted my despair into a fever on the brain. How long it lasted, I know not, but I was dragged from my bed to the altar; and, Matty, can you belive me—the same clergyman united me again to my master's steward! I felt all the profanation of the rite, but I was both too feeble and too bewildered to resist.

I would speak of this man with all respect, for he was your father, Matty; but he was both coarse in manner, and brutal in mind. He did not imitate the forbearance of my first husband; and in a few months, I became conscious of your existence. Since my marriage, Elsie had never dared to meet my eye; but she now sent me some delicate clothing for my unborn babe, by the woman

who had charge of her own. I melted into tears; and to this, I believe, I owe the preservation of my reason. In the afternoon of this day a pedlar approached the plantation; and while he rested at the door of my cottage, the Slaves crowded about him. As they made their gay selections of trinkets and beads, he threw a significant glance at me, saying,— 'Here is a box of soap, which you will like better.' Unwarned as I was, God alone could have inspired me with the presence of mind to conceal it, until his departure. It contained a message from my absent h band, and filled me with conflicting emotions. It enclosed five hundred dollars, which I was to leave in a farewell letter to Elsie, as the price of my body, and then, if I chose, I might fly with the still untouched sum which Arthur had left me, or join him and his fortunes at a short distance from the plantation. I could not love my second husband,

but was it not my duty to remain with him until I could give him his unborn child? I debated, until I remembered that this child would be a Slave, — perhaps a daughter, — and horror-struck at the thought, I hurried my preparations for my departure. I left a letter full of tenderness and reproaches for Elsie. I took with me her last gift, and rejoined my preserver. Under sufferings and fatigues, which accelerated your birth, we escaped to this place, where we have lived ever since.

"In your infancy, dear Matty, you so resembled your father, that I could not bear to look at you; and it was then, that I was fully made to realize how far your adopted father's heart exceeded mine in holiness. 'Annie,' he said, 'if this soul must be born, you ought to be thankful that it was born to you, and not to another, — born a free woman, and not a Slave.' And from him, I learnt to love you, as you have always deserved."

The girl's breast heaved. Tears had been raining from her eyes, — she clasped her hands, and lifting them toward heaven, let loose her smothered ire in these words — "O God! let me pursue them to their death!"

"Matty," said her mother, mournfully, "that is the prayer of a Slave. I expect from you the prayer of one whom Christ has made free."

At this moment a tall, sad-looking Negro, with a noble expression, entered the room. He bent and kissed the wife's forehead, and laid his hand on the head of the child. "Be what *he* has been and is," said the wife in a clear and loving tone, as she gazed into his face, "and I doubt not, Matty, we shall know each other in heaven!" * * * *

In the darkness of the night the traveller walked away, but the tears were fast rolling over his cheeks. By the light which streamed from a neighboring window, he looked at and

kissed a dried flower, which he took from his pocket-book. "She is but thirty now," he said aloud, "and she was but fifteen when she spoke to me those bitter words! *I was her first suitor.*" * * *

Two days afterwards, an humble funeral proceeded from the little cottage, to the English burial-ground; and at night-fall, the father and daughter might have been seen in the deserted room, reading, from one Bible, words which illuminated their countenances with divine trust.

The main incidents of the above story are given as facts which came to the author's personal knowledge. She believes the strongest argument against this vile institution, to be a frank statement of its actual results — its revolting but inevitable facts.

EAST NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

Song.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

Oh bird, thou dartest to the sun
When morning beams first spring,
And I, like thee, would swiftly run,
As sweetly would I sing;
Thy burning heart doth draw thee up
Unto the source of fire,
Thou drinkest from its glowing cup,
And quenchest thy desire.

Oh dew, thou droppest soft below
And pearlest all the ground,
Yet, when the morning comes, I know
Thou never canst be found;
I would like thine had been my birth,
Then I, without a sigh,

Might sleep the night through on the earth
To waken in the sky.

Oh clouds, ye little tender sheep,
Pastured in fields of blue,
While moon and stars your fold can keep,
And gently shepherd you, —
Let me, too, follow in the train
That flocks across the night,
Or lingers on the open plain
With new-shorn fleeces white.

Oh singing winds, that wander far,
Yet always seem at home,
And freely play 'twixt star and star
Along the bending dome,
I often listen to your song,
Yet never hear you say
One word of all the happy worlds
That shine so far away.

For they are free, ye all are free,
And bird, and dew, and light,
Can dart upon the azure sea
And leave me to my night;
Oh would like theirs had been my birth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep this night through on the earth
To waken in the sky.

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Incidents in the Life of an Anti-Slavery Agent.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

Few persons have any just conception of the trials and sacrifices incident to the settlement of a new State. To be understood, they must be met in actual encounter.

To besiege and subdue a moral wilderness is accompanied with still severer endurances. A sketch, from my Note-Book, may afford a faint idea of some of them. It describes no murderous mob, but only scenes of every week's occurrence.

It was in the forenoon of a cold cloudy day in November, in the year 1842, the wind at north-east, — and prophesying an autumnal snow-storm, — that I entered a small village

in one of the back towns in New England. The village consisted of a number of indifferent houses, dropped irregularly on a long street, which widened at the western end into a broad green. Surrounding this, and on it, stood a gun-house and liberty-pole, the town-pound, an academy, and two meeting-houses, besides the hearse-house over at the north, by the grave-yard gate. On either side of the street stood a grizzly-looking tavern, with a well-stocked bar, — the patron saint of patriotism and pro-slavery. A few consumptive maples adorned the village, — planted hardly within hailing distance of each other, — and at this season, undrest of their foliage, standing as rude organs, on which the mournful east wind played the funeral dirge of departed summer.

With my valise and umbrella I had walked several miles that morning, over rough and hilly roads, and was in a condition of both

mind and body, to need a very different reception from that which awaited me. Nor had I yet forgotten the adventures of the preceding night, passed at one of those wretched country caravansaries, known by the name of "Meadow Hay Taverns." The surly landlord wanted my *change*, doubtless, (the Whig doctrine of *paper* currency being at that time no part of my practical griefs,) but he dreaded the effect of patronage so dark colored as mine, on the reputation of his house; a foresight that I could not but approve, in his particular case. He finally consented to *keep* me, which he certainly could do, without inconvenience to other customers; the house being, that night, as usual, without them.

I was left to sit alone, to eat alone, and to sleep alone. This had been no cause of complaint, only that my parlor had neither fire nor furniture; the table was almost with-

out food, and the bed without comfort or clothing. On retiring, I had the precaution, before undressing, to examine the bed. The net-work of the cord had on it a slight layer of straw and feathers, that appeared to have seen much service. The sheets, — but I forbear. I opened them, and closed them, as I now do this description of them, forever. I had drawn their character, but with loathing and disgust I dashed it out. They gave me another bed.

Such a night, and my long walk that morning, had not, I confess, schooled me into the most felicitous frame of mind for worse encounters. Depositing my luggage in the best looking tavern, I went to the Post Office, and asked whether any one in town took the Liberator, or Herald of Freedom. There was one, only, — a subscriber to the Herald, — but they said he lived three miles off, was very poor, and without influence, — a

common description of Abolitionists, at that period.

I next called on the Orthodox minister, and respectfully solicited his cöoperation in an Anti-Slavery lecture. He answered me, as gruffly as any savage, — "I have heard of you, and want nothing to do with you;" at the same time violently seizing his pen, and resuming his writing. I said, "Will you consent that your vestry be opened for a meeting?" "I am writing a lecture," he indignantly exclaimed, "for the young people, on the existence of a God, and wish not to be disturbed by your further impertinence."

The Baptist minister was absent, but the tones and looks of his family, when I called on them, were fearfully instructive. My stay there could not well have been shorter.

I applied to the committees of both meeting-houses, — but it was in vain. For school-houses, I succeeded no better. The tavern

halls were also denied; though one landlord cursed the bigotry of the church committees, in no measured terms. They had censured him for selling ardent spirits.

By this time it was long after noon, and I had taken neither breakfast nor dinner through the day. The wind was howling mournfully among the leafless trees, the two meeting-houses seemed to be scowling at me, the pound and gun-house grinned in derision, and the lank liberty-pole looked down and laughed. Fatigued, hungry, home-sick and sad, there I stood, like a new settler, surrounded by devouring wolves, — my nearest neighbor full ten miles off. I was about to surrender in despair, when a rough and shaggy specimen of the mountaineers hailed me, with "Hey there, you nigger-man, got a place for a meet'n yet?" I told him, none. "Well," said he, "there's that are old shop 'll hold all you 'll get out on this ere Abolition business.

You're welcome to that; and if the mob tears it down, why d——n 'em, let 'em tear. It'll save me the trouble, for it's got to come down next spring, if it don't afore."

I accepted his rude offer, with a bounding heart, and immediately posted some printed notices which I had in my valise, in every conspicuous place in the village. Almost as fast as they were put up they were torn down, but the tidings flew as on the wings of the wind.

For sixpence I next filled my pockets with raisins and biscuits at a neighboring shop, and took possession of my building. I piled its ample stone fire-place with wood, and kindled a fire. I breakfasted and dined on the contents of my pockets, and then commenced my preparations for the evening. I procured a pound or two of tallow candles, and a few large potatoes, (a pile of which lay in my meeting-house,) cut in halves and

drilled, composed my candlesticks. Boxes, benches and rough boards, furnished me with seats, and a corner by the fire-place was my pulpit; and, by the time my arrangements were completed, the people began to assemble.

The house was filled with men and boys, some smoking pipes, some cigars, and the rest chewing tobacco, — all laboring in their respective vocations most industriously. The greater part heard with respectful attention, some even taking kindly part in the discussion. A few raged and swore at my doctrines, but more complained of the barbarous treatment I had received at the hands of the church and ministry.

At the close, I was invited by the only Abolitionist present, to accompany him home. He lived three miles off, and owning no horse, was there on foot. The clouds had all passed away, the moon shone brightly, but

the wind had changed to the north-west, and it was piercing cold. We scampered over the three miles in little more than half an hour. The house stood on a high hill, facing the west, — a very old two story structure, — and glass was a luxury of which the chamber windows had never boasted. Indeed, bundles of old rags, and the remnants of last year's palm-leaf hats, in the lower windows, "stopped many a hole, to keep the wind away." Clapboards were a superfluity not indulged in, and the feather-edged boarding was fast "dissolving the union" with the rotten timbers beneath.

There was no yard about the house, nor a tree to shade it in summer, or break off the wind in winter. Green brush and decayed stumps composed the wood-pile. We entered by the front door, over a broad flat stone, into the room where the family lived, and where the wife and sundry children were

already in bed. A light was struck, but it was too late to think of a fire, and so I hurried away, sick and supperless, to my room.

The north front room was assigned to me. The doors were all loose, the windows rattled, and their scanty white curtains waved in the wind. A huge chimney shot away towards the sky, through which whole yards of the milky-way might be seen, and which, had it been set with appropriate lenses, would have rivalled Hershell's telescope. In that room, on that night, it certainly was not needed for purposes of ventilation.

The bed was harder than a mattress, though it was not a mattress. The top-covering was of copper-plate, that shone in the moonbeams like a pond of ice; and to dive under it, was to me, almost as great a suicide as if it had been one. The house afforded but one candle, and so my excellent friend

waited until I was disposed into bed, and then took it away; wishing me a good night, — to which I responded, amen, — although I thought he must have prayed with far more fervor than faith.

Sleeping, sickness, and shivering, at length brought me to the morning. I dressed, and went into the kitchen to wash. The water was in a milk-pan that stood on a rough wood box, and the towel indicated the close of the week. The sorry fact was, the mistress of the mansion was most unfortunately organized. The children were numerous, but unwashed and uncombed, inwardly and outwardly. The cooking was sadly defective. Perhaps fasting one day more, might have led me to judge more charitably; but as it was, I was in little danger of eating to repletion. Some kind of meat was fried in a spider on the coals and ashes. When it was cooked, and the table was spread, the spider was removed to it, and

occupied the place of a platter, and with the addition of a rusty iron spoon, of gravy tureen to boot. Nor was the table-linen so white as to suffer the least inconvenience from so close contact with the feet of its sooty neighbor. Indeed it would have been difficult to decide, which was best entitled to be afflicted with that fashionable disease, — "prejudice against color."

I need add nothing relative to the breakfast accompaniments. I hastened away, sad at the condition of my kind-hearted friend and his family. He was an excellent man, and a true Abolitionist; happy and patient under circumstances at which I almost wept. Two years afterward he sickened and died, and his family removed to a distant State.

Such is but a specimen of much of the experience of those Anti-Slavery Agents who were early in the field. They have endured trials known only to themselves. Self-cruci-

fixion, neglect and poverty, attended them at every step.

One word more about my meeting. It was the beginning of good days in that town. I have often been there since, and been welcomed to the generous hospitalities of the best families in the village. County conventions have been held there since, attended and addressed by the most distinguished advocates — both editors and orators — in the cause. But they little knew what it cost to lay the foundation of the Anti-Slavery structure they so nobly builded.

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Lord's Prayer.

BY BENJAMIN S. JONES.

I.

Our Father! by that hallowed name
Which tells of thy parental care,
A father's blessing we would claim,
A father's love and kindness share.
With golden cords of mutual love
Thy childrens' hearts more closely bind,
And every erring thought reprove,
And purify each selfish mind,
Till all shall truly worship thee,
Thou bounteous source of every good,
And in thy human image see
The token of man's brotherhood.

II.

Father! WHO ART IN HEAVEN above,
The dwelling of the just and pure,
Where the still waters gently move
And pastures green for aye endure,
Look on us from thy bright abode
And listen to our humble prayer;
For art thou not our Father — God,
And we the children of thy care?
Though in the heavens thy throne is set,
Where angels thy dominion own,
Upon the earth remaineth yet
The presence of the Holy One.

III.

Our Father, HALLOWED BE THY NAME!
And teach us so to reverence thee,
That none from us shall vainly claim
A brother's love and sympathy.
When Tyranny's usurped control
Shall brutify the human mind,

Shall cast her fetters on the soul
And in her chains thy image bind;
In faith and wisdom make us strong,
That we may set our brother free,
And by our stern rebuke of wrong
Thy glorious name shall hallowed be.

IV.

And grant us that THY KINGDOM COME,
That all of earth's contentions cease;
And make our world a fitting home
For Love, and Purity, and Peace.
No longer let the lust of gold
Chill the warm current of the heart,
And crush beneath its serpent-fold
The promptings of our better part:
But teach us, Father, to revere
The Good, the Beautiful, the Right,
That we may build a kingdom here
Perfect and glorious in thy sight.

V.

And, Father, may THY WILL BE DONE
ON EARTH AS IT IS DONE IN HEAVEN;
And unto thee, the Holy One,
Be every heart sincerely given.
Where Bigotry enshrouds in gloom
The god-like attributes of mind,
And Vice and Error, in the tomb
Of living death their victims bind,
Come in thy power, and let the might
Of Love and Truth the captives free,
And place them in the radiant light
Of thy resplendent liberty.

VI.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD,
As thou the Israelitish band
With manna in the desert fed,
When journeying to the promised land.
We ate the bitter fruit of Wrong,
And tasted of Guilt's poisoned springs,

But now, O Father, greatly long
To have the gift of better things.
Our souls would ask of thee to give
That bread which can the soul sustain;
So they who live may ever live,
And they who die may live again.

VII.

FORGIVE OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE
OUR DEBTORS, Lord, we ask of thee;
And may our hearts in faith receive
That perfect love which maketh free.
That love which claimeth not its own,
Is merciful and suffereth long,
Whose power and gentleness is shown
In peaceful triumph over wrong.
We ask thee not for prison cells,
For heavy chains or hangman's cord;
No Christian love with torture dwells,
No kindness with a bitter word.

VII.

And, gracious Parent, LEAD US NOT
INTO TEMPTATION, but restrain
With tender care each wandering thought
And bring it home to thee again.
To proud Ambition's giddy height,
In Mammon's dark and grovelling ways,
Or where Fame's bright, deceptive light
With *ignis fatuus* lustre plays,
Oh, lead us not. We would be kept
In holy peace and Christian love,
With not a cloud to intercept
Our vision of the world above.

IX.

BUT — in our weakness we would pray —
DELIVER US FROM EVIL, Lord!
Guide us in Wisdom's pleasant way,
And be our constant watch and ward.
When Error comes in robes of light,
With hypocritic word and smile,

And heart as black as darkest night
And full of bitterness and guile;
Strip off the garb of sanctity
Which makes the demon seem so fair,
That every soul may know and see
The tempter's form and presence there.

X.

FOR THINE THE KINGDOM IS, AND POWER
AND GLORY, and shall be forever.
The history of each passing hour
Proclaimeth Truth was vanquished never,
And, though at times our faith is dim,
We know thy kingdom is advancing;
We hear the song of seraphim,
And see their snowy pinions glancing.
And oh, we long for that bright day
When Eden-innocence again
Shall hold on earth her peaceful sway,
And all the nations shout, AMEN!

SALEM, OHIO.

The American Slave-Trade.

BY WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.

Of the many features which American Slavery presents, the most cruel is that of the Slave-trade. A traffic in the bodies and souls of native-born Americans, is carried on in the Slave-holding States to an extent little dreamed of by the great mass of the people in the non-Slave-holding States. The precise number of Slaves, carried from the Slave-raising to the Slave-consuming States, we have no means of knowing. But it must be very great, as forty thousand were sold and carried out of the State of Virginia, in one single year!

This heart-rending and cruel traffic is not confined to any particular class of persons.

No person forfeits his or her character or standing in society by being engaged in raising and selling Slaves to supply the cotton, sugar, and rice plantations of the South. Few persons who have visited the Slave States, have not, on their return, told of the gangs of Slaves they had seen on their way to the Southern market. This trade presents some of the most revolting and atrocious scenes which can be imagined. Slave-prisons, Slave-auctions, hand-cuffs, whips, chains, blood-hounds, and other instruments of cruelty, are part of the furniture which belongs to the American Slave-trade. It is enough to make humanity bleed at every pore, to see these implements of torture.

Known to God, only, is the amount of human agony and suffering which sends its cry from these Slave-prisons, unheard or unheeded by man, up to His ear: mothers, weeping for their children,—breaking the

night-silence with the shrieks of their breaking hearts. We wish no human being to experience emotions of needless pain, but we do wish that every man, woman and child, in New England, could visit a Southern Slave-prison and auction-stand.

I shall never forget a scene which took place in the city of St. Louis, while I was in Slavery. A man and his wife, both Slaves, were brought from the country to the city, for sale. They were taken to the rooms of AUSTIN & SAVAGE, Auctioneers. Several Slave-speculators, who are always to be found at auctions where Slaves are to be sold, were present. The man was first put up, and sold to the highest bidder. The wife was next ordered to ascend the platform. I was present. She slowly obeyed the order. The auctioneer commenced, and soon several hundred dollars were bid. My eyes were intensely fixed on the face of the woman,

whose cheeks were wet with tears. But a conversation between the Slave and his new master attracted my attention. I drew near them to listen. The Slave was begging his new master to purchase his wife. Said he, "Master, if you will only buy Fanny, I know you will get the worth of your money. She is a good cook, a good washer, and her last mistress liked her very much. If you will only buy her how happy I shall be." The new master replied that he did not want her, but if she sold cheap he would purchase her. I watched the countenance of the man while the different persons were bidding on his wife. When his new master bid on his wife you could see the smile upon his countenance, and the tears stop; but as soon as another would bid, you could see the countenance change and the tears start afresh. From this change of countenance one could see the workings of the inmost soul. But this sus-

pense did not last long; the wife was struck off to the highest bidder, who proved not to be the owner of her husband. As soon as they became aware that they were to be separated, they both burst into tears; and as she descended from the auction-stand, the husband walking up to her, and taking her by the hand, said, "Well, Fanny, we are to part forever, on earth; you have been a good wife to me. I did all that I could to get my new master to buy you; but he did not want you, and all I have to say is, I hope you will try to meet me in heaven. I shall try to meet you there." The wife made no reply, but her sobs and cries told, too well, her own feelings. I saw the countenances of a number of whites, who were present, and whose eyes were dim with tears, at hearing the man bid his wife farewell.

Such are but common occurrences in the Slave States. At these auction-stands, bones,

muscles, sinews, blood and nerves, of human beings, are sold, with as much indifference, as a farmer in the North sells a horse or sheep. And this great American nation is, at the present time, engaged in the Slave-trade. I have before me now the Washington "UNION," the organ of the Government, in which I find an advertisement of several Slaves to be sold for the benefit of the Government. They will, in all human probability, find homes among the rice-swamps of Georgia, or the cane-brakes of Mississippi.

With every disposition on the part of those who are engaged in it, to veil the truth, certain facts have, from time to time, transpired, sufficient to show, if not the full amount of the evil, at least that it is one of prodigious magnitude. And what is more to be wondered at, is the fact that the greatest Slave-market is to be found at the capital of the country! The American Slave-trader

marches by the capitol with his "coffle-gang," — the stars and stripes waving over their heads, and the Constitution of the United States in his pocket.

The Alexandria Gazette, speaking of the Slave-trade at the capitol, says, "Here you may behold fathers and brothers leaving behind them the dearest objects of affection, and moving slowly along in the mute agony of despair; there, the young mother, sobbing over the infant whose innocent smile seems but to increase her misery. From some you will hear the burst of bitter lamentation, while from others, the loud hysteric laugh breaks forth, denoting still deeper agony. Such is but a faint picture of the American Slave-Trade.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Offerings of English Women

FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.

BY MARY CARPENTER.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Offerings we bring to thee, America!
Offerings of deepest love and tenderness,
Such as of old the lowly Mary bore,
To anoint her Saviour's feet. Not precious these,
Like hers, of costly alabaster wrought,
And filled with odorous perfumes, offerings rich
To sordid eyes,—to hers most valueless
When measured with her love. Yet fragrant ours

With incense of full many a loving heart,
And rich in patient striving, to bestow
An earnest of its sympathy. These webs
Were framed by dying hands; the spirit longed
Ere summoned to its home, to leave a pledge
Of how she loved her Lord, and spent long hours,
Weak, fainting, suffering hours, in weaving these.
The young have offered up their time of sport,
Their cherished playthings, and their infant hearts
Have glowed with purest joy in bringing them.
The old have given their days of restful ease,
And hallowed their small offerings by their prayers.
The rich have brought their gold in humble love;

The poor their toil, with warm and ardent zeal.
The pencil's art has traced its fairest lines,
To figure forth, in Nature's loveliest scenes,
The deep thoughts of the heart that prompted it.
And last, not least, this lowly little one
Has craved a humble place for her poor gift,
The work of her small hands, — 't is all she has; —
These bring we, as to our dear Saviour's feet,
Each one what best we could; — he loves the gifts
Made to his meanest brethren, — heirs with him
Of all the glories of immortal life.
And we would help to set the bondman free,
To heal the wounded heart; — to raise thy sons,
Thy sons of darkened hue, whose souls are fair,

And kindled like thine own with God's pure
breath,
To their first glorious heritage, — as *men!*
O hear the prayers of Woman! blame us not
That from our homes we lift our earnest
voice; —
Say not we trouble thee with these our cries.
Have we not listened to our Saviour's words,
And sat with loving reverence at his feet,
To drink his spirit in? Have we not watched
His looks of tenderness to the despised,
And loved them for his sake? And shall we
now
Silently see our sisters bound in chains, —
Heaven's holiest ties polluted, — their souls
sunk
In ignorance, — degraded to the brutes?
Shall we behold them on the hated block,
Sold to the highest bidder, — and not speak?
America! Thy country, glorious, great,
As ever it should be, — is sinking down

To be the scorn of nations. All thy gold
Is tainted with the price of human blood,
Too foul of old, not *now*, for sacred use.
Thy churches raise their Babel-fronts on high,
And call down heaven to sanction this foul sin! —
O wilt thou still endure the mockery?
Land of *our* Pilgrim Fathers! hear! O, hear!
Grieve not their ashes by thy children's chains,
Let not the Slave-block shame the sacred soil
Their prayers have hallowed! Wipe the Cain-mark off
From thy degraded brow, — and then stand forth
Before the world, a nation glorious, — FREE!

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

Seth Sprague.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

THERE are few objects more beautiful than a cheerful, happy, virtuous old age. An old age which the virtues of a temperate prime have blessed with all that should accompany it, as

'Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,'

the remembrance of a life well-spent, and the calm expectation of future good. To honor the hoary head, when the years which have shed their snows upon it have been years of activity and beneficence, is a natural impulse of a good heart and a well-nurtured mind. But, especially, when an old age is green with living labors in the great struggle for

human freedom, to which the spring-tide and the summer-prime of life had been devoted, is its beauty the most reverend and its crown of gray hairs the most glorious to behold.

Such was the old age of the venerable man who has recently passed away from among us, and gone from his labors to his rest. He had lived far beyond the appointed age of man, and stood upon the threshold of his ninetieth year. His eye was dimmed, and his natural strength abated, by the lapse of his many days; but his heart remained fresh and young to the last. He had discovered the true fountain of youth, he had laid hold of the genuine elixir of life, and he defied the worst ravages of Time. A strong and abiding interest, imbibed in boyhood, and enduring to the last, in the promotion and security of the liberties of mankind, — an interest unselfish and enthusiastic, saved him from the listless vacuity which too often

makes the close of a life devoted to low and personal objects its own appropriate punishment. He was taken from the round of selfish purposes by the might of a great principle, and as he followed it in faith and with active zeal, it blessed him with exemption from the worser infirmities of a protracted existence.

Mr. Sprague was born on the 4th of July, 1760, just sixteen years before the Declaration of Independence; and, having died on the 8th of July, 1847, he was just entering upon his EIGHTY-EIGHTH year, at the time of his decease. His earliest act was one which, considering the peculiar complexion of the times in which his youth was passed, was the most natural manifestation of the ruling principle of his life. In 1776, at the age of fifteen, he enlisted in the continental army, and served in its ranks for some time, in the struggle then in progress with the

mother country. Of the particulars of his service, and of the time of his discharge, we are not informed. But, at an early period of life, he was married to Deborah Sampson, a woman, like himself, of the stock of the Puritans, and, like himself, too, a worthy heir of that best of blood.

He lived in her companionship for more than sixty-four years, and saw sixteen sons and daughters grow to maturity around him. All of them, we believe, were married, and the number of his descendants had passed beyond his own knowledge, long before his death. They could not have amounted to much less than TWO HUNDRED. He saw them all prosperous, and some of them eminent for success in business and in public life. Mrs. Sprague died only two or three years before her husband.

Mr. Sprague's first pursuit was agriculture, which he subsequently exchanged for trade,

in which he became extensively engaged. He was not one of those who define 'enough' to be 'a little more than they have;' and so he retired from business some twenty-five years before his death, after he had accumulated what, to his simple tastes and habits, was a moderate competency. He was for many years in public life, having represented his town and county in the House or in the Senate of Massachusetts for about thirty successive years. He served twice as elector for President and Vice President of the United States, and was more than once elected Executive Councillor, which office he never accepted.

He was about thirty years of age at the time the Federal Constitution went into operation, and was among those who voted for its adoption, with a strong faith in its efficacy as the palladium of freedom. When the great parties, which for so many years

agitated the country, sprung into existence in the exciting presence of the French Revolution, he took his side decidedly, warmly, and consistently, with the Democratic Republican, or Jeffersonian division. Whatever opinions may prevail as to the relative merits of those parties, no one, who knew Mr. Sprague, can doubt that he made his election deliberately, and with the firm conviction that he was thus best serving the cause of liberty and of his country. His zeal, industry and tact as a politician were unsurpassed in his region. He gave himself to this work with the same enthusiasm and singleness of mind which he afterwards brought to the Anti-Slavery warfare. But he never sought, nor accepted, any office of profit, usually the object and the reward of partisan activity.

During the last war with Great Britain, he was an active friend of the Madison Administration, in justifying and promoting it. He

also evinced his natural energy and efficiency in putting the town of Duxbury, which is an exposed portion of the coast, in a state of defence. We believe that he commanded, at that time, a company of militia, raised among his townsmen, by way of preparation in case of a descent. His views, however, on the subject of military preparations for defence as well as offence, underwent an entire change before his death. He died a thorough-going peace man.

A circumstance connected with his public life is not unworthy of recital, as illustrating his character. On the 16th day of June, 1813, upon a resolution coming from the House of Representatives to the Senate of Massachusetts, of thanks to Captain Lawrence, of the U. S. Ship Hornet, for the capture of His Britannic Majesty's Ship Peacock, the Hon. Josiah Quincy moved the following resolution,

with a preamble reciting the facts, which was adopted.

"Resolved, as the sense of the Senate of Massachusetts, that in a war like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner which indicates that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of military or naval exploits, which are not immediately connected with the defence of our sea-coast and soil."

In 1823-4, the Democratic party obtained the ascendancy in the State, and Mr. Sprague was one of the Senators from Plymouth County. On the 24th of January, 1824, he moved the following resolution, which passed by a strict party vote. After a preamble, reciting the above resolution and its preamble, the resolution stood thus:

"Resolved, That the Resolve, aforesaid, and the preamble thereof, be, and the same are, hereby expunged from the Journals of the Senate."

His views on this subject, however, underwent a total change before his death. Several years before that event, he said to a friend, that he wished he could be a member of the Senate for one session more, before he died. And upon being asked the reason of this wish, he replied, "That I might have my Expunging Resolution expunged!"

There were two occasions in the course of the Anti-Slavery life of Mr. Sprague, when his soul was sorely tried. The one was, when the movement had reached the point where the position of the American Church as the bulwark of American Slavery was made plain to its vision, and it become its duty to call upon all true lovers of liberty to come out from her. Mr. Sprague was a man of strong

religious feelings. He had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, years ago, and he long hoped that the discipline of Wesley would be of power enough to free it from the guilt of American Slavery, "the vilest that ever saw the sun." The stern denunciations of the Pro-Slavery Church, uttered by the Abolitionists, seemed to him, at first, more severe than the case required, and he could not see the pointing of duty with the eyes of his brethren. A very short time of consideration and special observation was required, however, to satisfy him that the half had not been told. He, immediately, with characteristic truthfulness, separated himself from Established Methodism, and formed a Secession Church, at a large expense to himself, which, he believed, at least, had put away from itself the unclean thing in its every shape.

The other saying of Anti-Slavery which he found it hard to bear, was the unequivocal

condemnation which it found itself obliged to pass upon the Constitution and Union of the United States. It was a bitter belief to him to receive, that the results of that Revolution in which he had borne arms in his boyhood, and which he had helped to build up and maintain in his prime, and all because he believed them to be the sanctuary and the safeguard of Liberty, were in very deed her most fatal enemies: that the Union was the heaviest of the chains that bind the Slave to his doom, and the Constitution the prison-house of his despair. It was long before he could receive these truths. But at last, and the very last time that he spoke in public, at the May Convention, but about six weeks before his death, he expressed his entire concurrence in the doctrine of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on these important points. It was a most moving and solemn speech. It was as if one of a buried genera-

tion was returned to give the seal of certainty to newly perceived truths. His voice, from the feebleness of his age, could reach but a small portion of the audience; but it made an indelible impression upon all who heard it.

He reminded the Convention of his unwillingness to agree, in past years, with their recorded utterances as to the Union and the Constitution. He recited his own personal connexion with these national institutions. He spoke of the gloomy days of the Revolution, and of the jarring elements of the Old Confederation. He told of the hope with which the prospect of a union of the discordant parts, and of a National Government, inspired men's hearts,—which were failing them for fear. He reminded us of the novelty of the experiment, and adjured us to remember the fearful strength of the temptation of the fathers. Was it strange that they were all ready, as far as possible, to wink the com-

promises with Slavery out of sight, or to hope that they would, in some way, disappear along with their creating cause? He told us how star after star had been blotted out from the horizon of his hope, until, in his extreme old age, he was obliged to acknowledge that all the political labors of his life had been in vain, and that the work of building up a true republic was yet to be begun. "You could hardly expect," he exclaimed, "that I should be very ready to make this acknowledgment. But I do it now, and declare it to be my belief that the present Union and Constitution are incompatible with true and universal liberty!" He told how he had refused to qualify for the commission of the peace, for several years, from a feeling that he could not consent to be bound to perform the requisitions of the Constitution, although he had not been ready to repudiate it entirely. He concluded by reminding us that these were

probably the last words he should address to us, and exhorted us to persevere in the way we were in, assuring us it was the only one that would lead to success, though it would not be given to his eyes to behold it.

These were, so to speak, the dying words of this aged patriot, — the last legacy, to his friends and to his country, of one who had seen all, and been a part of much, of what is to us only the history of the past. It will be well for us all if we deserve the blessing he bestowed upon us with his parting words, that day, by endeavoring to imitate the example of strength of principle, simplicity of character, singleness of heart, devotion to great and unselfish purposes, faithfulness to every prompting of duty, which he has bequeathed to us. He was a true Patriot, for he sought to work out the salvation of his country by the removal of the curse of her crimes. He was a true Democrat, for he looked upon all

men, whether white or black, whether bond or free, as equals in point of rights; and he deemed that to strive for the restoration of their rights, to those robbed of them, was his first public duty. He was a true man, for he took right for his guide, rather than expediency, — and asked only to discern whither conscience led, to know the way that he should go. In the midst of the political corruption and public profligacy of a degenerate age, he kept his heart pure and his hands clean. He exhibited the rare spectacle of cautious, yet constant, progress of ideas and principles, even to the end of one of the longest of lives. His prime of life, and his old age, are full of instruction; for the one teaches us how to make the other beautiful and blessed. Such an evening was a fit ending for such a day. Such a winter is more genial in its influences and more fruitful of blessings than many common summers, — than a multitude of vulgar springs.

Pray!

BY SUSAN F. DAWSON.

PRAY for Freedom! ye true-hearted!
Pray for Freedom for our race!
Pray for Love to guide it rightly,
Till its conscious spirit brightly
Glows on every human face!

Pray for him, who yearns for Freedom!
Whether in Siberian mine,—
Romish cloister,—Austrian fortress,—
Dungeon, with Despair the portress,—
Or penal exile drear, he pine!

Pray for him, who feels no anguish,
When he owns himself a Slave!

Reckless, thus, himself confessing,
Of the dearest, choicest blessing
  God to him as birthright gave!

Pray for him! with spirit humbled,
  That a man can sink so low!
Degradation's depths betraying—
Yet,—while sad and earnest praying—
  Pray for those who made him so!

Pray for him, who boasts of Freedom,
  Yet possesses but the name;
Dares not grasp the doubts that hover,
Lest, unwelcome, he discover
  Truths whose utterance leads to shame.

Pray for him, who meekly telling
  Where his firm conviction leads,
Finds his earnest words perverted,
Friends estranged, and looks averted,
  When most sympathy he needs.

Pray for all! whose galling fetters
Eye of stranger may not see!
All whom pain or want depressing,
Makes to know, with thought distressing —
What they *are*, — and fain *would be!*

Pray! nor deem it unavailing
Though no speedy fruits appear;
If no light *word* falls unheeded,
Shall our *prayers*, when humbly pleaded,
Fail to reach OUR FATHER'S EAR?

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

"Have any of the Rulers believed?"

BY SAMUEL MAY, JUNIOR.

At the close of a day — the *Lord's* day called by many who seem unwilling to have it employed in doing the Lord's work — at the close of a day which a little company of us had spent in Anti-Slavery labors in one of the beautiful rural towns of Massachusetts, I sat with a friend, conversing upon various points of the great cause which had stirred and startled the town that day, — when he said to me, "How is it, if this Anti-Slavery cause be all that it professes to be, and all that I believe it to be, how is it that so many worthy and respectable men refuse to have anything to do with it, stand aloof, and even oppose it? Here are Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, and

the Hon. Mr. ——, good men, much respected, and very friendly to several good causes; but neither of them gives, or can be persuaded to give, the least support or countenance to the Anti-Slavery movement."

Premising that this question was asked in a town which carries on a very lucrative trade with the Southern States in an article indispensable to the preparation of the great cotton crop for the markets; premising, too, that one of the gentlemen named had recently come forth into political life, and that another had recently been appointed to a conspicuous office in a Southern city, I will endeavor briefly to set down the substance of the reply which I made to my friend's question.

"Though I do not personally know the individuals you have named, yet regarding them as representatives of a class, and a very large class too, I have no doubt that I can correctly assign one of the chief reasons

which impels them to the course you name. These gentlemen are unwilling to make the sacrifice which truth demands; they cannot consent 'to be of no *reputation*.' To be the 'solitary advocates of discountenanced truth' is a species of martyrdom, and they cannot undergo it. *Their* meat, their very breath is found in such a social position as will bring them consideration, influence, and emolument; and they will take no step, by which this position, with all its cherished results, will be endangered. They resemble those men, in Jesus's time, who, though they could not *deny* the claims of Jesus, yet would not *confess* him, because the word had gone forth from the ruling powers, that, if any man *did* confess him, he should be put out of the synagogue. These men do the same thing. The essential truths of Anti-Slavery they cannot deny; they are even forced into some abstract admiration of them; but they never

touch them with one of their fingers to help their onward progress and triumph,—lest they should be put out of their sectarian or political synagogues. And why? For the self-same reason that was given for the conduct of their predecessors,—'they love the praise of *men* more than the praise of GOD.' Yes! let them profess what they please, be their outward seeming fair as it may, this is the thing they do; they 'seek the praise and the rewards which come from man, and not those which come from GOD alone.' Were the reverse true of them, how soon and certainly would you see them pursuing, as earnestly as they now pursue worldly schemes, the incorruptible treasures of righteousness,—'striving for *undefiled* rewards.'

"So the young man, confident in his fair standing and habitual compliance with rules of external morality, came to the Saviour, saying, 'What lack I yet?' and Jesus replied,

'One thing thou lackest; abjure thy love of the world; be willing to bear the cross; come, *follow me.*' And he turned away from Jesus, in sorrowful rejection, yet in *rejection* of his call, and went back to court the world and secure its gains and honors.

"Truly did Jesus say, 'How can ye *believe*, who will have honor, one of another?' How strongly does he show that the love of human applause and honor is a barrier to all true faith, — completely insurmountable! Let us not be deceived, then, by what the world calls *respectable.* God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; — and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are. Such is the world's standard, and such is God's."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Abolitionism in America.

BY ALEXANDER HOLINSKI.

(FROM POLAND.)

THAT which surprised me most at the commencement of a two years' residence in the United States was the hatred manifested towards those consistent republicans whom it is intended to brand, by applying to them a name of which they are justly proud. Ask at random a member of the two leading political parties — the Whigs and the Democrats — the meaning of an Abolitionist? It is a fanatic, he will answer; a disturber of social order; a villain, who endeavors to effect, by all means, the destruction of a free, glorious and powerful republic. To many people,

unfortunately, an injurious adjective is worth a demonstration; and, without asking the proofs wherewith to substantiate this series of imputations, the majority of natives as well as foreigners adopt the opinion thus thrust upon them, and are disposed to propagate it, as the occasion offers, like so many parrots whose willing memories store words devoid of sense and reason.

If, however, some traveller, crossing the Atlantic to study, conscientiously, American institutions, is struck by this strange anomaly by which three millions of men are debased to the level of the beasts of the field, where is he to look for information which will open to him the entire truth? Will it be in the press? But out of eighteen hundred and odd newspapers which appear in the United States, there are about fifty only which are free from Negrophobia, a peculiar malady, the frightful intensity of which it is difficult for

Europeans to imagine; and these fifty journals are carefully hidden from the public eye. Will it be in the deliberations of Congress? He will see the struggle between the two parties, of which one calls itself Democratic because it fights for free-trade, and the other Whig because it advocates a protective tariff —without either of them including in its political creed the liberty of man, as proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence. Will it be in the pulpit? But he will burn with shame and indignation if he be a Christian, on hearing in the name of the God of Justice the defence of the most monstrous of iniquities. Everywhere, moreover, in the pulpit, in Congress, in the press, as well as in private circles, he will remark the same dislike of Abolitionism, which is vilified, execrated and ridiculed in a thousand ways. If, then, the traveller of whom I speak is undismayed by the task which he has undertaken,

he will sever the sanatory chain established by the majority against some steady and persevering adversaries; he will enter the den where lives that which has been painted to him in the colors of an horrible monster. To his great surprise the den is a temple of light, the hideous dragon the genius of truth. To speak without metaphor, — in the publications, in the lectures, and in the speeches of the Abolitionists he will find that which he has hitherto sought in vain — a faithful exposition of American Slavery as it is. However frightful the picture may appear, the traveller will find it realized in all its particulars, provided he journeys with open eyes from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico. To begin then, What is that edifice which rises as a gaol in sight of the Capitol at Washington? Enter — Mr. Williams, an elegant gentleman, opens the door and exhibits his merchandise. Do you want a boy

or a girl? You can have the one or the other at the fairest price, and to your taste, as you may prefer; the ebony-black, the yellow, or the white, on which not a trace of African blood is perceptible. At the end of this yard, surrounded by high walls, see, if your courage fail you not, emerge from the depths of a subterranean place, at the merchant's command, human creatures of both sexes, some scarcely dressed, some hardly able to walk in consequence of the horrible tortures they have undergone, and others obliged, as a matter of precaution, to drag a large beam from each foot. * * * * * *

But the *Negro-pen* discloses what is perpetrated in darkness. We are now in open day, on the railroad from Charleston to Augusta. The train stops at a station, and the guard opens the baggage-car. Is it to receive a fresh mail-bag, or is it to take some passenger's trunks? No; two Negroes are hurried

in, bearing each an iron collar round the neck, and fastened together by a heavy three feet chain. What is the crime of these unfortunates? They are runaway Slaves, carried back to their dreaded masters. Let us now betake ourselves to the Exchange at New Orleans. Amidst furniture, pictures, clocks, are sold together or separately, under the hammer, a mother and her infant child. None present themselves to preserve unbroken the strongest of nature's ties. The sobbing mother is delivered to a planter, and the little babe is sold by weight to a brutal speculator who tears it from the maternal bosom.

If even space did not fail my pen would refuse to conduct me through the succession of atrocious crimes of which I have been a reluctant witness. Picture to yourself an unlimited number of facts similar to those which I have but slightly sketched; study, without being led away by the engaging

manners of planters, the impure source of an ostentatious opulence, founded on the moral degradation and physical deprivation of a large portion of the human family; be convinced, as I have been, that when Americans boldly assert that the Negroes are well lodged, well fed, and well clothed, they utter three falsehoods; examine the bloody laws which would seem to emanate from legislatures of hangmen, and which are necessary to uphold a violent and unnatural state of things; contemplate the base servility which the North shows to the South in surrendering unfortunate fugitives, as if the ambiguous text of a Constitution ought to speak louder than the moral shame prescribed not only by Christianity, but by the Koran itself; follow the Federal Government in its great political measures, such as the acquisition of Louisiana, the Missouri Compromise, the war of Florida, the Annexation of Texas, and the unholy war

with Mexico, worthy to crown these successive endeavors to strengthen, propagate and perpetuate, if possible, the filthy sore of Slavery, and after this you will admit that Abolitionism has invented nothing, exaggerated nothing, colored nothing. There are horrors which defy hyperboles. Use the strongest words of the human tongue and you will never exceed the reality in describing the despotism of Russia or the Slavery of the United States. Hell itself must coin a language by which to express the two enormities that best proclaim the power of Satan upon earth.

Abolitionism only, registers with accuracy the acts naturally produced by the criminal institution whose nauseous effluvia penetrates in the depths of the social organization, — worthy, in other respects to command the admiration of the world. From these unquestionable acts springs an accusation which

the arguments of a powerful logic enlighten, develop and confirm. It is a difficult, ungrateful and fastidious task! Abolitionism pursues it with the devotion of the first Christians who advanced firmly to their end, for they knew the future was theirs. Success, however long in coming, is certain, if, as history proves it, perfection is a providential law of nations.

As all great and noble ideas are linked together, those who have undertaken to abolish the proprietry of man by man, — taking the high ground of universal brotherhood, — are at the head of all movements destined to regenerate mankind. Peace, temperance, the suppression of capital punishment, have them for their promoters. It is not then to be wondered at, that, exciting against them the popular prejudices, the abettors of bloodshed, the drunkards and the hangmen, join the Slaveholders in declaring their common enemies "fanatics,

disturbers of social order, and villains, — endeavoring to effect, by all means, the destruction of a free, glorious and powerful republic."

This republic becoming more free, more glorious and more powerful, will blush some day at having misunderstood, as did the people of Israel, those messengers of God to whom she will be indebted for shining without stain; and, making *amende honorable*, will become more proud to have been the *alma mater* of an apostle of human kind, such as WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, than at having nurtured those warriors and statesmen who to-day obtain the applause of the multitude. Courage, then, heroic laborers! But you need not my feeble voice to encourage you in your holy work; — and if it crosses the Atlantic, it is only to offer itself as a faint echo of Christian Europe, who, in admiring republican institutions, abhors Slavery.

PARIS, FRANCE.

Retrospection and Repentance.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

On the first of October, 1835, the writer heard GEORGE THOMPSON's first public speech in the United States.

I SAT alone at midnight,
  Beside a dying hearth;
And the darkness and the loneliness
  Within my heart gave birth

To memories and emotions
  Too mournful for the day,
And I had neither will nor power
  Their rushing force to stay.

A vision of Life's morning
  Rose up in colors clear,
And words of matchless eloquence
  Came swelling on my ear;

And with an earnest effort
I struggled to recall
The fading memories of the hour
That heard those accents fall.

Those words of fervent beauty,
So fraught with burning power,
Spoke of bondman and oppressor,
And claimed, that very hour,

That Freedom's glorious birthright
Was for one as for the other,
And that, alike in both, we saw
An equal man and brother.

How answered back my spirit
To this glad Gospel's sound!
How turned my glance for sympathy
Upon the throng around!

And as those tones impassioned
Spoke of duty and of right,

How cheerfully and gladly
I vowed me to the fight!

I did not think the conflict
Should last through coming life,—
I dreamed not of its weariness
Or the sadness of its strife.

I dreamed not that the gentle,
The good (as goodness goes,)
Nay, even the so-called Christian,
Should prove our bitterest foes.

I saw not the weak and weary
Who should falter by the way,
I thought not of false brethren,
Who should their trust betray.

I thought that Freedom's trumpet
Should rouse the mighty North;
That glad and thronging multitudes
Should at her word stand forth.

Not so, — still stands the record,
And, as in days of yore,
Still shrink the wise and noble
Back from the cross *He* bore.

And faithless, faltering, often
My fainting heart exclaims —
How poor and mean *thy* labors,
To such great and godlike aims.

How little hast thou given
Of the little that was thine;
How worthless was the offering
Thou hast laid on such a shrine.

Why should a hand so feeble
Strive with this fearful chain?
Thy choicest powers of mind or heart
Were, for the work, in vain.

Another voice is speaking
In melody divine;

It says, — "Weak heart! remember
This trampled cause is *mine!*

"Be thankful, if God's summons
Falls on *thy* heart alone;
Be thankful *thine* is made of flesh,
Were the whole world's of stone.

"Thou hast at least endeavored,
Not stood in idle thought,
Whilst the great battle of thy age
By other hands was fought.

"Be thankful for the promise
From the Great Master won,
That faithful labor, not success,
Shall hear the words, — '*Well done!*'"

WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

Hard Language.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

We are accused of using hard language. I admit the charge. I, for one, say in extenuation, that I have not been able to find a *soft* word in the English tongue to describe villany, or identify the perpetrator of it. The man who makes a chattel of his brother — what is he? The man who keeps back the hire of his laborers by fraud — what is he? They who prohibit the circulation of the Bible — what are they? They who compel two millions of men and women to herd together, like brute beasts — what are they? They who sell mothers by the pound, and children in lots to suit purchasers — what are they? I care not what terms are applied to

them, provided they *do* apply. If they are not thieves, if they are not tyrants, if they are not men-stealers, I should like to know what is their true character, and by what names they may be called. It is as mild an epithet to say that a thief is a thief, as it is to say that a spade is a spade. Words are but the signs of ideas. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Language may be misapplied, and so be absurd or unjust—as, for example, to say that an Abolitionist is a fanatic, or that a Slaveholder is an honest man. But to call things by their right names is to use neither hard nor improper language. Epithets may be rightly applied, it is true, and yet be uttered in a bad spirit, or with a malicious design. What then? Shall we discard all terms which are descriptive of crime, because they are not always used with fairness and propriety? He who, when he sees oppression, cries out against it—who,

when he beholds his equal brother trodden under foot by the iron hoof of despotism, rushes to his rescue — who, when he sees the weak overborne by the strong, takes sides with the former, at the imminent peril of his own safety — such a man needs no certificate to the excellence of his temper, or the sincerity of his heart, or the disinterestedness of his conduct. It is the apologist of Slavery — he who can see the victim of thieves lying bleeding and helpless on the cold earth, and yet turn aside, like the callous-hearted priest and Levite — who needs absolution.

The Anti-Slavery cause is beset by many dangers. But there is one which we have special reason to apprehend. It is, that this hollow cant and senseless clamor about "hard language," will insensibly check that free utterance of thought, and close application of the truth, which have characterized Abolitionists from the beginning. As that cause is

becoming popular, and many may be induced to espouse it from motives of policy, rather than from any reverence for principle, let us beware how we soften our just severity of speech, or emasculate a single epithet. The whole scope of the English language is inadequate to describe the horrors and impieties of Slavery, and the transcendent wickedness of those who sustain this bloody system. Instead of repudiating any of its strong terms, therefore, we rather need a new and stronger dialect. Hard language! Let us mark those who complain of its use. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will be found to be the most unscrupulous in their allegations, the most bitter in their spirit, the most vituperative in their manner of expression, when alluding to Abolitionists. The cry of "hard language" has become stale in my ears. *The faithful utterance of that language has, by the blessing of God, made the*

Anti-Slavery cause what it is — ample in resources, strong in numbers, victorious in conflict. Like the hand-writing upon the wall of the palace, it has caused the knees of the American Belshazzar to smite together in terror, and filled with dismay all who follow in his train. Soft phrases and honied accents were tried in vain for many a year: — they had no adaptation to the subject. "Canst thou draw out the leviathan, SLAVERY, with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications unto thee? wilt thou take him for a servant forever? Shall not one be cast down at the sight of him? Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether

mill-stone. When he raiseth up himself, even the mighty are afraid. He esteemeth iron as straw and brass as rotten wood." O the surpassing folly of those "wise and prudent" men, who think he may be coaxed into a willingness to be destroyed, and who regard him as the gentlest of all fish — provided he be let alone! They say it will irritate him to charge him with being a leviathan; he will cause the deep to boil like a pot. Call him a dolphin, and he will not get angry! If I should call these sage advisers by their proper names, no doubt they would be irritated too.

Strong denunciatory language is consistent with gentleness of spirit, long-suffering and perfect charity. It was the God whose name is LOVE, who could speak even to his chosen people in the following terms, by the mouth of his prophet Ezekiel: — "An end, the end has come upon the four corners of the land.

I will send mine anger upon thee, and will judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompense upon thee all thy abominations. And mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity." "A third part of thee shall die with the pestilence, and with famine shall they be consumed in the midst of thee: and a third part shall fall by the sword, round about thee, and I will scatter a third part into all the winds, and I will draw out a sword after them." It was the Lamb of God who could exclaim,—"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" It was the martyr Stephen, who, though in his dying agonies, supplicated forgiveness for his enemies, and,

a few moments before his cruel death, could address his countrymen in the following strain:—"Ye stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and ye have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

What Law is not.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

In order to prove that we are under no legal obligation to support Slavery, Mr. Lysander Spooner defines law to be "that natural, *permanent*, *unalterable* principle which governs any particular thing, or class of things." "Any rule," he says, "not existing in the nature of things, or that is not *permanent*, *universal* and *inflexible* in its application, is not law, according to any correct definition of the term law." The civil rights of men, he contends, are determined by "the rule, principle, obligation or requirement of natural justice," — the "*immutable* and overruling principle of natural justice." *

* The Unconstitutionality of Slavery, by Lysander Spooner. Ed. 1845, Chap. 1. "What is Law?" pp. 1 — 17.

According to this theory, the natural, *universal* and *unalterable* requirement of natural justice, and this alone, is law; so far as the civil rights of men are concerned.

Justice must be either absolute or relative. An absolutely just act is just at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. A relatively just action is just only at some particular time and place, or under some particular circumstances.

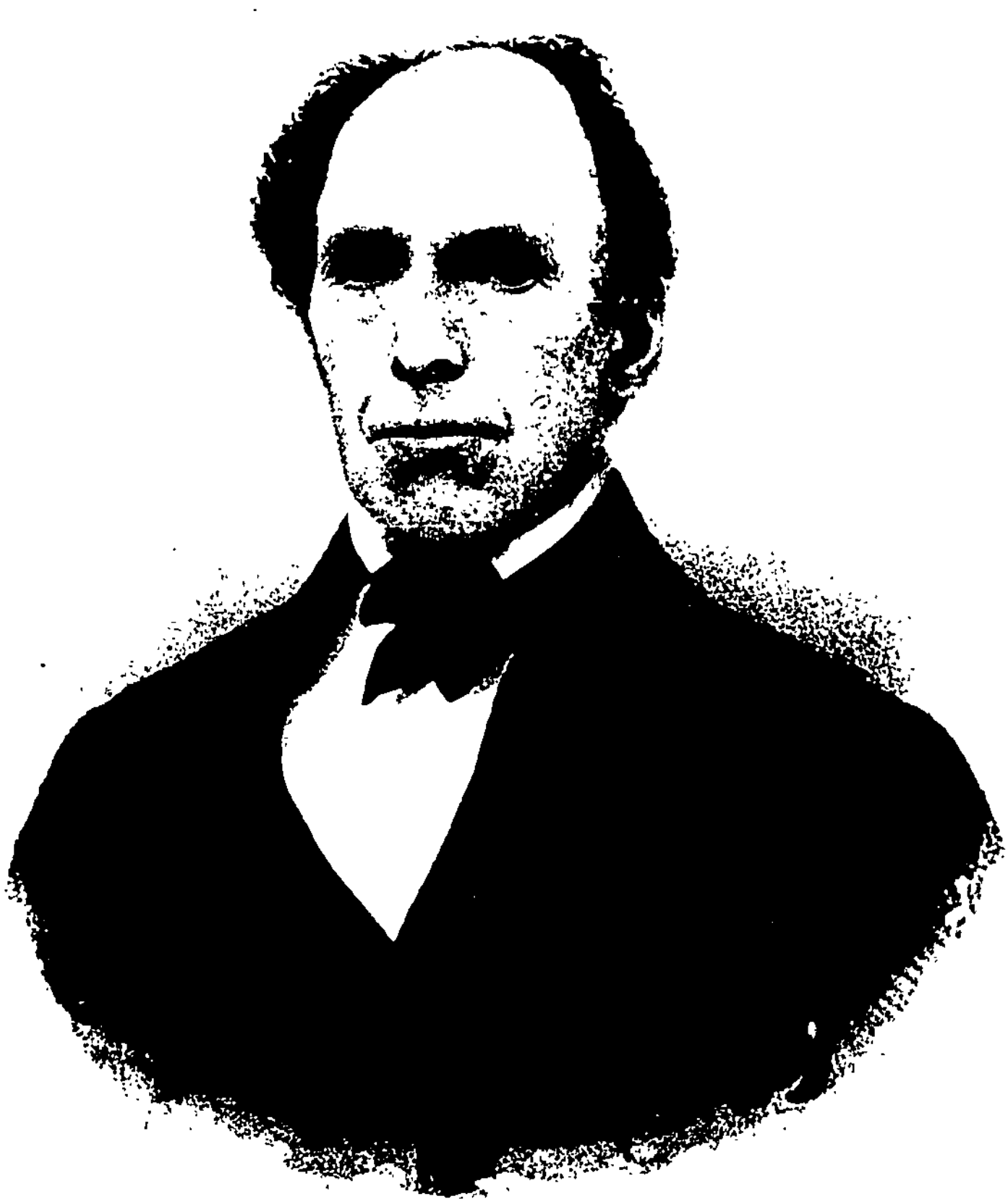
It is manifestly wholly out of our power to decide whether or not an act is absolutely just, for the simple reason that we cannot take in, at a glance, all times, all places, and all circumstances. If, therefore, the requirements of absolute justice are alone law, we cannot decide what is or what is not law; and, consequently, not even Mr. Spooner can prove Slaveholding to be unlawful.

It is no less clear that there can be no such rule as the universal, unalterable requirement

of relative justice. Relative justice necessarily changes with time, place and circumstances. The act which is considered just at one time and place, at another time and in a different place is considered unjust. A century ago, few men probably doubted the justice of capital punishment, in certain cases. Now, many persons not only think that punishment wrong in all cases, but even imprisonment, as at present conducted, unjust. In feudal times the man probably did not exist who considered it unjust to appropriate to his own use, as a forest, a very large tract of land. Now, some of the noblest intellects of the age deny the justice of all individual ownership of the soil. In Florida, at the present day, the chivalric Southron does not hesitate to defend as just, under the circumstances of the case, the sale at auction of debtors by their creditors; whilst in this State, the most of us would consider it almost inhuman to return to our

old law, authorizing only imprisonment for debt. Not only can the requirement of relative justice never be either universal or unalterable, but it is the positive duty of all men, by striving to advance their ideas of right and justice, to keep this requirement continually changing. If, therefore, law can only be an unalterable principle, inasmuch as our notions of relative justice can never afford such a principle, there can never be any law; and, consequently, not even Mr. Spooner can prove Slaveholding to be unlawful. In other words, Mr. Spooner really denies the existence of law itself, — for, either he denies the existence of any legal standard, or else declares that standard to be wholly inaccessible.

LINDEN PLACE, BROOKLINE, MASS.



Francis Jackson

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. —*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

BOSTON:

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

MDCCCXLIX.

BOSTON: ANDREWS AND PRENTISS.

11 DEVONSHIRE STREET.

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Europe to America.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

EUROPE shouts "Emancipation!"
  Will AMERICA reply?
Nation wakening after nation,
  Stands erect in liberty.
Will the land the seas beyond
Now respond as we respond?

Come! in this august communion
Man with man and friend with friend!
In this all-embracing union
People shall with people blend!
Joyful hymns from shore to shore
Sweep the freed Atlantic o'er!

Crushed and crumbling into ruin,
Tyranny's old castles fall: —
Joy! for this is Freedom's doing!
Joy! 'tis Virtue's festival!
Souls enfranchised — fetters riven —
Earth is gay and bright as heaven.

Oh! but 'tis a dark contrasting
Over the Atlantic wave;
There — O vision black and blasting!
Stands the scourged and suffering slave.
There — the proud Republican
Tramples on his fellow-man!

Lo! the accusing angel mounting
To the judgment-seat on high,
Veils his blushing face, recounting
The dark tale of infamy.
While the roll of sin and shame
Bears, America! thy name.

Blush! thou talkest boldly, proudly,
Of thy brave, thy free-born race;
But, though loftily, and loudly
Boasting — know! a foul disgrace
Brands thy brow, thine honor stains —
Slavery's curses, slavery's chains.

Europe shouts Emancipation!
Will America reply?
Nation wakening after nation,
Snaps the bonds of slavery.
Will the land the seas beyond
Now respond as we respond?

LONDON.

Amy.

A TALE.

BY CAROLINE W. HEALY DALL.

"It is a degree of torture, to bring vividly to my mind, what man is suffering from his own crimes, and from the wrong and cruelty of his brother."—CHANNING.

"Anger is one of the sinews of the soul; he that wants it, hath a maimed mind."—THOMAS FULLER.

A FEW years since, a beautiful and petted child of wealth was carried to a new home, by a husband who worshipped not only the exceeding loveliness of his bride, but a rare and shrinking delicacy of character, which had especially captivated the fancy of one, who, had he possessed the power as he did the will, would have forbidden the light of day to kiss the cheek of his beloved. A secluded plantation, in the western part of Georgia,

promised all the retirement that his fond affection could desire; and if at any moment the heart of Edith Ainslie shrank from the change, and clung to the society and interests of the large city, and tender friends she was leaving, she comforted herself with the reflection, "At least, one friend will be with me. With Amy I cannot feel entirely alone." No! Amy could not forsake her mistress; she had not the desire, nor if she had, would it have availed, for she was a slave, and taken from her mother's bosom ere she was a year old, she had shared the chamber and the play-room of her companion, from that hour onward. It never occurred to Edith to ask whether Amy had a father or a mother. So accustomed was she to the lonely position in which slave girls are often left, that no thought of the matter disturbed her happy heart. Had she been more curious upon the subject, her unanswered questions, and a

striking resemblance between the features of the two, might have led her to suspect that a nearer bond than she had hitherto imagined, in truth united them. In Southern fashion, Edith was not quite sixteen when she was wooed and won, and borne, a willing captive, to a patriarchal dwelling, embosomed in tall tulip trees, hedged in by Cherokee roses, curtained with fragrant vines, perfumed by the breath of conservatories, and made tempting to her refined taste by books and birds and music. Robert Ainslie spared no effort to make the "Dell" seem lovely in her eyes; and when the first hours of happiness had passed, a succession of gay visiters prevented Edith from feeling the true loneliness of her position. And thus, surrounded by all that could minister to Epicurean tastes, did the first two years of her married life glide by, and at the commencement of the third, Amy laid upon her throbbing bosom her first-born

son. The birth of this child brought Edith to the gates of death — and with a trembling spirit had she encountered her hour of extremity. When she came from her sick chamber, it was in the power of renewed loveliness, with a tenderer affection for her husband than she had ever felt before, with the fount of a mother's love just opening in her heart, and with the baptismal drops of her trial—as she truly believed at that moment—still sparkling upon her forehead. A religious change had come over her spirit and diffused a pensiveness over her countenance. To restore the light to her eye, gay friends were again summoned to her side. Alas! that among them came no Mentor, schooled by God's Providence and inspired by his Truth, to show her how insufficient was that change, and to write upon the tablets of her heart the words, — "Self-denial and Self-discipline are the whole welfare of life." The gay party

trooped away, and were succeeded by a single individual, the college friend of Ainslie. During the years of her married life, Edith had become more attached to the companion of her childhood; and now that her babe was constantly cradled in Amy's arms, she seemed constantly to unite them in her affection. Charles Hartley was a Virginian, accustomed to entire self-indulgence, and the moment that his eye rested on the graceful form of Amy, as she stood behind Edith's chair at dinner, he marked her for his own; and the glass of water which he took from her hand, thrilled through his veins like fire. That night, when Amy unbound the redundant tresses of her lady's hair, and the fair babe slept in a hammock, rocking at their side, she begged to be excused from her attendance on the table during the length of the new comer's visit. Her eye had met that of the proud Virginian; and as she spoke, her unusual manner, the

trembling of her voice, and the words, "Mrs. Ainslie," uttered in a somewhat distant manner, would have revealed to one less unsuspicious or more keen than Edith, that she felt it to be no trifling boon she asked. Never before had Amy addressed her by her married name. She did it now unconsciously, but the word appealed to Edith's womanly feeling, and the most skilful diplomacy could have devised no better. "Amy," said she with dignity, "when did I ever ask you to do what was repugnant to yourself? Remain in your chamber, since it so suits you, and I will provide another attendant for the table." "Thank you, dear Miss Edith," was the answer, uttered in a tone which showed that while the slave-girl was grateful for the unexpected favor, she still felt that in granting it, an uneasy feeling had sprung up in Edith's heart.

But this was not the last of the matter.

Hartley perceived her absence, and suspected its cause. At first, he threw out gentle hints that her presence was required, but when he found that these were not understood, he appealed to Ainslie, entreating her master not to deprive him of the pleasure of seeing her at least once a day. For a time his host withstood him, but at last, he told his wife that he did not consider it consistent with his usual hospitality to refuse his guest so simple a gratification. Poor Amy was remanded to her post, and stood there the victim of a bitter conflict. Once required in the course of her usual duties, she could not escape from the observation of the stranger. Not once, but many times a day, was she intercepted in her walks with the child, or interrupted in the performance of household duty by her tormentor. Edith herself could not have repelled his advances with a more proper dignity, a more just disdain, than this poor slave.

Uneducated in every sense, except by her companionship with her mistress, there yet dwelt in her heart the Eternal Law of Right. The offspring of a lawless and unrequited affection, she had, nevertheless, unconsciously dedicated her whole being to a vestal chastity. But nothing availed. Unable, while she was the property of another, to accomplish his desire, Charles Hartley besought his friend to sell poor Amy to him. To do Ainslie justice, he shrank from his first proposal with horror. But Hartly understood with whom he had to deal. He appealed to Edith, and she at first entreated Amy to have some compassion on his agony; but Amy, for the first time, repelled her mistress with a kindling eye. "Ask nothing of me," was her calmer reply, "his presence in this house is as much an insult to you, Mrs. Ainslie, as it is to me. I will, at least, keep myself innocent before God." When this answer was reported to Hartley,

he left the house angrily, and at once, for Edith did not qualify one of Amy's words. He repaired, however, to the house of a friend, a few miles off, from whence he rode over as often as twice a week, for more than a month, and continued to annoy Edith with entreaties for her interference, and repeated offers of purchase. The light left Edith's eye, the color left her cheek, and even to her husband's caresses she gave but a languid response. Not only did the whole subject distress her, but to be so besought on such a subject, by one until lately a stranger, was a perpetual wound to her delicacy. She felt herself losing ground in her own self-respect. Her husband regarded it as a desecration, and repeatedly asked whether her own life was to be worn out in defence of Amy. Alas! the hour was fast approaching when Edith was to prove that the love of God, in her heart, was a vain pretence, since its first

fruit was not the love of man,—that her service, rendered to the Father of All, could scarce have been accepted, since it was not offered in that spirit which recognizes first, the Brotherhood of All. She avoided Amy, and with Hartley at her feet, vehemently protesting his *honorable intentions*, promising marriage itself if she desired it;—with her husband at her side, for the first time bending on her an angry frown,—Edith yielded, and with a trembling hand, wrote a dishonored name beneath the Deed of Transfer.

Christian men and women of America, can you believe this? Can you believe that a young and tender girl, with an infant at her bosom, with what she believed to be some sense of gratitude to God in her heart, reared withal in gentle condition, and recently risen from a sick bed, could thus doom a fellow-creature to a certain life of infamy? When you have read those moving words of Thomas

Hood, — claiming for the unfortunate a place in your sympathies,

> Owning her weakness,
> Her evil behavior,
> And leaving with meekness,
> Her sins to her Saviour;

has it not seemed to you an impossible thing, that one of those tender-hearted women, who have been farther protected by circumstances than the force of their own virtue, should pass by such a penitent, or refuse to press a kiss of sacred pity, the pledge of a sisterly help, upon her agonized forehead?

You have thought but little, even on this subject — your delicacy has shrunk from it, — but what think you of giving up the innocent to guilt, of setting your own human hand to an instrument which shall bind one, truthful and affectionate to the service of sin? Can you lie down at night, praying, "Lead us not into temptation," and remember without a pang,

with what temptations she was thus hedged in? The case which I have stated, is no exception to the common rule, except in the degree of patience and attention bestowed on it. Hundreds of such cases occur every year, without even the pretence of regard for the victim here evinced. No questions are asked of the slave. She is supposed to be incapable of womanly feeling, and although both parties understand to what a fate her transfer will lead, neither has a conscience in the matter. Read this calmly, and if you afterward turn shrinking from the record of the legalized licentiousness of France and Spain, let the whole world witness your hypocrisy. Edith was like Pilate. Questions of human right, she little understood; but she desired, like him, to wash her hands of the whole matter. Unable to do that, she had not courage to listen to the deepest voice in her soul. She believed that she could forget Amy — but

when her infant perished of a disease contracted through the carelessness of its nurse; when her husband, high-minded and generous as she had thought him, was soon afterwards seduced to intemperance and dice, there doubtless crept into her heart a faint suspicion, that not without some providence of God, some discipline pregnant with results, and conceived in the Infinite Councils, were these things brought about. All intercourse ceased between the families of Ainslie and Hartley. For many months, no tidings reached the former, concerning the lost favorite; but at last, a newspaper paragraph, in describing a lot of "fancy slaves," offered in the Mobile market, spoke of a terrible suicide that had occurred among them, a suicide committed by the youngest and fairest of them all, who feared the judgment of God upon this act of her ignorant but guiltless hand, less than the tender mercies of those who regard

neither law nor Gospel. It needed not the name of Amy, which followed this announcement, to confirm to the miserable Edith the testimony of her own heart.

Christian men and women of America! during the last three years I have presented to your notice annually one of those terrible facts, which are the most available weapons of the friends of Freedom. None are so much dreaded by the slave master. He knows as well as anybody, that a fact will reach and touch a dozen hearts, long before an argument or an abstract truth has conquered a single mind. Doubtless if it could be proved that the slave enjoys a higher degree of happiness than his master, it would tend in no degree to justify the institution; but unthinking men are oftentimes capable of comprehending an evil consequence, when they do not see the whole extent of moral obliquity involved in the institution which is its cause. If an apology were

ever necessary, for that which one has thought it right to do, I ought perhaps, to apologize for the form of narrative in which I have presented my facts. I know myself to be little skilled in it; but confining myself to a limited space, I had determined to have nothing to do with argument, and I could not but believe that however clumsily I might arrange them, the facts themselves would find a voice. My own success seemed a smaller matter to me, than the simplest manner of presenting these. The first tale exhibited the baneful effects of slave laws upon a free colored population. The second, the utter impossibility of nourishing such virtues as truth, chastity and strong affection, among a population, without the protection of the law. The third may bear upon two points, first, the impossibility of nurturing in the heart of the white man, a religion, a sense of justice, a purity of thought acceptable to God, while

under the influence of such an institution as slavery; and second, the horrible necessity while such an institution exists, of legalizing the most atrocious crimes. The reaction of these atrocities upon the character of the whites might still be pointed out, but this is not necessary while Mr. Foote of Mississippi is permitted to threaten one of our Senators with Lynch law, in the face of our whole nation, because in this *noble republic*, in the Capitol, built over the intended sarcophagus of Washington, he dares to utter the mere alphabet of freedom. We shall not waste our strength in that way I trust, in a year which sees Gen. Taylor a candidate for our highest office; which offers him to all the world, as the true exponent of our national character. A motto borne by those who have fought the good fight far longer than myself, has been criticised of late in a somewhat quibbling spirit. This motto, "No union with slavehold-

ers," I cannot myself accept to such a length as some men do. I would treat the slaveholder as a criminal; but the criminal as did Christ, encircling him with mercy, pleading for him and with him, as one sinner for and with another; speaking the unvarnished bitter truth; crying "wo! wo!" with a sadness, yet a tenderness which he shall not mistake.

If there ever was a moment when I doubted the propriety of such a motto, it is long past. If it were not, could I remember that at this moment, should I remain silent, I stand before God, guilty of the imprisonment of Drayton and Sayres, holding with my woman's hand the bar which secures their persons, dooming with my woman's heart seventy unfortunate human beings to a life of aggravated slavery and sin, — could I remember this and not be stirred to use my utmost woman's power to speak, and speak gladly, beneath such a banner? There may be no

English verb in our motto, but in its place throbs a genuine Saxon heart. It may be no sentence, yet is it somewhat sententious. Say it means nothing, yet like the Great Book of the World, it meaneth all things to all men, and by God's Holy Will, shall yet save some. Disown it — but you shall not dishonor it — nor will it need the grace of Rhetoric, to approve it to all Human Reason.

EAST NEEDHAM, MASS.

Africa.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

She sat where the level sands
Sent back the sky's fierce glare,
She folded her mighty hands,
And waited with calm despair,
While the red sun dropped down the streaming air.

Her throne was broad and low,
Builded of cinnamon;
Huge ivory, row on row,
Varying its columns dun,
Barred with the copper of the setting sun.

Up from the river came
The low and sullen roar

Of lions, with eyes of flame,
Who haunted its reedy shore,
And the neigh of the hippopotamus,
Trampling the watery floor.

Her great dusk face no light
From the sunset glow could take;
Dark as the primal night
Ere over the Earth God spake,
It seemed for her a dawn could never break.

She opened her massy lips
And sighed with a dreary sound,
As when by the sand's eclipse
Bewildered men are bound,
And like a train of mourners,
The columned winds sweep round.

She said; — "My torch at fount of day
I lit, now smouldering in decay;
Through futures vast I grope my way.

"I was sole queen the broad earth through;
My children round my knees upgrew,
And from my breast sucked Wisdom's dew.

"Day after day, to them I hymned;
Fresh Knowledge still my song o'erbrimmed,
Fresh Knowledge, which no time had dimmed.

"I sang of Numbers; soon they knew
The spell they wrought, and on the blue
Foretold the stars in order due;

"Of Music; and they fain would rear
Something to tell its influence clear;
Uprose my Memnon, with nice ear,

"To wait upon the morning air,
Until the sun rose from his lair
Swifter, at greet of lutings rare.

"I sang of Forces whose great bands
Could knit together feeble hands
To uprear Thought's supreme commands;

" Then, like broad tents, beside the Nile
They pitched the Pyramids' great pile;
Where light and shade divided smile;

" And on white walls, in stately show,
Did Painting with fair movement go,
Leading the long processions slow.

" All laws that wondrous Nature taught,
To serve my children's skill I brought,
And still for fresh devices sought.

" What need to tell? they lapsed away,
Their great light quenched in twilight grey,
Within their winding tombs they lay,

" And centuries went slowly by,
And looked into my sleepless eye,
Which only turned to see them die.

" The winds like mighty spirits came,
Alive and pure and strong as flame,
At last to lift me from my shame;

"For oft I heard them onward go,
Felt in the air their great wings row,
As down they dipped in journeying slow.

"Their course they steered above my head,
One strong voice to another said,
'Why sits she there so drear and dead?

"'Her kingdom stretches far away;
Beyond the utmost verge of day,
Her myriad children dance and play.'

"Then throbbed my mother's heart again,
Then knew my pulses finer pain,
Which wrought like fire within my brain.

"I sought my young barbarians where
A mellower light broods on the air,
And heavier blooms swing incense rare.

"Swart-skinned, crisp-haired, they did not shun
The burning arrows of the sun;
Erect as palms stood every one.

"I said; — These shall live out their day
In song and dance and endless play;
The children of the world are they.

"Nor need they delve with heavy spade;
Their bread, on emerald dishes laid,
Sets forth a banquet in each shade.

"Only the thoughtful bees shall store
Their honey for them evermore;
They shall not learn such toilsome lore;

"Their finest skill shall be to snare
The birds that flaunt along the air,
And deck them in their feathers rare.

"So centuries went on their way,
And brought fresh generations gay
On my savannahs green to play.

"There came a change. They took my free,
My careless ones, and the great sea
Blew back their endless sighs to me:

" With earthquake shudderings oft the mould
Would gape; I saw keen spears of gold
Thrusting red hearts down, not yet cold,

" But throbbing wildly; dreadful groans
Stole upward through Earth's ribbed stones,
And crept along through all my zones.

" I sought again my desert bare,
But still they followed on the air,
And still I hear them everywhere.

" So sit I dreary, desolate,
Till the slow-moving hand of Fate
Shall lift me from my sunken state."

Her great lips closed upon her moan;
Silently sat she on her throne,
Rigid and black as carved in stone.

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Emblem of our Country.

A CHAINED EAGLE, WITH TORN AND DISHEVELLED PLUMAGE.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY.

My next neighbor yesterday received an eagle, captured in Ohio, one of the largest I ever saw. He fastened him to a low post, by a chain some ten or fifteen feet long, and left him to meditate, as he might, upon his sad condition. My study-window overlooks the yard, where this noble bird is imprisoned; and for the last hour or two I have entered too deeply into his humiliation, to be able to raise my thoughts to any higher subject. But he has seemed to me, by no means, a low theme. I have not been gazing at him merely as a bird, but as the emblem of my country.

This eagle, chained, torn, dishevelled as he is, and insulted as he has been by troops of men and boys, has appeared to me only too emblematic of this American Union — this noble, proud Republic — my country, that at her birth seemed plumed already for the skies; eager to rise, as on eagle's wings, to the very empyrean of political light, above the mists and clouds that surround the dynasties of the old world; to gaze with eye unblenching at the meridian day of human rights, and bear around the world, on untiring pinion, our glorious Declaration of Independence.

But oh how changed, how sad the spectacle. I see it imaged in this poor eagle, in my neighbor's dirty yard. This King of birds, that might perch at pleasure on the highest mountain peaks, and soar above them to the gates of heaven, moping demurely, restricted to a few feet of earth, and forbidden to rise beyond the reach of his relentless captor.

Two or three times he seems to have forgotten his enthralment. He has flapped his broad wings, looked upward and essayed to fly. But the chain, the chain has held him; and after a few painful struggles he has fallen prostrate.

A lad, (I shall hereafter call him Wilmot,) compassionating his utter debasement, has just now fixed for him a perch about three feet from the ground. It was affecting to see how eagerly the once noble bird sprang to the "proviso;" and humiliating, that for a while he really seemed proud of his elevation. He stepped loftily, looked about him with an air of exultation, turned his eye to the heavens that he loves, once more spread his broad pinions, and launched him for a flight. Oh! how abortive; scarcely had he left his perch, when he encountered his chain again, and fell to the earth.

And now he seems to be settling himself, resigned to his fate; content to attempt no more for freedom, so he may be left to maintain his perch. But here come cruel men and wanton boys to try his temper. One, more valiant than the rest, (he must be a Calhoun) has actually taken hold of the end of his perch, and is determined to shake him off. The poor bird resists awhile; clings to his "proviso;" but alas the chain is around his spirit now. He yields, he falls. Shouts of victory fill the air. Emboldened by his obvious imbecility, another has seized him by his unchained leg, and lo, despite his screams, the firey flashes of his eye, and the furious flapping of his wings, he is thrown flat upon his back.

All this has actually passed before my sight. Is it not significant? Could I, would you, interpret it otherwise?

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

Sonnet.

BY JANE E. HORNBLOWER.

Cast to the winds thy great and glorious
scroll
Of Independence! for its every page
Columbia! condemns thee! vainly rage
Thy children in their chains — and distant
roll
The thunder of their murmurs — They are
thine,
Thy fellow-men, thy Brothers — chartered
free
By that same scroll baptized to liberty,
By God's own fiat, by a *right divine.*
Go! burn that glorious page — it seals thy
shame,
And to thy Maker stamps thee "Hypocrite;"

Thinkst thou the smile supreme that blest
that rite,
Will shine on deeds the savage would dis-
claim?
No — from their chains where human blood is
spilt,
Cry loud to Heaven thy tyrant acts of guilt!

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

Dissolution of the Union.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

It was ten years before the Annexation of Texas, that the event was predicted by the Abolitionists. In 1837, the Editor of the Liberator, in an address before the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, uttered the bold words that follow:

"Every moment is big with peril; and the Annexation of Texas is obviously to be among the first acts of Congress — unless the people of the non-slave-holding States speak in thunder tones of remonstrance. And the consequences of such a step will be —

"The opening of an immense and highly fertile territory to those bloody abominations, Slavery and the Slave Trade.

"The further degradation and subserviency of the people of the North to the demands of the South.

"Then the loss of the balance of power on the part of the North, and the supremacy of a Southern policy in Congress.

"The perpetuity of Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia.

"The admission of as much slave-holding territory into the Union, as the South shall desire.

"A War with Mexico."

Claiming no spirit of prophecy, these daring words were uttered and registered ten years and more ago, by William Lloyd Garrison. — His best friends deemed them visionary, hyperbolical, — rhetorical flourish; a desperate instrumentality of a bold and determined spirit, to waken his besotted and slumbering countrymen. None knew so well as Abolitionists, how deep was the degradation of the people,

and how desperate the depravity of their rulers. But even their eye had hardly seen, or their ear heard, or heart conceived, the things that Slavery had prepared for its own enlargement and preservation. All others at the North, spurned the proposition of annexation, with contempt and indignation. Democracy answered, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" and the Whig party cursed the prophet in the name of all its gods.

But the generation has not yet passed away, and lo, all these things and more, have been fulfilled. So true is it, that with Slavery all things are possible.

Who now shall say the hour for a Dissolution of the Union has not fully come? Slavery, which at the first, was a little cloud like a man's hand, now blackens our whole political horizon. By the terms of the National compact, the States are bound in chains, and the people in fetters of iron; and

Slavery, thus secure, bids defiance to the world. Like some terrible giant, it has planted one foot on the Atlantic strand, the other on the shores of the Pacific. With one hand it strangles liberty in the North, with the other it hurls freedom from Oregon, and, on that virgin soil, seeks to rear its bloody altars. One glance from its lightning-eye dissolved our Southern boundary, and scared the Mexican eagle forever from his eyrie in the Cordilleras. It rears its throne of skulls in the palaces of the Montezumas, and covets the broad vallies of the Amazon and the sugar fields of Cuba and St. Domingo. Let it but speak, and it is done, and none dare say unto it — What doest thou!

Northern men dare not sever the chain that binds them to the Union, though all heaven and its inhabitants wait to bless and ratify the deed. Justice and humanity, reason and conscience, God and all nature, urge the con-

summation, and yet we delay. We tremble at the consequences, though they were the best benisons of heaven.

Severed from that ghastly corpse of dissolving destruction, our boundless enterprise, industry, economy, and temperance, joined to those inexhaustible resources of wealth, which nature has scattered on every hill, opened in every valley, and spread out on every plain and prairie between the two oceans, and from Mason's and Dixon's to the Lakes, would soon render us the admiration of the world. We should sit Queen among the Nations. Every wilderness of our vast domain would soon blossom as the rose. Every desert would shout for joy. Over us, the morning stars would sing together. Peace would wave her white banner throughout our borders. Gladness and plenty would crown us forever.

But should none of these Millennial glories attend such a triumph of Justice and Com-

passion, still the duty is not the less imperious. What though the day that saw our deep repentance, should also witness all the woes that cowardice and cupidity have ever predicted! Still the voice of the Omnipotent, louder than all the thunders of heaven, demands that our covenant with death be disannulled, that our agreement with hell stand not.

What though it baptize the South in blood! What though smoking towns and desolated plantations should robe her in a pall, black as the midnight of despair! Still, from the depths of nature and the heart of God, the command is, "*fiat justitia ruat cœlum*"—be justice done, though the heavens fall.

What are states and nations, when opposed to the triumphs of Justice! Let them perish. Better far were it, than that Slavery should endure, if enterprise and industry were palsied forever, and national prosperity numbered

with the things that are no more. Better that Commerce wrap itself in its own shrouds, and hide in the deepest caverns of the ocean. Sooner let thrones and dominions perish, and dizzy empires go reeling to the ground. Yea, let Justice be done and Righteousness prevail, though it bury every Continent of the Universe in irrecoverable and eternal oblivion.

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Birth in the Slave's Hut.

BY LOUISA J. HALL.

THE voice of her pangs had ceased,
The cry of her sharp distress,
But the gloom on her brow increased,
There was written — hopelessness.

"I have heard of a mother's joy,
The joy of a new-made mother;
Could I crush this babe like a toy,
Its breath in the grey dust smother!
Tenfold are the pangs I would bear
To feel myself childless again,
Or dare with my own hand to tear
The life from this creature of pain!

"Lo, they whisper, rejoice! rejoice!
All around my mistress fair,

When a new-born daughter's voice
  Wails out on the summer air,
And that babe with its welcome eyes
  A smile from the sick one wins;
But mine! as it helpless lies,
  The woe of its life begins.

"Have I knowledge? alas, but to learn
  How basely our nature is wronged,
And the fate of my child to discern
  As its future with curses comes throng'd.
In mercy, say not 'tis a daughter!
  Oh God, give me leave to destroy
By cord, by sharp knife, or by water,
  The thing thou didst mean for my joy!

"She is born, and I shrink from her cry;
  More wealth to my mistress is given—
She is born, there is *slave* in her eye;
  She is born; would it were into Heaven!
Kind Nature! what sayst thou to me?

The love that is stronger than life
Crieth out with a voice like the sea —
It rendeth my spirit with strife;
It crusheth the instinct of joy —
It forbids me to thank thee, my God!
And awfully bids me destroy,
And give the *slave's babe* to the sod!"

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

Letter.

FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.

London, July 9, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

When I left your country, I thought I had seen the last I should ever see of Slavery, — except indeed with the mind's eye, from which it is seldom hidden for a day, when once the heart has been awakened to its disgust and horror. But I have been to the East, and have seen Slavery again: and I want to tell you how it appears to me there.

The aspect of the East and West is not more different than the aspect of Slavery in the two regions appears to a superficial observation. Your forests are not more unlike the Lybian desert, — your New England churches are not more unlike the temples of

Nubia, than the Slavery of Charleston is unlike that of Cairo or Osioot: but as I can and must love forest and desert, church and temple, so I can and must hate the tyrannical institution which vitiates man in both regions alike. I will tell you what I saw.

The first slave I saw in the East, — or was aware of seeing — was on board the steamer which took us from Alexandria to Cairo. He was the chief eunuch of the Pasha's hareem at Cairo: — a tall, meagre, ugly, forlorn-looking being, — apparently a Nubian. He was handsomely dressed, and had two obsequious attendants who brought his pipe, and spread his carpet, and watched for his orders. He spent the day here in smoking his chibouque, performing his prostrations and prayers on the top of the paddle-box, and chatting with some of the passengers. At home, he passes his days, — if he is like his class generally, — in waiting on the ladies of

the hareem, — romping with some, pampering the fancies of others, and playing the spy on them all. This being, doomed to a life of either dead apathy or raging passions, ought to have been far away in Nubia, — toiling under a tropical sun perhaps, but toiling cheerily; — in a coarse blouse instead of a superfine embroidered burnous, — with merry children instead of obsequious fellow-slaves to obey his orders, — with the creak of his water wheel, and the low of his oxen in his ears instead of the giddy laugh and monotonous guitar of the damsels of the hareem; — and with the tenderness of a free and loving wife to welcome him home, instead of the wearisome whims or stormy passions of captive princesses.

I next saw Slavery in a hareem at Cairo. A party of eunuchs held up the curtain for us to enter; and a company of slave girls received us with low obeisance, and then

devoted themselves, — two to each lady, — holding her by the arms to assist her in mounting the stairs, and sprinkling her with rose-water. There were many more up stairs, — some black, some white; — most of them richly dressed; all obsequious; few or none healthful or intelligent in appearance. This is not the place in which to disclose what I know of the life of the hareem, or to point out what any one may see that it must be,—with its pining or low self-gratulation, its vanity or mortification, — its passing triumph or long lowering jealousy, — its *ennui*, gluttony, *malaise*, premature old age, and slow unregretted death. I have seldom had a heavier heart than when quitting a hareem; and it was heaviest when we left behind the most brocade and diamonds, sherbets, flowers, dancing and laughing. These are the channels through which Slavery oozes into the soul, poisoning its life as surely as the nar-

cotic coffee, which is sometimes handed to some victim in such places, spreads the chill of death through the frame.

The next time I saw Slavery was near the first Cataract of the Nile, — at Assonan. Within an enclosure were half a dozen Nubian children, — slaves, on their way down the river. Their look of freedom was still about them, and would probably remain till the strife of humanity should begin within them, or their humanity be extinguished; for they were well fed, and their employments were such as they had been used to. The little girls, — the oldest of whom was declared to be fifteen, and her value £15, — were busy making and baking dourrha cakes for the evening meal of the party. The time for pining had not come, with them: but how was it with their parents? Their mothers were now probably making dourrha cakes at home — with what aching of the heart, eye

and ear for the help, the presence and the voice of the lost little one! And to some of these little ones the day of pining must come. When the boys are in the cruel hands of the Christians (Copts) at Osioot, must they not pine for their village under the palms, beside the free flowing river Nile, which seems to them quite another Nile than that which runs by Osioot? They do so pine. Two-thirds of those who come into the hands of these cruel Christians die of their cruelty: but of the remainder, one here and there dies of home-sickness; a better lot, we should think, than that of survivors who will forget home in a lower pining after luxury, or the power to oppress men in their turn. As for the girls, we have seen what may be the prospect of some of them. And if one or another should become the wife of some man who can afford but one, what is her prospect?

"Alee," said a lady to an intelligent, able and kind-hearted young man of five and twenty, "you think it a bad thing for your countrymen to have more than one wife; but you have not one." "No," said Alee. "I shall not take a wife till I can stay at home with her. When I can stay at home, I shall buy a white girl, and marry her." "But I hope, Alee, you will take care to learn beforehand that she will suit you, as to her temper and habits. I hope you will never put her away after having bought her, so far away from her own country." "That will depend on how she behaves herself," declared Alee. "I will tell her that she must be good tempered, and take care of my boys. If she behaves ill once, I will tell her strongly what I choose: and if she is ill-tempered or idle a second time, I shall put her away." And Alee's manner showed that he was satisfied and resolved as to this method of proceeding.

You probably know the story of Selim Pasha, and his marriage. He is now a grave elderly man; but as I watched him in his progress up the Nile, I felt that his early disappointment, forgotten by nobody, must ever be fresh in his own mind. A beautiful wife was promised to Selim, — the Circassian slave risen into favor and power. She had seen Selim often, from the hareem; but of course he had never seen her. She loved him; and he trembled lest he should not love her. But, when permitted, at the close of the wedding ceremonies, to draw aside her veil, he found her all he could have hoped, young, beautiful, intelligent and modest. At supper, he asked her history; and found she was a Circassian, from the same district as himself, the same village, the same house, the same parentage. She was indeed his sister. He rushed to the Pasha in an agony of despair: and it was long before he recovered from the

shock. He is now stripped of his power. He was deposed just before I left Cairo, — owing, it was believed, to the malice of enemies: but no trick of fortune can affect him deeply in his latter years, after a misadventure so horrible as that of his youth.

I see plainly, of course, that much of the Slavery of the East is owing to the institution of polygamy. I see also that Slaves are sufficiently provided for for life; and that most are received into family protection, and many into family confidence, and that some reach positions of power and wealth, and found great families. I see that Slavery is a much more favorable condition, in proportion to the general lot, in the East than in the West. I see too that such express attacks on the institution as I feel to be equally wise and righteous in you with regard to Slavery in your country would be worse than useless in Egypt at present, while no inhabitant has

the remotest idea of freedom, — political and social, — for himself or his children. I see that the men of Egypt must rise above the condition of serfdom, and the women must become something better than brutes or toys, and the children must be trained to industry and hope, before any express attacks on Nubian and Asiatic Slavery can do any thing but harm. But all this does not affect the odiousness of Slavery. People may argue as they please on the questions whether Slavery had best arise from cotton planting or polygamy, or be held fast by Anglo Saxons in a republic or by Arabs under a despotism, — whether it is best for a man to be sold away from his wife in Virginia, or to be an eunuch in a hareem at Cairo, or for a woman to be ploughing under a noonday sun in Alabama, or tortured by passions amidst the luxuries of Egypt; — amidst all these questions, the fact remains clear to my mind, and heavy on my

heart, — that Slavery is odious, everywhere and under all circumstances. This is nothing new, dear friend. It is a thought older, with both of us, than our friendship: yet, after what I have seen, it is as fresh to me as if I had yesterday heard of Slavery for the first time. And I write it to you because I need and like to write to you of whatever is freshest to me.

Your affectionate

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

MRS. CHAPMAN, BOSTON, U. S.

Stanzas.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

When through long bitter strife, and weary years
Freedom's stern battle for the right is won,
And hope takes place of fear, and joy of tears,
Who is it that the mighty work has done?

Is it the statesman, who has trimmed his sail
With careful wisdom to the changing wind?
Him the blind crowd their Saviour, hero, hail;
And on his brow the wreath of victory bind?

Is it the faithless priest, who makes long prayers
To consecrate whate'er the world thinks right?

He also, in the day of triumph, wears
A robe of glory to weak human sight.

Is it the valiant soldier, brave and true,
Who pours his life-blood upon glory's shrine?
The world unites to give him honors due,
And every heart will in his praises join.

But neither soldier, statesman, faithless priest,
Shall wear the crown upon that solemn day
When freedom holds her world-rejoicing feast;—
Who then shall wear the wreath of victory, say?

They who o'erthrew oppression's baleful power,
Wrote on their prison walls the tyrant's doom,
Sang Slavery's death-song in that dreary hour,
And found their faith in God dispel its gloom.

They sought no glory that this earth affords,
Saw not the wreath which should their temples twine;
Spoke out their message in immortal words, —
Such prophets wist not that their faces shine.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

The Daughter of the Riccarees.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY JULIETTE BAUER.

A BURNING September sun shot its ardent rays on the large sugar and cotton plantations of Louisiana. The effeminate planter retired into the interior of his cool dwelling, and behind well closed shutters, with the claret-filled goblet by his side, lay dreamingly on his rocking-chair, killing time by playing with a silver spoon with the lump of ice shining like a ruby in the wine.

But in the field, exposed to the burning heat which fell on their naked shoulders, stood the long rows of negro slaves, men, women and children, collecting the cotton

from their wooden shells, and in the shadow of a neighboring tree the overseer, whip in hand, languidly watched the panting groups, casting a longing look now and then to the distant piazza of the dwelling-house where a more pleasing picture enchained his eye.

Two steps led to the gallery round the master's house, which was ornamented with flowers of the most gorgeous colors and delicious perfume. But not only flowers ornamented the entrance to Mr. Beaufort's house, who was known as one of the richest planters in the district of the "fausse rivière;" not only flowers swung gently in the scarce perceptible west wind blowing from the region of the river, but among the bud and fruit-enwreathed pillars, kept in motion by the hand of a little negro child, hung a richly plaited hammock in which reposed the lovely daughter of the planter, the most beautiful creole of Louisiana.

And was it to this bright flower that the sunbrowned overseer directed his passionate glances? Did he dare to raise his eyes to the richest and most beautiful heiress of the land? Oh no, he knew well that she hated and despised him; he knew the distance between the maiden and himself; no, another being beside Gabriele Beaufort had charmed his sensual mind.

Beside the mistress, — a fan of peacock-feathers in her hand with which she not only fanned the beautiful maiden but also dispersed the buzzing insects, — an equally lovely, though very different girl from the former, reclined on soft cushions. This was a young Indian, whose bronze color, bright sparkling eye, snow-white teeth and graceful form revealed the child of the woods; only the jet black long hair seemed more to resemble in its bluish shade that of the beautiful Quadroon girls. But melancholy feelings seemed

to agitate Saise's breast, and once even, when she thought her mistress would not see her, she turned her face and wiped a tear from her eyes, and a soft, soft sigh was pressed from the poor child's breast.

Gabriele however saw it. Dearest Saise, she said, what ails you? Why are you always so sad and will not tell me the cause of your sorrows? Am I not your friend?

Saise pressed her mistress' hand and looked sadly in her clear faithful eyes, then glanced at the little negro girl, and Gabriele understanding the hint, said:

Go down, piccaninny, and count the chickens that run about in the yard; but don't come back till you can tell exactly how many there are.

The child drew her broad mouth to a merry grin, and jumped quickly down the steps to obey the command of her "missus." Gabriele smiled a moment after her and then turning

to Saise said kindly: you see now, the child is gone; tell me frankly what grieves you. I am sure I can help you.

Hear me, then, said the Indian, calming herself; in a few words I can tell you all, and perhaps it is better you should know.

I am the only daughter of the chief of the Riccarees, and a portion of our tribe — for your white brothers have almost exterminated our nation — had settled near the Osages, between them and the Cherokees. My father was a friend to the whites, for he saw that the only safety for the remaining portion of our nation was that the latter should conform to the laws and manners of their victors. Therefore every white man was welcome to our hut, and my father treated them as friends. Once only the latent fire of the warrior awoke in him, when a white man whom he had liberally entertained grew bold and insolent towards me, and at last asserted

I had no right to be so prudish for that I was only, as my hair clearly proved, *a nigger*. Had an arrow struck my father he could not have started up more quickly. He was the first warrior of his tribe, and my mother had been the daughter of a Sioux chief; he had made her prisoner and afterwards loved and married her. Deeply wounded in his pride, and maddened by passion and anger, he seized the tomahawk and threw it at his — guest.

The white man fell, and in the same moment my father remembered with deep anguish that he had violated the laws of hospitality. He tended the wounded man as if he had been his son, till he recovered and could leave our settlement. But that man was a devil, the blow had filled him with rage and thirst for revenge. In three nights he returned secretly with accomplices, noiselessly attacked our hut, killed my poor old

father who rushed to defend us, gagged and bound me, lifted me on a horse and galloped in breathless haste towards the Mississippi. The speed at which we proceeded deprived me of consciousness, and when I recovered I was lying bound as before on the ground, while a strange, dark-looking man was writing out a bill of sale of me; he then carried your poor Saise to a canoe which he rowed.

Helpless and lost I lay on the boards of the swinging canoe, and all the evil that threatened me rose in terrific pictures before my soul. I felt that I was in the power of the man who kept his lustful eyes fixed upon me; that as a slave I could not hope for pity from the whites, and for the first time the thought of suicide flashed on my brain. The canoe was very small and I saw that at my slightest movement the rower anxiously attempted to keep the balance. A sudden

movement to the side — the boat would upset and I should be free. Scarcely had I imagined this plan for my deliverance, which was certain death — for although I can swim like a fish, my hands were tied — than I determined upon its execution. I saw that we were not far from a long island which lay just before us. For the last time I prayed silently to the Manitou of my nation, I looked up to the bright sunlight which for the last time smiled on me, I drew a long last breath of the sweet air of this beautiful earth, and with a sudden jerk I threw myself against the side of the narrow vessel. Stop! stop! we shall sink! cried the robber, and tried to restore the balance on the other side; but I followed his movements, and in the next moment I felt the cool waters close over me. The canoe was upset.

I was determined that the white man

should never touch me again in life — I sunk as I thought never to rise again.

But God willed it otherwise. The strong tide bore me upwards and my head knocked against something hard; I thought at first it was the canoe, but the next moment convinced me that I had got among the thick underwood on the shore, on a spot where my feet could touch the ground, and where dense bushes above formed an opening into which I could put my head and breathe. I was saved for the moment, but the strong tide which broke near me against the slight protection I had found, threatened soon to overthrow it and to drag me inch by inch into the water and destroy me. I had boldly met a *speedy* death, but to die here slowly, slowly, perhaps — Oh! it was terrible.

Unhappy child, whispered Gabriele, pressing her hand against her heart; why did you conceal all this from me? Was that right?

But how did you escape the terrible fate? —For hours, continued Saise, I remained there; far more terrible than death was the thought of again falling into the hands of that man, and I dared make no efforts to save myself. But when I could no longer bear to be in the water, for the cold was paralyzing my limbs, I tried to release my hands from the chains which yet bound them. I was successful. They were leather thongs and had stretched with the water, — my hands slipped out and I was free! Now I feared nothing; the man must have left the spot or else been drowned; I dived, rose again, and in a few moments saw once more the light of day. But yet I did not dare to show myself; I crept slowly and cautiously along the warm bank and relieved my heart by prayer and tears of gratitude.

The rest you know. Your father found me a few days later in the woods. You pro-

tected me, and in your heart I have found kindness and assistance.

Then why your continual sorrow, my dear child, said the maiden. You are with friends who will not permit you to be harmed; or have you any other griefs?

Did you see, said Saise, looking round anxiously, how they gave up the poor creature to her master, who he said had run away from him?

But it was a slave, and he was her master.

And how do you know that he was her master, did she not swear that she had never seen him?

But he had the bill of sale, in which her whole person was described, replied Gabriele.

They took her away in chains, continued Saise with increasing terror, and such a bill of sale is written of me; my person, my face, my hair, my eyes, even the mark on my shoulder are described. Oh God! She sunk

down sobbing and hid her face in the cushions.

Gabriele sprung out of the hammock and hastened to the side of her friend to console her, though she knew too well the danger which would threaten her if she were again discovered by the robber.

Come, she said to the weeping one, I know how to help thee. You know our friend, the young Creole, St. Clyde, he is friendly to us both, to you as well as to me, he will advise us. Either he will hasten to the Cherokees or Osages to bring witnesses, or he will send a messenger. At all events you must accuse the robber, that is the only way to avoid his persecution. Celeste, Celeste, she called to the little child who was yet counting the fowls, come here, and first send me Endymion. But Endymion was there behind his playfellow and said: Missus wants Dymion, here he is.

Endymion, said Gabriele, you know where Mr. St. Clyde lives?

Massa Clyde, yes, nodded the negro boy, but a strange gentleman is here.

Very well, take him to my father, continued the young woman impatiently. You must hasten to Mr. St. Clyde as quickly as possible, and ask him to come here if he can, immediately. And feed my horse, we may want it for a sudden journey.

The round face of the boy suddenly disappeared, and in a few moments the hoofs of his horse were heard galloping along the road.

Gabriele was consoling Saise, while the stranger, an old friend of Duxon the overseer, and who had been connected with him in many disgraceful actions, supped with Mr. Beaufort. He despised all negroes, to the most distant generations, and divided the world into planters, non-planters and negroes,

associating only with the richest among the former. He so ingratiated himself with the old gentleman that he invited him to spend the night in his house.

Gabriele was leaning thoughtfully against a pillar, looking along the road on which she expected to see her messenger return. Saise sat at her feet pressing her hand to her hot cheeks and with her eyes following the look of her friend and mistress.

The steps of the men sounded on the stairs.

He stays long, whispered Gabriele.

Very long, said Saise, and she felt her friend's eyes on her, but she did not meet them but leaned against her more affectionately.

Saise, are you not consoled yet? said Gabriele. How red you are.

Good evening ladies, said the stranger.

Good evening, children, said Mr. Beaufort.

Mr. Pitwell, my daughter and her friend, a young Indian. Well, Gabriele, is Saise ill? What ails the girl?

Saise rose, turned towards the stranger, looked at him for one moment, gave a heart-rending shriek and fell fainting on the floor.

Gabriele, immediately guessing the truth, threw her handkerchief over her friend's face, but it was too late. Pitwell pulled away the handkerchief and exclaimed in astonishment, — My drowned slave!

Your *what*, cried Mr. Beaufort, your *slave*? She is an Indian, they are never sold.

I demand my property, said Pitwell, coolly opening his pocketbook. Here's the bill of sale, he continued. Her father was an Indian but her mother was of mixed blood; that she is the right one, the mark on her shoulder will prove.

Beaufort read, returned the letter, and advanced towards Saise.

Back, father, said Gabriele, in extreme terror. I swear this bill of sale has been forged. Saise has told me all; she has been stolen from her tribe, and her father murdered.

Nonsense, said Pitwell, smiling. Have you ever met a run-away nigger, miss, who has not invented some such credible tale?

Father, father, said Gabriele; and she tried to oppose him, but he pushed her aside angrily, and said:

This is too much, I shall do her no harm; if she is an Indian, she is free; but if I find the mole, — the devil! yes, there it is. Mr. Pitwell —

Stop, screamed Gabriele, here is Mr. St. Clyde. Wait till he comes, he cannot, he will not allow it.

Mr. St. Clyde has no business to interfere in our affairs. Mr. Pitwell, the girl is yours, and she may thank my daughter for not

having a sound taste of the lash for imposing on me and having made me eat at the same table with a nigger.

A man's steps were heard on the stairs.

Mr. St. Clyde! help! help! cried Gabriele.

At the moment that he entered the room Saise opened her eyes; one look told her everything. For a few moments she concealed her face on her friend's breast, then she rose and looked wildly and shudderingly around her.

For Heaven's sake what has happened? exclaimed St. Clyde, rushing to the terrified girl and supporting her. What has happened, Miss Beaufort?

Save Saise, she exclaimed, — save her from that fellow.

Gabriele, said her father, I am tired of this; Mr. St. Clyde leave the *nigger* to herself, it does not become a white man —

Mr. Beaufort!

Certainly, the girl is this gentleman's runaway slave.

It is false, said Saise, suddenly rising proudly. Her whole strength had returned, and the free daughter of the woods spoke in her. She related her whole story, but in vain, — a white man claimed her as his slave, he held the fatal bill of sale, there was no help for her.

Gabriele, as a last resource, offered to buy her friend from the stranger, but St. Clyde exclaimed —

No, no, that would be acknowledging that she belongs to the proscribed race. Pure and free she shall be proved, if the proof costs me my life. You, Mr. Pitwell, must remain in the parish till you have cleared yourself from this accusation, and she must not be delivered into your hands.

You may accuse me, sir, said Mr. Pitwell, I know the laws well enough to have nothing

to fear; but you may not keep my property from me.

First prove that it is your propert,

That is proved, Mr. St. Clyde, returned Mr. Beaufort, and you will oblige me if you will interrupt us no further. Mr. Duxon, — he turned to the overseer, — pray take this runaway slave to one of the negro huts. You answer for her safety.

Duxon took out his bowie knife and said, the girl is under my care, and whoever tampers with my niggers may have an inch of cold steel in his body.

St. Clyde was unarmed, besides he knew how the laws protected the overseers if a stranger interfered with their business. But he vowed to himself he would save Saise if it should even cost his life. Farewell, Miss Beaufort, he said, do not desert her, and let me feel that she is not alone in the world while I go to fetch counsel and aid. He

hastened down the stairs, mounted his horse and was soon out of sight. Gabriele bent over the sobbing girl, while two negroes came to bear her to one of the low huts appointed for the negroes. Gabriele retired to her chamber, the gentlemen to their supper, where Mr. Beaufort repeatedly thanked Pitwell for having saved him from the shame of having "niggers" at his table.

After supper, Pitwell walked out with the overseer in the grounds, and related to his old friend the whole story of Saise's capture. I wonder, he said, how she escaped. I saw her sink, and her hands were tied.

The Indians can swim like fish. But, Pitwell, said Duxon, I will buy her from you.

You? But the young Creole?

Never mind him. We shall be far enough when he returns.

They soon settled on the terms, and also how in three days Duxon would join Pitwell

on his way to Texas, whither he was going with several slaves, bought from dishonest overseers or acquired as Saise, or as her full name was, Madounis-Ais; had been obtained. Duxon had already secured a considerable sum during the three years he had managed Mr. Beaufort's plantation, and hoped to be able to take several slaves with him, by making them fair promises of less work, more liberty, and a better climate.

In the meantime St. Clyde had hastened so quickly to the judge's house in the nearest town, that, as he dismounted at the door, his horse fell down worn out with fatigue. Without bestowing a look upon it, he bounded up stairs, rushed into the judge's room, and in a few words related the crime that was being enacted.

The judge was a good man, humane in the exercise of his authority, but he shook his head doubtfully, for he knew the power of a

bill of sale. Young man, he said, this is a bad case. It seems to me also that you look upon all this in too romantic a manner; but if it is all true I do not see how I can help you; we may not act *against the law* if even we have the firm belief that the girl is wrongfully seized.

But is it not possible to release her from this man's power until we can bring witnesses from her own tribe?

My dear friend, the tribe lives seven or eight hundred miles from here. No, that wont do. Even if you have the witnesses they would only be — Indians. The best plan is for you to *buy* the girl, if you really care so much about her.

Buy! said St. Clyde, with agony in his voice. *Buy?* Is she then really a slave? Is there no way to save her from this shame?

I fear not, at all events it is the safest plan. Perhaps the stranger will consent to accept

only part of the payment, and then we can proceed in the matter.

But my dear judge, said the Creole, you know I am *poor*. My only horse is ruined, and I have scarcely money enough to buy another. How shall I get the money that rascal will ask for Saise?

Well, listen St. Clyde. I will buy the girl myself and keep her; whenever you have the money you shall have her.

Buy and always *buy*, sighed the Creole.

Accept my proposition said the judge, kindly. My wife is alone and wants a companion. Saise shall be treated as my daughter.

Well then, it shall be so, exclaimed St. Clyde. I must obey, it will save her for the moment. But I shall find witnesses of her free birth, if I have to fetch them from the poles.

It will be of no use. But if you will send messengers to the tribe I can tell you where

to find some. Seven or eight Indians, Choctaws, were here this morning from the other side of the Mississippi. They sold skins and took powder, lead, and whiskey in exchange.

But you must first arrange this sale. Here, take this letter for old Beaufort, he will buy her for me; I will find you a new horse, but you must not go this evening. Mr. Beaufort is always cross when he is interrupted after dinner. Nine o'clock in the morning is the best time to speak with him. I will consult a lawyer to-morrow about the matter, and if it is possible to prove her free descent, he will do it.

St. Clyde obeyed the judge's advice, spent the night with him, and started the next morning on a fresh horse. On the way he felt how impossible it was for him to live without Saise; he was poor and had nothing but his own strength and perseverance, but he knew the daughter of the woods would

not regret luxuries she had never enjoyed; but first she must be proved free as the bird of the air. He spurred his faithful animal to greater speed and arrived at the plantation as Mr. Beaufort was sitting down to his breakfast.

Hallo, St. Clyde, he said, I am glad you have come; I was cross last night, that damned nigger vexed me. Take a seat: oh, you seek my daughter. She is not well this morning and begs to be excused.

And — and Saise?

Mr. St. Clyde, if we are to remain friends, don't spoil my breakfast with that stupid matter. The affair is concluded.

Concluded? Is Saise gone?

Not yet. But please take a seat, the claret is first rate and the beefsteaks excellent.

Mr. Beaufort, here is a letter from the Judge; he begs you will oblige him. The happiness of a human being depends on it.

This is too much, said Beaufort. Do you think I would let my claret get warm and my beefsteak cool for the sake of the whole world? Whatever can't wait till after breakfast, may stay away entirely, I say.

St. Clyde saw that speaking would be of no avail; he waited as calmly as he could until after breakfast, and then reminded Beaufort of the letter. He read it, shook his head and said, it is too late, my overseer has bought her, you may apply to him, I will not interfere.

But, Mr. Beaufort, said St. Clyde, what makes you so harsh with the poor girl; you used to treat her as your daughter.

That's the reason, sir, replied the planter. That I should have tolerated such a disgrace! To show my niggers that their master has dined at the same table with one of them!

But if Saise is really of pure Indian descent, and you assist in this crime? If that stranger has *forged* the bill of sale, and you plunge an unfortunate girl who looked upon you as her second father, into this nameless misery? —

Nonsense, nonsense, leave me alone with your lamentations; the girl is sold, and that is done. If you care so much about it, buy her. Duxon will let you have her, if you give him fifty dollars profit; — or — go into the field and send him to me, I want to speak with him.

The old man went angrily into the next room. But he was angry not with the young Creole, but with himself. For the first time he thought that he might have been too hasty, therefore he proposed to buy Saise and then to discover if she really had negro blood in her veins. Until then, she might live by herself, and have no connection with himself or his daughter.

An hour later, Duxon and Pitwell stood together on the shore.

Pitwell, said the former, we must go to-morrow. Old Beaufort gets suspicious. Only fancy, — he wants to buy the girl, — and when I refused to sell her, he grew angry and told me in an hour I was to bring my accounts, and I might go. I am not sorry, for when he does it, so suddenly, there are many things he will not discover to be wrong. To-morrow morning I shall be ready; in four days we must be in Texas.

Very well, I am prepared. I and two assistants brought down all my negroes this morning.

But, Pitwell, said Duxon, I don't doubt we shall get away safely; but if Texas is annexed, as they say it will be, what shall we do then? The government will give us up.

Pitwell laughed. If the government should give up every one who has committed a

crime, who would remain on the land to cultivate it? No fears of that, Duxon.

Very well then; to-morrow, before daylight, we will start. We need not fear pursuit, for Beaufort does not get up so early. But will Saise go with us quietly?

What a question for an overseer. Have you no whip?

Duxon smiled. You understand how to treat *ladies*. But I have other means, — I shall take the little gig. I wanted to stay with my little *wife*, quietly, to day, and I shall have to run about constantly. Well, I can make up in Texas, she will not be angry, I dare say.

No, I dare say not; but now to work. There is the young fellow that makes so much bother about the Indian. The lady of the house is with him.

A splendid girl! a pity you have no bill of sale of her. I would buy her also.

The worthy pair separated to make their arrangements.

St. Clyde and Gabriele were walking in the garden together.

I must go, said the young man, I must go and seek help. Since this catastrophe I only know, I feel — how I ——. He was silent, and turned away.

How you love Saise, said Gabriele, with soft, almost inaudible voice, — looking straight at the young Creole. Is it not so, St. Clyde? You — you love the Indian?

Yes, Miss Beaufort, yes, why should I conceal it from you. You were her friend as long as you could protect her; you will assist me as far as you can.

Gabriele composed herself quickly from her emotion. But what will you do? What can you do against these wretches who have the law on their side.

Nothing *with* the law, everything *against*

it. The Judge told me yesterday that a troop of Choctaws are encamped on the Mississippi, they must help me. But one request more I have to make. Will you protect Saise?

How can I? said Gabriele, anxiously. She belongs to Duxon now.

I know you have much influence over your father and that fellow. Persuade them not to claim Saise this night, and let her remain with you; or, if that is impossible, with that old negro woman.

You will *carry her off*?

No, said St. Clyde, gloomily, her bill of sale would remain in the hands of that fellow, and Saise be eternally miserable at the thought. I must get the document in my possession. Will you promise to watch over Saise?

Yes, whispered Gabriele, and pressed his hand. And you will —

Save Saise, or die, he replied firmly.

And then when you — when Saise is yours?

I shall go to a distant land where men are not sold and bought like animals.

With Saise?

With my wife.

Then farewell, St. Clyde. May God protect and aid you!

St. Clyde kissed her hand, mounted his horse, and galloped along the stream, to the ferry. While the ferry-boat was taking him and his horse across, he asked if Indians had crossed the river yesterday.

Yes: they crossed the river in two canoes, letting the horses swim after them, with bridles or ropes.

And do you think I shall find them?

I don't think it will be difficult. They had a quantity of whiskey with them, and so they will certainly not be gone to hunt to-day. If you go to that little house there, peeping

through the cotton trees, I dare say they can tell you in what direction the Indians can be found.

The boat now reached the land. St. Clyde again mounted his horse and hastened to the hut which had been pointed out to him.

The backwoodsman stood at the door. St. Clyde asked him if he knew where the Indians were who had crossed the ferry the previous day. The former, without replying, stood in a listening attitude, and remained several minutes in that position, while St. Clyde twice repeated the question.

There they are in the wood, he replied, at last, pointing to a narrow path which led into the thicket.

The Indians? asked St. Clyde, in surprise.

Yes, nodded the American, and continued to smoke without paying any more attention to the young Creole. The latter having attentively listened for a few moments, thought

he heard distant tones, and hastily thanking the man, advanced as quickly as the thick underwood would permit. In a short time he reached a clear space at the edge of a small pond, and saw a picturesque and strange scene. Stretched on the rich grass and surrounded by a semi-circle of smoking fires which served to keep off the musquitoes, some in their hunting garments, others without, but every one with an almost empty whiskey bottle in his hand, seven red skinned hunters lay singing and shouting beneath the high trees of the forest, while the most sober one, who seemed to be the leader of the band, was beating time to the horrid noise, with his sharp scalping knife. He was the first to discover the stranger, but, without moving, he held the bottle towards him, stammering:— here — stranger — drink — drink.

Good God! exclaimed St. Clyde, are these the men from whom I expected help! He

dismounted and walked up and down, with downcast eyes, beside the young huntsman, who continued to sing his song, ending —

Huh, huh, huh spurn the Muskokee,
Wah, wah, wah, the scalp here see.

At the name, Muskokee, St. Clyde stood still. He knew the Riccarees were at war with the Muskokees, but the Choctaws were their enemies also. The Indians might belong to either of the tribes.

Are you a Riccaree? he asked. Well, what's the matter, replied the Indian, trying to find again the interrupted melody, and beating the time with his feet.

You must come with me to save a child of your tribe who is in great danger.

My tribe is in Missouri, murmured the Indian, and then again sung his song.

Poor Saise, sighed St. Clyde, in despair, seeing that in the Indian's present state he could hope for no assistance.

Ais? stammered he, who speaks of the Medounis-Ais? She is dead. I want whiskey — whiskey.

And "whiskey" was repeated by the unconscious companions of the revel.

You know Medounis-Ais? cried the Creole, seizing the staggering young man. Medounis-Ais *lives*, she lives, and you must help me to save her!

Lives, save, where? asked the drunken man, endeavoring to fathom the meaning of these words, while his glassy eyes stared firmly at the stranger.

In a few words St. Clyde related Saise's story to the attentively listening Indian, who stood with his hands firmly pressing his temples; when at last he began to conceive the fate of the unhappy girl in clear colors, he seized the bottle, in rage and anger, and dashed it against the nearest tree.

Poison — poison — poison, he cried, my sis-

ter sold and I am drunk. Poison, poison, whiskey!

Whiskey, repeated the band, who had only sense enough left to understand the last word.

But stop, said the Indian, it is not yet too late, there is time yet; and quickly throwing off his hunting gown and leggins, he jumped from the shore into the water, dived several times and landed again. Then, without taking the trouble to dress, he ran into the wood and soon reappeared on the back of a little powerful pony. His clothes and his weapons were soon collected, and almost before the Creole could mount his horse he motioned him to follow.

When they arrived at the Mississippi, he again dived into the water, to destroy the effects of the fire-water, and when he had resumed his garments, he brought a little canoe from a hidden creek. St. Clyde held the bridles of the horses on each side, while

Wetoka, the Indian, quickly and skilfully rowed the boat across the strong tide. From the opposite shore the Indian and the Creole directed their steps to the house of the Judge. On the way, Wetako told St. Clyde that he had followed his sister and caught and killed her captor, but that his endeavours to find the lost one had been in vain. In despair he had joined a band of hunting Choctaws, had become indifferent to all that used to be dear to him, devoted himself to drink, and thus followed the example of the whole of his unfortunate tribe.

The double bath, and the great surprise the news of his sister had caused, had completely sobered him; he was now the calm, collected Indian, determined to save his sister by force or cunning.

It was very late, or rather early morning when they arrived at the Judge's house, and while they were yet consulting as to the best

mode of action, a constable rushed in, saying that news had arrived, accusing Pitwell of being the paid robber of many plantation negroes, and that he, with Mr. Beaufort's overseer, and the newly bought Indian, had fled in haste; the latter, who had resisted, having been taken away in chains, and that several negroes had been stolen also from Mr. Beaufort's plantation.

Wetako and St. Clyde started up, and no entreaties or warnings of the Judge could induce them to stay until a sufficient force had been assembled to conduct the pursuit more efficiently.

No, no, cried Wetako. Medounis-Ais in chains, and Wetako with knife and gun on their trace. We will go!

For Heaven's sake commit no murder! cried the terrified Judge. You don't know our laws. A life-long imprisoment would be your sentence.

The Indian smiled grimly. Why do you not imprison the panther which kills your herds by night? he said. Wetoka is a man, and his traces are deep. Follow him if you can.

He leaped into the saddle, followed by St. Clyde, and they hastened to the spot from which the robber had started. Beaufort's plantation was in confusion. The neighboring planters were assembling to pursue the fugitives, and one detachment was already on its way. St. Clyde merely stopped to ask in which direction the gig was gone, and then, like dark avenging gods, they followed.

But when Duxon, who had been detained behind his fellows, heard the sounds of the pursuers behind him, he turned from the open road into the wood, and he knew that in a quarter of an hour he would arrive at a morass where the traces of his wheels would soon be lost. His plan succeeded for the moment; the planters, unacquainted with the

mode of following a trace, did not notice the turning of the wheels, and pursued the beaten road.

Duxon had however not calculated on Saise's opposition. As long as they were on the high road she had not given up the hope of being overtaken by her lover; but when she saw herself surrounded only by trees, entirely in the power of the man she most feared and hated, she thought her fate sealed, and with despairing exertion tried to break her chains. Though she did not succeed in breaking the chains round her wrists, she at last broke the thongs which bound them down; immediately she tore the gag from her mouth, and, prompted by despair and misery, she uttered a loud scream which so startled the poney that it turned into the wood, and in the next moment the light vehicle knocked against one of the protruding roots of the trees, and

was upset, throwing the master and his slave into the thicket.

Duxon quickly jumped up again, but his first care was devoted to the gig, which contained his whole property. He seized the horse by the bridle, and pulled it so violently that the blood of his torn mouth mingled with its foam; and then, while the trembling animal stood still, he, with giant strength, raised the fallen gig.

But now he turned in rage to Saise, who had recovered from the shock of the fall, and was filling the air with her cries. He raised the heavy handle of the whip to strike her, when in the distance a loud cry sounded through the quiet wood. Duxon stopped to listen, and Saise stood as if transformed to stone, so intently and immovably did she look towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

There is no time to lose, said the overseer

to himself. Come, child, be wise, the first cry you utter is death! and with these words he stooped to lift her into the carriage again. But at his touch the almost frozen girl revived; with all the power of which she was capable, she raised the light chain which bound her wrists, and dashed it with such force against the robber's head, that he fell half unconscious to the ground. Again and louder the unfortunate girl raised her cry, when Duxon, maddened with rage and pain, hearing the replying and approaching signal, drew his broad knife from the sheath, and bounding towards the shrinking victim, buried the knife deep in her breast.

Death-struck, Saise fell to the ground in the yellow herbage, but Duxon flew to the coach, tore out a large pocket-book which he hid under his waistcoat, cut the traces of his carriage, threw his gun over his shoulder, leaped on his horse and disappeared in the thicket.

Scarcely had he vanished on the one side than on the other two riders appeared on foaming horses, but stopped in terror at the sight. While the one, with a wild cry of agony, leaped from the saddle and fell on the bleeding body of the beautiful girl, the other, listening for a few moments, and without bestowing a look on the corpse, pursued the murderer. Scarcely had he ridden two hundred yards when he caught sight of him trying to raise his fallen horse. He stopped his poney, raised the gun, and the red flash blazed through the dark wood.

The overseer felt himself wounded, and raised his gun to return the fire; but the Indian's tomahawk wounded the left arm, which dropped powerless; and before he could take aim again, the war-cry of the Riccarees sounded through the wood, the bowie-knife hissed in the air, and the wretch sank to the ground.

In the meantime the young Creole knelt beside the bleeding body of the beautiful and unfortunate maiden. He tried to bind the deep, gaping wound, but it was too late; death had claimed her. He heard the cry of the pursuers, the yell of the Riccaree, but he perceived nothing, — his eye was fixed on the red stream gushing from the side of the beloved one, till all was night around him.

When he recovered, the Riccaree stood beside him; he had folded his blanket round his sister, and when he saw St. Clyde revive, he lifted her upon the horse.

Wetako, what will you do? exclaimed the Creole. Where are you going?

I will bring the chief's daughter to the tribe of the Riccarees, replied the young Indian, and tell them it is the peace-offering of the whites. They have taken our land, here is blood to manure the new —— farewell!

And the robber? asked St. Clyde, looking half unconsciously yet at the bloody corse Wetako held in his arms.

The robber, sneered the Riccaree, turning back his cloak—he belongs to *me!* And the horrified Creole recognized the bloody scalp of the wretched man in his belt. But ere he could say a word, the Indian mounted his horse, took his sister's body in front, spurred on the animal, and in a moment disappeared.

When the planters with their overseers had caught Pitwell and executed summary justice by hanging him on the nearest tree, they turned to trace the overseer in his gig.

They found it, and the evidence of the deathly struggle.

Not far from the scene, leaning against the trunk of a tree, with a discharged pistol in his right hand, lay the corpse of the young Creole.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

To the Anti-Slavery Advocate.

BY LADY BYRON.

THY cause is holy, doubt not then 't is strong,
God from his mercy-fount a stream has poured,
Which, as it flows along, is hourly swelled
By tributary waters beaming love.
Let not its winding course perplex thy faith,
Nor dare a straighter channel to prescribe
As if 't were governed by terrestrial laws;
For never yet were purposes divine
Achieved by means that seemed to man the best;
And when his utmost has but wrought despair,
Heaven's possible comes forth to bend his knee,
His ways to overrule, his toils to crown!

ESHER, ENGLAND.

Practical Anti-Slavery.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"ADOPTING the principle of refusing to act politically under the present slaveholding Constitution of the Union," it is said "what *practical good* can you do? You have cast away what seem the only practicable measures, and fall back on a barren principle." I answer, even could you do nothing immediately for the slave, it is much to escape doing *wrong* — to be placed where you cannot err in judgment nor waste an effort. All moves must be more or less false until you act in the consciousness that you are trading away no jot of moral consistency for the sake of immediate results. If, then, you would do something, strive to concentrate thought and

action on this exalted aim of moral consistency in the service of humanity. We never can have full assurance of the triumph of a cause until we find it in this. Here we do find it, and such assurance gives that inspiration which acts in the world with the power of God. No principle is barren, which thus confidently puts forth in the life. It is the only fertile thing — fertile in ways and energies. It is the only motive which does not flag — the only power no man can tame. It is afloat on the current of the Divine will. Therefore we may call it the Instrument of Destiny, and so *trust* it. But it has no guidance for you while you stand off to bargain with it for special securities — none till you have thrown yourself into its arms.

In our republican ethics, the man is postponed to the politician. In our anxiety to cast our votes, we constantly fail of an anxiety which ought to have taken precedence of

that, namely, to preserve our mental and moral integrity. We are not here primarily to cast votes, nor to exert political influence in *any* specific and predetermined manner, — *but to give to the world illustration of a practical fidelity to the Eternal Laws.* If our political organizations ignore this primal duty, then we must unwillingly perhaps, but with decision, plant ourselves on ground whence we may consistently admonish them to respect its claims. If compromise parchments and beggarly political drill have thrust it aside, then the aim which will be most practically efficient because it is that which cannot for an *instant* be put by, — is to reinstate it on the throne of conscience. And this assertion of the great duty of Man is not rendered less, but *more* necessary, when the introduction of generous purposes into the political movements of the time strongly tempts us to abandon one consistent attitude for the sake of

aiding politically the better cause. That cause is best aided by keeping before its eyes, aims more thoroughly loyal to the Right, than its own.

And there never was a time when such assertion could be made with more practical effect than now. Thought, freely uttered, goes like lightning through society. The little one to-day is a thousand to-morrow. Our great reforms, speeding to the borders, attracting and absorbing political and theological issues, began but yesterday, in little attics or the like, in the strong faith and union of five or six. Table-talk and shop-talk, day-dream and iron fact go out upon ten thousand tongues. Every one has audience and speedy reply. We hasten freely to our natural level and natural affinities. Constitutions and Senates come round to the boy's Utopian prophecy before he is a man. Drop then your little seed of truth. There is no

death to thought; and in this age a day may be as a thousand years.

And by thus maintaining the Anti-Slavery principle in its whole spirit, *we shall effectually aid the Slave.* The Constitution is the great obstacle in the way of the abolition of Slavery. By refusing to support its compromises, we proclaim the rights of those millions whom it is not content to leave in hopeless bondage, but ever binds the more securely, by its legal guarantees to the Slave system. We firmly suggest to the forgetful nation that it is repudiating a duty. Through us, its dumb, forgotten captive finds a voice. We forbid it to rest content with checking the *spread* of Slavery, and indignantly demand that his outraged and crushed soul be redeemed. And to this end we call attention to influences of the Constitution which are too little recognised. We say, a wicked untruth, like this legitimation of Slavery,

nestling in a nation's heart, does not lie inefficient. It is as a drop of poison in the blood a breaking link in the chain which binds a system to the preserving, sustaining hand of God. A shallow evasion, like that of throwing all responsibility on the State governments, will hardly save you from the consequences which flow from the presence of so vicious an element. For sixty years it has been working into the national character that thirst for gain, that contempt for human rights, which have been the ruin of older States; for, while such influences last, will all your better laws for distribution of knowledge and wealth, nor all the checks and balances of your State and Central governments, save you from the curse of aristocracy, from military despotism, from profligacy and irreligion. There is no safety but in putting away the cause of all this danger, though we should first have to sunder the most cherished political ties.

Such principles, stated faithfully, must attract the public attention to the forgotten wrongs of the Slave. Standing then upon the rock of uncompromising principle, you are not weak — you waste no effort. All things are working with you. The principle you hold so precious is abroad, on its mission of disintegrating old and false combinations, and so freeing the elements for new and more natural ones. The parties are destroying themselves and each other, and must come over to you. Awakened at last to reject with indignation the frauds of political leaders, and to look Slavery and War resolutely in the face, the people gather strength and wisdom from your steadfast adherence to the law of truth and goodness. Amidst the shock of the wide conflict between good and evil, hold firmly up that high, broad, beacon light.

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

The Dying Slave.

A PRO-SLAVERY MINISTER OF RELIGION OFFERING HIM SPIRITUAL AID.

BY EDWIN CHAPMAN.

Away, away! leave me to die alone,
Bring no deep shadows of your wrongs around me.
I hear sweet voices which, in angel tone,
Give promise, though man's hand hath fiercely bound me,
That, when my spirit leaves this toil-worn frame,
I shall not near corruption darkly hover;
But shall, in that bright land from which they came,
New powers within, new joys without discover.

I see fair visions dawning on my sight
Of glory, beauty, majesty excelling,
Still opening as my dim eyes close in night
And shut out all this weary, tear-fraught dwelling.
I feel my soul uprising from the earth,
Oppressed no longer by your sordid woes.
Away — there is a new and holier birth
Struggling with death and sin, my earthly foes.

Come not between me and that sacred ray
Which shews me I am man, though marred and broken:
Nay, darken not the everlasting day
Which breaks upon my soul, but leave unspoken
Your juggling prayers, nor waft false sighs in vain.
Call me not brother now — you bade me toil,
With brute-like patience, in sharp want and pain,

Till this last hour, upon your blood-stained soil.

Brother! — doth brother rear the infant soul
Mid the loud tumults of unceasing strife,
Where vengeful passions rage without control,
And taint the well-springs of its hapless life?
Doth brother teach e'en childhood's hand to wield,
In mimic war, the blunted spear and sword,
Then lead fresh manhood to the savage field
Where death or bonds await the conquered horde?

Doth brother crowd the victims in the hold,
Deny them food and drink, and light and air;
Awe down the timid and chastise the bold,
Till numbers perish in their filthy lair?
Doth brother buy and sell a brother's blood,
Make him a chattel, mock his human love,
Crush out his manhood, poison every good,
Fearing not Hell beneath nor Heaven above?

Doth brother seal of knowledge the clear fount,
Lest the wronged sufferer should drink and know
That he hath pinions strong on which to mount
And spurn the baseness of his state below?
Doth brother bid the pious heart beware,
Nor light bestow upon the living slave,
Reserving all its tender Christian care
For the dark borders of the silent grave?

Away, away! Profane not Heaven nor me
With mutterings cold — I am my Father's child;
His gracious presence I rejoicing see,
I hear his welcome, through the Saviour mild.
I soon shall be at rest — and thou? — O God!
Teach him to see, who doth uphold the crime
Of grinding tyranny, with iron rod,
Is guilty of its sins throughout all time.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

Liverpool Fifty Years Ago.

BY RICHARD D. WEBB.

GEORGE COOKE, the celebrated actor, visited Liverpool for the first time about fifty years ago. As his fame had preceded him, a full house had collected to bid him welcome. However, like many distinguished men of that time, he was lamentably addicted to intemperance, and was accordingly not forthcoming when the hour arrived for his appearance on the stage. The audience became fidgetty, then impatient, then noisy, and at last positively angry—so that when Cooke did step forth he was received with a storm of hisses and other unequivocal marks of disapprobation. Probably these play-goers had no abstract dislike to deep potations. Roaring

orgies were the fashion of the time. The most respectable men — the most firmly attached to the civil and religious institutions of the country — got drunk betimes. But there is a time for all things, and George's love of the bottle must not interfere in this shameful way with their own love of pleasure. They had a clear right to be angry. Cooke staggered forward to the footlights, waited patiently till the tempest had subsided, and then addressed his bristling audience to the following effect: "I always feel humbled when obliged, for the sake of a subsistence, to come forward as an actor on any occasion; but I now feel doubly humiliated by the necessity of appearing before the people of this city, where the very bricks of your houses, the stones of your docks, and the pavement of your streets, are grouted and cemented with the blood and sweat of the unfortunate Africans." I never heard the rest of the story. I

believe he got off safe. If they had tarred and feathered him — or ridden him on a rail, as the free and enlightened republicans of Delaware did with friend Daniel Neale of Philadelphia a few years ago; if they had mobbed him, or hanged him, or shot him, or lynched him in any other way, I think I should have heard of it. I am curious in such matters; believing as I do that secret history with her tittle tattle is far more to be relied on than her statelier sister with all her sonorous periods, solemn falsehoods, stately didactics, and inconsequent conclusions.

Cooke's terrible rebuke was just. Liverpool was then the New Orleans of Great Britain. She fattened on the Slave-trade, and the most determined and unscrupulous opposition was made by her merchants to its abolition. There, at that time, as now in Charleston or Savannah, it was almost as much as a man's life, or reputation, or chance

of subsistence was worth, to be known as the opponent of the Slave-trade or Slavery. It was in Liverpool that Clarkson, while prosecuting his glorious labors, narrowly escaped being hustled into the docks by the enraged merchants. The majority of the "men of property and standing" — the respectable men — considered their dearest interests identified with the traffic in human cattle. It was full of Hope H. Slaughters, who sold the bodies, and gave the souls in, — if the negroes have souls. Some think not; but the clergy say they have, and who should know better? The Liverpool mob were readily persuaded by "their betters," that their own bread and butter depended likewise on the maintenance of the Slave-trade, and they always held themselves ready to give the most emphatic proofs of the strength and sincerity of this conviction. My readers will be gratified to learn that Liverpool was at this time a most

religious and loyal city. None more so. Indeed, the majority of the Liverpool people were enthusiastic in their devotion to Church and State — to the King and the Clergy. They gloried in the crown and the bible. And they signified by every extremity of word and deed their hostility to all who dared to differ from them; as is mostly the case with that large and favored portion of our race, who have satisfied themselves that they are perfectly in the right on all points connected with the policy of this world, and of the world to come. They proved their faith by their works. They went to church on Sunday morning, got drunk in the evening, and carried on the Slave-trade with steady industry the rest of the week. In their ordinary transactions they patronised none but the "household of faith;" and they despised — and when they dared, browbeat — dissenters at all times. With that stern consistency which is ever

conspicuous in the political relations of the abettors of Slavery, and of every organized system of tremendous wrong, it was never the fault of the Liverpool merchants if their city was not represented in parliament by some staunch, unscrupulous adherent of the king, the church, and the African trade. "*Tria juncta in uno*," might have been the motto of Liverpool.

To the honor of human nature be it stated, that while the slavetraders were thus among the most loyal subjects of George the Third, (whom the Prayer-book for sixty years called "our most religious and gracious sovereign,") George the Third was true to the Slave-trade. He resisted its abolition as long as he could. He always looked on this measure as an overt act of revolution. He hated Clarkson with perfect hatred, as he hated Charles J. Fox, Jeremy Bentham, and multitudes of better men than himself.

But Liverpool had her righteous few. Some of the noblest men in England were among her citizens. As the biographer of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Leo the Tenth, Roscoe earned a world-wide reputation. In Liverpool he was shunned by many as the poet of Liberty, and detested by more as the opponent of the Slave-trade. He was esteemed a disorganizer, a fanatic, an enemy to the church—like Paul in Athens eighteen hundred years ago, or Garrison in the American Athens at the present time. In those dark days of England's history, — when the retrograde policy of Pitt, commercial greed, and unscrupulous venality were in the ascendant, — Roscoe never swerved from his allegiance to humanity. He was the steadfast advocate of political and personal liberty, and of that more precious privilege without which all others are of little value — the right to call our souls our own, and to declare our con-

victions, freed from the dictation of hypocrisy or the authority of cant. In a memoir of his life by one of his sons, it is related that when he returned to his native city after his first, (and I believe his last) session as a member of Parliament, "he found that his advocacy of humanity had rendered him obnoxious to numbers of his fellow townsmen, who are in various ways interested in the man-trade. Collecting together, and forming a savage mob, they met him at the entrance of the town, armed with bludgeons and knives, by the free use of which they sought to repel and intimidate their opponents." These are the words of the biographer. I like that word, "man-trade," and would suggest its substitution for slave-trade. It is quite as correct, and has more freshness. We learn from this passage that a pro-slavery agitation needed the assistance of a "savage mob" in the good old times, on this side of the At-

lantic, as well as at the foot of the American Capitol at this present writing.

Roscoe was of humble origin, his father being a retailer of spirits and a market gardener. And, as he left school at twelve years of age, his early education must have been limited. But his energy of character enabled him to overleap all the difficulties of his position, and he attained a high and permanent rank among English historians. He was an accomplished scholar, and an admirable poet. His popular song on the taking of the Bastile, commencing "Unfold, Father Time," and that on the anniversary of the 14th August, 1791, "O'er the vine covered hills and gay regions of France," are amongst the most spirit-stirring lyrics in the language. He was also a banker and a member of parliament. In the House of Commons he had no great success, for, as his biographer remarks, "though talent has some weight there, it is as

nothing compared with wealth and aristocratical connexions, which supply the place of eloquence, learning, logic, and honesty." Let the United States beware of her own aristocracy. It is true their ascendancy is founded on the possession of human cattle instead of broad acres, but they have proved themselves, within the last twenty years, more dangerous to the country's prosperity, more grasping, more powerful, and more unscrupulous than even the nobles of England.

Another of the good and true men of Liverpool was the poet, Edward Rushton. He also was the son of a spirit dealer, and had a hard battle to fight with the world; but his career was less fortunate and less brilliant than that of Roscoe. When between ten and eleven years of age, he was bound apprentice to the merchant service. At the age of sixteen, a remarkable opportunity occurred for evincing his skill and intrepidity. The

ship, on board of which he served, was overtaken by a violent storm, and became apparently unmanageable. The captain and crew gave themselves up as lost, and suffered her to drive before the wind. In the midst of the confusion, the young apprentice seized the helm, and called the men to their duty; they resumed their efforts, and, under his direction, the ship was saved. For this spirited conduct, he received the thanks of the captain and crew, and was advanced to the situation of second mate.

The African trade was at that time the chief source of the wealth of Liverpool; and young Rushton was induced to go, in quality of mate, on a Slaving voyage to the coast of Guinea. But for this occupation his natural tenderness of heart unfitted him, and he bitterly regretted having engaged himself in the odious traffic. His biographer mentions the following incident as having already pre-

pared his mind to regard the Negro race with affectionate interest. "In one of his voyages to the West Indies, he had contracted an acquaintance with a black man named Quamina, whom he kindly taught to read. On some occasion he was despatched to the shore with a boat's crew, of which Quamina was one. On its return to the ship, the boat was upset in the serf, and the sailors were soon swept by the billows from the keel, to which, in the first confusion, they had all adhered. In this extremity Rushton swam towards a small water-cask which he saw floating at a distance. Quamina had gained this point of safety before him; and when the generous Negro saw that his friend was too much exhausted to reach the cask, he pushed it towards him — bade him good bye — and sank, to rise no more. This anecdote Mr. Rushton has often related in the hearing of the author of this memoir, and never without

dropping a grateful tear to the memory of Quamina."

Thus predisposed in favor of the African race, their sufferings on board the slaver awoke his compassion, and on one occasion his indignation aroused him to remonstrances so earnest that the captain accused him of mutiny, and threatened to put him in irons. His biographer here remarks, "Happy had it been for Mr. Rushton if this threat had been put in execution. The restraint of imprisonment would have saved him from one of the heaviest calamities which can befal a human being — a calamity which tinged many of his future years with melancholy. When the vessel in which he sailed was on its passage to Dominico, almost the whole of its wretched cargo were seized with the opthalmia. In these circumstances, the other officers, whose duty it was to attend to them, durst not venture into the hold, and they were left in a

state of neglect and destitution. But Rushton went daily amongst them, and administered to them all the relief in his power. To himself the consequences were dreadful. He was attacked by a violent inflammation in his eyes, on the subsiding of which, at the termination of three weeks, it was found that his left eye was totally destroyed, and that the right was entirely covered with an opacity of the cornea."

On his return from this unfortunate voyage, his father took him up to London to obtain the best surgical advice — but in vain. And parental kindness was soon changed to hostility when he interfered with his step-mother to prevent the ill treatment of one of his sisters. The poor blind young man was expelled his father's house, and reduced to live on an allowance of four shillings a week. A poor aunt, who could give nothing more, gave him the shelter of her roof, and he paid

a lad three pence a week to read to him an hour or two every evening. In this way he became acquainted with the works of the English classic writers, especially Milton and Shakspeare, and he occasionally amused himself with poetical composition. In his twenty-sixth year he published some occasional verses, and the celebrity he attained as an author so far won upon his father that he advanced money to establish him and one of his sisters in a tavern! Poet was never before so rewarded. This plan was not very successful, as may be anticipated. The tavern-keeper was a poet, he was blind, and he was "an abolitionist." I imagine that in the United States not many tavern-keepers are abolitionists.—The prosperity of the tavern depends much on public opinion, and public opinion has been until very recently strong against the abolitionists. I have the authority of Rushton's biographer for saying that "at

that time to speak irreverently of the king, or even to deny the existence of a God, were, in the town of Liverpool, venial offences, compared with the atrocity of condemning the sale and purchase of human flesh." This is a strong statement, when we recollect that the people of that good town were eminently loyal and religious; but we have no reason to doubt the fact. We know that the chivalrous people of the Southern States are even more noted for their attachment to this "peculiar institution" than for their fidelity to the Constitution (which is brother Jonathan's loyalty, and quite as romantic as John Bull's), or for their profound sense of religion.

When Clarkson visited Liverpool to collect evidence on the details of the Slave-trade, he had frequent interviews with Rushton, and obtained from him valuable information and directions as to the quarter where he might best pursue his enquiries.

Our poet at length relinquished the public house, and purchased a share in a weekly newspaper, called "The Liverpool Herald," of which he undertook the editorship. This employment was more congenial to his taste. But, in consequence of his fearless exposure of an act of atrocity perpetrated by a press-gang in the port of Liverpool, and of threats consequently denounced on the proprietors of the Herald, a discussion as to the future management of the paper resulted in the retirement of Mr. Rushton. He subsequently attempted the bookselling business, and with better success. He never became a rich man, but he was able to support his wife and family (for he had married while a tavern-keeper) for some time in comfort and respectability. But Rushton was one of those who cannot swim with the stream, — who will have opinions of their own. At the breaking forth of the French revolution, he (like Roscoe

and most of the hopeful and hearty men of that time) warmly sympathized with that great event as the dawning of a brighter day for liberty and humanity, and expressed his sympathy. He became a marked man, and the timid advocates of liberal principles soon found that those who frequented his shop were marked men also. His business declined as his family increased, and his prospects of the future became truly alarming.

In this extremity Rushton exhibited true dignity of mind. Although repeated offers of liberal accommodation were made him, he preferred to retain his independence by retrenching his expenses, and awaiting the event in patience. And he never had cause to repent of this resolution. In the worst times he retained some steady and valuable connections. And when the French war had continued for many years with little success, and the enormous taxation indispensable for

its prosecution made it unpopular, the tide of public opinion turned, and Rushton reaped the advantage of the change. Henceforth he was able to maintain his family in competence, and to give his children the blessing of a good education.

Rushton was on principle a republican, and felt deep interest in the success of the great experiment of a popular government in the United States. He was however excessively scandalized by the fact that the great American Cincinnatus, who had fought so ably and disinterestedly for the liberation of his country from the British yoke, should yet be so astoundingly inconsistent as to keep slaves himself. Being apparently under the impression that Washington only needed to have this inconsistency clearly and forcibly represented to him, he addressed him in that famous letter so well known to Anti-Slavery readers, in which he points out to Washington

the wickedness and absurdity of his position. But the disease did not yield to so simple a remedy, and the letter was returned to the writer in a blank cover.

In the year 1806 he published a selection of his poems in a small volume, which met with a very favorable reception. These productions are not remarkable for originality but they are animated by the author's characteristic spirit of benevolence, love of freedom, and hatred of oppression. A more elegant and copious edition was published in 1824, with an appendix, containing his letter to Washington, and an amusing "attempt to prove that climate, food, and manners are not the causes of the dissimilarity of color in the human species." The book is prefaced by a memoir of Rushton, by his friend the Rev. William Shepherd, which has supplied the facts and extracts relating to him in the present paper.

The year 1807 was an era in the life of

Rushton, being distinguished by the restoration of his sight. After an interval of thirty years, and a series of painful operations, the blessed light revealed to him his wife and children for the first time. "His sight was somewhat misty, but it was so far restored that he could accurately distinguish colors, and the lineaments of the human countenance. He could walk the streets without a guide, and by the aid of a glass could read tolerably sized print. In the new gratification of reading, he spent his leisure hours usefully and pleasantly."

In 1811 he lost his faithful and affectionate wife, and a beloved daughter. His own death took place in 1814, from an attempt to cure, by means of a quack medicine, an attack of gout — a disease to which he was subject, notwithstanding his habitual temperance. In energy of purpose, in fidelity to the cause of humanity, in the pursuit of knowledge under

difficulties, in the love of truth and justice, in integrity, independence, and elevation of mind, and in endurance of suffering, Edward Rushton was a truly great man. From my boyhood, the picture of the blind poet has been among the most honored portraits in my mind's gallery.*

In enumerating a few of the men of Liverpool who have done honor to themselves by

*When in Liverpool a few months ago, I met with Edward Rushton, Esq., a son of the poet. This gentleman is the principal police magistrate in Liverpool, and I believe no man in England occupies this responsible station with more credit to himself or satisfaction to the public. He is much respected for his discretion and humanity. On my referring to his father's letter to Washington, he mentioned another which was subsequently addressed to Thos. Paine on the subject of Slavery. He was so good as to give me a copy, which I send herewith. Although at first under the impression that it never appeared in print, I find it was published about thirty years since in the Belfast Magazine, edited by John Hancock, and that the note appended to it was written by the editor, an intimate friend of Rushton's. As this letter evinces a keen sense of the inconsistency of those who labor for the elevation of one part of the human family, while they are morally blind to the wrongs and degradation of the other portion, it is well worthy of republication in the United States. Perhaps it may even find a corner in "The Liberty Bell." Though the writer is dead his words are as wide awake as ever. Consistency is a talisman as well as a jewel, and the blind poet knew how to apply it so as to make some who are great in the world's eyes, look very small in the light of truth. It is the faithful fulfilment of this part of the abolitionists' vocation which makes them so unpopular.

their hostility to the Slave-trade and to Slavery, the family of the Rathbones must not be omitted. They were originally members of the Society of Friends, and still retain those characteristics by which that body is favorably known. They were a family of merchants, and have always upheld a reputation for integrity, hospitality, and generous philanthropy. Few Americans of any reputation for talent, or virtue, come to England unprovided with letters to William Rathbone. Channing was his personal friend. So was Tuckerman. Many of the most distinguished abolitionists are familiar with his hospitality. William Lloyd Garrison, Maria W. Chapman, Henry C. Wright, James and Lucretia Mott, and others, have been his honored guests.

A characteristic anecdote is related of William Rathbone. Some years ago he was elected by his fellow-townsmen to the honorable office of mayor of Liverpool. Whilst

holding this station, he happened to attend a public meeting at which he sat uncovered, in common with all the gentlemen present, with one exception. The exception was a sturdy Quaker, whom no hisses or remonstrances could frighten or shame into compliance with this act of "hat worship."

A small matter will create a turmoil in a crowd, and so it happened on the present occasion. Indignation became almost unanimous against the Friend with his hat on. There he sat as heedless of the tempest that whistled round his head, as the rock of Gibraltar, or the Craig of Ailsa. The tumult was at the highest, when William Rathbone rose, walked over to the side of the refractory Quaker, and, instead of taking off the offending beaver, put on his own. This generous token of respect for a conscientious scruple was promptly responded to by a shout of applause from the delighted assembly, and it

is needless to say that no further interference was attempted, or disapprobation expressed.

Greenbank, the country seat of Wm. Rathbone, is peculiarly interesting to me as the spot where Joseph Blanco White spent the last few months of his chequered existence. This remarkable man was a native of Seville. He was of Irish descent, and became a Roman Catholic priest. Being led by conviction to abjure that faith, he escaped to England, and after years of doubt and enquiry, during which he supported himself by his literary labors, he joined the Church of England. But to avoid the imputation of venality, he would never accept of any profitable benefice in that wealthy establishment. He was the intimate and beloved friend of the distinguished Dr. Whately; and when that able writer became Archbishop of Dublin, he removed with him to Ireland, and lived in his family for many years on terms

of most affectionate intimacy. But his active mind continued those habits of enquiry which had necessitated his flight from his native land; and, as with him conviction was followed by corresponding action, he found himself obliged, in order to save his honored friend from the imputation of sheltering a heretic, to leave Dublin and retire to Liverpool. During his later years he was the victim of extreme nervous suffering and debility, pain being terribly complicated with helpnessness. His chief solace then lay in correspondence, and in the society of a small circle of attached friends, amongst whom the Rathbone family were conspicuous. He was at length prevailed on to allow himself to be removed from his lodgings to Greenbank, and there he was attended with devoted and affectionate attention. Day and night he was watched and nursed till he died. In the year 1845, his life and a portion of his correspon-

dence was edited by a son-in-law of William Rathbone's, and published in London. It has not been published in America, but it is nevertheless the most deeply interesting and absorbing history of a mind that I ever met with. The incidents are comparatively few, but it pourtrays a noble sense of the claims of duty, undaunted zeal in the search after truth, and a faithful obedience to the leadings of conscience.

Having achieved this rambling essay, I was peacefully reposing from my labors, when who should walk in but my friend —— ——, a dashing miller from the county of Kildare — stalwart, vigorous, frank and hearty, *etat* 64, bright-eyed, hawk-nosed, with a heart "as big as a house," and a head so clear, that to hear his talk, always makes me break the tenth commandment, — for it is wonderful for wit and originality. He came up to town to

hear Jenny Lind, and declares that she disappointed him, for the reality surpassed his expectations, high as they were. But I mention him now, to say that he lived in Liverpool, in 1806, when Roscoe was elected member of Parliament, and was acquainted with Rushton and the Rathbones. I hoped by a talk with him to test the truth of my statements, and the result was satisfactory to my accuracy. He recollected the banners of the tory candidate, inscribed with "The Slave-trade forever," being carried through the streets. Honest fellows! they never canted about Slavery *in the abstract.* The more concrete it was, they liked it the better. The expression of free opinion in religion or politics, subjected the speaker to insult or injury. Everything of this kind was stigmatized by the name of "French principles," — just as Abolitionism, Christ's doctrines on the subject of peace, and such like novelties, are

now believed by many in Ireland to be the result of the "New American principles." Everything but the slang of loyalty and religion, and the pursuit of gain, was then at a discount in Liverpool. When Roscoe, Wm. Rathbone the elder, and Dr. Currie (the biographer of Burns) resolved to attempt the formation of the first public library and reading-room in the town, they called a public meeting—but their own three selves were all who attended. Nothing daunted, Roscoe was moved to the chair, Currie was appointed Secretary, and Rathbone moved the resolutions. The proceedings were published in such a form as to hold out a prospect of gain to the subscribers of stock, and in a few days the foundation was laid of a princely Athenæum, the first of its kind in England. Literature suddenly became fashionable, and libraries were deemed necessary appendages to the dwellings of the wealthy. One of the

great merchants who had made his fortune by the Slave-trade, thinking his establishment incomplete without a library, called on a London bookseller to furnish it for him. The bibliopolist enquired if he would like the works of Shakspeare. "Oh yes, send him by all means. And anything new that he writes, you may also send when it comes out. I leave it all to yourself."

With this learned Theban I conclude my sketches of Liverpool.

DUBLIN, IRELAND

The Ocean Monarch and the Pearl.

BY M. C.

ANALYSIS OF THE POEM.

The Ocean encompassing the British Isles, groans under a vessel laden with wretched emigrants, and complains to his brother Ocean of the Western World, who returns no answer, since he bears a still more miserable burden of human beings, attempting to escape from Slavery. The elements conspire against the emigrants, but the heroic self-devotion of their fellow beings rescues them. The fugitives welcome the dawn of the Sabbath in freedom and hope. But the British Ocean beholds a band of fiendlike men setting off in pursuit of them, and conjures the Western waves to rise, and hinder their inhuman purpose. The elements interfere not with the workings of men's passions. The free men are dragged back to hopeless Slavery, and received with wild yells of demoniac joy in the *free* city of Washington. While the preserver of his fellow men is welcomed with honors in a land of liberty, he who heroically devoted his life to his ebon brethren, is received in a slave country with ferocious execrations, not allowed a fair trial, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Columbia exhorted to behold how her "glorious institutions" are contaminated by the spirit of Slavery,—to see mirrored in her Slaves the infamy which attaches to her name throughout the Old World, and by freeing herself from it, to stand forth in her native majesty.

"DEEP calleth unto deep." The ocean waves
That wash our sea-girt isle, groan ceaselessly
Beneath a heavy burden,—broken hearts
Weighed down with last adieus,—despairing
souls,—

Spirits oppressed with unrequited toil,
Exiled, self-exiled, from once happy homes,
From Erin's "Emerald isle," from Scotia's wilds,
Beloved in infancy. The billows heave
A mournful, low response. "Say, brethren ours,
That wash the free New World with joyous tide,
Bore *ye* e'er such a burden? Has your voice
Glorious and strong been stifled by such sighs?
No sound!—no answer! Though a vessel glides
Over your waters, yet no breath is heard,
Scarcely a throbbing heart can dare to beat,
And ye seem fast enthralled, and motionless!"
Blessings be on your silence, western waves,
Whether 't is shame that stills your ocean roar,
Or love for the enslaved that would be *free*.

* * * * * *

Merciful Heavens! The exiles' vessel burns!
Girt with devouring flames they maddened plunge,
Parents and children, in one last embrace,
Into a watery grave! O waft them near
Some bark of safety! Breathe in kindred hearts
Some self-forgetting pity! See! They come;
Britain's brave sailor plunges in the main,
To rescue the despairing, — mounts the hulk
Flaming, and soon to sink, and snatches thence
Forsaken ones; while noble, princely hands
Receive them gladly with the tenderest care,
And bear them to the port. Spirit of man!
Breath of creative love! Glorious thou art,
Rising sublime above the elements,
Godlike and *free*.

Behold! Across the main
More lightly glides that vessel; the pent breath

Is loosed, and now more gently beat the hearts,
Panting in agony 'twixt hope and fear.
Night's friendly shades withdraw; — the Sabbath morn
Sheds its first holy ray on men now FREE!
O bear them safe, ye winds, from *man's* pursuit,
From man, their *brother-man*, who fiendlike dares
T' enslave immortal spirits.

Deep again
Calleth unto his kindred Western main.
"Say, Brother! Know ye that a *Slave-ship* dares
Loose from yon port? Shall not your billows rise
To roll it back indignant? Are your waves
So tainted with the pestilential air
Which your great land sends o'er ye, that ye bear

Unheedingly the burden? See those men
Savage and wild, fired with demoniac zeal;
Hear their outrageous cries, their maddened
threats!
O let their victims scape their fierce pursuit!
More stormy than their rage. O let the winds
Drive them far onward from that peaceful
bark,
Sleeping in calm security! No sound!
Again no answer!" Can it be, just Heaven!
O must they wake to more than mortal throes?
Shall yet the elements be calm and still,
And shall such fearful cries of agony
Mingle with the blest Sabbath's vesper
chimes?
Shall now the brother be from brother torn,
Parent from child, in hopeless, death-like life
Condemned to linger, at a tyrant's will?
And shall *thy city*, sainted Washington,
Receive these wretched ones with fiendlike
joy,

With maddest yells of triumph, while priests bless
The human sacrifice?

Deep calleth now
No more unto Columbia's waves, but turns
To lave Britannia's land of liberty.
There are the exiles in a happy home;
Parent and child rejoined with gentle care,
Their wounds bound up with oil of human love,
Their wants supplied with generous, bounteous hand,
And he, the British sailor, nobly hailed,
With precious gifts, and high extolling praise,
As the deliverer of his brother man.

O where is *he* who bore those *dark ones* forth,
And risked his life, his all, in their defence?

In a dark prison see him lonely sit
To wear his life out in his gloomy cell!
Say, O Columbia, was there none to speak
In his defence? Shame on thee, that thy judge
E'en stopped his mouth, and shuddered at the name
Of Liberty for *all*. Say was there found,
No Jury just and equal, who would dare
To stand fast to the right? But three alone,
Three from our British Isles, yet strove to raise
Their voice for the heroic man who dared
T' obey unswervingly the law of God!
Bless'd art thou in thy prison, noble soul,
And by thy suffering shalt thou fire with zeal
Men who will give their heart, their soul, and life
To the *Great Cause*, —the *Cause of God and Man*.

Columbia! Thy "offence smells rank to Heaven!"
Thou hast no law to guide thee, but the will
Of an insensate mob. Thy Congress hears,
Hears *unrebuked,* the wild and raging threats
That would still truth and justice. Say, where now
Can man, secure in freedom, raise his voice
To succor the oppressed? Doth e'en thy Church
Protest against thy sin, or gloss it o'er
With words of Holy Writ? Yet now behold
In those poor slaves the mirror of thy shame;
Behold it as reflected to the world;
And then wash out the deadly infamy!
Be just;—be true to thy most holy law,
And the New World shall stand before the Old
In majesty unrivalled.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

Mr. Rushton's Letter to Thomas Paine.

Dear Sir, — In retiring from the revolutionary scenes of Europe, you will not, I trust, retire from those labors which are now strongly agitating the human intellect and making oppressors tremble. While enormity is the growth of every soil, and while crimes, sanctioned by law, are suffered to blur the fairest institutions of mankind, power, such as you possess, can never want employment. Pregnant with the purest political wisdom, you contributed in no small degree to emancipate the people of America from the proud domination of Britain, and you are called upon in the name of suffering humanity, to aim at rescuing one part of that very American people from the abominable grasp of the other. With tyranny, in whatever garb she may

appear, you have waged perpetual war, and surely there cannot be a tyranny more truly execrable than that of the republican planter lording it over his toil-worn, lacerated Slaves. Turn your attention then to the Southern States of the American Union, and there, among a people who have fought, and who have bled in defence of their own liberty, you may delineate the dark and melancholy features of Negro Slavery. Who, that is not familiar with wrong, could behold one of these pigmy despots, in the midst of his rice or tobacco plantation, without reprobating the government that can authorize such a system? Who that is not inured to outrage, could witness the incessant toil, the frequent exercise of the twisted thong, the Osnaburgh frock stained with human blood, and the sable countenance marked with unutterable anguish, without detesting the wretch who tremblingly alive with respect to his own

rights can yet become the cruel violator of the rights of others? Who that is not an habitual hypocrite could follow the democratic Slave-holder to the legislature of his country and hear him declaim on the rights of American citizens, on violated constitutions, &c., without the strongest sensations of loathing and disgust? Or, in short, who that has the feelings of a man could behold this complicated villainy, without adopting your own indignant assertion "that tyranny and martyrdom, like taxation and representation, ought to go hand in hand?" To ameliorate the situation of man is evidently the object of your writings; and whilst your favorite America can exhibit such atrocities, it is impossible, I again repeat it, that powers such as you possess, can ever want employment. The man who is truly a philanthropist, will ever be consistent; he cannot possess one class of feelings for white men, and another for ne-

groes. No! his arms embrace the universe, and all mankind are his brethren. From the borders of the Chesapeake to the borders of Florida, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi, is a widely extended region, in which you may have many admirers, who would, no doubt, take it in dudgeon, were you to appear inimical to their miscalled interests; yet notwithstanding this, I firmly believe that you will not inhabit a country, in which man is allowed to be the property of man, without becoming the enemy of the oppressor, and the fearless advocate of the oppressed. As the clear and energetic champion for broad and general liberty, you have not a superior in the annals of mankind; yet through the whole of your writings, I do not recollect a single passage that is particularly pointed against the slavery of the negroes. It is a subject that calls for intellect gigantic as your own; it is an Augean stable, fit only

for such an Hercules. Let me entreat you then, in the name of that liberty which you prize above all price, once more to vindicate the rights of injured nature, and to show that no laws, no affluence, no authority, can shelter the proprietor of human sinews from the scorn and contempt of a regenerating world. Against you there is not an epithet in the vocabulary of baseness which will not be employed; yet in advocating the cause of negro wretchedness, your power must prove irresistible. EDWARD RUSHTON.

In communicating a copy of this letter to me, my friend thus wrote in the year 1807: —

"I congratulate you on the abolition of the Slave-trade, and have inclosed you a letter which, sometime ago, I addressed to Thomas Paine, on the subject of Negro Slavery in the United States. Since his receipt of this, he has frequently sent me his verbal respects, but will not commit himself to paper on the

subject. In 1791, Thomas Paine, conversing with a gentleman on the subject of the Slave-trade, wondered that God Almighty did not send a thunderbolt to blast the damned town of Liverpool; yet Thomas Paine now resides in the State of New York, surrounded by negro slaves, without either writing or uttering a syllable against negro slavery, though he may daily read such advertisements as the following: "For sale, a well looking negro woman, about twenty-three, with or without her child of four years old; apply to the proprietor." I wish politicians and philosophers would learn to be consistent. Jefferson, the President of the United States, the freest country in the world, holds hundreds of his fellow creatures in a state of bondage. Horne Tooke, the celebrated English patriot, is an enemy to the abolition of the Slave-trade, and Cobbett, the redoubted Cobbett, has been the uniform advocate of negro slavery !!!"

St. Dennis.

BY CAROLINE WESTON.

In early autumn's mellow light,
Montmartre's hill was gleaming bright,
The vintage fields of Saint Ouen
Were glancing in October's sun,
The moated castle proudly stood,*
Embosomed in its ancient wood.
The arched walk — the open glade —
The summer seat — the forest shade —
The grotto dark — the fountain's flood —
The sculptured huntress of the wood —
All roused a vision of the past,
We almost heard the trumpet blast

*The old chateau at St. Ouen is of the time of Louis XIII., and is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; and especially interesting as having been the residence of Neckar, and the home of Madam de Stael's childhood.

Which summoned once a royal court
From palace halls to woodland sport.*
Receding through the forest bowers
We marked St. Dennis' distant towers.

Dim fades the vision of the past,
And feebly rings the bugle blast;
Seek we the fane where dark and deep,
France lays her mighty down to sleep.

I trod Saint Dennis' holy aisle,
Through the high arches of the pile
The chaunted psalm was pouring on
A flood of sound; the solemn tone
Sought vaulted roof and gallery fair,
And died in long vibrations there.
Each storied pane was blazoned bright
With angel, martyr, saint and knight,
And deep was worn the marble floor
By kneeling worshippers of yore.

* The house where we were hospitably welcomed at St. Ouen was once a hunting-seat of Louis XVI.

No sunbeam seeks that pavement old
But stains it bright with legends old,
And carving quaint, and sculptures rare,
Rich shrine and costly gift are there,
And antique tomb whose legends deem
The gothic pile — a churchman's dream.*

I lingered in the central nave
Before the cross St. Louis gave,
And saw in transept and in aisle
Glimmer each monumental pile.
The mightiest names to history known
Are written on each fretted stone.
Beneath that stately tomb we trace
A HERO's trophied resting place,
For, graven by a cunning hand,
We see the famed historic band
Who won Marignan's bloody day,

*In the left aisle of St. Dennis stands the tomb of Dagobert, of the time of St. Louis, where, in very high relief, is exhibited the dream of a poor monk who saw the KING carried off by demons; the king, advertised of his danger, hastened to avert it by founding the neighboring abbey.

In story named "the Giant's Fray,"
Where, circled by his conquering band,
Knighthood he sought at Bayard's hand,
Who smiles in marble on his bier —
Scorning alike "reproach and fear."*

In yon proud chapel's darkening gloom
A monarch slumbers on his tomb.
A queenly form beside him lies,
With folded hands and lifted eyes;
Rich gleams in sculptured marble there,
Her broidered robe, her flowing hair,
Yet rests upon that tranquil face
Of craft and cruelty the trace.
Well sleeps she now, nor starts to hear
The muttered curse still stealing near.*

On! seek the noble and the brave,
St. Louis' shrine — Du Guesclin's grave;

*Among the most remarkable tombs in the church of St. Dennis, are those of Francis I., and Claude of France, in the Southern aisle. Opposite is the monument of Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis, executed by Germain Pilon.

Mark yonder tomb — effigies rare
Show youth and beauty slumber there;
Nor dreams the royal Marguerite
Of Paynim foe or weak retreat.

'T were vain to tell of vaulted aisle
Sunk deep beneath the holy pile,
Where slumbering dynasties may keep
Through ages their unbroken sleep.
'T were vain to tell of shrine or tomb,
Deep buried in that solemn gloom;
Of pictured walls whose legends bright
Gleam in the sacristy's dim light,
And tell how kings once came to trace
Ambition's final resting place.
How once above yon distant height,
Hovered the martyr's vision bright;
(Changed now the scene — and calm and still,
Rises to day Montmartre's hill.)
Here, pictured in his pomp and pride,
His nobles thronging by his side,

With cross on breast and mailed hand,
Vowed soldier of the Holy Land, —
St. Louis bends before the light
Of the High Altar blazing bright.
Proud points the mitred Abbot where
St. Dennis' banner flashing fair
Its crimson folds and tongues of flame,
A monarch's homage still must claim.
He comes to seek the banner brave
Which in the holy war must wave;
The oriflamme which France of yore,
In the red van of battle bore.

Still o'er St. Dennis' blazing shrine
Hangs the bright banner of his line;
We marked it as we turned away,
To seek again the outer day.
With lingering step we passed the gate —
Massive its bronze of ancient date,
Memorial of an early reign,
The royal gift of Charlemagne.

Just then St. Dennis' ponderous bell,
Boomed on the ear with sudden swell,
The turret trembled to the roar
Which clanging pealed from shore to shore.
Bad sprites, as ancient legends tell,
In terror fled that tolling bell,
And startled hamlets rushed to arms,
As backward clashed its wild alarms.

* * * * * *

I heard no more the royal tone
Startling the fields of Saint Ouen,
For the high notes of Freedom's bell
Roused from their sleep in memory's cell;
In thought I climbed the narrow stair,
And gained the homely turret, where
Beyond the wild Atlantic wave,
In Penn's fair city, calm and grave,
Hangs the old bell which rings no more,*
For Freedom sleeps on Freedom's shore.

*The Liberty Bell of the Revolution hangs voiceless in its tower at Philadelphia. For some reason or other it is now never rung. The bell, like the freedom which consecrated it, cannot perhaps be safely used.

Long since with reverential care,
I read the legend graven there;
The artificer had ventured well,
Holy the baptism of that bell —
The work of some heroic hand
Which dared proclaim "through all the land"
FREEDOM TO ALL — as dawned the day,
Which poured on ancient fraud its ray,
And Freedom's bell with solemn roar
Declared the tyrant's empire o'er.
Men gathered, who, no longer slaves,
Chose noble lives or honored graves.
Alas! in vain the freeman's vow —
A heavier bondage binds him now;
Nobly he labored to BE FREE,
But shrunk from *giving* liberty.

Oh! when above the Atlantic's roar
Shall Freedom's bell, along the shore,
Its early tone strike true and brave,
Proclaiming freedom to the slave?

PARIS, FRANCE.

Our National Idolatry.

BY SAMUEL MAY, JR.

When Paul went to Athens, he found that city, the centre and proudest seat of the philosophy, refinement and civilization of the age, "wholly given to idolatry." Tried by a test similar to the one which the fearless apostle applied in that case, what is the religion of this Nation? Not less idolatrous than that of Athens.

Prominent among the great idols of this people is the Union — the National Union. No one can be ignorant of the unquestioning reverence which has been steadily inculcated for it. Even to hazard the inquiry, whether the Union be really the substantial good which many pretend, has been to subject one's self to ridicule or censure, — to venture the con-

jecture that it is in any respect mischievous, was to obtain the name of fanatic and madman, — and to deliberately "calculate the value" of the Union, and fitly speak of its tyranny, was deemed the veriest treason. Men have had no idea of a higher obligation and loyalty than that which *any* human laws can claim. "Our country right or wrong" has been the avowed motto of many, the real motto of millions, either incapable of seeing, or determined not to see, how blank and utter is the enmity thus shown to God and to all his laws. And what is this but *idolatry*, which thus prefers any human institution, much more an unjust and *inhuman* one, and exalts it above "all that is called God, and worshipped."

The Union, formed in 1787 — eleven years after the Declaration of Independence — rests upon a careful, elaborate, cunningly-devised compromise with Slavery, that "sum of all

villanies" as John Wesley truly called it, — the greatest wrong and outrage, as Dr. Channing declared, which one man can possibly inflict upon another.

Now it is with this thing, with SLAVERY, with this aggregate of all crimes, this most atrocious and insolent of all tyrannies, this most reckless and defiant of all things which bid defiance to God, — it is precisely with this thing that the Constitution of 1787, the basis and bond of our national Union, makes league and covenant and compromise. For the sake of certain commercial benefits expected to accrue, the men of the North consented to a direct and stipulated countenance of Slavery and of the African Slave Trade. This is the work which the framers of the Constitution agreed to do, and which that instrument imposes upon all who consent to it, support it, or acknowledge themselves in any way parties to it.

This then is the idolatry of the Nation—cherishing, idolizing a system of government, a Union which mocks at justice, denies mercy, subverts the first principle of righteousness and honesty, sets aside the Law of God, and in its stead puts up a hideous image, before which all are commanded to bow down. To refuse to bow is *treason;* to declare that "we ought to obey God rather than man" is *fanaticism;* to rebuke the professed teachers of religion, for upholding such a system, is *infidelity!*

In giving these Constitutional pledges and guarantees to Slavery, the Nation has sacrificed every principle of honor and of justice. It has violated its faith, pledged to the world and to all the victims of tyranny and wrong, in the Declaration of Independence. Those "self-evident truths" it basely trampled upon. To form a union together, it forgot and rejected God and exalted the rule of wickedness and oppression. It "sanctioned and sanctified"

that accursed thing, the contemplation of which has made even Slaveholders tremble when they "reflected that God was just, and that his vengeance would not sleep forever." These things demonstrate the idolatry of this people, and show that the nation, as such, has forsaken God. It is not alone that slavery and other kindred wrongs *exist* among us; it is not that we are, as a people, very far from realizing the great idea of civil and social freedom. But it is this, that we not only have the sin amongst us, but have "framed sin by law," *have deliberately chosen it, and bargained with it, entered into covenant with it, established our Government upon it, and exalted it to the chief place of authority and power.* In form and in fact we have disowned the right, and with the rebel and fallen angel have said — "EVIL, BE THOU MY GOOD."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Reminiscences.

BY THOMAS STURGE.

In bringing about the abolition of Slavery, there was one master-mind constantly and perseveringly at work, who moved all the great men to whom the honor is given of having brought about this great event. But great and valuable as were the labors of those eminent men, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Stephen, Buxton, Brougham, and others, and later in the day, Daniel O'Connell, who, whatever his deficiency in other respects may be, must have the full credit of steadily using his influence to put an end to this mighty evil. Yet this one man, endowed with rare abilities, was he to whom all looked for direction and advice in every important movement, and

without whose persevering efforts during a long course of years, it is probable the abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies would at this day have remained a work to be done. This talented individual had no regard for aught save the accomplishment of the object, and so long as the cause was advanced he was happy. Zachary Macauley was that man. It is respecting him I propose to give some account, because while his efforts were so great, yet he had the happiness of getting through his work without being overburthened with fame.

From an early period Zachary Macauley battled against the iniquity of Slavery.

He was Governor of the Colony of Sierra Leone, at the beginning of the first French revolution, when it was captured by France. To obtain positive evidence of the horrors of the middle passage, he sailed as passenger in a Slaver from the coast of Africa to the West

Indies. While there he made himself fully acquainted with the miseries and oppressions of the negroes. In his retentive memory and powerful mind was stored all that came under his notice, and he possessed and kept up so full and clear a knowledge of the West India islands, that whenever an account of any particular act of oppression was received, he at once was in the habit of saying, — that estate is in such a district, and such is the character of the manager on that property.

After the abolition of the English Slave-trade in 1802, the African Institution (to which Zachary Macauley was secretary) gradually declined, and the friend of the negro fondly hoped and expected that as there was no further importation of slaves, the planters would treat their slaves with so much kindness, that by the increase of population they would gradually become free, and in this happy delusion all further efforts ap-

peared to cease, and the renewal and long continuance of the war with Napoleon absorbed the nation's attention. But Zachary Macauley was not asleep. He surveyed the mighty influence of the West India planters and merchants and their well united efforts to maintain their power. Some idea of their strength may be formed, when it is known that they commanded two hundred votes in the English Parliament, and that they raised about £20,000 annually for purposes of corruption, by a collection made on all imports from the West Indies. To succeed in freeing the slave, it was needful to lay a deep and secure foundation, and he occupied himself while carrying on his mercantile affairs, in gaining information on every subject that could be made useful to overthrow the abomination of slavery. He believed free labor was cheaper than slave labor. To establish this important fact by the assistance of some

of the holders of East India Stock, he got a motion carried in the India House for a return of the mode of cultivating sugar in the different residencies in India. The result was the production of a Blue Book, containing a most perfect account of the cultivation of the sugar cane, the manufacture of sugar, and a detailed account of the cost to the minutest fraction of every operation. Eight shillings, per one hundred and twelve pounds, is about the average cost of sugar in the different residencies of India.

Zachary Macauley well knew that to succeed in establishing a case against the evils of slavery, it would be useless to rely on the evidence of individuals, because whatever truth they might tell, there would be no lack of others who would come forward and deny that any evil existed, and who would boldly and unhesitatingly swear that the slaves were in every respect well used, happy, and

contented. In this difficulty he fixed on a plan by which to obtain incontrovertible evidence, official in character, and drawn from the planters themselves. In following out this object he proceeded cautiously, and, at different times, his friends in the House of Commons moved for returns of the quantity of sugar and other produce made in the different colonies, — of the number of adult negroes, distinguishing the sexes, and the number of children of a given age, the number of births and deaths annually, and other returns respecting punishments. This system of moving for returns was continued during several years, without the object being discovered, till the time arrived to make use of it; and then it was impossible for the West India body to rebut it.

About the year 1823, it was resolved to endeavor to rouse public attention to the evils of slavery, in order to its abolition, and Clark-

son again took the field, and visited all the principal places where he thought an interest in the subject could be revived, and local committees formed. About this time, the writer, who knew Zachary Macauley, called on him. During the conversation, Macauley complained that he could not prevail on some of the old members of the African Society to take an interest in the subject, and he especially regretted that he could not get William Allen to take an active part; and said that from his well known character both as a benevolent man and a man of science, it was essential to obtain his aid. At length a meeting of the friends of the cause was appointed to be held at the King's Head, Poultry. Clarkson was present, with about thirty other persons; and the writer, hearing of the meeting, though uninvited, went and seated himself by the door. At this meeting it was resolved to form a committee for the abolition

of slavery; but so great were the fears of some lest an insurrection of the negroes should occur, attended with slaughter and bloodshed, that it was insisted upon that it must be preceded by a course of preparation for freedom, and that the society should be called a Society for the Gradual Abolition of Slavery. Those who had no fear of the slaves being set free too soon, did not contend this point, and glad of all the help they could get, permitted the timid to have their way. The committee formed this day, mustered about thirty names, took an office in Aldermanbury, elected a paid Secretary, held a few meetings at which Clarkson was present, divided themselves into sub-committees of correspondence, publication and finance, and laid down their plans of action. For a few weeks there was an average attendance of about a dozen: and now commenced that steady war against slavery, by the publication of the

Anti-Slavery Reporter, written entirely by Zachary Macauley. To the committee he brought and read over what he had written, which consisted generally in facts taken out of the official returns to Parliament; with his observations and reflections thereon. It was soon found dry work to sit and hear these reports read, as the language was carefully guarded so as not to throw any undue reflection on individual planters or others, and was entirely directed against the system of slavery, and had for its object to make the public thoroughly acquainted with its iniquitous nature. The Committee resolved they should be published, but the attendance of members soon fell off sadly, and for a long time, with occasional intervals, the acting committee consisted of Zachary Macauley, the secretary, and the writer. At this small committee, the chief business to be done was to read answers to the letters which were sent out,

generally asking for subscriptions, and urging the formation of local committees, and to hear Zachary Macauley read what he had written for publication. This was an easy task, and Zachary Macauley particularly requested of his one auditor, that if he should have made use of any harsh or unkind expression, it might be pointed out. There was little occasion for any correction of this sort, and generally as soon as the reading was finished, this skeleton of a committee ordered the same to be printed, published, and forwarded for sale to the different local associations. Occasionally, but not often, there would be a larger attendance, particularly when individual members wished to propose some measure which they thought would advance the cause. Especially was this the case when those in Parliament thought it desirable to do battle in the House of Commons. Many have been the occasions when different plans have been

proposed to bring slavery to an end, and the subject has been discussed in the writer's presence. On these occasions it was that the master-mind of Macauley appeared. For instance, it was proposed at one time that a period should be fixed at which slavery should cease. At another time it was proposed that all female children born, should be free; that all children from after a certain time, or attaining a certain age, should be free. To all and every one of these plans Macauley answered most conclusively, and showed the utter impossibility of carrying them out, and he constantly and successfully contended that no measure would or could be effectual that should not put an end to the slavery of young and old at one and the same time. So hopeless did the cause appear to some, that the writer well remembers on one particular occasion when it was proposed that slavery should be brought to an end in a

certain fixed period, that a benevolent individual who earnestly desired its extinction, expressed his willingness to agree with the Government that the system should end in thirty years. The injustice of such a contract roused his indignation, and he replied that none possessed the right to bargain for the continuance of the system of oppression for a single day. Thus things went on languidly and slowly for a long period, but all this while Macauley was never discouraged, nor did he ever abate in his devoted application to the subject. On the contrary, his application was if possible, greater, for it was his common practice to begin to write at four o'clock in the morning, and to devote his whole attention to the subject. At one time, the late James Cropper, entertaining the opinion that free labor was cheaper than slave labor, proposed that a company should be formed to encourage the cultivation of sugar and cotton

in the East Indies. The plan was good, and the number of those who were ready to engage in this commercial enterprise was great. Macauley, thoroughly acquainted with the resources of the East, heartily embraced the plan, and a committee consisting of himself, Cropper, the writer and a secretary set to work. One of their first measures was to write to different mercantile houses in India, to whom they sent letters directing their attention to the advantages they might derive from encouraging the production of sugar in India, together with the improvement to be made in its manufacture; and in their zeal they even purchased a sugar-mill and boiling-pans and sent them out. In reply to their letters they were told that sugar could not be made at the cheap rate supposed. Macauley immediately set to work and made extracts from the official reports made to the India House, and specified the different places in

India where sugar was made, with a detailed account of the process and cost from the cultivation of the cane to the completion of the sugar. A large number of these extracts were printed and sent out, and after a time the reply was, that on due enquiry made, the printed account was correct.

While this was going on, the West India body, finding themselves so seriously assailed, formed a plan to strengthen themselves, and they proposed to establish a large chartered company to cultivate their estates, and applied to Parliament for an Act of Incorporation. It was already seen that a charter would be needful to cultivate sugar by free labor in the East, and as the West India body was strong, and the free labor body weak, it was resolved to wait the result of the application for a charter on the part of the West Indians. It was rejected, and of course it was useless for the free labor associ-

ation to apply for a charter. This free labor scheme was abandoned. But although given up, the result was not by any means lost, inasmuch as the information respecting the cultivation of sugar in the East, was there so extensively diffused, that the attention of the merchants in India was directed to it, and in the end led to the present extended production of sugar in those territories. Nor were Macauley's efforts limited to this alone, but he pointed out forcibly the injustice of charging the higher duty of ten to twelve pounds per ton on sugar, the produce of free labor in the East, than was charged on that raised by slave labor in the West Indies. This was a commercial question, and of course received the support of East India merchants, who now, alive to the advantages of the sugar trade, joined in application to Parliament, and after a while succeeded in getting the sugar duties equalized. The West India body were

well aware who their powerful foe was, and were very anxious by any means, to put him down; and it so fell out about this time when many Anti-Slavery Committees had been held where the whole proceeding consisted chiefly in Macauley's reading over his Reporter, that the writer thought it was of little importance that he should attend, and on his calling one day to tell the Secretary that he thought of being absent at the next committee, the Secretary, T. Pringle, said, "Oh! I forget; Mr. Macauley told me to say he particularly wished you to attend, as something of importance is coming on." The surprise of the writer was great, when at the next committee he met some who were little in the habit of being present, who, on rising, brought forward certain slanderous charges made against the integrity of Zachary Macauley in respect to the trade of his house in Africa; charges raised at the instance of his

enemies in the West India body, and designed to render his efforts for the abolition of slavery useless. To these evil reports these honest, weak-minded men gave credence. Powerful as Macauley was in argument, yet his voice was not strong; but he indignantly repelled the accusation, and it fell to the lot of the writer to defend him, and to rebuke these weak but well-meaning men, in strong language.

The West India body started a West India Reporter in reply to the Anti-Slavery Reporter. On the first number making its appearance, Macauley rejoiced at the opportunity it gave him of refuting their statements, which he did so effectually, that only about three numbers made their appearance, and it was given up as a damage to their cause.

The long continued publication of the Anti-Slavery Reporter, began at length to produce an effect. Deep thinking men read it and an

increased interest in favor of Abolition became apparent. The committees were better attended, and increased to an average of ten or twelve, sometimes more. The case of the persecution of Smith, the missionary, who died in prison at Demerara, gave a great impulse to the cause. Numbers of dissenters began to interest themselves, and their missionaries could no longer be restrained from making the truth known. Heretofore many had been restrained from speaking the whole truth, lest their missionary efforts in the colonies should be hindered, — but all would not do. They were aware what the Society for the Gradual Abolition of Slavery was doing, and in the colonies they felt the evils of slavery, and missionaries dared to speak out. Elizabeth Heyrick, of Leicester, wrote a strong but short pamphlet,—" Not Gradual but Immediate Emancipation." At this Macauley greatly rejoiced, and at the next committee

(present Macauley, the Secretary, and the writer,) it was resolved to drop the word Gradual, and head it "Reporter of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery." It was moved and adopted without comment.

Ever alive to avail himself of every means to break down the power of the West India body, Macauley's attention was next drawn to the bounty allowed on the exportation of refined sugar; and here a singular state of things existed. The price paid by the exporter for refined sugar, was less than the price paid for the raw sugar by the sugar-refiner. On examining this subject, it was found that the sugar-refiner and the West India body had made out to the Government, that from every hundred weight of raw sugar put into the pan of the refiner, only about fifty-six pounds of refined sugar was obtained, and on this fifty-six an amount of bounty was allowed equal to the duty charged on the one hundred twelve pounds of raw sugar.

Many years before the improvements in sugar-refining were introduced, it might be a correct estimate; but at this period it was so incorrect, that the rate of bounty allowed on refined sugar exported was equal to a tax on the public of about one and one-fourth million for the benefit of the Planter. It was important to the Government to save all they could. The Prime Minister was made acquainted with the fact, a chemist was appointed by the Government to investigate it, and the result was such an alteration in the bounty on the exportation of the refined sugar as was equal to the duty paid. This was a serious blow to the West India interest, because it left more sugar to be consumed in the home market at a lower price — but to the public only justice. The war against slavery now waxed hotter, the West India body grew weaker. Many who wished for the abolition of slavery became impatient

that something effectual should be done. The present Sir George Stephen, who inherited a fixed hatred of slavery — a man of great energy — boldly called for the immediate abolition of slavery, and had large placards posted up to call public meetings to discuss the subject. He was well supported, and he advertised for lecturers to travel over the country and lecture on the subject. Baldwin, a man of fixed determination, and the eloquent George Thompson were engaged, and the battle waxed stronger and stronger. The West India body on their side, had engaged a powerful but not scrupulous writer to abuse the abolitionists — McQueen. This he did right well. But it was of little avail — abuse does not convince. The horrors and evils of of slavery became known, the public was roused, and a deputation from the different towns in England was appointed to meet in London. They met, and all were urgent in

demanding the immediate abolition of slavery; and in their zeal they sent a demand to the Abolition Committee to unite with them on conditions prescribed. The Abolition Committee had now to act with great prudence; they were alive to the dangerous position of the question, and at the same time were anxious not to do anything which might prevent the delegates from obtaining their object. On deliberation they sent an answer to the deputies to say they thought they should best serve the cause of the negro by continuing to act separately. Their reason for this was, that they were well aware that in order to secure freedom to the negro, it was of the greatest importance that laws should be passed to prevent his being oppressed by vagrant or other acts after his freedom was obtained. The Government respected the original Abolition Society, gave them ready facility of communication, and

willingly framed the desired enactments. I should however, have mentioned one important fact, which was, that for the support of themselves, the West India body obtained a Committee of the House of Lords. This was a sad cause of delay and expense, but Sir G. Stephen attended to cross examine witnesses. But little hope existed of a favorable result to the negro. The Duke of Richmond, who has extensive property in the West Indies, was chairman, and other Lords were largely interested. The investigation was long, and while it was going on, there arrived in this country a little, insignificant, poor, timid man, by profession a Methodist. But insignificant as he appeared, he was a right true man. He had gone out to the West Indies as a clerk or book-keeper. Directly on his arrival he was well received by his fellows, who lost no time in proposing to him to live in the same iniquitous way

they did. Right principled, he revolted at the sinful course proposed. He saw the horrid cruelty of slavery, and resolved immediately to get away from such a region of iniquity. This was no easy matter, as he was without means; but nevertheless, he contrived to reach England, and was found out by the Secretary; and as his evidence was simple and good, he was induced to attend as a witness before the Lords' Committee. He there spoke of what he had experienced and seen. After his examination was over, the Duke of Richmond wished to see him at his house next morning to converse with him, which he did, and the result of the Lords' Committee was against the existence of slavery, and in favor of the negro. A short account of what came under the notice of this poor but right-minded witness, was printed, and it had a great effect. You will naturally wish to know what

became of such a man, and what was done for him. This is not easily told, for he was one of those timid, meek men, to whose happiness it seems essential that they should escape the notice of their fellow men and be lost in the crowd.

You may wish to know what part the writer took in this great battle. The answer must be, very little indeed. Placed beside a man of such great ability it was little he could do, but at last he discovered that his use was like that of the old woman to whom Gibbon was in the habit of reading his works. viz: to listen, to be consulted, and to sanction what Macauley proposed. When the battle was won, the writer, in talking over the subject with Macauley, declared this to be his conviction. The reply was, "You were of the greatest possible use to me, for when you approved I had so full a reliance on your judgment that I was always confident in going on."

By this we may learn that all men have their proper place. It is not for all to appear as prominent actors; the position of some is simply to hear, and approve or disapprove; and as long as their part is duly performed, they may be well content. The great and powerful are supported by the weak as well as by the strong.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Nature's Teachings.

BY JANE M. ARNOLD.

Many and penetrating are the voices which speak to us through nature. From the still mountain-heights and from the rolling sea — from the starry sky and from the deep wood — from the flowery meadows, the barren moor, and the dancing brook, they go forth, various in their tones as are the hearts of men; and yet, though many, they are all one.

It may be that our hearts are not open to them all alike; but there are some to which we have all listened; some, whose mighty tones have reached and moulded our childish imaginations, even though we have never visited the shrine from whence they issue.

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains: each a mighty voice." *

* Wordsworth's Sonnets.

Are there any whose hearts have not responded to that noble sonnet? Any who have not heard those voices and learned from them glorious and solemn things both of God and man?

We stand upon the sea-shore; and as we gaze over the expanse of living, ever-moving waters, compassed only by the blue dome of sky, our thoughts launch out upon them and are borne on their broad bosom round the globe. We no longer stand there, solitary listeners to the Ocean Voice — separate from all other countries and races of men; but feel that we are indeed all of one family, and that the sea is set to be the great "highway of nations," by which brother may hold intercourse with brother, and carry forth each his best treasure — his faith, his wisdom, the stores of his experience, the produce of his land or the work of his hands — treasures numerous as the lands which ocean washes,

and all fraught with blessings. There is the vessel that conveys the devoted missionary far from home, and friends, and sympathy, to toil and die among a people who know neither his language nor his hope; of whom he knows only that they are brethren. There is the merchant ship carrying to the remotest corners of the world comfort and refinement. There too is another, wafted on her way with prayers and tears and blessings, bearing a band of emigrants whose sturdy arms and resolute hearts will subdue new regions to man.

But what is that vessel with the low black hull, now lurking under the coast and at the river's mouth, now flying on her way like a guilty thing? What are those stifled groans that rise from her dark bosom mingled with the sound of the clanking chains and deadly curse? What fatal burden does she carry which thus casts its shadow around her? It

is the burden and the shadow of Slavery. The joyful voice of ocean is hushed at her approach: he dares speak no more of his friendly service to man, — but he will not be silent long. Those wretched beings fainting beneath the deck, they are ignorant and degraded; why do they not call on their happier brothers to raise them? They are chained and weak; why do they not call on their free and strong brothers to deliver them? It is by brothers that they are stolen and chained and degraded — degraded, not by the chain and the price and the whip and the branding-iron and the scoff — amid all these the slave might be freer than his master — but degraded by the bitter hatred, the fear, the cunning, which Slavery cherishes in his heart: degraded alike by the brute revenge in which he burns his master's house and murders his sleeping babes and by the grovelling contentment

which is that master's boast and defence, when he eats and drinks and is satisfied, and knows not that he has neither home nor country. And the curse which the slave-ship brings to the African, he carries back ten-fold into the bosom of America. In every wave that rolls its bright and gathered waters to our feet, Ocean's glad voice declares the beneficent end of his creation; but, listen! in that hollow under-murmur are shame and sorrow and reproach.

Let us turn from the sea-shore and hide ourselves from man, among the mountains. Let us listen to their voice: it will speak of God. "Come up to our heights, ye sorrowful men, and breathe the free air of heaven. Our gushing streams shall sing of cheerfulness and hope, and our rugged rocks shall teach your trembling hearts that steadfastness and strength have not forsaken the earth. Cease then, O mourners, these desponding sighs; for

as surely as He lives who planted our deep foundations and bathes our worn foreheads in the clouds of heaven, so surely is ordained the final triumph of Justice and of Love."

AMBLESIDE, ENGLAND.

Prayer of the Captain's Clerk.

BY ELIZABETH POOLE.

Nearly sixty years ago, my father (now in his grave,) impelled by a restless disposition and a love of adventure, quitted a quiet home in the centre of England, and the jealous care of a pious parent, and went to Liverpool, anxious, like many other youths both before and since, to see the world in foreign parts. The only situation which he could obtain was that of Captain's Clerk on board a Slave-ship, bound for Africa. He accompanied the vessel to the Coast of Africa, where she took in a cargo of human merchandize, and then sailed to one of the Islands of the West Indies. He returned to the Coast of Africa, and again to the West Indies. By this time his soul utterly loathed the horrid trade with which he had connected himself, and he bitterly repented the folly and disobedience which had led him to forsake the parental roof. He saw not, however, at the time, any way of escape. The vessel was preparing for a third voyage to Africa, when, providentially for him, a line-of-battle ship, then cruising in that region, was in want of hands, and my father's ship was visited for the purpose of impressing some of the men. While the king's officer was examining the common seamen, my father took him aside, and making him acquainted with his strong desire to quit the ship, earnestly entreated to be impressed. The officer complied, and in an hour afterwards my father was on board a man-of-war. The king's ship was soon ordered home, and my father paid off and discharged. In after life he seldom referred to this part of his history. He was ashamed of it, and looked back upon it with deep sorrow and bitter remorse. Once, however, I heard him describe some of the scenes witnessed by him on board the Slave-ship; and though an infant at the time, the terrible scene he depicted never ceased to dwell in my memory, or be present to my imagination. My father described the pestiferous hold in which the stolen Africans were stowed; the manacles and

fetters with which they were confined — the frightful madness which on one occasion prevailed when the ship's water ran short — the fearful mortality that ensued, and the troops of hungry sharks that followed the wake of the ship waiting for their daily supply of human carcases. He spoke, too, of the diabolical cruelty of the fiendish Captain, who on one occasion snatched a crying infant from the arms of its slave-mother, and hurled it into the billows of the deep; and on another, seized a sick negro by the ears, and dashed his brains out against the side of the ship. — *From a Speech of George Thompson, at Norwich, Oct.* 2, 1846.

Oh God, my heart grows hard
Within this loathsome vessel where I dwell;
From peaceful thoughts debarred,
A prisoner in a grim and ghastly hell.

The sea swells wild around,
Cursing the load that on its heart doth lie;
And to the farthest bound
Where growl the waves, reverberates the deep sky.

The sea swells wild around,
The heavens grow red — the vexed winds hoarse with anger;
Yet each impassioned sound
Is voiced in mine own heart with mightier clangor.

Oh God, the scenes of awe
I *live* and *feel through*, are they known to thee,
When vile men take the law
That demons use, to guide them on the sea?

Did thine eye mark us when
The crying child was flung beneath the wave,
To still its moan of pain
In choking billows of an ocean grave?

Yet happy was that child,
To shun a long, long course of living death,
And midst the waters wild
Might smile away its soft and tender breath,

Escaping all below —
The sin and pain of wronged, benighted life,
The tumult and the woe
Of *Slavery* and the *soul* in endless strife.

Didst thou behold that deed
When the fierce Captain dashed the Slave to earth?
Alas! to see him bleed!
How fast the ebbing stream of life flows forth!

And if the hungry shark
Crushed many a life, and mangled many a frame
Beneath the waters dark,
Upon that white-faced torturer burns the shame!

But those that pine below —
The stifling crowds of sickening, moaning men,
For these my feelings flow,
For these I raise mine eyes in prayer again.

Father! the madness raging
Among our raving captives, bound, yet strong,

And pale Death, hourly waging
War with the gaunt, grim, ghastly, gibbering
throng!

Father! — alas my brain!
I cannot bear this torture! Grant to me
Some respite from this pain,
Some rock to die on in this cursed sea!

Father! a godlike sense
Of liberty is mine; yet *here* I lie;
No means to 'scape from hence —
No holy thing greets me beneath this sky.

Nothing but sin and woe,
Woe, woe, and sin, unending woe and sin;
A weltering deep below;
A wildering sense of agony within.

Above me the broad sky,
Grim frowning with a fell unnatural glare;

A pressure from on high;
An angry throbbing in the heavy air.

God! God! a shore, a shore!
Aught, aught to bear me from this ship of gloom!
Or, if *pure* life no more,
A quiet rest within the sinless tomb!

KILLAINE, IRELAND.

A. B. C. F. M.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

These initials, well understood by the (self-styled) "Evangelical" churches of the United States, designate the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," an association, the purpose of which is to diffuse the American religion among foreign heathen nations. It consists, at present, of one hundred and eighty corporate members, and five or six thousand honorary members, and it collects annually from the "orthodox" public from $200,000 to $300,000. Its receipts in 1846-7, $211,000, left it $30,000 in debt, and its receipts for the past year, $254,000, have fallen short of its expenditure and debt by $60,000. This deficiency is to

be accounted for, in part, by the pecuniary difficulties of the country, but it results in part also from an increased awakening in the public mind to the Anti-Christian character of Slavery, and the consequent conviction, in the minds of many former patrons of the Board, that they cannot conscientiously aid in sustaining its pro-slavery position.

The application of the epithet *pro-slavery* to the A. B. C. F. M. is thought to be justified by the following facts. Their agents, who annually travel through the Southern States, and preach in Southern pulpits, to raise funds for the Board to use in the conversion of the *heathen*, make no protest against that Slavery which has made, and is perpetuating, a race of heathen under their very eyes, to whose aid the labors and benefactions of Southern men ought, in justice, to be first devoted. Several of their missionaries have been slaveholders, and others have

extensively used the hired labor of slaves, thus participating in that system which defrauds the actual laborer of part of his wages. They have freely admitted slaveholders to their churches, and have been so far from discouraging slavery by church discipline, that one of the Secretaries of the Board represents the increased number of slaves in the Cherokee and Choctaw nations, and the general preference there felt for the investment of money in this "species of property," as one of the results of "the doctrines of the gospel having exerted their appropriate influence."*

The object of this article is to give a sketch (necessarily a brief one) of the past and present relations of the Board to Slavery, with some comments.

From the year 1840 (inclusive) to the present time, the Board have been urged at

*Missionary Herald, the official organ of the A. B. C. F. M. October 1848, page 349.

every annual meeting, by various petitions and memorials, to withdraw the support and countenance which they were affordi to slavery. The committees to whom these papers have been referred, have generally deprecated the discussion of that subject, and have invariably expressed perfect satisfaction with the position of the Board. The reader may form an idea of the substance of these reports, by the abstract given below of one presented at Brooklyn, in 1845, by a committee consisting of Dr. Woods of Andover, and nine others, (eight of them clergymen) who reported at length to this effect:

As to declarations and measures of hostility to slavery, the committee recommend to the Board no new action, and refer the petitioners to the reports of previous meetings (which say that the Board cannot turn aside from its peculiar and appropriate work of preaching the Gospel, to condemn Slavery.)

The only Mission Churches of which slaveholders are known to be members are

among the Cherokee and Choctaw Indians. Slavery existed among them when the missionaries entered on their labors among these tribes. The qualification for membership in the mission-churches is 'satisfactory evidence of a saving change of heart, and of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.' Sundry slaveholders, designing to continue such, were considered to have given this evidence, and were accordingly received into the church. As to the kind and amount of instruction given by the missionaries in relation to slavery, the committee quote the language of one of them, who says, 'We give such instructions to masters and servants as are contained in the epistles, and yet not in a way to give the subject a peculiar prominence; *for then it would seem to be personal,* as there are usually but one or two slaveholders at our meetings. In private we converse about all the evils and dangers of slavery.'

The committee admit that the slave-laws among the Cherokees and Choctaws prohibit teaching slaves to read, throw impediments in the way of emancipation, restrict slaves in the possession of property, and embarrass the residence of free negroes among them. They

believe that the destructive influence of slavery is seen on the morals of both master and slave; that it sweeps away those barriers which every civilized community has erected to protect the purity and chastity of the family relations, and that it will ever present formidable obstacles to the right training of the rising generation.

The committee however believe that the missionaries in these slaveholding communities have been faithful in their work. They approve their admission of slaveholders to their churches, and have no different plan to recommend to them for the future. They quote with satisfaction the language of Drs. Chalmers, Candlish, and Cunningham, upon the compatibility of slaveholding with Christianity, and close by saying that their only hope of benefitting either masters or slaves, is 'through the influence of the Gospel.'

The report was unanimously adopted.

The dissatisfaction felt by a portion of the patrons of the Board at the pro-slavery position of that body, has been evinced, not only by the increasing number and urgency of the appeals to them on that subject, but by

the formation, in 1846, of a new society, called the "American Missionary Association," which was designed to prosecute the missionary work without countenance of slavery, or participation in it. At the annual meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. in 1847, it was found necessary to do something to check the defection likely to ensue from this cause, and it was therefore

"*Resolved*, That the Prudential Committee be requested to present a written report at the next annual meeting, on the nature and extent of the control which is to be exercised over the missionaries under the care of the Board, and the moral responsibility of the Board for the nature of the teaching of the missionaries and character of the churches."

Accordingly, at the annual meeting of 1848, (which was held in Boston, and more numerously attended, both by corporate and honorary members, than ever before) the

report on the above subjects was presented. This document is long, and very ingeniously framed to act as a standard of "Limitations of Responsibility" in regard to the control, by the Board, of missionaries and mission-churches. It is well worth reading, as a specimen of the skill with which pious words may be used to veil an impious thing. The limits of this article forbid its insertion, but the substance of the part designed to bear upon slavery may be given in a much less space.

It declares that though foreign missionaries possess an ecclesiastical liberty, equal in all respects to that of ministers at home, they are yet subjected to *similar controlling influences* with pastors at home, and that they come under a distinct and well-defined pledge to teach the same doctrines and *conform to the same ecclesiastical usages* as those which prevail among the churches operating through the Board. The Committee cannot undertake to decide that slaveholders were excluded from the apostolical churches, and

believing that apostolical usages are wisest and best for missionary churches, they cannot undertake to decide that these shall exclude slaveholders. The Scriptures are the ONLY and the SUFFICIENT rule of faith and practice. Slavery is indeed at variance with the principles of the Christian religion, yet it would seem to be within the discretion of a missionary in a slaveholding community, whether he will attack slavery directly, and by name, or 'whether he will strike at some one or more of the things which enter essentially into it.' The Board is not at liberty to withdraw its confidence from missionaries, because of such differences of opinion among them, as are generally found and freely tolerated in presbyteries, councils, associations, and other bodies here at home. And the missionaries cannot properly be restrained, by foreign interference, from confining the organization of mission churches to what *they* regard as the apostolical usage in similar cases;—*having respect, of course, to those necessary limitations already mentioned,* to which they have voluntarily subjected themselves for the maintainance of their social existence as missions, and for securing a regular and competent support from the Christian community at home.

The report admits that the Board is responsible directly, to some extent, for the teaching of the missionaries, that this responsibility extends to a faithful superintendence of the missions, and a decisive intervention when there are manifest departures from duty in the missionaries, and that, as far as a judicious and proper correspondence with the missionaries may properly affect their incipient measures, in the formation of churches, and their subsequent teachings, and so far as those measures determine the character of the churches, the Board is reponsible for the character of the native churches.

Its responsibility in respect to the *existence of slavery* in several of the Indian churches, has some peculiar modifications in the circumstances of the case. The *incipient* measures for the formation of churches among the Cherokees and Choctaws, were taken thirty years ago — long before the subject of slavery came up for discussion among the churches at home. God was soon pleased hopefully to renew the hearts of a number of slaveholding Indians, and upon giving credible evidence of piety, they were received into the church. What the missionaries *could then* have done,

had they perceived all the bearings of that subject, cannot be known.

It is admitted that they should now use a direct influence, at their discretion, to eradicate the evil of slavery, as well as all other evils, from the churches under their care. But it is obvious, that the Board, and the missionaries under its direction have not precisely *the same degree* of responsibility for the existence of slavery in the churches just referred to, that they would have in respect to churches yet to be formed among the tribes of the African continent, or were churches now to be formed, for the first time, among the Indian tribes.

The report from which the above has been condensed is signed, by order and in behalf of the Prudential Committee, by Rev. Messrs. Anderson, Greene, and Treat, the three Secretaries of the Board. Though much of this sketch is in the very words of the report, the condensation does great injustice to the style of the writer, by bringing its contradictions into closer contiguity, and by omitting

long intervening paragraphs of pious sophistry, by which those contradictions are separated and softened.

The Prudential Committee having presented this ingenious provision and justification for at least as much corruption in the mission churches as "ecclesiastical usages" tolerate among "the churches operating through the Board," in the Northern and Southern States, the way is prepared for the long-delayed correspondence with the Cherokee and Choctaw missions.

It appears that after a visit of some months to the Indian territory, in the early part of 1848, by Mr. Treat, one of the three secretaries, for conference with the missionaries respecting slavery, each mission addressed a letter to the Prudential Committee, exhibiting their views and principles in detail. Mr. Treat then drew up a report on the general subject, and after full deliberation on this

report and the letters from the two missions, the Committee addressed letters to the missions in reply, setting forth their views in regard to the different topics which were thought to require notice. The final answer of the missionaries has not yet been received, and therefore the Committee cannot yet report a final adjustment of "this embarrassing question."

The report of Mr. Treat communicates minute and important information respecting slavery among the Cherokees and Choctaws. It says that as this institution was derived from the whites, it has all the general characteristics of Negro Slavery as it exists in the Southern portion of our Union; yet still that it is hardly possible that persons held in bondage by such a people should be in as favorable circumstances as those who have fallen into the hands of enlightened and humane masters in the States; "especially if those masters are under the influence of Christian principle, and are endeavoring to treat their slaves according to the injunctions of the Gospel." The Cherokees have about

1,500 and the Choctaws about 2,000 slaves, and their increase is greater than that of the Indians themselves.

The legislation of the Cherokees appears to Mr. Treat to be milder than that of most slave-holding communities. Free negroes have been once entirely expelled from the nation (except those made free by Cherokees,) and satisfactory security is required to be given for the conduct of slaves subsequently emancipated. Teaching colored people, free or slave, to read or write, is punished by a fine of from 100 to 500 dollars. No free negro or mulatto, not of Cherokee blood, may hold or own any *improvement* in the nation. And slaves are prohibited from owning horses, cattle, hogs or fire-arms.

"The legislation of the Choctaws has been less enlightened and humane than that of the Cherokees. So long ago as October, 1836, the following law was passed:—

"'*Be it enacted, &c.*, That from and after the passage of this act, if any citizen of the United States, acting as a missionary or a preacher, or whatever his occupation may be, is found to take an active part in favoring the principles and notions of the most fatal and destructive doctrines of abolitionism, he shall

be compelled to leave the Nation and forever stay out of it.'

"'*And be it further enacted*, That teaching slaves how to read, to write, or to sing in meeting-houses, or schools, or in any open place, without the consent of the owner, or allowing them to sit at table with him, shall be sufficient ground to convict persons of favoring the principles and notions of abolitionism.'"

"The most objectionable enactment which I find," says Mr. Treat, "having any bearing upon slavery, was approved October 15, 1846. It is as follows: —

"'*Be it enacted, &c.*, That no negro slave can be emancipated in this Nation, except by application or petition of the owner to the General Council; and *Provided also*, that it shall be made to appear to the Council that the owner or owners, at the time of application, shall have no debt or debts outstanding against him or her, either in or out of this Nation.'"

In relation to the influence of *Christianity* upon Slavery among the Indians, Mr. Treat remarks that it seems to have ameliorated the condition of the slaves, but *increased* their number. His language on this point is as follows: —

"It seems fair to presume that a few persons have been led by Christian principle to abstain from the purchase of slaves; and such I was told was the case. But, on the other hand, we may not shut our eyes to the fact that a process has been silently going forward which has tended to a different result.

"As fast as the doctrines of the Gospel have exerted their appropriate influence, the Indians have advanced in civilization. They have felt new desires, and, consequently, new wants. Having these desires and experiencing these wants, they have looked around for the means of gratifying the former and removing the latter. They have sought to do this, as others have done before them, by the acquisition of property. But the forms of investment accessible to them were very few. They could not buy land, even had they wished to do so; because their whole country belonged to the nation in common. Indeed, there was hardly any species of property it was so natural for them to desire and seek as this of which we are speaking; for it became not only a mode of investment, but in their judgment, the means of further acquisition. If we also take into the account the hereditary repugnance of the Indian to labor; if we

reflect that the slaves were capable of doing many things better than their masters, we shall see how the number of slaves may have increased, rather than diminished, as the Indians became more and more like the people around them."

In speaking of the prospective termination of Slavery, Mr. Treat says: —

"The mass of the people have no direct interest in slavery; and could the expediency of bringing it to a speedy termination be brought fairly before their minds, they would probably desire its removal. But they have given very little thought or attention to the subject; and it is very uncertain when the question will be extensively agitated among them.

"The conclusion to which my own mind has been brought, is, that the Indians must be expected to follow, and not precede the surrounding communities, in any scheme which contemplates the extinction of slavery."

We next quote from the report, a passage relative to the policy of the missions.

"It was not to be expected that the missionaries in the beginning should place themselves far in advance of *public sentiment*

in New England and the Middle States, and act in accordance with views which began to be entertained among us only at a later day.

"The mass of the people felt a strong repugnance to any change in their established usages and institutions. Hence the missionaries thought themselves called upon, as far as possible, to act with that *wisdom* which was enjoined upon the first preachers of the Gospel by the Saviour himself.

"It does not seem to have been the aim of the brethren to exert any *direct* influence, either by their public or their private teachings, upon the system of slavery. And they discovered, as they supposed, a sufficient warrant for this course in the New Testament. On looking to the example of the Saviour and his Apostles, they found what they conceived to be an infallible rule to guide them in their labors. They found that nothing was said in direct condemnation of slavery as a system; neither was its sinfulness denounced, nor its continuance prohibited. But they did find that the mutual obligations of masters and servants were repeatedly and freely discussed. 'Here then,' they seem to have argued, 'is our course marked out for us. We must give instruction on the relative duties of the

master and his slaves, just as the Bible has enjoined.

"And the same policy has generally prevailed to the present time. Most of the missionaries uniformly avoid this topic in their public ministrations; and in their private intercourse with the Indians, they generally deem it advisable to use great caution.

"Respecting the 'instruction of slaveholding converts' Mr. Treat says, I do not find that any distinction was made between this class of persons and others; as to the admission of slaveholders to the Church, he says:—

"The missionaries appear to have required the slaveholder to furnish the same amount of evidence that others furnished; but they did not consider the mere fact of his sustaining this relation a barrier to his admission to the Lord's table. And this is their practice at the present time.

"In defence of their policy in this respect, past and present, they make their appeal, first of all, to the Bible, as showing the only condition of church-membership. This, they say, is evidence of a change of heart; and when such evidence is furnished, there is no law for excluding the candidate from the privileges of Christ's house."

The report next tells us that the labor of slaves has been freely used by the missionaries, both by hire and purchase; (the latter always "with their own consent," as the Colonization Society have it.) Both missions have now concluded that it is "inexpedient" for them to *buy* any more slaves, even with a view to their prospective emancipation; the Choctaw mission continues to *hire* slaves, notwithstanding the suggestion of the Prudential Committee that this also is "inexpedient."

Mr. Treat closes his report by expressing his entire confidence in "the integrity and faithfulness" of the missionaries at both stations.

We next have the letter of the Cherokee mission, which informs the Board that they cannot reject any person from the church "simply" because he is a slaveholder, nor can they even make it a test of piety, or a

condition of church-membership, that the candidate should express a determination not to live and die a slaveholder. Neither can they prohibit church members from buying and selling slaves, even when this involves the separation of parents and children. They trust, however, that they shall not, for this, be looked upon as the advocates of slavery.

The letter of the Choctaw mission is a most particularly pious one. Perhaps in consideration of the perfect appropriateness of the term, we shall be pardoned for saying that it is "*devilish pious.*" We have never seen a sepulchre more thoroughly whited. The following extracts give a correct idea of its purport.

"We have endeavored as a mission to keep aloof from the abolition movement."

* * * * * * *

"As slavery with various modifications has, for a long time had an existence in the Church of God, it is proper for us to inquire

how the servants of the Lord in 'old time' were taught by him, as well as how they conducted in regard to it."

* * * * * * *

"As a civil relation it exists by virtue of the constitution and laws of the land. We are taught in the Bible our duties as citizens."

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"The Saviour and his Apostles have not left any recorded example of their devoting themselves to the reformation of systematic civil wrongs, although many such existed where they lived and labored. Their practice and instructions have weight with us."

* * * * * * *

"We should be careful how we risk the spiritual interests committed to us, by attempting to manage worldly ones, which are not given us by the Saviour."

The letter closes by referring the whole matter to the Prudential Committee, and expressing the hope that "wisdom from the great Head of the Church" may guide them.

The task of replying to these letters did indeed require wisdom. It was no easy matter to satisfy both the pro-slavery missions

and the anti-slavery remonstrants. The Prudential Committee have attempted to do this, on one side by using harder words against slavery *in the abstract* than ever before, and on the other by continuing their permission to shelter it in the concrete under the wing of the Church. This imitation of Mr. By-Ends, of Fair-Speech, (who got most of his estate as a waterman, looking one way and rowing another,) seems at least to have satisfied themselves. What the other parties will say to it remains to be seen.

The reply of the Prudential Committe to the missionaries declares slavery to be "an anti-Christian system." It would seem at first view that a man connected, and declaring his intention to remain connected, with this, could not be received into full fellowship with the Christian system. But the Committee take no such ultra and fanatical ground as this; they say he may remain connected with

the anti-Christian system, but should "prove himself free from the *guilt* of that system, before he can make good his title to a place among the followers of Christ." This reminds one of the saying attributed to a popular temperance lecturer, that he had not for many years partaken of the devil's cup, except at the table of the Lord. The Committee suggest the following ingenious mode by which a slaveholding brother may still pass his examination with credit, and be admitted "among the followers of Christ."

"Perhaps he can show that his being the owner of slaves is involuntary on his part; perhaps he can show that he retains the legal relation at their request and for their advantage; perhaps he can show that he utterly rejects and repudiates the idea of holding property in his fellow-men. If so, let the facts be disclosed, and let him have the benefit of them."

The Committee also declare the use of slave labor by the missionaries to be "alto-

gether inexpedient, except in cases of manifest necessity," and they think that even such necessity is "only temporary."

After the reading of these letters and reports, the whole of the documents relating to this subject were referred to the Rev. Dr. Beman and seven others, who made a brief report, highly commending the fidelity of the Prudential Committee, the wisdom and kindness displayed in the negotiations of Mr. Treat, and the excellent Christian spirit pervading the letters from the two missions, and advising in conclusion that the whole subject be left in the hands of the Prudential Committee.

"Before the question was taken on the acceptance of this report, Dr. Blanchard of Illinois, proposed, as an amendment to the same, the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That this Board distinctly admits and affirms the principle, that slaveholding is a practice which is not to be allowed in the Christian Church.

"*Resolved*, That it is, in the judgment of the Board, the duty of our missionaries in the Cherokee and Choctaw nations to discontinue the practice of hiring slaves of their owners to do the work of the missions; and, in the reception of members, to act on the principle laid down by Mr. Treat and the Prudential Committee, that slaveholding is *prima facie* evidence against the piety of the candidates applying for admission to the church."

This amendment was unanimously rejected, but the rejection being afterwards reconsidered by a vote of forty to thirteen, President Blanchard was requested to withdraw his resolutions, and consented to do so if they might be entered on the records of the meeting. This was agreed to, and the whole subject was then laid on the table.

It is difficult to decide where to begin to remark upon these proceedings. Much that is noteworthy must be passed over for want of room.

It is manifest from the above documents that the Prudential Committtee, and the Board in whose behalf they speak, are no more Anti-Slavery in principle than their missionaries. The latter say plumply that they will not make the holding, buying or selling of slaves, or the consequent separation of parents and children, either a matter of exclusion *from* the church or of discipline *in* it. Yet they trust that they shall not, for this, be looked upon as advocates of slavery! (Oh no! certainly not! They are undoubtedly Free Soil men, like the Whigs and Democrats.) The former (the A. B. C. F. M.) finding the annually increasing pressure of Anti-Slavery demands from without beginning to create some motion within, have found it necessary to eat their own words, often previously expressed, and openly to denounce slavery as "opposed to the principles of the Gospel, an Anti-Christian system."

This is not all. They have analyzed it so faithfully, shown its constituent elements in such black reality, and uttered such edifying *talk* upon the viciousness of the "system," that the very elect might have been deceived, had they not long since learned to test talk by action. And what is the ultimatum of Anti-Slavery action recommended by the Board to their missionaries? Just this. They think it inexpedient for them to buy or hire any more slaves, and, though they cannot authorize the exclusion of slaveholders, as such, from the church, they consider it fundamental to inquire into their views and feelings respecting slavery, and suppose that, "in ordinary cases, the missionary may, at some time and in some way, give utterance to the opinions which he himself has derived from God's holy word" in relation to slavery. All this license is freely given. And, considering the character of the opinions which these

missionaries have "derived" from the Bible and other sources, we think this permission can hardly be called ultra or fanatical.

It is instructive to see how the Prudential Committee and the Board, as well as the missionaries, plant themselves upon the Bible, as a rock of defence for slaveholding. As if a *book* could possibly make that right which is a plain violation of justice and humanity; as if the example of Peter and Paul (supposing it to be proved) could establish falsehood, authenticate fraud, or purify the sum of all villanies! Suppose they could find a book proving that Peter and Paul admitted habitual drunkards to the church, would they on that account admit such persons to *their* churches, and maintain that habitual drunkenness may be perfectly consistent with a Christian character? If the Bible defends such slavery as existed among the Romans in Paul's time, and exists among the Choctaws now, so much the worse for the Bible.

We see by the very apologies, both of the missionaries and the Board, how completely this matter of slavery has been in their own hands from the beginning, and how the corruption of the mission-churches has resulted from that of the missionaries and their employers. Slavery existed when the missions were founded, by their own confession. So did drunkenness, so did theft, so did adultery, so did murder! Why did they keep these out, if they let slavery in? Why did they let slavery in, if they kept these out? It was their imperative duty, in founding a church, to brand as infamous, and utterly incompatible with the Christian character, participation in that system which, by making chattels of men, women, and children, authorizes any outrage which may subsequently be inflicted on them. I repeat it. The power to keep the church pure from this infamy *from the beginning*, was entirely in their own

hands. They did not use it. And what is their alleged reason? *Public sentiment* and *ecclesiastical usage* were not then opposed to slavery. And what is their reason for not dealing with slavery in the church, after it had gained admission? *It would have seemed personal,* as but few slaveholders attended the church meetings. Worthy successors these of those apostles who turned the world upside down!

Is it not the extreme of unfaithfulness for a class of men whose worldly business and daily avocation is the study and promulgation of good morals and religion, to suffer "an anti-Christian system" to exist in their churches without protest until it was assailed by the world without? And is it not the extreme of impudence for *them* to allege, in serious excuse for this delinquency, that that very world without, the printers, butchers, carpenters, &c., (whose interest in religion was only

personal and not professional like their own) had not yet renounced this practice? Yet such is the position of the missionaries.

The petitioners and memorialists, who have now for nine years stood as humble suppliants at the door of the Mission-House, have much reason to feel encouraged to further effort, both by their partial success and by the concurrence of favorable external events. For a long time the Board refused them even *words* of opposition to slavery, on the ground that they could not turn aside from their work of preaching the gospel to utter them. Now, their perseverance is rewarded by words in abundance, and very excellent words, as far as they go. The facts presented by the petitioners lie like an iron pound-weight in one scale, and the Board are gravely speaking whole sermons of words into the other, and seeming to expect that they will weigh it down. Many are deceived

by this talk, and the solemn tone in which it is spoken, and come at last to believe that such serious words, and so many of them, must weigh more than a pound. But let not the petitioners be deceived. If they persevere in their demand, the deeds will come after the words.

But is there any hope that the Board will see this thing differently from its so often expressed opinion?

Undoubtedly. *Circumstances* have wonderful power to open the eyes of that class of blind people. Whenever the eyes of the public are opened, the Board will see clearly by sympathy, or by instinct. The Northern States, from which come the chief contributions of the A. B. C. F. M., are turning, more rapidly than ever before, towards anti-slavery truth. Of course, the A. B. C. F. M. will turn also, but it will turn by slow degrees, and a little behind the great movement of the

people. The screws are even now tightening upon it. Many of the Free Soil party are beginning to inquire why they should aid the extension of slavery in the Church, while they oppose it in the State; and these will soon transfer their customary contributions from the Board to the American Missionary Association. This latter body also is making decided progress among the churches, its receipts having increased from $13,000 the first year, to nearly $18,000 the second. Keen-sighted and sagacious men in the Board itself are seeing more and more evidence of a change in public sentiment, and predicting a failure of the supplies unless some corresponding change is made by themselves; and more Willistons, more Blanchards more Beechers will utter this voice next year, and more still the year succeeding. The Board therefore will change. Cautiously, warily, sanctimoniously, with dignity and

deliberation, they will seek to gain the new position and the funds dependent upon it, not only without repentance and confession, but without once appearing to the community *in the act of changing*. But let not *us* be deceived. We now know from the mouths of the missionaries and of the Board themselves, their allegiance to public sentiment and ecclesiastical usage, rather than to truth and righteousness. While, therefore, this change is in progress, and after it shall have been completed, let us guard against being deceived by the supposition that it is caused by anti-slavery principle, a Christian spirit, the love of humanity, or any influence but that which moves a dead fish, — the course of the tide. Not one particle of credit should be given to a body of clergymen for sincerity of conviction, or honesty of purpose in a change in morals or religion which follows, instead of preceding, a similar change in the

unclerical mass of the community. The functions of Reverend Professor of the Theory and Practice of Christianity, are not fulfilled by merely echoing the discoveries which common men have long since published to the world, and which the world is beginning to adopt and put in practice.

We see this want of principle in the very protestants, the movement party, of the Board. Dr. Blanchard and Dr. Lyman Beecher were evidently the mouth-pieces of an informal constituency in the West, who would hold them responsible for their action in the Board, and whose influence impelled them to the unpleasant task of dissent. And it was, after all, nothing but verbal dissent. They did not push the matter to a final vote, that a dividing line might be drawn between the friends and the enemies of their movement. They did not ask that slaveholding should be made *absolute* evidence of unfitness for church-

membership, but only *prima facie* evidence. Dr. Blanchard agreed to withdraw his resolutions if his credit could be saved by their entrance on the record; and Dr. Beecher did not even present any resolutions.

If such are the *reformers* of the Board, what wonder that we find its regular officers taking the ground throughout all their proceedings that slaveholding may be practised under the influence of Christian principle, and slaveholders be worthy members of the church! What wonder that Mr. Treat says that the introduction of Christianity has increased the number of the slaves, and praises the integrity and faithfulness of the missionaries, while he admits not only that they have done next to nothing against slavery, but that the mass of the Indians would probably desire its removal, if the expediency of bringing it to a speedy termination could be brought fairly before their minds!

As to the missionaries, it plainly appears, either that they have been, from the first, entirely destitute of anti-slavery principle, and therefore unfit for the missionary office, or that no deserting sentinel ever sneaked in a more mean and cowardly manner from his post of duty, than they have done from theirs. Such must be the judgment of one who looks at them from the stand-point of Christianity. If, however, we regard them solely in their relation to the Board, we must say that their complaints of its treatment are natural and reasonable. Since the pro-slavery course in which they have been consistent from the beginning has repeatedly received the approving vote of the Board, they may well be surprised at its present censure, which, be it observed, respects only the amount, and not the kind, of pro-slavery action. Well may they appeal to the decision of 1845, at Brook-

lyn, and say they thought they "occupied ground in common" with the Board.

Being expressly authorized by their employers to hire slaves and to admit slaveholders to the church, they might well suppose the number, in both cases, was to be decided by their own views of expediency. But circumstances alter cases. The pressure of pro-slavery circumstances among the Choctaws must give way to the more powerful pressure of anti-slavery circumstances upon the Board.

A glance at the quiescent past, the agitated present, and the clearly manifest future of the A. B. C. F. M. must convince every intelligent mind that aid to that body is not aid to the diffusion of Christianity in the world. Transplantation among the heathen of the ecclesiastical usages of Southern churches, or of Northern churches with Southern principles, is not preaching the

Gospel to them. A course of missionary labor which confessedly increases the trade in slaves, is certainly not a diffusion of the liberty with which Christ makes free. We earnestly entreat all who see slavery to be a sin to brand it as such, as promptly and decidedly when under the sheep's clothing of evangelical missionary labor, as when standing in native and naked deformity; and we again suggest the caution that a change of *life* in the Board, manifestly prompted and fully accounted for by pecuniary interest, be not mistaken for a change of *heart*.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Sonnet.

THREE million men, by God created free
In this America of ours are slaves;
Lives dark with suffering, unremembered graves,—
Behold the story of their destiny.
And yet, not merely because such things be
Does every noble heart indignant burn
And from the sight in loathing horror turn;
The bitterer shame and anguish is that we
The eighteen millions, strong and rich and great,
Proud of the memories that from Plymouth date,
In Christ's own Gospel swift our parts to claim,
Are yet the enslavers of the weak and poor,
Or worse, the jailers at their prison-door.
Is there not cause for agony and shame?

Liberty.

BY JAMES HAUGHTON.

LIBERTY is the priceless gift of God. Deprived of its beams, all animated nature languishes, and pines, and dies. Basking in its glorious sunshine, all creation is filled with light, and life, and joy. Man — who stands prëeminent among the mighty works of God on earth — is but little elevated above the most grovelling things, when slavery spreads its malign influences over his soul; his noble nature is then degraded, and he becomes a miserable creature whose highest pleasures consist in such occasional snatches of sensual indulgence, as he can win from the watchfulness of his oppressors. Liberty — this great and glorious gift — ought to be

as inalienable as it is priceless. But, unhappily, the thirst of gain and the lust of power, counteract this law of the Creator; so that, even in the present day of general enlightenment, a large portion of the human family are kept in a condition at everlasting war with their nature, and the aspirations of their souls. But the eternal principle can never be entirely eradicated. The slave is ever rebelling, more or less energetically, according as the oppressor has been more or less successful in repressing the god-like aspirations of his victim. The eternal principles of truth and justice are ever found in opposition to tyranny, and making good their claims on the hearts and affections of mankind. Hence there is a steady progress towards the overthrow of all slavery and all oppression of man by his fellows. However remote may be the period — however distant the day when that happy consummation shall

take place, — men must be false to their own convictions who do not believe it is on the wing — who have no faith in the blessed realization. It is strange that so many should yet be found who have no just appreciation of these sentiments. Perhaps man is the only animal who is thus false to his own nature. He alone has the temerity to run counter to the will of the Creator, by striving to blot out of the mind of his fellows, all knowledge of the rights and privileges granted by their common Father. And is it not melancholy to think that, in this impotent attempt, men professing the mild and the enlightening doctrines of the Christian religion, occupy the foremost rank?

Slavery in one shape or other appears to have helped to degrade the human race and depress it in the scale of civilization, from the remotest periods of time. But, however desolating in its effects, when practised in the

early ages of the world and by Mahomedan and heathen nations, it had yet some redeeming features. The slave was not utterly embruted, his mind was in a degree allowed to expand, and the energies and affections of his nature had room to exhibit themselves. He might yet raise himself in the social scale, and become a man among his fellows.

On professing Christians (but practical Atheists) rest the deep humiliation, and black iniquity, of stealing their fellow creatures, and essaying by every art in their power, to blot out the glorious attributes of our noble humanity, and render the being of like high destiny with themselves, a machine, devoid of all those hopes and aspirations, which are man's most glorious privilege.

Americans — upon you and upon your land, rests the deepest stain in relation to this great sin. Other portions of the civilized

world have opened their eyes to their guilt in this matter; and have endeavored to make restitution for centuries of wrong-doing. Why do not you also, come forward as honest men, and give freedom to your captives? How is it, that free born Americans, who pride themselves that their social institutions are in advance of most other nations, are willing to submit to the just — because well-deserved — contempt of the whole world — professing to be the freest people on earth while they hold in fetters three millions of men? Americans, you must see the glaring inconsistency of this conduct, and however reckless you may be of consequences, it is impossible that a people so intelligent as you are, should not perceive that such a state of things has an inevitable tendency to blast your prospects in the future, and to destroy all your usefulness as pioneers of freedom to the human race.

Independently altogether of the fearful and desolating darkness which the customs and the laws of your Slave States entail upon your bondmen, and which must inevitably undermine your greatness as a people, there is superadded to these, all over your dominion, an element of discord and of national weakness, such as must — and at no distant day either — reckoning according to the ages of nations, bring desolation and woe upon your land. I refer to the ungodly prejudice against color, which seems to be a very portion of the being of your white population. Can you believe that a race of colored men, flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone, can grow up amongst you, gradually becoming enlightened, by drinking at the same fountains of science, whose living waters enrich your own minds, and yet be contented to live as aliens in the land which God has given them, as well as you, to dwell in? The supposition is

ridiculous. As you sow, so shall you reap. You are sowing discord; you will assuredly reap an abundant harvest, if you do not alter your course in time, and act more justly to your brethren in the sight of him who formed and fashioned his children as he pleased; and tinged their complexions with different hues, for purposes inscrutable to us; but which it is impious in us to attempt to contravene.

Americans, it is unmanly — it is childish of you, thus to endeavor, with puny efforts, to plant your feet upon human rights, and to overturn those great principles of truth and justice which God has planted in the heart of man. You may for awhile retard their progress by your dams of power and prejudice; but the stream will still flow from its unfailing source; the waters will accumulate; they will overleap all obstructions; and, like a resistless torrent, they will bear down all

opposition; and you, and your sons and your daughters, and your pleasant fields, and your beautiful palaces, will lie buried beneath the ruins; and this great desolation will be acknowledged by mankind, as but a righteous judgment upon a nation of hypocrites, who wilfully and deliberately trampled on those natural and divine laws, which cannot be broken by individuals or nations, with impunity.

Will you then continue to court destruction by being thus unfaithful to your high mission as enlighteners of your race? You are cursed by slavery; arise, and cast it from you forever! Even if the noble determination should prove pecuniarily injurious to some of you, duty calls for it at your hands. But such would not necessarily or eventually be the result. Slavery must be a curse in a pecuniary, as well as in a moral sense. The labor of slaves, being forced labor, must be

comparatively unproductive. A passive, if not an active opposition, must result from the endeavor to obtain from unpaid workmen a full amount of labor. The superior prosperity of your free, over your slave States, taking into full consideration all the advantages and disadvantages of soil and climate in each, is a sufficient proof that the slave system in your Southern States, is adverse to your national prosperity. Your pertinacious adherence to such a system of injustice, in despite of the scorn of the rest of mankind, and in opposition to the spirit of your own Constitution, and the earnest entreaties of a large number of your own most intelligent and worthy fellow citizens, is surely an anomaly not easily accounted for.

What reason can be assigned for the existence of slave y in America and in other lands, seeing that it is a system destructive of happiness, destructive of honor and hon-

esty, and destructive of wealth? May not its existence be attributed to the love of POWER? Man is fond of the exercise of authority over his fellows. This power, once obtained, is seldom relinquished willingly. It is the source of many, or most of the evils which exist in the world. Men should guard against its acquisition by any of their fellows, with a jealous care. It is an engine of oppression in civil and religious matters, of an overreaching and most unsparing character. It is the most mischievous agent in riveting the chains of tyranny and superstition on the bodies and minds of men, which exists. It ought to be contended against by all men who desire that rational, that enlightened, that just laws, — laws in accordance with God's truth, and man's interest, — should be administered among men.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

Letter.

MY DEAR MISS MARTINEAU: —

It has been said that the noblest act of the British Parliament was that which gave twenty millions of British gold, to purchase the freedom of eighty thousand slaves in the British Colonies. I think it was a still nobler act of national justice and humanity when, in the case of Somersett, in 1772, it was decided by the verdict of a London jury, that "the moment a slave set foot on English ground he was free!"

In the summer of 1807, when I resided with my family in Northumberland, I had the good fortune to meet with an intelligent old lady, Mrs. Judith Sharpe, the sister of Granville Sharpe. She gave me many interesting anecdotes of her brother. Though

descended from an ancient family resident in Northumberland, Mr. Sharpe was himself a shopkeeper in Cheapside. In one of his early morning walks in the suburbs, he met a poor negro boy; and observing that his head was bound with a bloody handkerchief, he asked what accident had befallen him. The boy simply said, "It was massa did it." On questioning him further, Mr. Sharpe learned that the poor slave had been sent as a present from a rich slaveholder in Jamaica to his brother, a merchant in London; and that this London slaveholder had, in a moment of brutal anger, struck the boy a desperate blow on the head with some sharp instrument. The boy ran away, and had been some days begging in the streets, having no one to protect or take care of him: Mr. Sharpe took him to the nearest hospital, had his wounds examined and dressed, left him under medical care for some days, and

when all danger from the wounds was over, he took him to his own house and bade him remain in his service, at the same time acquainting his former master where he was to be found. The ruffian claimed him as his property. This was exactly what Mr. Sharpe wished. He defended the negro's right to freedom before a jury in Westminster Hall; and Lord Mansfield had the honor to record their immortal verdict, which became from that day the law of England. Not many days after that great event was known throughout all London, Mrs. Judith Sharpe told me, a lady was sitting in her balcony overlooking the Thames, between London Bridge and the West Indian Docks. She saw a small vessel hurrying towards these docks, and heard a piercing cry, and the name of "Granville Sharpe, Granville Sharpe," loudly shrieked, as the vessel passed rapidly below her balcony. It instantly struck her

that this must have been a kidnapped negro, and without a moment's delay this energetic woman went straight to the Lord Mayor, made an affidavit of what she had seen and heard, and obtained a warrant to search every vessel in the West India Docks for him who had cried so loudly on Granville Sharpe for mercy. After some hours' search, a young negro was found concealed under an empty hogshead; his hands and feet were tied together, and his mouth bandaged. This victim of avarice and cruelty was instantly liberated by that glorious verdict of a London jury.

Oh that America would learn this lesson before it is too late to avert a servile war—that she would learn to "be just and fear not!"

Had George Washington lived in these days, his magnanimous spirit would have taken the side of negro emancipation as fear-

lessly as he did that of American Independence. He did not live up to that period of social progress which the enlightened Americans of the Northern States have now reached. In his time, the mother country, who boasted herself free, was not ashamed to carry on the slave-trade, and to curse her possessions in the Southern States of America by leaving them the legacy of that most foul and impious traffic. But a greater than Washington will yet arise in America, a man capable of making a great personal sacrifice of property in human beings, one who will not only plead the negroes' cause in Congress, but risk all personal consequences of pecuniary loss or malicious interpretation of his motives. The Northern States will hold out the right hand of fellowship to such a noble effort. The man capable of taking a lead in this great cause will not do it rashly, or without self-distrust. He will take counsel

with the calm and thoughtful and self-denying friends of humanity and justice, with men who would fear to offend God by doing a right thing in a wrong "manner of spirit." Such a day I trust is not far distant in America, when Mrs. Chapman and many others who have labored in this most righteous cause will find their reward in its accomplishment.

I am, dear Miss Martineau, truly and respectfully yours,

ELIZA FLETCHER.

LANCRIGG.

The Burial of Theobald.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

They heard it in the lulls of the blast,
In the pauses strange and dreary
That come when a wave of the storm has past,
Through the hollow midnight void and vast.
They heard the plaint of the *Miserere.*

Up the mountain-side came a sound of wail
Wavering and struggling against the gale
Gathering to a choral swell,
Blown by the tyrannous gust away,
Dropped full-toned in the sheltered dell,
Over the sharp cliff whirled in spray;
One shepherd to another called,
"'T is the burial-chant of Theobald,"

Then listened to catch the faint reply,
"May he plead for our souls with the saints
on high!"

In the Abbey Church the body lay,
And the monks kept watch in turn
That holy candles in due array
At head and feet should burn.

"Hush! heard you naught?" whispered
brother Paul,
And fearfully glanced behind
Tow'rd the darkness that seemed to thicken
and fall
Nearer and nearer, and shift and crawl
With weird shapes and faces, — "'T is only
the wind,"
Muttered brother Giles, his awe dissembling,
But the shake of his beads betrayed his
trembling.

As the lumberers' log-fire melts the snow
And slowly bares its circle of ground,
So the flame of the candles seemed melting slow
Through the chancel's deep-drifted gloom profound,
And figures of saints peered stony and grim
Round the shivering halo's outer rim,
Now hid in their niches, now starting out,
As the wind tossed the island of light about.

"There! there!" gasped Paul, "it sounded again,
Something between a groan and a sigh!"
They listened, but only heard the rain
Dashed spattering against the oriel-pane
By a flap of the storm's wing rushing by.

There are two to knoll the bell have gone,
For the sacristan dared not go alone,
And in many a winter evening cold,

In after years they have both of them told
How behind them, over the floor,
They heard the patting of clammy feet
And the trail, as it were of a winding-sheet
As far as the outer door.

The censers sweet meanwhile were swung
And the dirge for the holy dead was sung.
"God rest his soul!" said the Abbot then:
Much monkish blood was running chill,
As the roof gave back the words agen,
And all once more was still.

"Amen!" and the lank corpse sate upright
Upon the bier, the cerements white
Fell backward as it raised
Its shrunk arm in the ghastly light
And on the Abbot gazed;
Ice crept round the roots of the Abbot's
hair,
As he met the dead man's frozen stare.

The blue lips stir not, but the words
Upon the darkness fall,
As flit the shapes of twilight birds
From some long-ruined hall.

"*Justo judicio*," thus groaned he,
"*Dei damnatus sum*,"
And then sank backward silently,
To be forever dumb.

He lived a lone and prayerful life,
Penance was his and gnawing fast,
Much wrestling with an inward strife
To win the crown at last;
Full oft his rebel flesh had known
Sharp scourge-sores festering to the bone.

No sound of earth could pierce his cell,
He sought not fame nor pelf,
Below he saw the fires of hell,
And prayed and scourged and fasted well
Therefrom to save himself;

His heart he starved and mortified;
Love knocked and turned away denied.

Such graces rare, and such an end
God grant us all our lives to mend!
Was not a monk among the whole
Could read this riddle for his soul;
Some hinted at a secret crime,
A vow unpaid, a penance broke,
But clearer views and more sublime
Prevailed, and all agreed in time,
'T was Satan, not their saint, that spoke.

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Everything Helps Us.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Success is no test of the merit of an individual, and defeat no certain argument against him. For "time and chance happen to all," and death snatches many a workman from our sight before his plan has been even unfolded.

But great movements are immortal; and an enterprise, enclosing a right principle, always triumphs. It meets with nothing but victories. It is never even baffled. The Sandwich Islander fabled that into every victor passed the strength of all he conquered. This, stranger still, not only feeds on victories, but passes itself into the bosom of its seeming conqueror, and silently he becomes its vassal.

It is perhaps strongest at the moment of what the world calls its defeat; as the old Commentator has it, "When straw is taken, Moses is near."

Providence, in carrying forward the race, is always prodigal of sacrifice, labor, and life, and the most stirring epoch perhaps contributes, in reality, no more to the grand result than the years which seem only to "stand and wait." In such matters delay is no evil; for such movements, beside accomplishing their primary objects, have secondary and incidental results, almost equally valuable. As they pass along, they unfold the intellect, discipline the virtue and mould the character of all they meet, and are the moral school of the generation. The discussion of their bearings and relations reveals kindred evils, and prepares the public mind to grapple with them in due time.

When the passions of men resist this general spirit of an age, this gradual but constant advance of the race, they consume nothing but themselves — every blow recoils on the head of the assailant, and even the wisest are taken in their own craftiness. Adams cared nothing for the slave, and was opposed to his emancipation in the District of Columbia. But an insolent majority gagged his free speech, and smothered his petitions; and soon he, who might have talked forever a Dough-face, was *silenced* into an honest man, and almost an abolitionist. Clay protested that it was not in order to discuss slavery on the floor of Congress: and while his very protest was an all-sufficient discussion, its matter disgusted the North, and the occasion of its utterance made the wary South suspicious. He was a Colonizationist, and the time for that had long past in either section of the Union. So he died, and they buried him

in Kentucky, placing for his epitaph "Born out of due time — Died of trying to please both sides." Since his day the mice have come boldly out of their holes; statesmen, or those that pass for such, have frankly taken sides, (a momentous gain,) some by speech, as Calhoun, some by silence, as the great Daniel Mum.

Calhoun maintained that slavery was the foster-child of the Government, and both in its foreign and domestic policy should be kept steadily in view. The people have taken him at his word and kept it, as he finds too late, very steadily *in view.*

Pamphlets stuffed with most excellent sentiments, bursting with statistics, even while their authors know not how, or are not willing, to point out the plain method of escape from the evil they so faithfully portray — these do us good. When the "angelical Doctor," or the "subtile Doctor" has

spoken, when this or that eloquent writer has linked his name with the subject, it ceases to be *tabued*: the snobs of the pulpit and the press dare to open their lips, and some even ask whether Garrison is black or no.

Even Horace Mann's speech in Congress, affirming little that anybody had ever denied, and denying nothing that anybody had ever affirmed, does us good. When that large and very influential family, the Facing-both-ways, timid folk that wish to offend nobody, see so respectable a member of their body — the drum-major, as we may say, of their corps — open upon this cry, it looses all their tongues; they declaim at breakfast-tables, and are as seriously offended, as they dare to be, with any one who does not remember that "they always said so." This is a most important gain. In contested questions, it is often the timid and indifferent who finally turn the scale. Something as we are told of

the taking of the yeas and nays in the House of Commons: one party goes out while the rest of the House, their opponents, are counted. And Jefferson says it is extremely important on any question to remember to the lot of which side it falls to go forth: for the lucky ones who are privileged to sit still, always sweep in the idle and indifferent members. Everywhere this is a large class. Accordingly, when such men as Horace Mann speak, it is an important gain. Those who feared it would cost something to be anti-slavery now flock to our standard, and the fence is cleared.

But the Annexation of Texas! How we resisted it, and rightfully: and when it was consummated the whole horizon seemed clouds. But into what blessings have they broken on our heads! As bloody Mary said of Calais, when Calhoun dies, his friends will find "Texas" graved upon his heart. The

wiser Whigs, (the children of this generation are always wiser than the children of light,) resisted it as we did, and very naturally, though we could not then discern the reason. They knew, by instinct, that it was an anti-slavery measure in disguise. Now to our eyes, anointed by the event, "trailing what clouds of glory" does it come! First, expensive war, and money two per cent. a month, both wakening the Yankee conscience into an awfully healthy state; then Oregon, California and Wilmot Proviso, descending like hawks upon the hapless members of Congress, many of whom knew not which way to turn: on one side their watchful constituents, on the other, the "Salt River" of party ruin; as Macaulay sings:

> Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
> And the broad flood behind.

Then the political campaign, the Democratic party scattered like the men at Babel by a confusion of "cries;" the Whigs for

once successful, sly jockies, who let fall the weight they should have borne, their principles, by the way — or, like a ship brought safely into port at the cost of throwing the cargo overboard: Cass befooled; Van Buren resuscitated; Webster falling between two stools, Buffalo and Palo Alto, "how happy could he be with either!" Calhoun pale with apprehension, and little Carolina, like Sidney Smith's Madam Partington, manfully girding herself to brush back the Atlantic waves of public opinion: the Free Soil movement, a good thing and a gracious, the school of many who are to be the true and strong men, and pilots of our voyage, but much of it nevertheless, as Canning said, "meaning little and not meaning that little well." Winthrop voting a lie — that act, with the insult heaped upon those who criticised it, constituting just the shock that a moral chemist would tell us was needed to

make the insipid fluid of a dawdling minority crystallize into the practical point of the Free Soil movement; last, ("Time's noblest offspring is his last,") Zachary Taylor elected by the people! Do not all these, most favorable events for our cause, point back to Texan Annexation, crying "*Salve magna Parens?*" If Jupiter had, as of old, held a begging day, what more could the most unreasonable abolitionist have asked? In the privateering days of the last war, (the Mexican foray does not deserve the name,) it is said the ships of an old merchant in Newburyport brought in so many prizes, that fearing to grow too rich, he went upon the house-top and prayed Heaven to stay its hand. Our only fear is that the abolitionist, elated on this swelling tide of good fortune, may give sleep to his eyelids and relax his efforts. Judging by intention as well as self-devotion, no one will ever deny that Garrison

was the author, as well as pioneer, of the Anti-Slavery movement in this country: but it may yet come to pass that professors of Harvard College will give it out to future generations, as a subject for themes, "Which did the most, Garrison or Calhoun, to hasten the downfall of American Slavery?"

> "Even so doth God protect us, ...
> . . . . . Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave, and Power and Deity,
> Yet in themselves are nothing!"

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Religion and Politics.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE PREACHED THE SUNDAY BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, 1848.

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

Let us rapidly sketch the duty which devolves upon the Church of reclaiming her post of honor in relation to the State. We have seen how by despotism she lost her unity, and how with unity she lost her sway; we have seen, too, how by the utiltarian one-sidedness of the last era of Christendom, the spiritual element was finally made subject to the material. But we have recognized also the new principle that now demands equilibrium between the Three Estates. This new principle is the ruler to whom we owe allegiance. Who does not feel stirring

within him this divine impulse to pour a fresh tide of *moral* life through all the circulations of *political* conduct? Who does not loathe the venality, deceit, and mean ambition which sicken the government of every Christian nation to the core? Who does not spurn the usurpation which has practically enthroned Commerce, as a many-headed king, over all civilized states? "The Church and the State are to be kept apart" — are they? It is very well if these co-essential organs of a nation know their proper places, and discharge aright their special functions; but it is very ill, if either attempts to absorb the other. And the fact now is, that the State everywhere claims to be the *whole nation in itself.* What is the consequence? Unequal domestic legislation, that favors the rich and fetters the poor, and bestows all trusts on pliant compromisers; cunning foreign diplomacy, playing off against each other

the interests of States which should be leagued in fraternal intercourse, while weak communities are ground to dust between the strong; finally, wars of usurpation, by which Christendom on all sides spreads civilized selfishness, under pretence of extending the reign of the Prince of Peace! How tame, considerate, cautious, scrupulous, is the Church — which should everywhere speak out with the stern simplicity of a Collective Conscience — before the outrages, internal and external, of this commercial civilization! She gives up *this* world to Cæsar, and piously reserves the *next* for God. It is high time that this delusion should be dispelled. Doubtless there was meaning once in the cry, "*No* union of Church and State." But the watch-word for this generation is, "NEW Union of Church and State." Let our aim be a Christian Commonwealth.

We need a body of ministers — thank God, they are rising up — who, feeling the sacred duty of their office, shall lift with pure hands the ark of the covenant, and move on before the people; who, putting aside all forms of time-serving, shall counsel together calmly and firmly how to bring the acknowledged principle of Love to bear on national and international law; who, recognizing distinctly the inhumanities of Slavery, War, Force, Fraud, Intemperance, Lust, Poverty, Caste, shall demand of the State, that these abuses be straightway ended. Politicians must be taught to keep within their sphere: at present they are altogether too presumptuous. The wire-pullers of party now meet in private conclave, arrange their plans, and portion out the spoils of office, select their committees of correspondence with agents in every post-town, proceed to manufacture public opinion, retail it through the paid press,

peddle it out by hired lecturers, and then, with some popular catch-word for rally-cry, rush into power. They must be made thoroughly to understand, that this iniquity has become intolerable; that "availability" is a stale nuisance to be abated; that the nickname of "traitor" is a crown of honor, when worn by patriots; that they will no longer be permitted to push off the responsibility of their own misdeeds upon the honest though deluded people, by the gambler's trick of a "choice between two evils."

The Church must command the respect of the State. How can this be done? Not by cringing concessions, skilful evasions, silence, plausibility and soft words. We have had enough of all that. The State only sneers in secret, while paying hypocritical homage in public. Now let clergy and congregations of every denomination, — let each denomination as a whole, — let united denominations, if

possible, meet in solemn assembles, — amid the great crises through which the Nations are passing, — and give distinct utterance to what the Spirit of Truth, through the conscience and the manifest leadings of Providence in events, declare to be the Will of God. Not a firm protest has been uttered, for instance, in pulpits, religious papers, synods, and conventions, against the Mexican War and Slavery Extension, which has not told effectively in caucuses and at the polls. If this good work, but just begun here and there, could be energetically pursued in all communities, it would not be long before the Church and State would be reconciled — as only they can be reconciled — by cordial, genuine, mutual honor.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

A True Hero.

[SEE PORTRAIT ACCOMPANYING THE PRESENT VOLUME.]

In Boston, in 1835, a mob of five thousand persons, largely composed of "gentlemen of property and standing," having broken up a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and driven its members from the public hall, Francis Jackson, a much esteemed citizen, nobly offered his own dwelling-house for the use of the Society, at the imminent peril of having it torn down by the mob. His inspired language was: —

"If a large majority of this community choose to turn a deaf ear to the wrongs which are inflicted upon their countrymen in other portions of the land — if they are content to turn away from the sight of oppression, and 'pass by on the other side' — so it must be. But when they undertake, in any way, to impair or annul my right to speak, write, and

publish upon any subject, and more especially upon enormities, which are the common concern of every lover of his country and his kind, so it must not be — SO IT SHALL NOT BE, if I, for one, can prevent it. Upon this great right, let us hold on at all hazards! And should we, in its exercise, be driven from public halls to private dwellings, one house at least shall be consecrated to its preservation. And if, in defence of this sacred privilege, which man did not give me, and shall not (if I can help it) take from me, this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth — let them fall, if they must. They cannot crumble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value, after their owner shall have been whipt into silence."

Noble hero! worthy of the nineteenth century! Thy memory shall be cherished by a grateful posterity. W. L. G.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. —*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

BOSTON:

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

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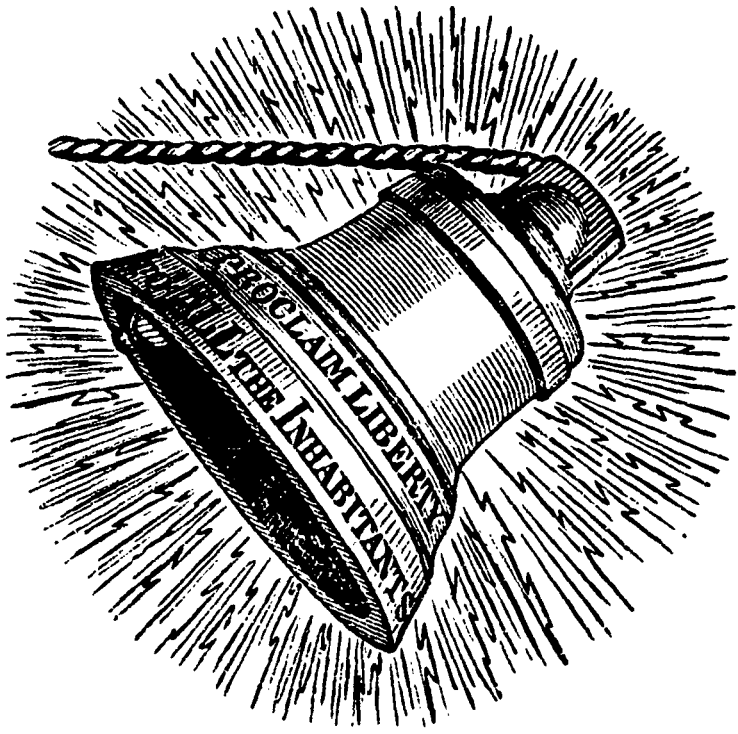

Liberty Bells.

BY MARTHA HEMPSTEAD.

"LIBERTY BELLS!" where ring they not,
Save where tyrant fingers
Have ruthlessly unhung
The music breathing tongue?

And even then, a hovering cadence lingers
Around such spot, —
So that the earnest soul's attentive ear
Faint murmurings of a tone may sometimes hear.

Away on the mountain's sunny side,
Away in the shadowy dells,
Go listen ! not a sound
Breaks on the air around,
Unmingled with the voice of those sweet bells,
From morn to eventide ;
Out from the blossom cup, from shrub and tree,
Peal forth the chimes, so joyously and free.

Steepled far from human hands
On the rocky height,
And in grottos low,
Where no step may go,
And the spar and wreathing gems are bright
As fairy wands —
There ring they on, for hands that weary never,
Those bright, but unseen strings, are holding ever.

Out upon the ocean's wings,
Plumed with silvery spray,
As they rise and fall;
Soft, and musical,
Freedom's bells are ringing night and day,
Like tireless things;
And the great bosom of the chainless tide
Heaves up to greet those echoing notes with pride.

But within the human soul,
That hath listened well,
Nature's every tone,
Blended into one,
Floweth serenely on, the uprising swell
Of that great whole —
That perfect choir, whose music would become
Discordant all, if *Freedom's Bells* were dumb.

New York, November, 1850.

Let your Light Shine.

BY WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

Let your light shine. Mark the phrase. Your light. Your own. The radiation of your own being; not a reflected light, caught from the prejudices and practice of those about you; for this, although it may have the show of light, is but as the borrowed light of the moon, which, however fair to see, possesses no animating power, discoverable by the finest instruments, and only causes certain decaying substances to shine phosphorescently. The light which we are to give out, so that it may be seen, and God be glorified, must be our own. It must come from our own sense of things, acting with a sole reference to our personal responsibility to God, and uninfluenced by the dictation

or the entreaties of other men. If it is not of this character, it is not the light that guides men and glorifies God. If we have no independent convictions of our own, we have no light in us, and of course no light can shine from us. We only help the popular errors and falsehoods which we reflect. We are not centres of light, but only mirrors giving back to the world its own image. We cannot let our light shine. We have none that deserves the name. Our only light is the light of a time-serving conformity. And what is the worth of that? Or, if it has any worth, there is more than enough of it all around us. It needs no more countenance.

But in striving after light of our own, or in other words, to be governed by a pure sense of duty, we are very liable, such is our weakness, to be greatly deceived, to mistake evil for good, darkness for light. Undoubtedly. There is no mistake about that. We must watch ourselves very narrowly in this respect. We are liable to mistake self-will, a fool-hardy obstinacy, some contemptible whim for a

sacred conviction, the voice of some low, earth-born passion, for the still small voice of Heaven. And if we do make this mistake, all that can be said is that we cheat ourselves most egregiously; we put a double fraud upon ourselves. In following what we fancy is a pure sense of duty, but what is in reality the dictate of our own ridiculous pride, we expose ourselves to the certain loss of the good will of those from whom we are pretty sure to differ, (for men do not lightly brook differences on matters of conscience,) and to all the discomforts, which are neither few nor small, involved in that loss; and we gain nothing in return. Laughed at and condemned by others, we know nothing of that hidden satisfaction, which passes all understanding, which can no more come from anything but a pure sense of duty than grapes can grow out of thorns, and which alone can compensate us for any and every loss. We are the pitiable dupes of our own pride; and that only torments us. For the miserable plight to which we are reduced we have no one to

thank but ourselves. Of course, every sensible and grown up man will take very good care how he falls into this predicament. No one, who attaches any value to the good will of his fellow men, who appreciates the countless advantages of being on good terms with those about him, will lightly adopt a course of conduct which puts at hazard the sympathy and confidence of others. He will be upon his guard against the snares of an overweening conceit of his own judgment, and make sure that he has the warrant of an enlightened conscience for the ground on which he is standing.

But after all, when we have guarded ourselves with the utmost fidelity against every possible form of delusion, and are thoroughly persuaded in our own minds that we are governed solely by principle, our good may, nevertheless, be evil thought of and evil spoken of. What we are firmly convinced is a right motive in us may be condemned and represented as a wrong one. What we maintain as principle may be denounced as pride, obstinacy,

fanaticism, we know not what. How, then, can we let our light shine, when, in the estimation of others, our light is darkness?

The answer is at hand. The sun continues steadily pouring its light and heat upon the earth, although the earth is continually sending up its clouds to intercept its beams and turn its light into darkness; nay, more, the sun keeps shining on, although its rays act directly to exhale the very vapors which darken the sun and turn its splendor into gloom. The analogy is complete. So we must let our highest convictions shine forth, although others, either ignorantly or wilfully, misrepresent our light, and it seems to be wholly neutralized. Even though, by acting from our own sense of duty, we excite opposition, and thick clouds of passion, thunder-charged, steam up all around, we must still persevere and shine on. We may seem to a superficial observer to be throwing away our light — to have no light, or rather to be giving forth a positively false light. We seem to

be strengthening men in their errors, stirring up and setting on fire their bad passions. So it seems. But in reality it is not so, as sooner or later it will very clearly appear. If others refuse to receive your light, use to listen to reason and conscience and persist in taking counsel of their passions, the best thing that can be done for them is to prove to them what evil counsellors their passions are. And how else can this be proved but by calling out and exposing in all their wickedness these false guides. You are doing your opposers a great service then, when you are bringing forth and laying bare the evil that is in them. They know not what spirit they are of, and they will not let you tell them. They can learn their own temper, therefore, in no way, but by its having its way so that they may see with their own eyes what it leads to. Indeed, no man can ever learn perfectly the quality of his own spirit, be it a good spirit or a bad, except by observation and experience of its fruits. Then only is the demonstration of its true character complete

when it has not only blossomed on the lips but borne fruit in the life. When men are under the influence of self-interest or passion while they imagine all the time that they are actuated by the best motives, they need to be set right. They must have the darkness of their understanding dissipated, or the depravity of their will corrected. And how shall they be brought to see their mistake? If they reject your light as darkness, and love their darkness as light, how can they be put right, but by being led to test their own principles or no-principles, and so see what they are, what they amount to — how they look when stripped of the cunning disguises of verbal professions and applied to actual life! And how better can this be brought about than by the exhibition of your light, which provokes them to act out their thoughts, and which thus directly helps to reveal to them and to all the world, the real character of their way of thinking? In the outset, it is a question which is right, you or they, which is ray-

ing out light, and which darkness. Since there is no authority to settle the point off-hand, how is it to be settled, but by both being faithful to their own convictions, acting out the spirit that moves them. So it will be seen which tends to life, freedom and peace, which to bondage, to death.

These things being so, your light shines to the glory of God, if it tends to excite others to be faithful to what they call their light. As they do not appreciate your truth, let it stir them to ac themselves out, and they will find where they are, when, following evil instead of good, they become involved, as they must be inevitably, in all the shame and wretchedness of a false position. Thus the work of their conversion to your truth has commenced. It may be a slow process, certainly a very painful one, accompanied with all sorts of confusion and uproar, mobs, burnings, and bloodshed; and an observer, who looks only on the outside of things, will consider it a process in the wrong direction, not from bad to better, but from

bad to worse, and will insist that you are doing no sort of good, but mischief and mischief only, and counsel you to give up your convictions of duty, to hide your light, though it is as clear to you as the sun in heaven that it is the light of truth. But we give no such advice. Amidst all the fury and tumult of human passions raging like wild beasts let loose, still our cry is: Shine! Shine! Let your light shine! Once fully persuaded that it is a pure sense of truth, let it keep shining, let it blaze as a consuming fire, with no flickering of hesitation, no dimness of fear! It excites opposition, furious, bloody-minded. Well, let it, and then the opposition will show itself in its true colors. It will be seen what it is, without disguise, and in all its falsehood. Your opposers will probably be the last to see how groundless it is. For pride makes men cleave to the wrong, even though it is cutting them to the quick all the while. Still they will see their folly at last, and be delivered from the delusion, ignorant or wilful, under which

they have been laboring, and your light will shine gloriously on this result. I have seen two parties brought into conflict about matters, considered by both of the first importance, and which did indeed furnish "very stuff o' the conscience." One party was impatient, eager to appeal to physical force, unwilling to listen; the other was equally determined, but quiet and willing to hear. So far as the merits of the controversy could be determined by the bearing of the two sides, do you suppose there was any doubt in the mind of a candid onlooker, which was in the right, which was moved by passion and prejudice, and which rested in the justice of its cause? If the light does not instantly dissipate the darkness in which they are wrapt who are fighting against it, yet it shines on those who stand at a distance, and are not directly engaged in the contest; and, sooner or later, their decision comes in to attest and brighten your light, and give force to your influence, even with those with whom you are contending for the right.

But even though the spectators fail to recognise your light, even though you seem to all to be throwing your influence entirely away, shall you relinquish what you know to be true? What! Will you give up the Right? To what end? For your own comfort? To get rid of the misrepresentation and ill will and the thousand annoyances incurred in the service of Truth? That is an object, I know. Who wants to be exposed to such continual discomforts? What man of ordinary feeling, having the slightest regard for his own quiet, would not be most glad to escape them? But then it is paying altogether too high a price for one's personal ease, for deliverance from the trouble of a state of warfare, to surrender for this cause that simple conviction of being in the right which is one and the same with the consciousness of harmony with the Eternal Will, and of a living, heart-fellowship with all that is great in the Future and in the Past, in this world and in worlds to come. Shall we give up, not only our very man-

hood, but the divinest conviction that can dwell even in the bosom of an angel? For what? For our present quiet? That we may take our ease, eat, drink, and be well housed and cared for? My brother! it is not worth the cost. Worth the cost! If this is the only good of life, it is not worth living for at all. A condition of mere worldly prosperity — to bask for a few hours in the favor of ignorant, misjudging creatures, as frail as ourselves, — why, how uncertain is it at the best, and at the best, how numerous are its abatements, and then how soon must we quit it all, every shred of it, and go and lie down and moulder away into dust! For this shall we turn away and give up that only consciousness which, in the most painful outward state, lifts us up above ourselves, on the bed of sickness ministering to us divine medicines, amidst the infirmities of age keeping our hearts young, and in the hour of death introducing us into blessed communion with the Imperishable?

This consciousness it is through which, and through which alone, we apprehend and know the Omnipotence and Immortality of God, and the reality of Heaven. To surrender it for any earthly consideration — we might as well sell our souls to the Evil One at once.

But even if present ease were ten thousand times more enduring than it is, yet if that sense of duty, which puts it at hazard, has reference to the most sacred interests of Humanity, to the freedom and happiness of millions of our fellow men, — in the name of the God of Justice, what right have I or you, or has any man or any number of men, or any State or the United States, to balance their temporal well-being against the inalienable rights of so great a multitude? What right have we to sit at our ease upon the crushed body and soul of our brother? The right of self-preservation? We must take care of ourselves, say you? I do not perceive the necessity. I do not see why those

should be taken care of, whose ease can be secured only at the cost of those rights of Humanity, without which,

> "The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And Earth's base built on stubble!"

We are not worthy to live, indeed we have no true life in us, if we cannot see how unmanly and how base it is to be willing to live at our ease, when those, whom our sense of Justice, were it only once thoroughly awake, could readily relieve, lie sunk in the deepest degradation.

The force of these considerations must be felt. The mighty wrong, which is upheld in this land, is to be abolished. And there is a necessity upon us. We must no longer allow the light of truth and humanity to be hid under the bushel of Trade. It must shine, let Slaveholders storm as they will. We must fulfil the obligations that are on us. And if we do not do our duty promptly and manfully, the Abolition of Slavery will come upon us or our

children amidst the sundering of all social ties and the unsettling of all things; and then in what terms will the outrageous selfishness of those be execrated who put the subject off, and would not meet it like men, because, forsooth, they loved their own ease, and did not like to be annoyed! I wonder men are not ashamed, that they do not "blush to their very bones," when they catch themselves talking about being weary and sick of the matter, as if beings made in the awful image of the Invisible, for whom Christ counted it all joy to die, were to be left crushed and bleeding, because it does not happen to be the most agreeable thing in the world to hazard our dainties and cushions in their behalf. What are our hearts made of when we talk thus? Are they hearts of stone, or hearts of flesh?

They are very much mistaken who suppose, because they are obscure, private persons, that they can contribute no light to the struggling cause of human Freedom. "You have no qualifications," you say, "for reformers. You cannot neglect the

business upon which your children's bread depends, and go and work for Abolition." Be it so. Let it be that you cannot lead, that you are made to follow. Then see to it whom you follow. If you can give forth no light of your own, take care, then, whose light you are guided by. Feed with the oil of your sympathy and support the lamps of those who are willing and able to lead. You belong to the body politic, and you take part in raising up and pulling down public men. Let the public men, then, whom you uphold, — let them be such men as are burning and shining lights in the great Temple of Humanity, and only such. You belong to a Church — to an association bearing the name, professing the faith and spirit of Him who came to proclaim deliverance to the captive, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. Again, then, see to it that your Christian profession be true, and not false. And to this end, insist that the professed minister and servant of Christ shall recognize his Master in the least of your brethren, that the law

of Christian Justice and Love shall be faithfully proclaimed in reference to the rights and claims of the Slave. Do this, see to it that your Church be a true Church and not a pretended one, and then you may pursue your daily business and forget your suffering brother — if, when Christianity is faithfully administered in the Church, that should be possible. But it will not be possible. A reformed Church will irradiate you with its light, and you will go from its ministrations like Moses from the Mount, and your whole life shall beam with that glory, in whose splendor the darkness of Slavery shall flee away forever.

Philadelphia, October, 1850.

Love and Liberty.

BY KATHERINE BARLAND.

The moonlight-winds played through the leafy trees,
Making sweet music o'er the sleeping flowers ;
The old stars told the hours,
And, like the swell of mournful symphonies,
The ocean surges, wafted by the breeze,
Echoed among the bowers.
I caught the solemn music — bent the knee,
Joining the glorious hymn of Love and Liberty.

Across the far blue Morgen-land, the storm
Hung its dark mantle, and the gathering clouds
Came down like sable shrouds
Over my own loved mountains, heavy, warm,
With a sepulchral weight, the dead air hung,
As waiting to be stirred. The lightning flashed
Rapid and far — rains dashed

In torrents down the mountain. Each a tongue
Proclaimed in loudest accents, "We are free!"
In thrilling concert sung,
The same all-glorious song of Love and Liberty.

The wild night-winds howled down the mountain passes,
The crescent moon steered like a fairy bark,
'Mid reefs of vapor dark,
And silvered with her beams the waving grasses,
Or lighted up the pine-wood's sombre masses
On the far hills. The sea-bird caught the gleam
On her white wing. — The beam
Revealed the mountain torrent's dashing spray —
Its fountain free!
Field, river, ocean, tree,
Joined the all-glorious lay —
Chanted the same glad hymn of Love and Liberty.

The warm sun climbed the zenith, shining down
Into the bosom of the fragrant rose.
A deep and still repose
Hung over the thick wood, and not a frown
Darkened the placid Lake. The river played
With the bright yellow lotus flowers, and made

A thousand rainbows, as its waters rose
In crested foam. Each beautiful and free,
In noonday jubilee,
Chanted the joyous hymn of Love and Liberty.

The hurricane with fierce and rapid motion
Crossed the blue deeps from which the planets gleamed
Aurora's splendors streamed,
With roseate hues down on the floating ocean
Of rain and storm-cloud, that in wild commotion
Rolled on from pole to pole. The stormy North
Its golden bands sent forth —
Flickering athwart the zenith with a light
So spiritually bright,
Making the vault of Night
One gorgeous mantle clasped and gemmed with gold.
And, ever as of old,
When sang the morning stars, they whispered me,
"Joyous we are, and free —
Still chanting that old song of Love and Liberty!"

Glasgow, October, 1849.

Pictures of Southern Life,

FOR THE

DRAWING ROOMS OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL.

"I WILL make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir."—ISAIAH.

"Receive Truth, from love of the Truth itself, and be not jealous of him, who devotes himself to tell it to you. Listen not to those who seek to depreciate his words, by accusing his person, for the weaknesses of man belong to man, but the word of Truth belongs to God."—CONSTANT.

ON the platform of a slave market, in a southern city, stood a singular group. In the foreground, a man of wealth, whose fine exterior had been ruined by a dissolute life; whose heart was in the price of cotton, and whose intellect had but one occupation, for time or for eternity, an unceasing speculation on the value of men, as connected with the rise and fall of sugar. At his side, point-

ing out with much pride and emphasis, the various advantages of the pair who shared his proximity, stood a New England Slave dealer; one with a hard, dry face, who set his mark on every man who passed his threshold, and determined from that hour, whether he were white or black, for what he could be bought and sold. A little in the rear stood two Slaves, now for the first time subjected to this public ordeal, by the death of a kind but ignorant master. The woman was young and fair, physically developed, evidently a household pet. Her husband, for husband it was that stood beside her, was hardly in the prime of manhood, but his hair was streaked with gray; he carried his lip compressed; and the impress of a struggle, undergone and surmounted, gave the character of age to his unusually fine features. How long have you been married? said the purchaser to the woman, as the dealer ceased his enumeration of her points. "Three years, sir," was the quiet reply. "And in all this time, you dog," continued the planter,

turning sharply to the husband, "have you been able to give this fine young creature no children?" The quick eye of the black turned first towards his wife, who sobbed upon his shoulder, and the indignant blood mounted to his cheek and forehead. He paused a moment from fear of God, not man, then answered, faltering with folded hands, "We had one boy, but the Father took him."

There was a bustle among the females of the quarter, at Orange Hill. In the distance rose the white turrets of the family mansion, from among the glossy foliage of the fragrant trees, loaded at once with opening blossoms, half formed fruit, and the golden apples of ancient fable. The people were assembled about a newly white-washed hut. The clay floor had been freshly swept. There was a dampness in the atmosphere, and though the single window and door of the little dwelling were wide open, a bright fire blazed upon the hearth. A low table near was covered with a white cloth, on which stood cake and wine. On

the only stool the room contained, sat a colored woman of forty, rocking herself to and fro, in too much suffering to heed the niceness of her somewhat showy dress. Matty, the favorite Slave of her owner, was married at fifteen. To a husband whom she loved, she had borne eighteen children, and one after another they had been taken from her to stock a southern market. A week since her husband had been crushed in a mill, and poor Matty had purchased the possession of her only remaining child, by consenting to wed the new negro whom her master was to bring this night from the city. She was to meet him for the first time, at the altar that the institution of Slavery so utterly desecrates; and for this, her master's fair-faced daughters had been busy all the afternoon, twining the rafters of her rude home with flowers, and making with much haste from remnants of their own finery, her wedding dress. Meanwhile, the child for whom she gave herself, hung sleeping among the flowers.

An eminent member of the bar, in a well known southern city, had sent a score or so of his own children to the New Orleans market. Two girls and one boy — children of the same mother — were to have shared this fate almost in infancy. An upper servant marking the silent anguish of their mother, humanely turned the attention of his master to the rare musical talents of the trio, and suggested to one whose dissolute habits kept his purse always empty, that a more lucrative use might be made of their fine faculties. He spoke in a happy hour. Teachers were procured for the children, and they were removed from the quarter at his plantation, to the light duties of young household servants at his city residence. As they grew older their striking personal resemblance to their father made their presence in the family somewhat obtrusive, while a mental likeness rendered them anything rather than useful or agreeable dependents. In the meantime, their talents had developed in a manner which surprised even those

who detected the secret of their birth. They were employed to sing at public celebrations and private parties, and it was rumored that the brother understood music more scientifically than any of the pale amateurs about him. In a city somewhat removed from that of their birth, a northern lady having need of the services of a dressmaker was directed to a neat and somewhat stylish house where she was tauntingly told she might gratify her Anti-Slavery prejudices by the opportunity of employing a mulatto. It was in September. The wide piazzas of the ground-floor were shaded by a fanciful network of the polished leaves and fragrant blossoms of the delicate Madeira vine. A splendid Catalpa lifted itself far above the windows of the highest. In a basement parlor, well furnished with books and music, the young man was giving a lesson on the flute to one of the exquisitely scented dandies with which the neighboring city of Washington abounds. On the other side of the passage, an open door showed the colored teacher

quitting her piano and carefully fastening the sun-bonnets of two fair haired children, who had just finished their lesson.

The lady passed on as she had been directed to do, and on the floor above she found the second sister surrounded with the litter and paraphernalia of a dressmaker, giving instructions to a number of apprentices. The intelligence with which her directions were fulfilled pleased the stranger. She became interested in the family, lent them books and music, and quietly visited them whenever she had a spare hour. One evening she sat at their pleasant tea-table, decorated with snowy curds, sweet cream, and refreshing fruit. "How happy you would be," she exclaimed, "in this comfortable home, if you could forget the degradation of your race."

Had a thunder cloud enveloped the whole group, it could not have produced a more tangible darkness than her words. "Do you not know?" exclaimed the young man, pushing aside his plate,

"that the degradation of our race is our degradation? We, too, are Slaves; our master educated us for his own profit, not to make us better or happier. When we were old enough we hired our time of him, at what was then considered an exorbitant price, in the hope of purchasing the freedom of our bitterly injured mother. Under this disadvantage even, we were beginning to lay by a small sum of money, when our master lost the remains of his embarrassed property by gambling. When I went one night to pay for my month's time, he refused to renew the arrangement. He told me that he now had need of all our earnings, and that henceforth we must keep a minute account of our household expenses, furnished in the most economical manner. He would supply, he said, our professional wants, but every cent that remained must be given up to him. Our pupils have increased to a marvel. We teach from dawn till dusk, the whole week through, but how are we profited by that? Our poor old mother is our

only servant, cheerful because she has not lost us, in addition to her virtue. Education seems only to have unfitted us for life. Our pupils regard us as their inferiors. The few degraded freemen in our neighborhood offer us no society. We are isolated in soul and body; and of all who have ever known us, you are the first, Madame, who has ever deigned to sit at our table. Independent, indeed, does our life seem to you? Were I to swim yon blue Potomac after nightfall, his blood-hounds would be at my heels; for he who has stated in the Halls of Congress that the blacks are incapable of self-support, now depends for his daily bread, nay, for his daily cake and wine, upon the industry of those whom he calls his Slaves!"

A southern orphan had been carefully nurtured by northern relatives, who hoped to find in him the dutiful affection of an only son. A large estate, bequeathed him unexpectedly by a distant and almost unknown connection, carried him, before he had attained his majority, to the State of Louisiana.

He was one of those well brought up young men, who have no definite opinions on the subject of Slavery. He had put off the evil day, when it should be necessary to ponder it. His immense wealth led him, on his first arrival at New Orleans, into the society of the most dissipated and careless. Around the table at the St. Charles he frequently met his companions. There was no lack of wit and gayety among them, of pleasant and generous intercourse; but there was no foundation of solid principle, no honorable stand-point, with regard to life, upon which he and they could meet. He was soon taught that a private harem was indispensable to his happiness, and was recognized by a northern friend, some few months after his arrival, in the act of bidding for a fancy Slave. It was easy to recognize him, in spite of the marks which his altered course of life had left upon his face and figure. The beautiful creature, by whom his attention was absorbed, lay half naked and motionless upon a couch formed of the clothing she had

cast aside. She was not of those who most deeply enlist our sympathies. She knew not that the life about to open upon her would be more degrading, in its results, than the careless hours of the fifteen years she had passed. She cared only for a master more handsome and more generous than that of her companions. Sharing the most mysterious and winning charms of the two races whose blood was shamefully blended in her veins, she had no fear of failure, after having once drawn his eye to her voluptuous form. The friend who watched them both awaited not the result, but, walking sadly away, wondered as he went, which of these two was most accountable in the sight of God. He, well-bred and carefully taught the formulas of moral and religious life, too indolent to possess fixed principles, and led at this moment, almost without his own knowledge, into the abysses of vice. She, a child of fifteen summers, untaught and half wild, seducing his impulses and swaying his passions

with the skill and certainty of a young ourang; the degraded scion of two degraded races.

In no State of the Union does the institution of Slavery bring with it more unmitigated horrors than in the inland State of Tennessee. But a few years ago the execution of a Slave, without judge or jury, on the retired plantations, was, to say the least, no unheard of thing. Around the family mansion, on one of these estates, at least twenty miles from any other dwelling, five or six hundred Slaves had gathered, and the stranger who had passed that way might have judged somewhat leniently of the "patriarchal institution," for their master was dying and they were all in tears!

Now and then was heard a suppressed sob, but oftener a kind of shriek, or the low moan of a child, and among the men who could not or would not weep, every other face, at least, wore the expression of intense anxiety. They could hardly tell why they wept, perhaps; whether for themselves or him

who was dying. He had been neither severe nor kind, that they knew, but their master. They wept because they were agitated and uncertain, because the rising sun would bring to all a new owner, and each of those several bosoms quaked with hopes and fears of its own. Might it not have softened any white man's heart, to look upon those hundreds of upturned faces, and think how dependent upon him, for life or death, for weal or woe, was every soul there gathered?

Suddenly came the distant rattling of hoofs, and a horse, hotly ridden and dripping with foam, dashed up the avenue to the very foot of the steps where the household servants had gathered. A young man, fashionably attired and somewhat reckless in aspect, threw his reins to the nearest black, and springing from his saddle, hurried towards the hall. Among the many who knelt along those steps there was one too young, too affectionate, too unwise indeed, to defer her petition. "Oh, Massa Alfred, Massa Alfred," cried the negro

mother, lifting her crowing babe, that he might catch one glance of the new comer's usually radiant face, "Massa Alfred, promise this night that you will never sell this one away from me!" He had ridden in haste to ask one last favor of his failing parent. He was selfish and careless, and he broke from her entreaties, thrusting aside the caressing child with a rough, unmanly kick of his heavy riding boot, and hurried up the steps; hurried, as he thought, to save his own last hope from shipwreck, to the presence of the dying. But he was fitly punished, — he entered only to the presence of the dead.

In an instant that tearful crowd seemed changed to stone. They had witnessed the new comer's brutal repulse of the young mother, they heard the sharp cry of the poor child, as two of its pearly glittering teeth were forced back into its throat; and while the stupefied girl wiped the blood from its mangled features, the tears were dried in all eyes, and those who had checked the current of

their lives for a moment, while they battled with their fears, allowed it to flow on once more, and went sullenly to their work, for each had parted with his hope.

All night long those who watched beside the dead heard the heavy stride of the disappointed son, as he paced the adjoining room. Will it be believed that, as he considered again and again his own disappointment, he thought not once of the last hope of hundreds which he had that night cut off? Alas! the heart of the habitual wrong-doer is hard!

Look at them as they hang, American women, and if they were not Miracles of Nature, would you not call them Gems of Art? Think you that in the eleven thousand rooms of the Vatican, or the crowded galleries of the Louvre, you can find no "Flaying of Marsyas," no "Imprisonment of Urgolino," to complete and match the shameful series? Reproach me not that I have brought to you no pleasant sketch, nor tempted your fancy

with some graceful picture of patriarchal devotion or light-hearted service; for I have pledged myself unto God, to bring before you without end, all that may shame your women's cheeks, all that may shock your women's hearts, — until seeing Slavery as it is, you uplift your voices as one voice, raising a truly effectual cry for Liberty; until you feel the wrongs of a million and a half of sisters as if they were your own; until you nurture the rights of the unborn colored babe as you would those of the smiling child upon your knees.

I will spare you in nothing. You shall look upon the white man, desecrating the holy marriage tie by a brutal curiosity, and listen to the Slave who answers it in the dignity of one whom "Christ hath set free." You shall see fair girls twining with flowers the hut where a Representative to the House of these United States is about to bind in galling chains two beings, whom no choice of their own, no will of Heaven, called to each other's side; the Slave mother consenting to sell herself to a

stranger, as a ransom for her child, while pure hearted girls, your children, American women, look on and do not blush. You shall see an eminent member of the bar bringing into the world a group of children whom he declares before the bar of his country, incapable of self-support. You shall see him reduced to bankruptcy, and them supporting in luxury the father and master who secures to them a bare subsistence. You shall see a northern boy, committed through an inheritance of sin to a career of vice, purchasing a mistress, as he might an ox at the shambles, and the fancy Slave, licentious in thought and deed, kissing the rod that is to slay her soul.

You shall see, in a white man of high lineage and polished manners, a specimen of the selfish cruelty nurtured by the institution of Slavery, so intense, that your blood will curdle, as you turn from the hundreds whose hearts he crushed by one angry impulse, to the bleeding child he wounded.

You fancy that you have nothing to do with

these matters, that they have a bearing on the policy of your country, that great mystery, which, women as you are, you dare not strive to comprehend. It is hard for a woman to believe that women do not feel; hard for her so believing to anticipate that hour when God shall ask of her sex, what it has done with the great prerogative He gave it in this world. Methinks that we can see enough to make us ashamed of American statesmanship, without plunging beyond our depth into forbidden mysteries. On the South we see the Northern States of Mexico, declaring themselves independent, alike of our government and every other; on the North, is raised again the bewildering cry of annexation. As I write these words, there comes to me from a Slave State, a newspaper containing a letter from General Scott, calmly advising the annexation of the Canadas, and reminding me of the abominable letters scattered through the States with reference to Texas, years ago. Does General Scott think this annexation an

easy, even if it were an honorable thing? He may forget, but I cannot, that the laws of Canada secure a home to the fugitive Slave; and does he think its people so lost to humanity that they would consent to give back the helpless thousands who have already reached their borders, or bind themselves in federal union to restore all future fugitives? What less would content our people? Is it not evident that such an annexation would sever our union at the heart? and although some of us might not grieve over the rending, we have little reason to think General Scott of that number.

At this moment also, the friends of freedom find Anti-Slavery columns filled with the circular of Cassius Clay, a circular which shows how a little excitement leads a man from the defence of public war to that of private slaughter; which fastens the stain of blood forever unto one, who, after his limited knowledge, has striven in a Slave State for freedom, himself at last the life-long bondman of one blind, passionate impulse. These disgraces

may be wiped from the broad shield of our union, provided it shall speedily be found to do good service to humanity; but can we say this of the late letter of Henry Clay, upon Emancipation? How will American statesmanship stand abroad, as this letter is wafted over the eastern continent, and it is seen what appears possible to the keen glance of one of the greatest men in a country pledged to the progress of the race? How will it stand, alas! before the judgment seat of God?

That this letter is a disgrace to us, as a people, I feel all the more bitterly, because I have just risen from the pages of one whom I have loved and honored from my childhood; one to whom I am under great spiritual obligation; one who does not sympathize with Mr. Clay, in his proposed manner of Emancipation, and who, nevertheless, says that he is doing "more for freedom than any living man," that he has nobly identified himself with the great interests of humanity! I have no time for minute criticism, but this letter seems to me in its whole

tone and spirit, unworthy of a great man in his sound mind. More than once I have besought the friends of freedom to use gentler words; more than once I have besought them, if they must measure individual error by abstract truth, to make those allowances for sin, that are valid before God and man; but I hardly know how to make allowance for a New England Divine, when he does not see that the life and availability of the great party of southern Abolitionists has been imparted by the few stalwart sons of the North, willing to stand in the breach; that Henry Clay is not the leader of the people, but the led, and that it is because a certain amount of Anti-Slavery sentiment is now required by all political parties in this country, that men like Clay and Benton, find it a suitable time to assume it. No one can read their speeches, and believe it to be the result of their own individual progress. The reformers of our time have come up from the field and the workshop, from the Slave prison and the

broad plantation; some of them even from the school-room and the nursery; and can we expect such men and such women to be always wise unto salvation? God has been with them of a truth, but the punishment of their mistakes has been ever the deferment of their cherished hopes. When the student of history and human nature, the teacher of heavenly wisdom, or the professed man of letters, is willing to come forth from his study and share their perils, their reproaches, and their poverty, his reproofs will, for the first time, strike to the root of the evil. For the present, what wonder is it, that they are ascribed to his habitual indifference? We must welcome the blindest efforts of the friends of freedom, but the true reformer must not only see the abstract truth, and point out the instances where individual conduct fails to meet it, but must also be able to show what, without his will, and within the accidents of birth or position, has made many a man a sinner. A more delicate duty remains, and that is, to prove to him that, although ignorance

may absolve him in the first instance, it cannot do so in the second, after the legitimate consequences of his acts have been clearly pointed out.

An educated colored man is the best Anti-Slavery argument, and I have thanked God more than once, after listening to the eloquence of Douglass, that He has raised up one advocate from that injured race, capable of seeing and stating the whole truth, capable of vindicating, in a reverent spirit, his own rights, without wantonly assailing those of any other.

I dwell thus long upon political matters, women of America, because I feel that all reform in politics, in philanthropy, and in social life, depends upon you for purity and vigor. Do not be afraid to assume your responsibility. Our first steps in matters of this sort will be tottering and aimless. Perchance we shall do some harm in the beginning by unwise meddling; but it is our duty none the less; and if we would prosper on our way, we must not take too close heed to our steps, but lift a

steady, searching, yet humble gaze to the God of Infinite Truth. Thus gazing, we shall never be led astray, let a carping world say what it will.

Parsonage, East Needham, Mass.
August, 1849.

The Word.

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

In the beginning was the Word:
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleamed with quick, creative power,
And there was life and light.

Thy Word, O God! is living yet;
Amid earth's restless strife
New harmony creating still
And ever higher life.

And as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams farther out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

O Word that broke the Stillness first,
Sound on ! and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord, peace !

Till, wail of woe and clank of chain
And bruit of battle stilled,
The world with thy great music's pulse,
O Word of Love ! be thrilled.

Till selfishness, and strife, and wrong
Thy summons shall have heard ;
And thy creation be complete,
O thou Eternal Word !

Fall River, September, 1850.

Anomalies of the Age.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

My Dear Friend: — As the years pass on, and your annual celebration comes round, recalling our thoughts to our principles of action in regard to a very serious matter, I grow more and more uneasy about the discrepancy between the Christianity which is recorded and that which is professed in the countries that assume to lead the world. To me it appears that the discrepancy deepens and spreads, so that I am perplexed and scared, as by a bewildering dream, and am ready to ask whether it is we who are insane, or those whose doings confound us.

I wish it were possible to bring others to that point of open declaration, and clear avowal of views which we are, I believe, ready to afford on our

part. If we could bring men who do unchristian things to say that they do not think Christianity adequate to the needs of human nature; or that they do not think it appropriate to all kinds of mind; or that they do not think it in any way true, we might see our way, and understand what is about us. If men would say what they think, and show what they are, this would be better (be their thoughts and condition what they may) than compelling us to walk, as if in a troubled dream, by their taking up with a faith and utterly perverting and spoiling it as they do. See what the Christian countries of the world are doing now, and say whether there is anything to choose between their religion and that of any old country, whose heathen temples stand as warnings against superstition. Look at Rome, where a class of old and heart-withered young priests are pulling human happiness to shreds! They are banishing and imprisoning the young, setting spies upon the old, living in luxury and grasping at power. And

yet, if we mistake not, the Gospel discourages fine living, and love of power, and meddling with neighbors, and inflicting pain in God's name or one's own. Look at Russia, where the emperor puts his name next to God's in the catechism, and has the children of his empire taught that he is more like God than he is like them; that he is not to be loved by the oldest and wisest of his people as a brother, but obeyed as a father, and the kind of father that God is. Can this man and his abettors, and his wretched worshippers know that all men are brethren from the point of view that Christianity takes? Perhaps not: for in the countries where the Latin and Greek Churches are established, little or nothing is known of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as real men and writers of books.

Germany and France have the honesty not to say much about Christianity being the rule of their life; and, however much we may wish that they would ascertain a basis, and plant themselves upon

it, the absence of Christian profession, in the absence of Christian practice, is a good as far as it goes. In your country and mine, the profession is, not only of being Christian, but it is our boast that we obtain our rule for ourselves, out of the very records; that the words of Jesus fall upon our ears as if he were himself before our eyes. And what are we doing? Are we non-resistant among the powers of the world, meddling with neither Greece, nor Spain, nor Affghans, nor Chinese, but letting others work their will upon us, not resisting evil? Are there none among us abounding in good things while others have need? Look at us, how we now stand, with tens of thousands of children within the bounds of our islands growing up under influences which deepen by the intelligence of man the instincts and propensities of the monkey. Instead of calling little children to them our churchmen and dissenters are fixing up barriers between them and God, — that is, light and goodness, — which they may not pass. While our towns are infested

with misery and the country laid waste by sensual vice, the Church itself, — the curator of Christianity, — is splitting to pieces upon the question of prevenient grace. And this with page after page before their eyes of denunciation of Phariseeism, which they are obliged to read aloud Sunday by Sunday.

We have men in parliament who seem actually unable to read the story about the ears of corn gathered on the Sabbath, and the illustrations about the ox and the ass which have fallen into a pit. These men, with the New Testament in their hands, have just been oppressing their brethren, and especially the poor, with an imposition of a Jewish Sabbath, — as nearly as they can approach it. Here is a poor girl living near me who, on this first Sunday under the new rule, believes that a letter is lying at the post-office which will tell whether her father is dead or recovering, or so likely to die as to need her immediate presence; and she cannot lay her hand on the letter till

to-morrow. One of these curators of Christianity, a clergyman of rank, preaching in Westminister Abbey, with the open Bible before him, gave out as his text, "The Sabbath was made for man," without saying that there was another half to the text which he had omitted. We cast out from political rights the Jew, because he is weak; and we admitted the Catholics only because they were strong. Our Church ministers fare sumptuously; and the bishops are overwhelmed with business, — not of spiritual administration, but of management of ecclesiastical property.

Happily we have also the self-denying, the meek, the reverent, the self-forgetful, and devoted. High and low, are scattered bright lights of faith, hope, and charity. The half-fed gives half his food to his neighbor who has nothing. The wearied worker sits up all night with the sick. The legislator seeks the public good, and forgets that he might as well try to distinguish himself. But these are they who say little or nothing about

Christianity, but act from their own nature, kindly developed by a faith which boasteth not herself.

As for your country, few words are needed at this point of time, when your citizens are snatching land and gold, slaying foreigners who oppose their lust of land and gold, keeping their brethren in bonds, and, when referred back to the Gospel for rules for the treatment of brethren, driven to discover that negroes are not brethren, nor men at all. Your Gospel curators are too like ours,—evading the praying for Slaves, declining to plead for them, and even uttering pulpit rejoicings over the compromise of Mr. Clay, which would quietly doom a new generation to Slavery for a quarter of a century. Like us, too, you have saints who say nothing, and perhaps think nothing, about personal holiness; apostles who boast no mission; and benefactors who do not wait for a command to aid their brethren. They no more profess Christianity than a man in health perpetually adduces air, and sun-

shine, and pure water. He breathes and lives; and your true apostles breathe and live in such elements of Christianity as they assimilate.

All this is as common as men, and as old as human imperfection; but it makes us long for something which would be somewhat newer, and a relief from the sense of hollowness which distresses us. If we could but induce men who do not practice Christianity, to disclaim it, if not as a fact, yet as their guide and their plea! How welcome would our bishops be to their purple and their property, if only they would admit that they have these things because they like them, and not because Jesus was or was not a bishop, or desired or forbade his ministers to be rich and grand! How comparatively welcome would your legislators and clergy be to their notions about negroes, if only they would plead a natural pride and combativeness, and say that they entertained objections to the statement that God made of one blood all the

nations of the earth! If Christianity be true, it can take care of itself, whatever these or those men can say about it. Let them say that it does not approve itself to them, — that it does not suit everybody, — that it is worn out, — that it is not yet developed; — any objections whatever. Let us have them out, and get rid of the bad dream of contrariety by which we now find ourselves beset on every side.

Would it not be a relief to see Christianity voted down in conventions of our respective nations, and so set free to try its forces again, as among the heathenisms of old? What a sight it would be, — the trial of its vital force in an age like ours! If we cannot hope to get such a convention, or such an act of honesty from long trained hypocrisy or carelessness, we may do something, — you and I, — by perseveringly holding up the simple Christian view on the one hand, and its opposite (under the same denomination) on the other, and saying, till the worldly ear is weary of hearing us, "Look

on this picture, — and on that." It is weary work; but it is better than sitting quiet, to be bewildered by a bad dream.

Yours, ever,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Ambleside, June, 1859.

The Two Eagles.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

I saw an Eagle on Mount Washington,
Dark feathers three in each tremendous wing;
And, whether that the bird consorted ever
With the proud fowl that on Jove's sceptre sleeps,
And seeing not one black plume on the bird,
Hence fancied, with the foolish mind of youth,
(For young he is) his own three sooty plumes
Shamed his fair pens, I know not, but he sate
Pecking the sable quills with angry beak,
And would have torn them from their rigid hold,
But blood had followed staining all the wing.
What did he then?

Why, moody as he was,
With that same angry beak preening his fans,

He strove to lay the shame-spots from the sight
Of birds, and gods, and men.

But while I stood,
E'en then flew past him on behest sublime,
That living hieroglyph of speed, Jove's Hawk ;
His quick eye saw the lofty bird's dismay,
And thus he spake :

Whence had those plumes their hue ?
How came they thine ? Beware, lest wisest Jove
Give thee a moulting to yet greater shame
And dim the exceeding lustre of thy wing !

* * * * * *

No more. One bird pursued his mission high,
The other trembled on Mount Washington.

Egerton, near Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire.

Infidelity and Treason.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

No charges are more frequently brought against Abolitionists than those of infidelity and treason. Probably none tend to close more minds against the reception of Anti-Slavery truth than these; for few charges are, at first view, apparently more just. Are not the Abolitionists constantly denouncing the Church and national constitution? And yet no charges are more wholly groundless! Nothing is, or can be more demonstratively certain, than that no man has even a decent reason for calling me either an infidel or a traitor.

Infidelity is simply the rejection of religious belief. It matters not what form of belief, — whoever rejects *any* form of religious belief is to that extent an infidel. Christians call those who reject

Christianity infidels. Mahometans call us infidels because we reject Mahometanism. The Bramin views as infidels the disbelievers in the Sacred Vedas. And so it is with the followers of every form of religious truth. Whoever disbelieves in any form of religious truth, is an infidel in the opinion of those who adhere to that truth. Christians, Mahometans, Pagans, all are thus in their turn infidels. No man can possibly avoid being an infidel, for all men of necessity, must disbelieve in some form or other of what is received as religious truth. If I am an infidel, so are you.

Some one will assuredly say, — you are an infidel, not because you disbelieve in Mahometanism, or Braminism, but because, professing to be a Christian, you disbelieve in Christianity. But who is to decide what is Christian truth? The Catholic assures me that a general council of the Church is guided infallibly by the Spirit of God in the enunciation of truth. But how, my Catholic friend, can you prove to me that your general council is

thus infallible? By a process of solid reasoning? Doubtless *solid*, and, if you please, very highly probable *reasoning;* but still merely human reasoning, and no merely human reasoning can, by any possibility, produce *infallible* results. The infallibility of the Catholic Church rests at best on a probably correct chain of reasoning, — but still only a probability. It is therefore only a probable infallibility, which is no infallibility at all, but simply a probability. And still another difficulty exists. Even if the decrees of the council of Trent contain infallibly the truth of God, we must have an infallible interpreter of their meaning before we can arrive at infallible results. Probably correct interpretation will not do; we must have absolute certainty. Now, we believe that it is not even pretended by Catholics that their separate bishops and priests are thus infallible interpreters of the sacred writings; whether we are right or not in our belief, this however is certain, that this infallibility of the pope, or of

separate bishops and priests, like that of the council itself, must rest on a probability, and consequently is no infallibility at all. Every Catholic is therefore forced to admit that *his* Christian truth is, at best, only probably true, and that it may *possibly* be false. In other words, every Catholic must of necessity admit that *my* Christianity *may* be right. With what propriety, then, can any Catholic call me an infidel?

We confess our astonishment that any Protestant should stigmatize as an infidel any man who calls himself a Christian. For what is the most distinctive principle of Protestantism? Is it not, that no man nor set of men have any, the slightest authority whatever, to declare what is Christian truth? Is it not that each man is to interpret the Bible for himself; to find out for himself what is God's everlasting truth? Most assuredly this is so. The Rev. Mr. Clapp, of New Orleans, may expound the Bible to us and say, "*here we see God dealing in Slaves*," and the Rev. Moses Stuart, of Andover,

may ask, "how is the ownership of Slaves, *which heaven has given express leave to purchase*, to be deemed a crime of the deepest die?" It matters not. Both these gentlemen, as Protestants, assure us that their idea of truth may be wrong, and that each man has the right, and must examine and decide the matter for himself. In other words, all Protestants, by the very fact that they protest against the existence of any infallible authority in matters of religious belief, and set up instead their own individual opinion as the only true basis of religious belief, are necessitated to admit that their own opinions are only probably true, and consequently that their opinions may be wrong. All Protestants are compelled to admit that my idea of truth *may* be right after all, and that theirs may be wrong. How perfectly ridiculous is it, then, for any Protestant to call me an infidel for holding an opinion which he admits may be true.

You cannot avoid this conclusion by saying that my opinion is not *so* probable as yours, because

mine is the opinion of but few, and yours is that of many. If this is to be admitted as any the least test of the truth of an opinion, the Catholic religion is the only true Christian religion, and all Christians are in the wrong, because the followers of Paganism are vastly more numerous than Christians!

The conclusion is unavoidable that no man has any other or better reason for calling me an infidel, than I have for calling him one. Let no one therefore close his ears to Anti-Slavery truth, from the dread of becoming an infidel. He alone is an infidel — or *unfaithful* to his own soul —who suffers an unmeaning prejudice to close his mind to the reception of noble and generous truths.

Treason is a crime known only to the *law*. The Constitution of the United States, Art. III. Sect. 3, provides that "treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." The Revised Statutes of Massachusetts give the same definition. (Chap. 124, Sect. 1.)

Now to constitute the crime of levying war, there must be *the employment of actual force.* Not even the actual enlistment of men to serve against the government amounts to levying war. "It is not the intention of the Court," says C. J. Marshall, (Exparte Bollman, 4 Cranch, 126,) "to say that no individual can be guilty of this crime who has not appeared in arms against his country. On the contrary, if war be actually levied, that is, if a *body of men be actually assembled* for the purpose of effecting *by force* a treasonable purpose, all those who perform any part, however minute, or however remote from the scene of action, and who are actually leagued in the general conspiracy, are to be considered as traitors. *But* there must be an *actual assembling of men* for the treasonable purpose to constitute a levying of war!"

To constitute the crime of adhering to the enemies of the country, giving them aid and comfort, there must be, says Blackstone, (4 Comm. p. 2.) "some overt act, as by giving them intelligence,

by sending them provisions, by selling them arms, by treacherously surrendering a fortress, or the like."

Such are the acts which are required to make up the crime of treason. But the Abolitionists have always repudiated all resort to force to attain their end. The motto on their banner is, "Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be defeated —our principles never." Ours is a moral not a physical struggle. So far from endeavoring to subvert the government, or oppose the laws by force, we have always submitted peacefully to legal exactions, caused by our adherence to Anti-Slavery principles. We have always repudiated physical resistance. We aim to amend or subvert the government simply by changing public opinion, and in no other way would we subvert it. Our weapon is the diffusion of Anti-Slavery truth, and this is our *only* weapon. We have no faith in any good to result from the enlistment of soldiers in such a cause. Ours is the cause of truth, and as such it

must succeed. We may not see its triumph. Our children's children may not see the happy day. But none the less surely will our cause triumph, for "truth, next unto God, is almighty."

The charge of treason, therefore, is as unfounded as that of infidelity. The Abolitionists are not and never were traitors. Not only this, but they can never become traitors, without ceasing to be Abolitionists. Some one will doubtless say, if the Abolitionists are not traitors in a legal point of view, they are traitors in a moral point of view. Do they not call the United States Constitution "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell?" It is true that this Scriptural expression is often applied to the Constitution, and though not to my taste, (for I disbelieve in hell,) the application is substantially true.

But the mere statement of this new charge shows its absurdity. It is simply this; that the Abolitionists are traitors in a moral point of view, because they denounce and repudiate an immoral compact!

They are guilty of *moral* treason, because they refuse to support immorality! The national bounty on Slaveholding and the national stipulations to protect property in Slaves are morally wrong, and they alone are traitors, morally speaking, who support these wrongs. If we are traitors, we are so because we believe in, and propose to carry out in practice, the great self-evident truth of the Declaration of Independence, that *all* men, black as well as white, have an inalienable right to liberty. If we are traitors, we are so, because we refuse to abandon the noble principles of our fathers! If we are traitors, we are so, because we refuse to support the Constitution, which, professing to be devised to secure the blessings of liberty, was intended to aid in securing the Slavery of the black man! Those who adopted the Constitution were moral traitors, if any such there be, for they covenanted against what in their eyes was self-evident truth! They deliberately agreed that what to them was self-evident wrong should be

legally right ! and we, their descendants, are to be called moral traitors, because we repudiate their humiliating compromise with wrong! He alone is or can be a traitor, *morally* speaking, who supports wrong doing. He alone is truly loyal, morally speaking, who refuses to support, and openly denounces all compromises for the support of wrong. The Abolitionists therefore are no more traitors, morally speaking, than they are so legally speaking.

We are *believers* in and not infidels to God's everlasting truths, that all men, black as well as white, are brethren, and that we should love our neighbors as ourselves. We are loyal and not traitors to the great principles of the Declaration of Independence, to the great fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty.

Brookline, July, 1850.

The Root of Slavery.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY.

What is it that sustains Slavery in the land — the disgrace, the bane, the ruin of our Republic? Mr. Clay has told you, the Slaves as property are worth twelve hundred millions of dollars; and the monetary interests of the North are so interlaced with those of the South, that the selfishness of the whole country is enlisted to perpetuate the horrible wrong. The sentiment and the love of liberty are so low among us, that everywhere we meet an expression of surprise, an intimation that we are fanatical, when we insist that all these Slaves ought to be set at liberty without delay. Why, 't is said, they are property! And alas! property is held in so much higher esteem than humanity, the love of money is so much more intense than the

love of liberty and righteousness, that the bondmen are left in their chains. Even those of the free, who are poor, are so besotted with the idea that money is the great good — the acquisition of money the chief concern — the keeping of money the true interest of man, that even amongst those whose physical condition is almost as deplorable as that of the Slaves, we find some staunch defenders of the right of the masters to their bondmen. These are their property, is the cry.

Men highest in office over us — men who legislate, and men who adjudicate, and men who execute the laws of the State and of the Union ; ah ! and men and women of the first respectability in private life ; nay more, men and women who are accounted Christians, yea, even the ornaments and pillars of the churches, wonder at us when we insist that all who are holding fellow men in Slavery — all, though they be rich, refined, and unused to labor, ought to relinquish their grasp at once, — recognize the humanity of their bondmen,

and allow them to become what God made them to be. "Why," these wise and prudent and pious ones cry out, "why, it would *impoverish* the Slaveholders!" What of that? it would make them better men and women. Slavery now impoverishes the Slaves; yes, strips them of everything; and, as an impartial brother of the human family, I am as willing the Slaveholders should be poor, as the Slaves. Indeed I am more willing that the Slaveholders should have much less property than they now hold, than that the Slaves should continue to have nothing which they can call their own. But in fact, I care not whether the one or the other be rich or poor. I desire only that they should both be men, true, good men; and sure I am that neither the Slaves, nor the Slaveholders, (so long as they continue in their unnatural, inhuman relation,) can be true men.

Again, we are told, the Slaves are property *by law*, and we cannot gainsay that. Ah, we reply, there is a flaw in the title. The law-makers trans-

cended their power. They presumed to alienate what is inalienable; to give to one portion of the people that which they had no right to take from the other portion. Their legislation was partial, unjust, cruel. It should therefore be accounted null and void. Nevertheless, we are continually meeting those who acquiesce without a murmur when they see property transferred to its true owner, even though it strip the unrighteous possessor to his skin; and yet withstand the demand we make, that the dearest possession a man can hold — *the possession of himself* — should be restored to the Slave, because, forsooth, it would annihilate the property of the master. They are willing that property of any sort (even property in men) should be conveyed from one Slaveholder to another Slaveholder; but not from the Slaveholder to the Slave, because, in this case, the property would disappear in a piece of humanity — the chattel would become a man.

We shall be a while longer reminded, as we have often been, that immense debts to our northern merchants, which they cannot afford to lose, are secured by mortgages upon Slaves; and therefore our demand cannot be allowed. We do not feel the weight of this appeal. There have been invalid securities often given. This is but another. And I say, let the merchants lose their debts, rather than that human beings should continue to be deprived of their human rights. Shame on those who would urge the claims of *merchants* in opposition to the claims of *men!*

Syracuse, N. Y., May, 1848.

Translations from the Persian of Hafiz.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE PHŒNIX.*

My bosom's Phœnix has assured
His nest in the sky-vault's cope,
In the body's eye immured
He is weary of life's hope.

Round and round this heap of ashes
Now flies the bird amain,
But in that odorous niche of heaven
Nestles the bird again.

Once flies he upward, he will perch
On Tuba's† golden bough;
His home is on that fruited arch
Which cools the blest below.

*The Soul. †The Tree of Life.

If over this world of ours
His wings my Phœnix spread,
How gracious falls on land and sea
The soul-refreshing shade!

Either world inhabits he,
Sees oft below him planets roll;
His body is all of air compact,
Of Allah's love, his soul.

FAITH.

Plunge in yon angry waves,
Defying doubt and care,
And the flowing of the seven broad seas
Shall never wet thy hair.

Is Allah's face on thee
Bending with love benign?
Thou too on Allah's countenance
O fairest! turnest thine.

And though thy fortune and thy form
Be broken, waste, and void,
Though suns be spent, of thy life-root
No fibre is destroyed.

THE POET.

Hoard knowledge in thy coffers,
The lightest load to bear;
Ingots of gold, and diamonds,
Let others drag with care.

The devil's snares are strong,
Yet have I God in need;
And if I had not God to friend,
What can the devil speed?

Courage! Hafiz, though not thine
Gold wedge and silver ore,
More worth to thee the gift of song,
And the clear insight more.

I truly have no treasure,
  Yet have I rich content;
The first from Allah to the Shah,
  The last to Hafiz went.

TO HIMSELF.

Hafiz, speak not of thy need,
  Are not these verses thine?
Then, all the poets are agreed,
  Thou canst at nought repine.

Concord, October, 1850.

The Spirit of the Abolitionists.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

NOTHING is more common than the charge against the Abolitionists of being instigated by a bad spirit. It is the last resource of the accuser who has sought in vain for *substantial* proof against them, to take refuge in this *essential* vagueness. When more closely pressed for a definition of his meaning, the adversary, if a lawyer or a politician, declares "they have the spirit of destructiveness:" — if a religionist or a mobocrat, that "they have the spirit of the devil."

I believe the real difficulty to be that they are men of *spirit*, and demand that right and duty should be done immediately: — that Slavery should be abolished without delay. They are no less

aware than Edmund Burke himself might be of the manner in which good and evil are interwoven in the existing institutions of the United States, and of all that he and such as he would say of the risk while destroying the worser part, of notably impairing the other. They know that "rage and phrenzy will pull down more in half an hour; than prudence, deliberation, and foresight can build up in a hundred years; — that the errors and defects of old institutions are visible and palpable; that it calls for but little ability to point them out," &c. &c.; and having the spirit that desires no less to preserve what is good than to destroy what is evil, they have been enabled to devise a method of procedure which ensures a regular and progressive reform, without violent haste or indiscriminate attack.

They have, in a word, abjured physical force. They have from the beginning, twenty years ago, adopted the principles of peace, and they appeal only to men's hearts and consciences. They are

often condemned as rash; yet it is, as Burke himself declares, "one of the excellencies of such a method, that its operation is slow, — in some cases almost imperceptible." They are "men of vigorous minds, steady, persevering attention, of great powers of comparison and combination, with understandings fruitful in expedients, exercised in a continued conflict with the combined force of opposite vices." Suppose they had felt no check to prevent them from joining the conservative Dr. Johnson, who, in view of the cruelties and oppressions of Slavery, used to fill his glass at a dinner-party and cry, "Success to the next insurrection in the West Indies." Suppose they had so yielded to the suggestions of sympathy, and to the precepts and example of their republican ancestors, as to cheer the sentiment expressed by the conservative Southey, in his letter to Duppa:

"There are scenes of tremendous horror which I could smile at by Mercy's side. An insurrection

which should make the negroes masters of the West Indies is one." *

Then indeed there might have been more pretence for calling them destructive and diabolical in spirit, though only the man who has himself renounced the right of self-defence can cast a reproach at them without hypocrisy. But while Abolitionists remain truly and diligently devoted to the principles of Liberty and Peace, they may safely commend their spirit to posterity as that of "Love and of power and of a sound mind."

* This extract of an unpublished letter, from Southey to Duppa, (Author of the life of Michael Angelo,) was given me by Mr. H. Crabb Robinson, the intimate friend of Southey, and of all that generation of eminent men, with permission to make any use of it I wished for the Anti-Slavery cause. M. W. C.

Paris, May, 1850.

The Leaven of Liberty.

BY EPHRAIM NUTE, JR.

I WOULD appeal to that hope which I trust we all hold dear as friends of the Slave and associates in the sacred cause of justice and freedom; the hope for the abolition of American Slavery; for the universal reign of Liberty.

Why do we cherish this hope, so widely accounted as the dream of enthusiasm? Why grows it stronger in our hearts day by day in the face of all opposition, notwithstanding every triumph of oppression? Is it not because we believe in the power of that truth by which all tyranny of man over his brother stands condemned? — because we believe in the spirit of Love which must, in its certain conquest, break all chains and abolish all oppression? — because we believe in the Liberty for

which we contend as, under God, the inalienable birthright of every human being, — the condition necessary for man's highest development, service, and happiness, and therefore believe that in the sure progress of the race the spirit of Liberty shall so diffuse itself abroad, that all shall at last be induced to respect in others and maintain for themselves this universal prerogative as the sacred endowment and trust of God. From this creed we certainly have the encouragement for our hope, and are incited to toil on for its glorious consummation.

Now here appears for us an important practical lesson. This belief in which we ground our hope also indicates the method of its fulfilment, and thus directs us to that service in which we may labor hopefully.

The end we desire is to be accomplished by the diffusion of that truth and that spirit in which we place our confidence.

Our work then is to manifest that truth for the conviction of every mind ; to cultivate and impart

that spirit to all hearts within the sphere of our influence. These agencies are the necessary and effectual weapons of our warfare. Both of them are requisite, the spirit as well as the truth; the first is as important as the last. Yes, I would say, it is of more importance that we manifest the spirit of Love and Liberty, than all our verbal testimony and arguments for the truth. This is the most powerful of all arguments in the cause of freedom, the persuasion of a free and loving soul. There is in this a force of conviction that belongs to no array of words alone, however earnestly and eloquently they may be uttered. This fact needs to be continually urged and kept fresh in our minds, for it involves not only the most important but by far the most difficult part of our duty.

Who can say that he has thus far perfectly fulfilled it; that he has never for one moment been, by the temper of his mind, arrayed in opposition to the great principles for whose triumph we strive? Who that has labored in any cause by

which his whole soul has been earnestly engaged, when called to expose iniquity and stem opposition, has never had occasion to bewail the loss of his equanimity of mind and the violation of the kindly feelings which he would fain cherish toward every fellow creature.

It is not for us to recriminate our brethren for what may have appeared to us in our comparative coolness as the exercise of a bitter or tyrannous spirit, and least of all can we justify that opposition to the work of freedom based on the supposed errors of its present champions. It would ill become us to echo that complaint against the spirit and bearing of those who have thus far heroically borne the brunt of the contest, until we have shown by our own example how it is possible to stand in their lot and do their work without anything of that appearance of evil on which such censorious judgments are based.

Yet far more inconsistent and unmanly is the course of those who, while they make a forced

confession of interest in the cause, stand aside from all effort in its behalf with such sneering complaints as the excuse for their inaction. If this cause of the oppressed be indeed a good cause, the cause of justice and humanity, a part of God's service, how shall this apology, or any other, excuse any one from laying their hands to it heartily according to the light, the strength, and opportunity given.

But to return to the point I have immediately in view. This work is to be accomplished, I have said, by the diffusion of the spirit of Love and the spirit of Freedom.

There is a power of diffusion in these sentiments to give us the firm hope, yes, the sure pledge of their final triumph over all oppression.

The kingdom of Heaven, declared its great founder, is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. Contained in this similitude of the Divine Teacher is the great principle for our direction, the heaven-sent watch-word for our encourage-

ment. Without a faith in this doctrine our feeble efforts for the overthrow of Slavery were to all human vision utterly hopeless.

So would all of Christianity have been in its first beginning had not this declaration been true of its principles and spirit, or had it not been believed by those first engaged in its service. In this trust a few humble men and women went forth and entered with good heart on that work whose aim was to transform the whole world, to regenerate the character, and mould the institutions of the whole race for ages to come. In the experience of their intercourse with Jesus they had found the confirmation of his promise. For, from this one life they had been leavened with the transforming inspiration of an earnest, self-denying love. Therefore had they perfect faith that in his spirit there was a power to warm and quicken with the same divine life the whole mass of the world's selfishness. The life which had been breathed into them by this agent, empowered of God for his new creation, they

knew it could never die out from the world, but must go from soul to soul in an unlimited transmission. They fixed their minds on the final triumph of truth and right, and, in the midst of an almost universal opposition, stood up to toil and plead and suffer with courage to the end. The same confidence should bear us up, the same principles give us direction for our Christian campaign against modern injustice and oppression. Love and thence Liberty must leaven the whole lump, though their manifestation be now so faint and small as almost to discourage us.

I have more faith in this method of emancipation than in all other measures and arguments that can be used. Not that we should neglect other measures. In as far as they promise to advance the cause these should receive our heart's support. The arguments against the institution of Slavery are certainly of power, because unquestionably based on that eternal truth, "next to God omnipotent." They should therefore be kept constantly

in the public ear and eye, by every kind of manifestation, by speech, public and private, sermon, lecture, song, and social converse, by the press liberally supported by talent, toil, and money.

Let the persuasion of love and justice be urged by all the eloquence that earnest interest and confidence in the truth can prompt. Such efforts must be accomplishing much to hasten the happy consummation of universal liberty.

But oh! brothers and sisters in the family of Freedom, let us not in the midst of all other exertion even for one moment forget that the most sure and indispensable of all our agencies for the end we seek, is the spirit of Love and Liberty that we cherish in our own hearts; that if we do maintain within us this living fire, it will shine out in word and act, silently diffusing itself from heart to heart as we move on in our daily path.

The principle of Love; shall it not break all chains and banish all oppression as nothing else can; — no policy of economy be it ever so manifest

or on a scale ever so large; no calculation of selfish welfare for time or for eternity;—no finger of scorn, though it be, as it now is almost literally felt to be, that of the whole civilized world;—no condemnation, though it be as indeed it is, by the united testimony of the wise and good of every age and nation,—the undeniable condemnation of a just God; not all other agencies combined have power to accomplish that work which shall be wrought by the constant influence of loving souls.

Nor let us ever forget to maintain in our own hearts the noble spirit of Liberty undimmed, unawed. Our lives should be the practical enforcement of a profound respect for this as the sacred right of every human soul.

In ourselves we are called to maintain it with devoted resolution as a holy trust. In others we must as sacredly do it reverence, recognising the seal of its divine authority.

We want the diffusion of a freedom-loving spirit to raise up new champions for the Slave.

This is all that is wanted to make some men and women earnest, efficient laborers for the cause. Without this no one can become such.

None but freemen in spirit can serve in this our enterprise of Liberty; they who wear no chains of public opinion and conservative prejudice, who dare to set at nought all rules of fashion and wealth, and can defy the tyranny of popular frown or favor; men and women who will be free in thought and speech to follow their own consciences whether they live or die. Such souls are ever wanted to lead on the glorious march in the world's progress, and never more than at the present crisis in the crusade against Slavery. A crusade! let us indeed make this enterprise of Liberty, not merely by name and symbol, but baptising it in the faith and spirit of the cross. In this power shall we conquer.

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,

Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Scituate, October, 1849.

Mrs. Eliza Garnaut.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

It is seldom that our Benevolent Societies give any heed to the claims of the Slave, or of the colored sufferer. Surrounded by temptations too well known to Abolitionists to need mention, it is the rarest Anti-Slavery fidelity alone that opens their doors without regard to color. In the subject of the following sketch this noble impartiality was but the natural result of an Anti-Slavery fidelity, that shrank from no trial, and of the most unselfish devotion. Those of us who knew her, feel it impossible to tell her worth, while the words which to us are tame and halting will be read by strangers as the usual exaggeration of an obituary. "When you recite the great deeds of brave men," says Sallust, "what the world thinks easily done, it believes;

all beyond is deemed fiction." I knew Mrs. Garnaut long and intimately, and although it has been my lot to know many rare and devoted men and women, can truthfully say, the sight of her daily life has enlarged my idea of the reach of human virtue. I am indebted to her for a new lesson of practical Christianity, and read now the instances of singular heroism and disinterestedness with anointed eyes.

Mrs. Garnaut was the second daughter of John and Ann Jones, and born at Swansea, Wales, on the eighth day of April, 1810. While she was at school near Bath, her parents died, leaving to her care an elder sister, then sinking in consumption, and a brother and three sisters younger than herself. To these she was father, mother, brother, and sister, watching over their interests and devoted to their welfare till years separated them to various fortunes. Subsequently she married Richard Garnaut, the son of a French emigrant, a mechanic of great taste and ability. They came immediately to America, and finally settled in Boston, where, not three years

after marriage, she lost her husband and eldest child. Left alone with her infant, in a strange land, without means, and with very few friends, she manifested the same energy and trustfulness, the same putting aside of all regard for her own comfort and profit, which made her last years so efficient and beautiful. After an interval, she connected herself with the Moral Reform Society of Boston, and labored in its cause for many years; and when worn out by the varied efforts which her restless benevolence added to the care and confinement of the office she held, became Matron of the Home, established in Albany Street, for the shelter of orphan and destitute children. Exhausted by watching over the two infants of a woman who had died of the cholera, with no hope of saving them, but with all the tenderness of a mother's love, she fell herself a victim to the disease, on Monday, the third of September, 1849.

This is the outline of a long life crowded into few years, whose every day was filled with more acts of

love and service to others, than most of even the devotedly benevolent are able or privileged to do in years.

The Societies with which she was connected were devoted to special objects; not so her heart. Her ceaseless activity made light of cares, which were enough for the whole strength and the whole twelve hours of others; and found leisure to seek out and relieve all kinds of distress. Hers was practical doing of good, and no service was too humble for her to perform. Children left in cellars by drunken parents, and brought to her so loathsome and diseased that other benevolent institutions, though rich in municipal bounty, refused to take them in, she received; not to give them to domestics, (she had none,) but to wash, tend, cure, and serve herself. Women and young persons for whom John Augustus could find no shelter elsewhere, he carried without a doubt to her; and in those many cases where a woman's influence and aid are indispensable, Mrs. Garnaut was his adviser and com-

panion. To the forsaken victim of seduction or temptation, she has again and again given up her own room and bed, hoping that, if under her eye, she could strengthen their faltering resolution, and give them back to reconciled families. Again and again deceived, she has gone on with loving patience, and been rewarded at last with abundant success. Women ruined by intemperance, and passing almost all their time in the House of Correction, fled to her for refuge from themselves; and lived usefully and virtuously after struggles and falls which would have tired out any heart and any faith but hers. In hundreds of towns are little ones, whom her exertions have saved from utter neglect or the worse influence of abandoned parents, and provided with homes and instruction. Insane girls, for whom she has found one shelter after another, from which morbid suspicions would drive them, always came back to her and rested content while under her roof. The morning after her death it was pitiful to witness the bitter grief of homeless and friend-

less persons, gathered by the news, who felt that they had lost both parent and friend. She died watching over what all saw were the death-beds of children, stricken with a disease from which so many fled, and whose parents she had never seen; and in this, her death was the exact type of a life given, so much of it, to those who from vice or extreme youth, could not repay her even with gratitude.

A young woman, she put aside all thoughts of insult, or danger to herself, in reaching any she sought to save. Strong in a good purpose, she entered fearlessly, alone, the most abandoned haunts of vice, ventured on ship-board at night, to snatch a victim from certain ruin, and, plain in speech, feared neither station nor wealth in her rebuke.

Wherever Mrs. Garnaut was, might be said to be the vanguard of benevolent effort. Was her Society devoted to children, still she could not shut her door to want, even in adults. The emigrant

who had neither acquaintances nor work, the criminal who needed aid, the fugitive Slave, the sick woman, were all sheltered, or visited, or provided for. Many years of devoted labor had made her known to a large circle of friendless beings, and in every new trouble they fled to her. While engaged in Moral Reform, she did as much for the intemperate, and gave her nights to sick chambers, where, save her unwearied love, none but the physician ever entered. Before the most loathsome disease, in the presence of the most resolute vice, neither her faith nor her love ever faltered. When others thought they had done enough, and gave up, she still persevered, forgiving seventy times seven; and the poor wanderer seemed to feel there was one heart that would never be closed against her, and in every passing hour of virtuous resolution, sought her, with full assurance of sympathy and aid, like a child who knows that a mother will never cease to hope. Much doubtless was owing to manners, whose fascination was recognised by

every one who came within their influence. They were the fitting expression of a heart overflowing with love for every human being.

Her own means, the little presents to her child, the compensation paid her, were used to enable the Institution she controlled to go on; and they were given away as freely as the funds specially committed to her for distribution. She never looked upon anything as her own. Dr. Follen has made a beautiful use of the sculpture of St. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar. The emigrant, the intemperate woman just reformed, both too poorly clad to get places, the sick girl without friends or means, for whom this loving stranger has taken the shawl from her own shoulders, and the shoes from her own feet, could have pointed to a daily practice of the same love.

Her life was cheered with some testimonies of gratitude, and a thousand histories of touching interest lie buried in her grave. She was a child to the last in her undoubting faith, in her entire un-

consciousness of her own peculiar traits, and in the joyousness of her spirits. But though a child in her love and her unselfishness, she was profoundly alive to all the great questions of reform and social improvement. Endowed with good intellectual ability, sound practical sense, rare judgment, sagacity that few could deceive, she probed every case, and did, what she did, intelligently. Taken early from school, life had been her only education, and with no leisure for books, she had learned through her affections; and here, as our wisest statesman has said, "the heart was the best logician." She saw the right with the unerring intuition of a good heart. Neither sect, class, color, or country affected her feeling. In education, social re-organization, Anti-Slavery, the amelioration of punishments, the advancement of woman, she took a deep and intelligent interest, and felt how slight was the effect of all her toil on evils which grew from false principles. She had borne her protest against a corrupt Church by separating from it, and

in circumstances which would have been to most, a great temptation, always identified herself with the most radical and hated of Reformers.

Bereaved in so many of her relations, separated from her kindred, constantly in the presence of so much sickness and want, she was yet always young, the sunshine of any circle, enjoying life intensely, happy under all circumstances, full of health, her day perpetual gladness, as if the pathway had been as full of heaven as the heart that trod it.

We say of some, and very truly, that theirs is a Christian life; but it is very rare that, as in this case, the traits of any one are so unalloyed as actually to remind us of, to recall, the traits of the great Master. I never knew one so unconsciously penetrated with the thought that she "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." She was literally "careful for nothing," but like Luther's bird, rested all her interests on the Infinite Love, after which her own life and spirit were so closely copied.

The marked peculiarity of her character was this entire giving up of herself to others, and the beauty of her perfect unconsciousness of it. We see many unselfish, many disinterested, many devoted persons. But neither word, nor all combined, at all describe Mrs. Garnaut. What others do with effort, or, at most, from a sense of duty, in her seemed nature. Yet not the heedless generosity of childhood or sentiment, but the harmonious working of a nature which existed *only to serve others* as naturally as a tree grows. So utterly unconscious was she of this active and unceasing devotedness, that she neither seemed to think herself different from others, or to deem they ought to leave the usual way of the world to be like her.

She had that rare union, great tenderness and great firmness of character. Though her heart bled at the sight of wo, she yet faced and alleviated sufferings of the most horrid description with a spirit full of courage and hope.

She died, worn out, doing all her kind heart

dictated, and all the wretched needed, but more than one person's strength, or the means placed in her hands were sufficient for. She felt she had herself still to give, and died in the sacrifice. All this so feebly described, was the work of one young woman, left in a strange land, without means and without friends. Those who knew her have the joy of remembering that they did not entertain this angel unawares.

As was said of the good English Bishop, — "Surely the life of one like this ought not to be forgotten. I, who saw and heard so much of it, shall, I trust, never recollect it without being better for it. And if I can succeed in showing it so truly to the world that they also may be the better for it, I shall do them an acceptable service."

The last Poet.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

"When will you, oh ye Poets,
Cease from your chanting long;
And when be terminated
The old eternal song;

"Your horn of useless plenty
Be void of everything;
And gathered all the blossoms,
Exhausted every spring?"

Long as the sun's bright chariot
Moves through the azure sky,
While but a single countenance
Looks up thereto, on high;

Long as the heavens breed tempests,
And thunder-bolts descend,
And their attendant horrors
The quivering bosom rend;

While o'er the thunder's pathway
The sun his rainbow throws,
A bosom longs for comfort
And heavenly repose;

So long as night, the heavens
Shall sow with starry seed;
And while a single mortal
God's golden scroll can read;

Long as the moon still glimmers,
A heart yet longs and lives,
And shade the rustling forest
To weary wanderers gives;

Long as the spring brings greenness,
And roses shed their light;

While cheeks with smiles are dimpled,
And eyes with joy are bright;

While sepulchres are gloomy
With cypress growing by;
So long as hearts are broken,
And a tear-drop dims the eye;

So long on earth will sojourn
The god of sacred Song;
By him inspired, rejoicing
The Poet move along;

And singing and rejoicing
Through all the earth, you 'll find
That the last of all the Poets
Is the last of all mankind.

God's hand still holds creation,
The earth and moon and sun,
Like a fresh and opening blossom:
He smiles and looks thereon.

And when this giant posy
Shall bloom into decay,
And earth and glowing sun-spheres
As flower-dust pass away,

Then ask, if lust to question
Be still within you strong: —
If yet is terminated
The old eternal song?

Boston, November, 1850.

The Second Reformation.

BY THOMAS T. STONE.

Now that the particular occasions and excitements of the Reformation in Germany have passed into history, there is little difficulty in detecting the central idea which, whether clearly or dimly, dwelled in the minds of Luther and his friends, and which the succeeding centuries have continued to develope. It is simply, freedom of soul to worship the omnipresent Being without either mediation or prescript of the Church. A great achievement in truth, the introduction of this principle into a Christendom converted to a Popedom! Blessed be God for the redemption!

But there is another form of tyranny, older than the Papacy, which Protestantism failed to discover, nay, which it has in some degree strengthened.

There are those who believe that, during some portions of the mediæval period, the Papal power served not unfrequently as a defence to the people, whose affections it possessed or sought, against the oppressions of monarchs and nobles, whose ambition went out into perpetual feuds and cruelties. And between the local kingdoms and the spiritual dominion; between governments, such, for instance, as those of Britain, demanding exclusive possession of their own domain, and the Catholic fatherhood, endeavoring to pervade all with its influences, and to gather the most it could to its interests; there sprung up a rivalry quite natural, not seldom leading to bitter conflicts. A kingdom laid under interdict of the Pope, was by no means soothing to the jealous pride, more than grateful to the timid devotion, of monarch or chieftain. On the other hand, the Church could take little satisfaction in seeing powerful men lay sacrilegious hands on her immense treasures, to enrich themselves or to sustain their wars. Nor in such separations and

rivalries was the Church ever despised as weak, or disregarded, as if she were either careless or imprudent. The time was, indeed, when the Church was more formidable to the State, than any King to the Pope. Between the secular interests of States, and religious discontents with the papal authority, there would be a natural affinity; nay, those interests might easily excite discontent, and increase, even where they did not create, agitations against the Church. So early therefore as the life of Wickliffe, we find the strife to have been not a little that of conflicting privileges and interests; and this Prophet of the Reformation is not more the preacher of a higher truth, than the defender of English claims and powers against the Papacy which was supposed to invade them. It is England against Rome, quite as much as Divine Truth against Human Falsehood. And when Luther finally achieved the dismemberment of the ancient Church, the new spiritual development, instead of unfolding itself freely and spontaneously, according

to its own natural laws, is at once connected with the guardianship of the State and swathed about with political as well as theological bands. In England, we all know, the Reformed Church simply passed from the dominion of the Pope to the supremacy of the Sovereign; nursed by such fathers as Henry the Eighth, and such mothers as Elizabeth, and growing as it could under their protection, and with the nutriment which they furnished or allowed. Nor do we find that the primary quarrel even of the Puritans was with the Kingly element in the Church, but with the Papal. In their terrible appeal at last to the arbitrement of the sword, a Stuart might have remained without dispute, it would seem, Head of the Church, but that Charles suffered or encouraged ceremonies and institutions deemed identical with the supposed idolatries of a Popery not yet extinct. The fathers of New England themselves were disloyal, not to the King in London, but to the Pope at Rome; and if they sympathised with the Commonwealth or the Pro-

tector, it was rather that so they escaped the taint of Catholic idolatry, than that they gained exemption from despotism impersonated in the fallen monarch. So has it been since; and through the successive conflicts and revolutions whether of Europe or of America, the tyranny of civil institutions, legal, aristocratical, republican, has still survived; forever attaching to itself the strong sentiments of loyalty, sometimes corroborating and consecrating them by the authority or the attractions of religion. The American Papacy is the Federal Government.

Now it is by no means to be supposed that Luther ever objected to the existence of a Bishop at Rome, preaching there the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and watching with paternal care over the souls he would inspire with living faith and universal charity. Nor more could he be opposed to any interest, however broad, which this Preacher might take in the diffusion of the Divine Light and Spirit over the whole earth. But that with the title of Father, he should be Tyrant, of Christendom; that in the

name of Christ, he should virtually banish the true Christ; that through authority as of God, he should discourage true worship and establish false worship; that, in a word, he should desecrate Christianity, while standing as representative and head of its infallible Church; this might well have roused the indignation even of gentler spirits than his, and filled with sorrow hearts touched with divinest love and holiest aspirations. So the controversy was not with the Christian Father, but with the Unchristian Idolater.

In these facts we may perceive a double parallelism of the Second Reformation with the First. This quarrels not with King or Queen in England, with Emperor in Russia, with Commonwealth in the United States. But it does contend with Sovereign, and Noble, and Republic, claiming the authority those names involve, without fulfilling the duty; affirming supremacy, without performing service; exacting submission, without deserving either reverence or love; and, instead of doing and

sustaining justice, upholding injustice by regal or parliamentary statute, to the extent even of punishing kindness and mercy with fine or imprisonment. Political Popery is not more innocent than ecclesiastical; and devout loyalty is of no stronger obligation than loyal devotion. I would as lief obey Pius the Ninth as Queen Victoria; I can submit as cheerfully to the mandates of the one or the other of them, as to those of Millard Fillmore approving an enactment of the majority of Senators and Representatives assembled in an American Congress. Individually, these several persons are entitled to just the respect their characters deserve; officially, they represent the laws and statutes they promulgate and enforce, and are entitled to just the estimate which Truth and Justice may put on those statutes and laws. We owe no reverence, no loyalty, either to legislator or law, either to Pope, or King, or Democracy, when these are void of spiritual grandeur, and, for true beauty, deformed and monstrous. Sin looks but uglier, the larger it grows.

What the First Reformation achieved in the Popedom of the Church, that the Second is destined to achieve in the Popedom of the State. It makes one wonder to hear so much from Americans, of the Divine Authority of Political Institutions. It seems strange, that sons of sires who were traitors and rebels to the Government they had acknowledged so long, should so soon revert to the old doctrines of absolute authority and unquestioning obedience. Really, however, it may not be so strange as it seems. Actual oppression suspended the activity of those sentiments which attached the fathers to their ancestral government, and aroused the energies of mingled self-interest and revenge, which slept not till they had severed the bonds of foreign dependence. Then in a newly framed Confederation, the older sentiments, as they revive, for so they must, seek and secure a Constitution to which they transfer their loyalty. So far, it is not ill. But then it is quite possible the new institutions may contain vicious elements;

and it is equally possible, that they may demand submission, — at least, that statesmen and theologians may demand submission in their behalf, on the ground of religious obligation. To pass by the first, we see that this last is continually done. Our fathers of the Revolution were not more earnest and frequent in the endeavor to evade what was pleaded as divine commandment for submission to existing dominions, than are their sons in recalling themselves and others to the same authority; — the powers that be, are ordained of God.

Really what is the vitiating element in the Papacy? Not its doctrine, not its ritual, not its organization, nothing of this; these might be good, or might be bad, but they are not the radical principle. That is assumption of divine authority to which men are religiously bound to submit. Take this assumption out of the Roman Church; and it may have many other errors, but the root of its evil is removed. The Second Reformation shall expose the falseness of the same claim in behalf of politi-

cal institutions. Grant them of divine origin or ordinance; yet never, certainly, more divine than the individual man. But no individual man may rise up among his brethren, and say, "Because I am created of God, my existence derived of him, and itself his ordinance, therefore accept my word as decisive; the authority which God has given me, acknowledge and obey, or else reject and disobey God." Each might at once say, "I confess your premises, but deny your conclusion. Created and ordained of God, I acknowledge you; but the Creator is not responsible for your sins, your errors, your extravagances. I am as truly of God as you; but neither in you nor in me is there aught authoritative other than the Divinity of Truth and Rectitude." So should we say to the individual. So Protestantism has taught us to say to the Church. So must a broader Protestantism teach us to say to all Power. For one, I have a greater reverence of the historical Church than of any civil government, past or present, which has come into existence on

earth; but I rejoice that a claim of the Church, so preposterous and vitiating, has been questioned and so far annulled. The like preposterous and vitiating claim in behalf of the State, it is high time to explode; and, perhaps, it were best exploded through and amidst loud peals of laughter. Knight Errantry had certainly fallen into nothing more ridiculous, when Cervantes laughed it to its grave, than the silly knighthood of our day, so thankfully in words and grimaces, — cunning enough meantime for secret contempt, — accepting the religious encouragements, the theological absurdities, by which grave divines deify the powers of government, and invoke men for conscience sake to set conscience at nought.

Government is divine. Let this stand as the immutable fact. Let it be affirmed with voice and pen, with word and deed. Let it assert itself, that none shall be able to deny or even question. Therefore, let Government be really, not verbally, divine; just so far as it is divine, be it confessed

true, lawful, authoritative government, in whose presence we cannot choose but cover our faces in reverent silence, and go forth to do the bidding of even its stillest voice; but just so far as undivine, be it denounced as false, unlawful, void of authority, as usurpation and tyranny, as organization and action of demons, before which we stand in calm and determined disobedience; in proportion as we love and obey Government which is divine, bidding defiance to the undivine, putting on itself the robes, and assuming the names, and professing by its touch the functions of Government.

Just so far as men have ever felt sincerely the wrong of existing institutions, a blessed instinct, even when they cannot interpret it, has urged them to act according to this principle; to appeal from statute to justice, from power to truth, from the state to the soul, from men to man, from dead words to living spirit. Yet when it is all over, they understand so little what they have done, that they go forthwith to hardening the elements of their

own victories, into systems, which the same instinct will soon be compelled to dissolve. The want is of unqualified obedience to the spirit. If, as we have said, Government, truly such, is divine, then the divine in it must be suffered to flow without restraint forever, and, as the human incrustations are broken or loosed by the tide, we must simply — let them go. God does not need us to prop up usurpation and tyranny, for the sake of supporting what can never fail so long as he is suffered to enter and to live in the deeds and the societies of men. Simple as the thought is, scarcely recognized, it may be, when confessed as true, it yet contains in it the germ of human regeneration and perfection. It overlooks nothing; much less does it despise anything; but through all, — through nature and man, through history and the soul, through the Scriptures and all books, through changes in society and the methods of education and discipline, — it searches out the everlasting elements and laws of Divine Government; and put-

ting aside all shows and pretences, its silent voice forever is "Apart from these illusions, I would live in thee, Spirit, as I live from thee and to thee; knowing no master, obedient only and wholly to thy heavenly vision."

Salem, November, 1850.

Le Fils d'un Planteur.

PAR MADAME BELLOC.

Je suis née dans un port de mer qui entretenait de fréquentes et amicales relations de commerce avec les Etats Unis ; aussi au nom de l' Amérique se rattachent quelques uns des plus riants souvenirs de mon enfance.

Une voile venait elle à poindre à l' horizon sur la ligne indécise qui sépare le bleu de la mer de l' azur du ciel, c'était un navire apportant de nombreux échantillons des richesses de cette terre promise. Parmi les chargements de sucre et de coton expédiés au negociant, se glissaient toujours à l'addresse de la famille quelques raretés qui jetaient les enfants dans des transports de joie. C'étaient la grosse canne noueuse encore pleine du sirop doux, appelé jadis le miel des roseaux : suc

exquis dont on fait les prâlines, les sucres d'orge et toutes les friandises, régal des marmots; puis, les gigantesques ananas, confits et emprisonnés dans des barils qu'on ouvrait avec solennité, au milieu d'un cercle de spectateurs ravis; et les noix de coco hérissées d'étoupes et façonnées à leur extremité inférieure en tête de singe, qu'il fallait, comme les dragons des contes de fée, attaquer de front et percer sans miséricorde pour arriver au trésor de lait frais et délicat que recélait la coque, et dont ces grimaçantes figures etaient les fantastiques gardiens. Parfois un perroquet, au plumage chatoyant, venait réaliser la merveilleuse fiction de "l'oiseau qui parle." Alors on n'avait pas assez d'yeux et d'oreilles pour admirer ces surprenantes nouveautés.

On racontait de plus que dans ce pays de bénédiction la terre qui produisait presque sans culture appartenait au premier occupant assez aventureux pour planter sa tente sur la lisière d'une forêt vierge, et assez industrieux pour défricher et

ensemencer le terrain qu'il avait conquis. Défrayé par la chasse et la pêche en attendant sa récolte, il explorait ses domaines au gré de son caprice. Ce tableau de la vie du pionnier Américain où se dessinaient sur le premier plan les mugissantes cataractes du Niagara qu'encadraient les grands lacs, les montagnes rocheuses et les vastes régions de l'Ouest, m'apparaissait plein de charme. Ce n'était ni l'île déserte de Robinson Crusoé, ni l'habitation monotone des villes, mais un retour vers l'Eden, un second Paradis terrestre, où l'homme, roi de la création, imposait ses lois sans contrôle aux animaux, au sol, à toute cette riche et féconde nature. Les sauvages mêmes n'y gâtaient rien. Leurs approches furtives, leur effrayante apparition composaient le drame émouvant de cette vie poétique ; ombre qui faisait valoir les clairs.

De temps à autre la visite d'un Américain venait accroître mon enthousiasme. J'écoutais avec admiration ses véhémentes sorties contre le servage

de notre vieille Europe courbée sous le joug des monarchies, ses dithyrambes sur la Liberté, dont le nouveau monde était le berceau. Là se levait l'aube du jour qui devait éclairer notre nuit. Sur cette heureuse terre il y avait place pour tous au soleil. Le tyran et l'esclave en étaient seuls bannis ! Hélas, je le croyais.

Or, il advint qu'un jour un riche planteur de la Géorgie débarqua dans le port. Il venait demander au climat de la France et aux lumières de la médecine, un remède contre le mal qui affligeait son fils unique. Cet enfant, agé de treize ans, ne paraissait pas en avoir dix. Un mois aprés sa naissance qui avait coûté la vie à sa mère, il avait été saisi d'horribles convulsions. Elles lui revenaient par accès de plus en plus fréquents. Elles contournaient ses membres et bouleversaient ses traits. Appitoyée par le récit de ses souffrances, je m'efforçais de l'en distraire tandis que mon père faisait à l'étranger, qui lui était recommandé, les honneurs du pays. Mais le petit créole opposait à

mes affectueuses tentatives une humeur taciturne et une indifférence sournoise. A peine me répondait il.

"Que je m'ennuie!" s'écria t-il enfin. "Je savais bien que je ne pourrais jamais me passer de Sammy!"

"Et qui est Sammy!" demandai je, imaginant qu'il regrettait un ami, un camarade de jeu.

"Celui qui me portait," répondit il d'un ton maussade, "je m'amusais à le faire trotter, galoper. Quelquefois il faisait le rétif et se câbrait, mais un bon coup d'éperon et de cravache l'avait bien vîte corrigé, et il se remettait à courir, bon gre mal gré, jusqu'à ce qu'il tombât."

"Fi! vous aviez bien le cœur de traiter ainsi un pauvre cheval!"

Il partit d'un long et bruyant éclat de rire.

"Un cheval! ah, que non pas! Ce n'était qu'un *nigger*, un petit noir que papa m'avait donné pour en faire ce que je voudrais, et j'en avais fait mon *poney*."

Prenant ma stupéfaction pour un doute, il ajouta, "ah! je l'avais bien dressé. Il avait un mors et une bride tout comme un vrai cheval."

J'éprouvais une horreur profonde pour ce tyranneau dont la difforme et chétive enveloppe était encore moins laide que son âme. Soit qu'il lût cette expression sur mon visage, soit qu'il sentît le besoin de justifier sa barbarie :

"J'avais bien le droit de le maltraiter," dit il, "car sa mère, qui avait été achetée exprès pour être ma nourrice, m'avait laissé tout petit exposé dans un courant d'air pour courir à son affreux mauricaud qui criait. Les médecins croient que ce premier refroidissement a été la cause du mal dont je ne guérirai peut-être jamais. Aussi, pour lui apprendre papa l'a fait mettre au piquet, l'a fait fouetter, et lui a ôté son fils. Et c'était juste."

J'écoutais avec épouvante. Je venais de franchir d'un bond tous les degrés intermédiaires de l'esclavage. Une créature humaine achetée à prix d'argent, coupable d'avoir obéi au plus impérieux

devoir, à l'amour maternel, pouvait être impunément fustigée, privée de son enfant, traitée en bête de somme, et cela au nom de la justice ! Combien d'exécrables exemples, de détestables abus de la force, n'avait il pas fallu pour fausser à ce point une jeune conscience !

Lancé sur cette piste le petit louveteau ne s'arrêta plus. Il semblait qu'il flairât encore sa proie.

" Que je voudrais, donc, tenir Sammy !" s'écria t-il avec un ricanement haineux qui mit à nu ses longues dents blanches.

" N'imaginez pas qu'ici on vous le laissât brider et mener à coups d'éperon et de cravache," repris-je.

" Bah ! si je n'en pouvais faire mon poney, j'en ferais mon chien couchant. Je le dresserais à chercher et à rapporter."

" Et pourquoi votre pére vous a t-il privé d'un si noble passe-temps et d' un joujou qui offrait tant de ressources ? " dis-je avec amertume.

" Parceque le drôle s'était vanté qu'une fois en France il prendrait la clef des champs et ne pourrait plus être repris et puni comme nègre marron."

A ce moment le planteur rentrait avec mon père.

" Convenez," disait il, " que vos loix Françaises ne peuvent entrer en parallèle avec nos libres institutions, protectrices du bon droit de chacun et de la liberté de tous."

Je faillis lui jeter à la face ce que je venais d'entendre. L' hypocrite patriotisme du père était le digne pendant de la brutale cruauté du fils.

De ce jour les Etats Unis perdirent à mes yeux leur prestige. Je ne vis plus ce sol fertile qu' arrosé du sang et des larmes de toute une population d' esclaves. Qu' importe si parmi les propriétaires, cette race de tigres fait exception? La flétrissure n'en est pas moins profonde, la plaie pas moins saignante. Qu' importe même que les états du Nord aient repudié l' esclavage, s'ils l'approuvent et le tolèrent dans les états du Sud.

" Le respect de la Constitution, du Commerce,

le maintien de l' Union Nationale, sont autant de liens sacrés qui enchaînent notre bon vouloir," plaident les Judas de cette cause sainte. Mais il s'est trouvé de nobles cœurs pour protester contre ces pretendues entraves ; des voix éloquentes ont retenti d'une rive à l' autre de l' Atlantique. Aux intérêts matériels elles ont opposé les intérêts divins, aux lois d'un jour les lois éternelles et immuables.

Les femmes ne sont pas demeurées en arrière dans cette généreuse croisade. En Amérique où le pays réclame tout l' homme, elles ont plus qu' ailleurs le droit d'initiative dès qu' il s'agit de pitié, de charité. Affrontant courageusement le blâme et la réprobation qui s'attachaient aux premiers et difficiles efforts tentés en faveur de l' abolition, elles s' y sont dévouées de cœur et d' intelligence. Elles ont prêté à l' affranchissement des esclaves leur plus actif concours. Travaux, écrits, argent, chaleureuse propagande, rien n'y a été épargné Elles ont fait de ce grand but la pensée de leurs

jours, le rêve de leurs nuits. Leur profonde conviction a gagné au proche et au loin. Elles en ont appelé aux sympathies de l' Europe, et l' Europe toute entière leur a répondu, " Courage ! encore quelques pas et vous êtes au terme ! "

Paris, Juin, 1850.

The Planter's Son.

BY MADAME BELLOC.

I was born in a seaport which had frequent and friendly commercial relations with the United States. With the name of America, too, are connected some of the most smiling memories of my childhood.

Was a sail faintly discerned upon the horizon, on that shadowy line that divides the blue of the sea from the azure of the sky, it was a vessel bearing to us many a specimen of the riches of that promised land. Among the cargoes of sugar or of cotton consigned to the merchant, some rarities were always slipped in, directed to the family, which threw the children into transports of joy. There was the thick knotty cane, yet full of the sweet syrup, called of old "the honey of the reeds," a

delicious juice, of which sugared almonds, barley sugar, and all the sweet-meats, — the little childrens' feast — were made; then there were the gigantic ananas, preserved, and imprisoned in barrels, which were opened with due solemnity in the midst of a circle of ravished spectators, and the cocoanuts shaggy in their coats of flax, and shaped at the lower end into monkeys' heads, which we had to attack in front, as if they had been so many dragons of fairy lore, and to transfix without, merely in order to reach the treasure of fresh and delicate milk of which these grinning figures were the fantastic guardians. Sometimes a parroquet of brilliant plumage arrived to realize the wondrous story of "the talking bird." At those times, eyes and ears were wanting to admire enough these astounding marvels.

We were told, besides, that in that blessed land the soil which yielded its returns almost without culture, belonged to the first occupant who was adventurous enough to pitch his tent on the borders

of the virgin forest, and industrious enough to clear and plant the ground he had won. Subsisting by hunting and fishing until his harvest was ripe, he explored his new domains as his fancy guided him. This picture of the life of an American pioneer, where the roaring cataracts of Niagara were sketched in the foreground, relieved by the great Lakes, the Rocky Mountains, and the vast regions of the West, in the distance, was full of attraction to me. It was not the desert island of Robinson Crusoe, nor the monotonous life of cities, but a return towards Eden, a second terrestrial Paradise, where man, king of creation, gave law without restraint to the animals, to the soil, to all this rich and abounding nature. The very savages were no injury to the drama. Their stealthy approach, their dreadful apparition, furnished the agitating scenes of this poetic life, — shadows which made the lights the more brilliant.

Now and then the visit of an American occurred to add to my enthusiasm. I heard with admiration

his earnest sallies against the servitude of our antiquated Europe, bowed down beneath the yoke of monarchies, his dithyrambics in praise of Liberty, of which the new world was the cradle. There was breaking the dawn of that day which was to illuminate our night. Upon this blessed land there was room for all beneath the sun. The tyrant and the Slave only were banished thence! Alas, I believed it all.

Now it fell out that a rich planter from Georgia landed one day at the port. He came to seek from the climate of France, and from the lights of medicine, a remedy for the disease under which his only son was suffering. This child, though thirteen years old, did not seem to be more than ten. A month after his birth, which had cost his mother her life, he had been seized with horrible convulsions. The fits became more and more frequent. They twisted his limbs and distorted his features. Moved with pity by the tale of his sufferings, I did my best to divert him while my father

was doing the honors of the country to his, who had brought letters of introduction to him. But the little Creole met my affectionate endeavors with silent discontent and sullen indifference. He scarcely made me any answer.

"How tired I am!" he exclaimed at last, "I knew that I could never get along without Sammy!"

"And who is Sammy?" I asked, supposing he was regretting a friend, a play-fellow.

"He was my bearer," he replied in a dull tone, "and I used to amuse myself by making him trot and gallop. Sometimes he would be restive and rear up; but a good thrust of the spur and a smart touch of the riding-stick, soon broke him of it, and he would have to set out and run, whether he liked it or not, until he tumbled down."

"Fie! how could you have the heart to treat a poor horse so?"

He burst into a long and loud fit of laughter.

"A horse! Ah! no indeed. It was only a

nigger, a little black that papa had given me to do what I pleased with, and I made him my pony."

Mistaking my stupefaction for doubt, he added, "ah! I had broken him well. He had a bit and bridle just like a real horse."

I felt a deep disgust at this little tyrant whose deformed and mean outside was even less ugly than his soul. Either reading this expression in my face, or feeling obliged to excuse his barbarity, he said:

"I had a good right to ill-treat him, for his mother, who had been bought expressly for my nurse, left me when I was a little baby, exposed to a draught of air, to run to her ugly brown whelp when it cried. The doctors think that this first chill was the cause of the disease of which I shall perhaps never get well. Besides, to teach her better, papa had her tied up and flogged, and took her son away from her. And it served her right."

I listened with horror. I had just cleared at a bound all the intermediate degrees of Slavery. A

human creature, bought with money, guilty of having obeyed the most imperative of duties, even a mother's love, could be beaten with impunity, robbed of her child, treated like a beast of burden, and all this in the name of justice! How many execrable examples, how many detestable abuses of power, must it have taken to deprave a young conscience to such a degree?

Once put upon this scent, the little wolf-cub restrained himself no farther. It seemed as if he still snuffed his prey.

"How I wish, now, I had Sammy!" he exclaimed with a hateful sneer, which laid bare his long white teeth.

"Don't imagine that you would be allowed to bridle him and drive him with spur and riding-stick here," I replied.

"Bah! If I couldn't make him my pony, I could make him my setter-dog. I would teach him to fetch and to carry."

"And why did your father deprive you of so noble a pastime, and of a plaything that afforded you so many resources?" said I, bitterly.

"Because the funny fellow bragged that once in France he could make his escape and could not be taken and punished as a runaway negro."

At this moment the planter returned with my father.

"Confess," said he, "that your French laws cannot be compared with our free institutions, which guard the just rights of each individual, and the liberty of the whole body."

I came near casting in his teeth what I had just heard. The hypocritical patriotism of the father was a fit pendant to the brutal cruelty of the son.

From that day the United States lost their *prestige* in my eyes. Thenceforth that fertile soil seemed to me as if watered with the blood and the tears of a whole people of Slaves. What matters it that among that race of tigers, the Slave-owners, there may be here and there an exception? The

stain is none the less deep, the wound bleeds none the less. What matters it, even, that the Northern States have repudiated Slavery, if they countenance and endure it in the Southern States?

"Regard for the Constitution, for Commerce, the preservation of the National Union are so many sacred ties which restrain our good wishes," urge the Judases of this holy cause. But noble hearts have been found to protest against these pretended fetters; eloquent voices have resounded from one shore of the Atlantic to the other. Against the weight of material interests, they urge interests that are divine; against the obligation of the laws of a day, they bring that of laws which are eternal and unchangeable.

The women, too, have not been the last to undertake this generous crusade. In America, where the development of the country claims all the energies of the men, they have more than eleswhere the right of taking the initiative in matters where pity or charity are in question. Meeting courageously

the censure and condemnation which the first difficult endeavors for Abolition excited, they have devoted themselves to it with all their hearts and all their minds. They have brought to the enfranchisement of the Slaves their most active coöperation. Work, writing, money, the warmest propagandism, — they have spared nothing. This great object has been their thought by day and their dream by night. Their own profound conviction has extended itself far and near. They have appealed to the sympathies of Europe, and Europe with one accord has replied to them, "Courage! a few steps more and you have reached the goal!"

Paris, June, 1850.

A Sonnet for the Times.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

WAYFARER pause! for late there stooped and fell
One of Earth's mightiest, loftiest minds; and now
Stained and dishonored lies that ample brow,
Wherein the Nations dreamed there slept a spell,
To slay the ancient Fiend, who overthrew
Corinth, Athena, and wide-grasping Rome,
With every state where Freedom sought a home,
Digged down her altars, and her Prophets slew!
All vainly gazed the Nation on that brow;
Vainly they asked that kingly mind for aid:
The new Iscariot Freedom's trust betrayed!
Go, passer-by! to men this warning tell:—
THE MIGHTIEST, LOFTIEST MIND, SCORNING GOD'S JUSTICE, FELL.

Boston, November, 1850.

Our Southern Brethren.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

"It is wise to learn, even from our enemies."

The religious and political newspapers which we call (and justly call) pro-slavery, agree in the assertion that we, the Abolitionists, have been unreasonable and unjust towards the people of the South. It is true that their judgment by itself ought not to weigh much in the matter; but since that judgment is corroborated by the opinions of very many sensible persons who, looking at the subject for the first time, ought perhaps to be supposed unprejudiced, the charge seems to call for our serious examination.

I have endeavored to give it such an examination. And I am constrained to believe and to declare that we *have* been wanting in consideration,

in kindness, and even in justice, towards our brethren of the South, and that we have overlooked, or treated with too slight regard, the following undeniable truths:

I. They are our fellow-men, equal sharers in our common humanity. However faulty their conduct in some respects, they are not to be harshly judged, without reference to the social and political relations, the prejudices of education, and even the pecuniary interests under which they live. We do not make sufficient allowance for their feelings as husbands and fathers, laboring under the apprehension of danger to their families as well as themselves, for their claims upon us as men suffering under a curse which has been entailed upon them through a series of generations, and which they have not yet succeeded in throwing off. Above all, we do not practice towards them the injunctions of the Golden Rule, nor yield to them a tythe either of the sympathy or the aid which we should

desire, and think it right to ask from them, were our situations reversed.

II. The Southerners are our countrymen. Many people appear to disregard this tie, but it seems to me that our birth and education upon the soil and under the institutions of one common country give them a just claim upon us for sympathy and aid, which is not diminished by the varying customs and usages of the different portions of that country in which we respectively live. Not diminished, do I say? If any peculiar circumstances entail a great evil, "a curse," upon particular portions of our country, *especial* obligations call upon those not thus afflicted, for their sympathy and aid in the endurance or removal of it.

III. Many of our Southern brethren are Christians. Such, I think, must be the judgment of charity in regard to them. If the preaching of the Gospel in their section of the country is beset with peculiar difficulties, this fact should have great weight, not only in abating any unfavorable judg-

ment of them which we may be tempted to form, but in producing a patient endurance of such of their faults as spring from this cause. To whom much is not given, of them much should not be required. If these are *weak* brethren, Christianity demands that we bear a portion of their burden, and thus fulfil the law of Christ.

IV. The recent Fugitive Slave Law has brought up, and will continue to bring up, new points in our relation to our brethren of the South. Some of them who have recently been in Boston have not only failed in effecting the purpose for which they came, and met with less than the cordiality to which all the above-mentioned bonds of alliance entitle them, but have felt so insecure here as to be obliged to leave the city. If we consider what it is to be stripped of property and rights to which we consider ourselves as having a just claim, we may begin to realize the effect which our indifference and supineness must have upon these brethren. Our brotherhood should be shown by prompt, and

timely, and efficient action. The friend in need is the real friend.

I repeat it. We have been criminally lukewarm and indifferent in relation to the necessities of our Southern brethren, the Slaves. Their claims arising from our common humanity, from their birth and education on the same soil with ourselves, from their Christian brotherhood, and from the new measures of oppression recently brought to bear upon them, do not impress us with such vivid reality, do not urge us to such prompt and active exertion as if our brother or our sister by blood were in the same circumstances; we do not feel, and think, and speak, and ACT for those in bonds *as bound with them;* the atrocious "Fugitive Slave Bill," which might well be called an act for the suppression of liberty, justice and humanity, does not arouse us to half the depth of feeling and vigor of action which the comparatively trivial stamp-act and tea-tax awoke in our revolutionary fathers.

The *action* to which an awakened fraternal feel-

ing would stimulate us, will differ with the various powers and opportunities of different individuals. But so much as this at least we can *all* do. Sign and circulate suitable petitions to the State and National authorities; speak everywhere against the horrible system which reduces our brothers and our sisters to the condition of brutes, and speak with especial emphasis against the last and most horrible manifestation of it; make it plain to all around us that we have no more respect for iniquity *after* it has become a law than before, and that our allegiance to the higher law of God's justice is not in the least impaired by the enactment of opposing human statutes; hold ourselves in readiness to welcome, assist, *and protect* the hunted fugitive, and to throw every possible obstruction, not inconsistent with that higher law, in the way of the inhuman hunter; and, finally, withdraw our countenance and support from those clergymen and churches, and those politicians and parties, which shrink from taking a similar position upon this most important of the

civil and religious aspects of our nation. Thus only can we clear ourselves of the reproach of injustice to our Southern brethren.

As to our *white* brethren of the South — the Slaveholders — more and more evidence is constantly accumulating to show that our course in relation to them has been judicious and effective. Our first duty towards brethren in the wrong is to show them their error; and such a blessing has attended our missionary labors that they are rapidly "coming to a sense of their situation." The first step in the process of conversion is to be "convicted of sin," and never were so many and such powerful agencies at work upon our Southern white brethren to that end as at this moment. We have only to persevere in sowing the seed of truth among the stony consciences of both North and South, and to use increased vigilance in seizing the favorable occasions for this purpose, and ere long we shall convince the nation — not that Slavery is wrong — a truth already obvious to the meanest capacity —

but that it is *so* wrong as to be already intolerable, and that their efforts should be united with ours in awakening a moral sentiment throughout the land, which shall speedily render it impossible.

Boston, November, 1850.

Translation from the Persian of Nisami.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WORD AND DEED.

WHILST roses bloomed along the plain,
The Nightingale to the Falcon said,
"Why of all birds must thou be dumb?
With closed mouth thou utterest,
Though dying, no last word to man:
Yet sit'st thou on the hand of caliphs,
And feedest on the grouse's breast;
Whilst I, who hundred thousand jewels
Squander in a single tone,
Lo! I feed myself with worms,
And my dwelling is a thorn."
The Falcon answered, "Be all ear:
Thou seest I 'm dumb; be thou, too, dumb.

I, experienced in affairs,
See fifty things, say never one.
But thee the people prizes not,
Who, doing nothing, say a hundred.
To me, appointed to the chase,
The king's hand gives the grouse's breast,
Whilst a chatterer like thee
Must gnaw worms in the thorns. Farewell!"

Servile Insurrections.

BY EDMUND JACKSON.

It is not easy to estimate with any degree of certainty, the danger of insurrection in a community where Slavery prevails, and more especially where the Slave population is about equal to that of the white inhabitants; — nor can we feel very certain of the ultimate result of a conflict between the white and black races in the Slave States, should it become general, where the population is pretty equally divided between the free and the enslaved. Setting aside the chapter of accidents, to which any such contest is peculiarly liable, there are circumstances in the character and condition of the combatants which would operate in such a struggle, the force and influence of which

it is not easy to calculate with any degree of certainty; nor are we able to draw from those whose opportunities should constitute them the best judges in the matter, any reliable or definite conclusions. At one time when it suits the immediate object in view, we hear southern members of Congress eloquently deprecating anything and everything, which, in their distempered imagination, they choose to consider as exciting to insurrection, and to pronounce the utter ruin and depopulation of the South, should any serious conflict occur between the races. And, on the other hand, when the power and prosperity of the South is to be magnified for some sinister purpose, the idea of a successful servile insurrection, or any outbreak at all, among the contented and happy Slaves, is scouted as absurd and preposterous to the last degree.

Of course we cannot place any reliance upon such contradictory testimony from one and the same witness, but must, as in other mooted cases,

consider actions as the more correct test, and rely upon facts, however few and insufficient, rather than heated declamation put forth to serve other ends than those of truth in the premises.

It was my fortune, or fate, to be in Charleston during the *quasi* insurrection of 1822, and certainly the scenes I witnessed, and the declarations of the impending danger that met us, at all times and on all occasions, forced the conviction that never were an entire people more thoroughly alarmed or more seriously affected by their fears, than were the people of Charleston at that time, and in view of such an event. No actual outbreak or overt act on the part of the blacks, however, occurred, and we had our doubts then, which after events and circumstances strengthened, that any insurrection was impending or seriously designed on the part of the accused negroes. But the city authorities and the people universally thought otherwise, and acted in accordance with their faith

in the matter; for they arrested, according to rumor, some two or three hundred, and according to verity, hung about forty; and in proportion to their fear of the impending danger, so was their gratulation at so *cheap* an escape from it.

During the excitement and the trial of the supposed conspirators, rumor proclaimed all (and doubtless more than all) the horrors of the plot. The city was to be fired in every quarter, the arsenal in the immediate vicinity was to be broken open and the arms distributed to the insurgents, and a universal massacre of the white inhabitants to take place. Nor did there seem to be any doubt in the minds of the people that such would actually have been the result, had not the plot fortunately been detected before the time appointed for the outbreak. It was believed, as a matter of course, that every black in the city would join in the insurrection, and that, if the original design had been attempted and the city taken by surprise,

the negroes would have achieved a complete and easy victory. Nor does it seem at all impossible that such might have been or yet may be the case, if any well arranged and resolute rising should take place.

The scenes I then witnessed impressed me with the opinion that the Slaveholders do actually believe in the liability of insurrection, live in the fear, greater or less according to circumstances, of an outbreak, and do think that under favoring influences, an insurrection of the Slaves may prove successful to an extent which would appall the stoutest, and involve a sacrifice of life and property to a terrible extent.

What, then, is the safety-valve to be relied on to prevent the calamities to which at any and all times the Slave States are liable, which excite more or less the fears of the mass, and demand perpetual watchfulness to guard against and prevent? What *is* relied upon is sufficiently apparent. The law of force and terror — to

shroud the intellect of the Slave in darkness — to shut out, if possible, and intercept every ray of light from his mental vision, — to degrade and brutify him. Such is the settled policy of the Slaveholder, and the means to effect it are in conformity with this idea. But will this policy ensure safety? Will it answer the purpose? Experience answers in the negative.

Knowledge will spread in spite of human enactments, and barbarous laws are continually becoming more difficult to execute, more easily evaded, until they cease to have any effective vitality and become a dead letter on the Statute Books. And there is no remedy. A violation of law involves the appropriate penalty. Slave insurrections, and the terrible fears they excite, are, like all the other complicated and horrible evils that grow out of this system, but the inevitable adjuncts of Slavery, not to be evaded, overcome, or got rid of by any force or any ingenuity that the power or wit of man can exercise or devise, but must all continue while the

system lasts. And who can say, but that through the exodus of repeated Slave insurrections, the oppressed are destined by inscrutable laws, eventually to secure their freedom?

Boston, November, 1850.

The Changes.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

I.

It needs no Seer's eye to see,
No Prophet's tongue to tell,
The changes which the mystic breast
Of the great future swell.
Already, from the radiant skies,
O'er all the joyful earth,
Gleam forth the bright and cheering signs
Of a new and holier Birth.
Glad voices fill the sounding air
With loud exulting glee,
And words with mighty meaning fraught
Come booming o'er the sea.

For now the first shall be the last,
The last shall be the first,
And what, before, *all* did adore
Shall be by all accurst.

II.

The ancient Wrong enthroned on high,
And decked in pomp and pride;
And by Earth's princes and her priests
Upheld and deified.
Now trembling, totters to its fall,
While, with a fearful cry,
Its crowd of servile worshippers
From forth the ruins fly.
Time-honored Crimes and Tyrannies,
With Slavery's cruel blight,
Are banished by the new-born power
Of Freedom and the Right.
And thus the first shall be the last;
The last shall be the first,

And what, before, all did adore,
Shall be by all accurst.

III.

The rich man lapped in luxury,
And clothed in woven gold,
Whose frozen heart, through greed of wealth,
Is unto mammon sold;
What though the fawning flatterer's tongue
A hollow reverence pays!
And men, for favor, not himself
But his possessions praise!—
The day, the blessed day, shall dawn
When wealth no more shall rule,
Nor honest Spartan poverty
Be scorned by fopling fool.
And when "God's poor" their high estate
And priceless worth shall feel,
Nor rich oppressor crush them down
Beneath his iron heel.

For then the first shall be the last,
The last shall be the first,
And what, before, all did adore,
Shall be by all accurst.

IV.

No more the noise of wassail sounds
Within the lordly hall;
Nor high-born chief, nor low-born churl
Hold drunken carnival.
Nor sparkling on the festal board
The costly liquor streams,
Nor in the cup the rich red wine
With tempting lustre gleams.
The proud wine-bibber, envied once,
Now bows his head in shame,
And water from the crystal fount
Exalts the good man's fame.
For now the first shall be the last,
The last shall be the first,

And what, before, all did adore,
Shall be by all accurst.

V.

The haughty southern planter,
Lord of his hundred Slaves,
Once welcomed with obsequious smiles,
Now ranks with basest knaves.
What though he boasts his acres broad,
And lavishes his gold?—
The gold, not his, wrung from the blood
Of children bought and sold!—
The honest freeman turns away
With loathing from his sight,
And pitying leads the hunted Slave
To Freedom's glorious light.
And thus the first shall be the last,
The last shall be the first,
And what, before, all did adore
Shall be by all accurst.

Dedham, November, 1850.

Ratcliffe Gordon.

A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

THE ways by which the American Abolitionist fares through the wilderness of this world, though they be ways of wisdom, are not always peaceful, as men call peace, or pleasant, as the world counts pleasure. Now hath he to struggle through the Slough of Despond, and anon Apollyon "straddles over the whole breadth of the way" to do him battle. Messrs. Worldly Wiseman, Mistrust, and Timorous beset him at the outset of his pilgrimage; Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank hale him before Lord Hategood, as he wends through Vanity Fair; and for his best companions he often hath no better than Mr. Feeble-mind, Mr. Ready-to-halt, or Mr.

Despondency, and his daughter, whose name was Much-afraid.

But, nevertheless, he hath his compensations and his consolations. Besides the comfortable and excellent things which are shown to him in the Interpreter's House at the beginning of his journey, and the cheering visions vouchsafed from the Delectable Mountains, when it is farther advanced, he hath much solace in the small company of the Elect, even Faithful and Hopeful, who keep pace with him unto the end. And, moreover, the casual societies into which he falls in the course of his pilgrimage are often full of interest and encouragement. His hospitable sympathies may sometimes, to be sure, be wasted on unworthy guests; but again amends is made him by finding that he has entertained an angel unawares.

I well remember one of these visitations which fell to my share, some ten "or by'r Lady, inclining to" a dozen years ago; although I am afraid that the angelic character of my visitant may be

doubted by some of the Birmingham saints that pass current hereabouts. To my mind, with all his alloy, he was worth them all. At that time I was (the Lord forgive me!) a practicing Counsellor at Law in Boston. One day a friend entered my chambers followed by an aged gentleman, whom he introduced to me as "Mr. Ratcliffe Gordon, formerly of Virginia, and now of Alabama." I was much struck by the appearance and bearing of my new acquaintance, who looked, as Fielding says Joseph Andrews did, "as one might think, who had never seen a lord, like a nobleman;" but I inly marvelled what business a gentleman, who had spent three quarters of a century between a breeding and a consuming Slave State, could have with me.

My friend, however, soon explained it by saying, "Mr. Gordon wished to be introduced to an Abolitionist, and so I have brought him to you." Adding, as he took his leave, having discharged his office, "and I think you will find him as vehement a one himself as your heart could desire!"

"An Abolitionist!" said I, turning to Mr. Gordon, I had hardly hoped to hear that, Sir, when I was told that you had lived all your life in the Slave States."

"Why so?" he returned a little testily, for though thoroughly well bred in his manners, he obviously belonged to the Sir Anthony Absolute school, "where should a man become an Abolitionist, if it be not in the Slave States? But," he continued, "I should not be an Abolitionist, if I lived in New England!"

"Ah, indeed! why so?"

"Why, I have heard more said in justification of Slavery, since I have been in Boston, than I ever heard in all my life in the Slave States. Why, Sir," he went on, rising as he went, into a towering passion, "why, Sir, if I were a New England man and were insulted as I hear you insulted every day, I'd have the rascal out, Sir! I'd have his heart's blood, Sir!"

"May I ask the nature of the insults of which you speak?"

"Why, Sir," he replied, "no longer ago than yesterday, at the table d'hote of the Exchange Coffee House, a rascal" (the courteous reader will pardon me for pretermitting the particular participle with which he qualified this noun substantive,) "a rascal had the impudence to tell me that our Slaves are better off than your white laborers! Better off!" he exclaimed in a low tone of concentrated rage and contempt, "better off, indeed! I never saw a white woman's child taken from her breast and sold before her eyes! or sold before it was born! And that's what I've seen hundreds of times done to Slaves!"

"And did you answer him, Sir?" I inquired.

"To be sure I did," he replied, "I told him just what I tell you now. That if I had been a New England man I would have called him out, Sir! That I would have had his life's blood, Sir!

Nothing but blood could have washed out such an insult as that."

And it is not unlikely he would have been as good as his word, for I found out afterwards that forty years before, with a zeal worthy of the Scotchman in Zeluco, who fought in vindication of the honor of Mary, Queen of Scots, he had fought a duel to resent some disrespectful expressions used in his hearing about the elder Adams. For my old friend was a Federalist of the most determined type. He was a neighbor, personal friend, and political supporter of Washington; but, Virginian as he was, John Adams and Timothy Pickering seemed to be the gods of his political idolatry.

I have no justification to offer for Mr. Gordon's adherence to the ancient custom of the "trial by battel," to the modern "tribunal of twelve paces," nor for some of his other customs and habits. For historical (or biographical) accuracy compels me to state (shocking as the statement must have been to General Taylor, and to all his reverend and pious

supporters) that this my "angel unawares" *would* swear! O, how he would swear! I can only plead in palliation of the first failing, the manners and customs of the semi-barbarous countries where he had lived his life, and for the last, the almost universal usage of his day and generation; of which we have seen the remains tarnishing the perfection of the high breeding of many a gentleman of the old school, of whom so few now remain upon the stage. But justice to my old friend requires me to say that his loudest and deepest curses were ever reserved for Slavery and its apologists.

I think I never met with any one so penetrated with abhorrence of the Slave system, or so thoroughly acquainted with it in all its details, as Mr. Gordon. The familiarity of seventy-five years, with every phase of its abomination, seemed to have had no hardening effect upon his heart. They were ever new to him, and his indignation against them was ever fresh. He had been born and bred a Slaveholder, and had retained his Slaves until

about twenty years before the time I knew him. Then he emancipated them.

"I could keep them no longer," said he to me, in answer to an inquiry of mine on this point, "I could keep them no longer; for *I tasted their sweat in my bread!*"

While he was in Boston, at this time, as he was passing through Ann Street, one day, a black man rushed out of a shop as he went by and overtook him with tears of joy. It was one of his emancipated Slaves. He took his old master to his shop, and to his house over it, and showed him his free and happy family. Mr. Gordon's own aged eyes were wet when he told me the story. Many as might have been the oaths registered in the Chancery of Heaven against my old friend, I do not think the Recording Angel could have looked down upon that scene and not have dropped a sympathizing tear upon them that would have blotted them all out forever.

Mr. Gordon's emancipation of his Slaves made

all the difference to him between competence and comparative poverty. He represented two of the old cavalier families of the Ancient Dominion, his ancestors, on both the Gordon and Ratcliffe side, having emigrated soon after the battle of Worcester — "Worcester's laureate wreath," — had placed the brewer of Huntingdon on the throne of the Stuarts. Like many of the old Virginia families, his had gradually fallen away as the curse of Slavery began to cling closer and closer to its victims. His patrimonial estates had dwindled away, and the twenty or thirty Slaves that remained to him were the chief of his substance. Had he retained and sold them, the proceeds would have made him easy, though not affluent, for life. As it was, after a few years, he sold what remained of the broad lands of his fathers, and emigrated in his old age to the extreme southern State (as men then esteemed southern extremes, — we shall soon call it the *middle* State) of Alabama, where he resorted to the profession, which, like Washington,

he had learned in his youth, of a Surveyor, for his subsistence. The object of his visit to Boston was the sale of an extremely beautiful map of his adopted State which he had prepared from his personal surveys.

Mr. Gordon always reminded me of characters one reads of in romances. A decayed gentleman with all the consciousness of what was due to himself, and all the sensitiveness to his treatment by others, which marks that melancholy and interesting character. His looks were singularly prepossessing. His head and face were strikingly like the busts of Washington, though on a smaller scale. His grey hair combed back from his forehead and tied by a ribbon behind, his spare, erect person, and his punctilious politeness, a little formal and ceremonious, perhaps, according to modern notions, might have been worked up to advantage by a novel-writer, had he fallen in the way of any of that light and frivolous generation. Even his choleric and testy ebullitions, called forth as they were by

cruelty and meanness, chiefly, gave a piquancy and expression to his character, which I should have been loth to lose. He was, altogether, one of the most rememberable persons I have ever known.

Mr. Gordon gave the full weight of his testimony to the sufficiency of the measures of the modern Abolitionists. He recognized our philosophy and our method, as far as then developed, as the true way of the Slave's salvation. He wrote a letter to this effect, if I do not very much misremember, to Mr. Garrison. He naturally took a deep interest in the course of the Misses Grimké, who were at that time actively engaged in their public Anti-Slavery labors. He was very desirous of a personal interview with them, but circumstances preventing it, he wrote them a letter of approbation and encouragement, exhorting them to persevere in the way upon which they had entered. It ended thus: "You have begun a good work, and I bid you go on. You *shall* prosper! Although you may not know the impression you have made, yet

believe me, that impression is extensive and lasting; and believe me, who was once a holder of Slaves, you have kindled a fire which shall burn, and burn, until the whole system of Slavery is overthrown." This letter appeared in the Liberator of March 23, 1838, signed, "A FRIEND OF THE SLAVE." In this free country, it was unsafe for an inhabitant of a Slave State to blaspheme Slavery, even at the North, under his own proper signature! And even now I feel it prudent to conceal his real name and latest abode, under fictitious names, to guard against the possibility of bringing him into trouble, should he yet survive!

When Mr. Gordon had finished the business upon which he came to Boston, he bade me farewell with a hearty blessing on the cause, and then he went his way and I saw him no more. I had one letter from him after his return home; but from that time to this, I have never heard of him. I presume that he has been a long time dead. His great age and increasing infirmities, together with

the lapse of eleven years, make this almost certain. I have delayed this account of him, which I always intended to put on record, until I could feel morally sure that he was beyond the troubling of the wicked, and that he had entered into the rest that awaits the weary. I have described him as I remember him, and I am sure that I have "nothing extenuated." I have not endeavored to erect him into a Saint, according to the present scheme of canonization. He made no pretensions to superior godliness or goodness. But his words showed that he was no hypocrite, his actions proved that his heart was magnanimous and humane. There are worse men than Ratcliffe Gordon, who can preach and pray against Slavery and War and then choose for their Chief Ruler the incarnation of both these crimes, who would stand afar off from him and thank God that they are not as this profane swearer and duellist. But when all these errors of his speech and of his life were weighed in the balance of the Divine Justice against his habitual

love of mankind, so nobly manifested in the crowning act of his history, I hope and believe that he went up to the house appointed for all living justified rather than they.

Dedham, November, 1848.

Legitimite de L'esclavage.

PAR M. EMILE SOUVESTRE.

AUCUNE institution humaine ne peut prétendre à être durable si elle n'est légitime. Voyons l'origine de l'esclavage et comment il a pu se fonder dans le monde.

L'esclavage est evidemment né de la guerre. Par la conquête le vainqueur semblait acquérir un droit sur le vaincu; maître de sa vie, il se contentait de lui prendre sa liberté. C'était comme un dédommagement des périls qu'il avait courus pour le vaincre; un prix de son courage, le gain de cette terrible partie de la guerre où chaque joueur se mettait lui-même pour enjeu. Dans la morale grossière des peuples barbares, on comprend que l'esclavage eut ainsi une origine

légitime ou, du moins, une raison d'être, — mais chez les peuples modernes, rien de pareil !

L'homme que vous possédez, vous ne l'avez point acquis par la lutte ; il ne récompense point vos efforts, même en vous plaçant au point de vue de la logique payenne ; vous n'avez sur lui aucun droit soutenable ; vous n'êtes pas son maître, car vous ne l'avez pas soumis.

Etes vous au moins propriétaire de sa personne en vertu d'un contrat volontaire ? Vous a-t-il aliéné sa liberté en échange de quelque faveur ou en paiement de quelque service, comme le faisaient les pauvres habitants de l'Attique avant la constitution de Solon ? Pas davantage ! il n'y a eu entre vous aucun marché, aucun contrat.

L'homme que vous regardez comme votre bien a été pris au piège dans son pays, enlevé par violence, conduit ici et vendu ! Ce n'est ni une proie gagnée sur vos ennemis, ni un serviteur qui s'est livré à vous ; c'est une marchandise volée dont vous vous êtes fait le récéleur. Votre propriét

n'a donc aucun moyen de se justifier dans son origine. Elle n'a pas même la logique féroce des peuples de l'antiquité. Je vous demande ce que peuvent en penser des peuples Chretiens?

Le paganisme avoit réglé les principaux rapports de la divinité avec l'homme. Il avait sanctifié les grandes vertus sociales; mais sans rien faire pour l'individualité humaine. Le Christianisme l'a relevée. Il est venu annoncer à chaque homme qu'outre sa part dans la destinée de la société, il avait une destinée particulière à accomplir, et qu'il portait en lui une étincelle divine! Oui, donner à chaque fils d'Adam une âme à sauver, c'était établir une nécessité commune, constater la ressemblance essentielle de tous les êtres, créer enfin l'égalité des hommes par l'égalité de leur suprème devoir. Le jour ou l'on proclama cette doctrine dans le monde, l'esclavage fut virtuellement condamné; car l'homme ne peut se croire plus long.temps le droit de posséder son semblable, un être doué de sa parcelle d'immor-

talité, un frère aussi précieux que lui à leur père commun.

L'hypocrisie, l'intérêt, les préjugés auront beau se débattre contre ces principes. Ils n'en pourront sortir. Enfermés dans la vérité ils s'y agiteront inutilement comme l'écureuil dans sa roue, et l'illégitimité de l'acquisition de l'homme par l'homme restera évidente pour tous ceux qui regarderont avec les yeux de la conscience.

Nous savons bien que vaincus sur les principes, les partisans de la servitude argumenteront du fait accompli. Si on ne peut prouver que l'esclavage est juste, on prouvera qu'il est nécessaire! Défense ordinaire aux causes honteuses ou perdues! Oui! L'esclavage est nécessaire comme l'ont été les buchers pour conserver des croyances qui malgré tout se sont éteintes; nécessaire comme étaient les Bastilles pour soutenir un ordre social avec lequel nous les avons vues crouler; nécessaire comme le sont aujourd'hui les conseils de guerre en Autriche, les bastonnades en Italie, les dépor-

tations en Russie ; nécessaire comme tout ce qui favorise les usurpations, comme tout ce qui soutient les privilèges, comme tout ce qui travaille à maintenir un ordre factice et monstrueux au détriment de la justice et de la raison.

Paris, Mai, 1850.

Is Slavery Legitimate?

BY M. SOUVESTRE.

No human institution can hope to endure which is not legitimate. Let us glance at the origin of Slavery and see how it came to establish itself in the world.

Slavery is, clearly, the offspring of War. By conquest the victor gained an apparent right over the vanquished; having his life in his power, he was satisfied with depriving him of his liberty. It was a kind of amends for the dangers he had incurred to conquer him; a reward of his valor, the winnings in that terrible game of war, upon the turn of which each player stakes himself. We can understand how, according to the rude morality of barbarous nations, Slavery could thus claim a legitimate origin, or, at least, a reason for its

existence, — but among modern nations, never, never!

The man in your possession you have gained by no struggle; you have no claim upon his toil even if you put yourself in the point of view of heathen logic; you have no right to him that will bear scrutiny; you are not his master, for you have not conquered him.

Are you even the owner of his person by virtue of a voluntary agreement? Has he transferred his liberty to you as a return for some benefit, as a consideration for some service as the poor inhabitants of Attica were wont to do before the laws of Solon? Not at all! There has been no bargain, no contract, between you.

The man whom you consider as your property was entrapped in his own country, torn thence by violence, conveyed hither and sold! He is no prize won from your enemies, no servant who has bound himself to you; 't is a piece of stolen goods of which you have consented to be the receiver.

Your property, then, can find no justification in its origin. It cannot stand, even, the fierce logic of the nations of antiquity. I ask you what can Christian nations think of it?

Paganism systematized the chief relations of Deity with Man. It deified the great social virtues; but it did nothing for the individual man. Christianity raised him up. It came to proclaim to every man that, besides his share in the destiny of society, he had an individual destiny to fulfill, and that he bore within him a spark of the Divine Essence. Yes, to give to every son of Adam a soul to be saved was to establish a common want, to prove the substantial oneness of all souls, to create, finally, the equality of men by the equality of their highest duty. When this doctrine was proclaimed to the world, upon that day Slavery was virtually condemned. For man could no longer believe himself entitled to own his equal, a being endowed with a particle of immortality like

his own, a brother as dear to their common Father as he himself.

Hypocrisy, self-interest, prejudice, may well strive against these principles. They can never escape from them. Shut up in truth, they will weary themselves to no purpose in their struggles with it, like the squirrel in his whirling cage, and the unlawfulness of the acquisition of man by man will be made plain to all who view it with the eyes of conscience.

We know well enough that, when vanquished on principles, the champions of Slavery rest their defence of it upon the fact of its necessary existence. If they cannot prove that Slavery is just, they will show that it is necessary! Vulgar defence of disgraceful or desperate causes! Yes! Slavery is necessary as fire and fagot were for the preservation of creeds, which, notwithstanding, are extinct; necessary as were Bastiles to maintain a social state along with which we have seen them sink in ruins; necessary as court martials are even

now in Austria, as the bastinado is in Italy, as banishment in Russia; necessary as is everything which comforts tyranny, which upholds privilege, which toils to sustain a factitious and monstrous state of things at war with justice and with reason!

Paris, May, 1850.

Settled!

"The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is."—SHAKSPEARE.

BY EDGAR BUCKINGHAM.

AND so it was thought, at last, the great agitation of the land was over! The wolf and the lamb were to dwell together, and the child was to put his hand in safety upon the den of the cockatrice. Oh! beautiful vision! fair hope of heaven upon earth!

But what a disappointment! The statesmen of 1850, like such hosts of their predecessors in all ages of the world, have undertaken, but in vain, to calm the jarring elements of society to peace. But never was sight shorter, than that of statesmen of

the present day. It saw not a moment ahead. Louis XVI., when it was announced to him, — Sire, this is not a rebellion, it is a revolution, — Charles X., Louis Philippe, who were kings in the morning and fugitives at noon, were at least as far-sighted, as the great commoners of our own day, who slept so sweetly, when Congress closed its session last, and woke in the morning to find that all their work must be begun, to be accomplished again.

Politicians, accustomed to manage parties, or to be managed by them, are very wise and useful in the midst of common affairs; — but there have been questions ever, along in the whole history of the world, in which elements appear that defy their subtlest calculations. Politics are not like mathematics, in which, from data well fixed and understood, results must follow as surely as the last link of the chain the hand that holds and draws the first. They are rather like electrical phenomena, in which, while the operator has taken

carefullest pains, that his fluid shall be collected, he is surprised to find that an unseen influence in the atmosphere has been silently, and like a spirit, waiting upon his instruments and bearing all his electricity away.

Your real politician, happy in his knowledge of the *world*, accustomed to count majorities, and to apply the commonest motives of hope of office, honor and wealth to the human heart, ignores human nature in its broader manifestations, or knows nothing of the human *soul*. Pah! That is a word, fit for the Church, — fit for weak women, and old men as weak. But though fairies and hob-goblins have been voted out of power and, very silently acquiescing in the recorded decision of the majority, have quietly removed their presence and activity to some other world, — yet *spirits* remain, — ghosts, — terrible ghosts, — walking the streets not at dead of night, but at noon-day, — not fearing the cock and vanishing at its crowing, — whom no priest with bell and book can lay. They haunt

the world on all sides, keeping peace when things go right; but when statesmen become oppressors, then suddenly, more fearfully than the witches before Macbeth and Banquo, they rise, they gather, they fill the air on all sides and above, — and take the management of affairs to themselves. And the worst of it is, none understand them; none can manage them; none can buy them off; none can silence them; none know to what their action tends, or when the end will be, when office and power will return to those who claim them as a hereditary portion, or an indefeasible right. To the common view, they riot like winds and rains, thunders and lightnings, in the storm, or like careless merry dancers of the sky, in the clearness of the evening. Politicians can get along very well with common men, — but ghosts are beyond them. They can deal with love of office, admiration of wealth and state, fear of power or any weaker dispositions of the human heart, — but when consciences come, they first laugh at the vision,

like strong men in a church-yard, then they look around them, and at last tremble and retreat.

And so the Slavery question is not settled! It is not you or I that say so; there is a great spirit abroad in the world that says it. It may be heard in every breeze; it speaks in the quiet of the night; in the counting-room of the merchant, it interrupts his calculations with its secret voice; — in the study of the statesman, where none is present but himself, and fine arrangements have just been carefully thought out, it interposes its presence, and interrupts the sweet design. From the sacred desk, the preacher shall say, "there is no such a spirit," — and even there it rises before his eyes, or knocks at the doors of his heart. Not the friends of the Slave know that the question is not settled. Politicians know it. Oppressors know it. England knows it; Austria knows it. Everybody, all over the world, knows that the Slavery agitation is not settled, and is not, in the

way that has been thought, even approaching a settlement.

You cannot settle it: — nor indeed can we. No composition of parties, — no marshalling of forces, — no arrangements of speakership, or presidency, — no cunning tactics of any kind can settle this great question. It will not be settled, according to your opinion, nor according to any opinion of mine. But it will come to a settlement. The acid and the alkalies will meet, — stirring will not separate them: the solution will crystallize, and the diamond will form, and the world will wonder at it. You or I may help the process, and bring the result more speedily about: we may retard it, by mingling in our selfishness, our passion, our ignorance, but the everlasting laws of God will not be repealed, and the settlement will come. You may perhaps retard it, for your day, and enjoy, with such quiet as may be, the state of confusion, misnamed peace, in which you live: but none can tell, when the settlement will come, nor

how much those will suffer who make themselves opposers, while the work is going on.

And what will this settlement be? The entire abolition of Slavery. The word has gone forth, and never can be recalled. *We* do not speak it. We only reverently hear it, and humbly and with awe repeat it. We are not at fault for the great agitation that heaves the public mind. We have, we are willing to acknowledge, our faults, our sins, and judgment hereafter will decide upon the evil that is in us. But were we pure, as the brightest angel before the throne, we could not have helped the agitation with which the land is roused. It came, and it has borne us along. And had we refused to give ear to the spirit that has spoken, — had different faults and sins existed in us and quieted our voices and lulled us to guilty sleep, others, more virtuous than we, would have refused to sleep, while the still small voice was speaking, and would have looked on to worship, while the fire was licking the water from the sacrifice. Should

every Abolitionist in the land be *bought* to silence, or should power stop their speech, yet all that is now said would find speakers; and more, far more will be spoken in time to come. The end is not yet. But it will be. All parties will be swept to nothingness before the power that approaches. All statesmen, that oppose, will fall before it. Slavery *will* be abolished, — will be utterly abolished, — and no power on earth can prevent the consummation.

But will not the Union fall, ere ever that event will be brought about? Let not curiosity endeavor to peer into the future to ask that question. Freedom is divine, and must come to all who bear the image of the Maker. The Union is but a human contrivance, — and however wisely we may think it arranged and cemented, — though the hands, and the hearts, and the blood of our fathers are in it, — it is still but the work of man. Isaiah has not prophesied of it, David has not foretold its coming; the revelations that have brought life and

immortality to light have not spoken of it. There is no revelation in the present century, that declares that it shall exist, or that it shall fall. We may fondly dwell upon its charms, admire its glories, or revel in the midst of the prosperities with which it surrounds us: but we have no word from on high commanding us to preserve it. To speak well of it, or to speak ill of it, is not dishonoring father or mother, nor sinning against the Spirit that dwells in Holiness above, nor breaking any other commandment, or necessarily incurring any other sin. As believers in the infinite Spirit of Holiness, the Union is not our care. If it be founded in justice, it is the care of God, and will continue: if in wickedness, the blessing of God has passed away from it.

We need not fear that the dissolution of the Union will take place. Our fear will neither hasten, nor retard the event. That it may, perchance, be endangered by the views which we hold and proclaim, of the absolute right of every man

to his freedom, should induce us, as many other considerations should, to give the most earnest heed to our steps, to review the ground we take, to bring every thought of human happiness, or expectation of heavenly bliss, to make its deepest impression upon our minds. But it should not appall us. We trust, humbly trust, that it is not upon worldly calculations and ingenious reasonings, or with heated imaginations, with wild enthusiasm, or self-blinded obstinacy, that we proceed. With higher principles, with loftier spirit, no bugbear should deter us from the course which justice requires us to take. It was not well in Caiaphas to fear that the Romans would come and take away the place and nation of the Jews, and proceed to condemn the guiltless to death, to avert so dreadful a catastrophe. The revered name of the Jewish people, hallowed by all the faith of Abraham, the heroism of Gideon, and the sweet psalmody of David, was not worth so much, that a crime should be committed to save it; and we must not, like

Caiaphas, and his fellow-priests, frighten ourselves, with fears of dying *institutions*, and in our fear, withhold the voice that proclaims the freedom of the Slave, or give sanction to any law or constitution that alienates his liberty.

And we need not fear, should the Union be dissolved. What calamities, or what blessings, may attend that strange result, no human eye can foresee. But the elements of human happiness do not alone depend upon this or that of human institutions. The winds, that blow with balmy sweetness from the South, cannot be turned from their course, by the re-writing or the cancelling of certain parchments and records. The sun, which warms the southern soil, cannot be prevented from climbing, each summer, to his northern altitude at noon-day, — and the rains that fertilize our fields will still continue to fall, let who will be king of the south country, for none of these depend on him. But the air will breathe as warmly, the sun shine as brightly upon our landscapes, the rain fall

as often upon our fields, the seed will germinate in the bosom of the soil, and the stalk bring its fruits to maturity, and all the healthful and the solemn operations of great Nature proceed as wisely and as well as at present, should other institutions be fashioned by man's device, than those we fancy are our joy and glory now. There is a Providence; men in wrath and in folly may make aliens or enemies one of another; we cannot alienate Providence, or, except by iniquity or faithlessness, turn the course of Providence to work our injury.

The Slavery agitation will at last be settled. Under Divine Providence, it will be settled by human instrumentality. Should the ambition of this individual, gazing after the seals of office, — or the avarice of that, grasping greedily, nervously catching after the means of wealth, — lead such to combine and, by force of power, settle without reference to the laws of God, and the rights of man, this great question of the human race, — the settlement will soon be broken up again. And

though their plans might be so cunningly laid, that wealth and office should be theirs upon the completion of their arrangements, they cannot long enjoy them. They cannot stop the revolution of the earth upon its axis, and the revolutions of the moral world will bear them away to oblivion.

Like every question, this of Slavery must be settled upon the basis of right! Hast thou *right* to the wages of thy fellow-man? Hast thou *right* to his wife, to make her bow down to thee, and serve thy passion, — or *right* to sanction a system which allows in other persons every terrible crime? Hast thou *right* to deliver him, for gold, for law, for safety to thee, thy fellows, and thy country, to those who hold him a beast, a thing? Hast thou *right* to do these things? It is not safe to do anything contrary to the right!

Do not let our settlements be, then, like so many mistaken settlements made in every age since the world begun, — lasting no longer than clouds which, by covering over the skies for a night,

might think within themselves that they had forever extinguished the sun and the stars. Cain might have thought, by the death of his brother, that he had forever settled his own superior right to the favor of the Divinity, and quieted the ranklings of his own jealousy. But his brother's blood called from the ground, and the fancied peace and favor were gone. Pharaoh made many settlements; — but, made in injustice, they were all broken up again, until at last, with all his host, he sunk into the depths of the ocean. David took to himself the wife of Uriah, and when the news came of the death of the husband in the forefront of the army, then he thought that peaceful enjoyment had settled upon his soul. But, unwise that he was, a word, a look broke up his enjoyment, and the world since his day has not ceased to listen to the wailings of his remorse and repentance. And when the cry went up to Heaven, "It is finished," and the Spirit of the Redeemer was at rest from all the agonies of mortal life, — what peace the guilty

people of Jerusalem thought would settle upon their land! How much freer breathed Caiaphas, that night, in thought of a country saved, a regal aspirant removed from his power with the people. But with death came triumph. And not alone is the *blood* of the martyrs the seed of the church, every instance of defeat but calls forth new sympathy from the heart of humanity; and like the wheel now rolling in the dust, now raised in air, downwards or upwards, the cause of humanity is ever advancing, and nothing can impede its progress.

Trenton, N. Y., November, 1850.

The Sultan's fair Daughter and the Master of the Flowers.

[From an old German Volkslied.]

I.

The Sultan had a daughter fine
Who rose betimes one day,
And went to see the blossoms shine
In her father's garden gay.

II.

There she the lovely blossoms fine
Saw glittering in the dew;—
"What gardener makes these blossoms shine?"
Exclaimed the maiden true.

III.

"He must a skillful gardener be,
A man of greatest worth,
To make these lovely flowers I see,
Grow out of the damp earth."

IV.

"Oh! deep with him am I in love,
And could I him but see,
Quick from my father's realm I'd move
And would his helpmate be!"

V.

There comes to her at midnight dread,
A man all bright to see;—
"Rise up! rise up! thou lovely maid!
I'm filled with love for thee!"

VI.

And quick the maid forsakes her bed,
Goes to the window grand;
And Jesus saw, that beauteous head,
By her, in glory stand.

VII.

She ope's the door with joyful mind,
And low she bows her there;
She gives him salutations kind;
With maiden-modest air.

VIII.

"From whence! from whence! Oh young man fair!
My father's kingdom through,
There's none with this that can compare,
And stand beside of you."

IX.

"Oh lovely maid! thou thought'st of me;
For thy sake am I come,
Out of my father's realm to thee:
I'm author of this bloom!"

X.

Oh Lord, oh Lord, how far, how far,
Is't to your Father's home?
I'll go and live forever there,
And tend each lovely bloom!"

XI.

My garden's in Eternity;
'Tis many a thousand mile,
There bride-clothes I will give to thee,
And a rosy wreath meanwhile!"

XII.

He took from off his finger fair
A ring of sunny gold,
Demanding if the Sultan's heir
Him for her spouse would hold.

XIII.

And as she love's confession made,
Again his wounds unclose.
"Oh love! why is thy heart so sad?
Why in thy hands that rose?"

XIV.

"My heart is only sad for thee:
For thee I bear the rose;
I plucked it in my agony;
For thee my life-blood flows!"

XV.

"My Father calls. Now deck the bride!
I long have sought for thee!"
Her love joins her to Jesus' side;
Her bridal wreath weaves he."

XVI.

They journeyed on a lengthy way,
Along the hedges blue,
And came where heaven's entrance lay
And Jesus would pass through.

XVII.

"My dearest Jesus! noble guide,
Must I now part from thee?
'Tis a sad word!" the maid replied,
"And tears it brings to me!"

XVIII.

In silence Jesus went away;
Sad thoughts possessed his mind;—
Her eyes were filled with tears straitway
That she was left behind.

XIX.

She knocked so gently with the pin,
And 'gan with words t' implore:—
Undo the gate, and let me in!
My lover's gone before!"

XX.

Jesus received her joyfully,
With most melodious voice,
He led her to his home on high,
And bade her heart rejoice.

XXI.

They journeyed through a portal fair,
Where famous deeds of old,
In glory stood recorded there,
And writ in sunny gold.

XXII.

Upon the clouds swift angels fair,
Disport with varied wing,
As shepherds in some morning clear
Make all the hill-tops ring.

XXIII.

Forever music echoed round;
There arched a Rainbow clear,
Whereof the fairest hue was found
Drawn from that maiden's tear.

XXIV.

In glory sat the Father there,
  Which round about them rolled;
And nought can now their bliss impair,
  Nor will they e'er grow old!

The Prestige of Slavery.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Slavery came before the framers of the Constitution as a fixed fact. A fixed fact it has been ever since, with acknowledged rights, with a *Prestige of Law*. To the oligarchy of the chain and whip this one circumstance has been worth more than all their diplomacy, all their bluster. Trade and local interests have not done so much to corrupt the faith and conduct of the North, in the matter of Slavery, as this *Prestige of Law*. Railroads, ships, spindles even, could not have begun to make the northern conscience the supple tool it has been, but for this.

The northern conscience was taken to task early, before it knew itself. Slavery stood over it as a fixed necessity — claiming inalienable rights. An

exception seemed to be taken by the nature of things against the moral sense. A so the moral sense must doubt itself, must compromise, must conform!

On how perilous a road did this Union enter, with such a task as this to be accomplished? To look into those hideous features of Slavery, till they should seem to express justice, humanity, holiness even, or at all events cease to repel. To muster collateral questions and irrelevant issues, whereby we might stifle our instinctive abhorrence of it, and get our thoughts off from the wickedness of its principles, and the miseries of its victims! To accept it as an essential element in Republican politics — to take it as a thing of course, and reconcile it as we could with our Declaration of Human Rights, with our Churches and our Schools, with the sun going forth in his brightness, with the mountains and the floods! To put the clear reason and innocent instincts of our children to a political schooling, whose beginning, middle,

and end is a Constitution which practically teaches how truth may join hands with falsehood, under the awful Prestige of Law! To consent, out of pure fidelity to this political creed, to take the deadly miasm to our hearts and homes, through press, railroad, electric wire, Congress, cotton trade, sale of our citizens in southern ports, land-pirates skulking about our northern towns, through every channel, social, political, commercial, and pretend, in the face of all this, that Slavery in the southern States is no concern of ours!

O! if in spite of all this, the national conscience comes true at last, it is not because God is so patient only, but because there is that force of Divinity in the human soul which no evil teaching, however artful and systematic, can quell.

And so is it that, by a strange perversion, that practical good sense which teaches to make the best of what we think *must* be — is turned against the conscience and the heart, by this terrible fixed

fact of Slavery in the Constitution. Shall we not learn that there are some things which must *not* be, "fixed facts" or no? Systematic murder of men and women, physically and spiritually, on a colossal scale, — such as has been going on for years in this country, unshamed, unchecked, triumphant; — is that a fixed fact, which must be upheld, countenanced, conformed to? Remember then at least that the voice of our brother's blood is calling to God from the ground. Is not *that* a fixed fact, too?

To what have we been rushing on? Are not your "Defender of the Constitution" and the Fugitive Slave Law the legitimate result of such schooling? Are not the mobs, the abusive press, the time-serving pulpit? There are signs that the North is beginning to reel back in horror from the verge of the abyss. It is preparing, we may hope, to ask, "How have we been dragged hither, with the loss of all manhood and sense besides?" The answer is plain.

A barbarous fixed fact has stood over you, clothed in the Prestige of Law and Custom, — to mock down faith in great principles, and convince you, by its iron actuality that the Christian enthusiast is a fanatic, and the law of brotherhood a dream. How could you do otherwise than lose all heroism, manhood, sense?

Here is the disease. Are you ready to apply the remedy?

There is one bright point in the horrible blackness of the Fugitive Slave Law. It forces this long evaded question between conscience and the fixed facts of human law to an instant decision. Is there need of another attempt as diabolical as that is, before we shall bring ourselves to choose between God's fixed facts and those of man? If so, it may be confidently expected; for falsehood cannot rest till it has scourged and goaded itself down under the feet of truth.

But look at our position from another side.

To those who follow implicitly the Prestige of Law, I would propose this question. While government is understood to be the organ for consolidating parties, and securing the interests, vested or unvested, of special classes, parties, persons, how can it fail but that all the corrupt malignant humors of the land should press to it with universal rush and conflict, and so the Head of the State, the Law-making Power become insane with delusion and vice? How should its legislation fail to be guided in great measure by men who, as Sidney Smith said of certain English politicians, "would postpone for half a century all remedies for a pestilence, if the preservation of their places depended on the propagation of the virus?" How can Government be expected to act for *Humanity*, since it only represents the interests of the *class or person* who happens for the time to be uppermost in the State? It never starts on a noble way, unless forced by the popular voice. This is the lesson of History. If we are

ashamed, as we ought to be, that this Republican Government, the loud-voiced herald of a new era of social progress, has lived sixty years, and scarcely done a single noble act of national justice or mercy, then let us lay to heart the reason thereof. It is not for lack of opportunity. Nay, do not dare say that! Has not God planted us away from the Old World's rival policies, where we could set the example of a brave reliance on peace and industry? Have we not had two spoiled and wasted races pleading at our feet, and a weak distracted nation at our side? When before, did God ever so *tempt* and *allure* a Government to a heroic life? And now, covered again and again with the shame of

> "The task unaccepted, the foot-path untrod,
> One more Devil's triumph and sorrow to Angels,
> One wrong more to man, one more insult to God,"

do we dare to charge it upon the way our lines have been marked out for us, — that we have not

been good and great? Ah! it is because we, the people, have left our morals to the State's keeping, — taken lies and iniquities of its enacting, for fixed facts, — and grounded our Christianity before an imposing Prestige of Vice.

Are we then ready to apply the remedy? It is simply to put Christian Heroism, in place of Party and our so called Patriotism. These may do politic things, beneficial things often. But heroic things, I must believe, come from broader motives. There is no great heroism in defending one's home from invasion and ruin: *that* is what ninety-nine men in a hundred could not help doing — do not even the brutes the same? But it is heroism (yet no more than duty,) to stand for a moral law when it is outraged by a Legislature or a Congress; to stand for Justice and Mercy, even against our country when she is wrong, — stronger, unarmed and alone, than every hostile prestige, than every omen; master of what will be the *best* prestige and the *best* omen, a good cause and a plain integrity.

This passes for treason. But to *what* is it treason? Not to God? Not to conscience? No! nor to the Nation; for nothing but this can prompt the Nation to public acts which will bring it honor and praise hereafter. If we are incapable of such treason when the occasion demands, we are the Nation's enemies; yes, and Mankind's enemies, and — our own.

We must learn something better than a local attachment: something better even than to feel indignation against cruel or base men. We must learn to adore Justice and Love, as principles; yes, as *Abstractions*. We are not fit to be citizens of a Republic, if we love home, property, life, so much as we love these *Abstractions*. A lesson this, which, as a people, we are yet to learn.

Politicians at Washington, when they would make a wicked compromise, boast that they are adopting a policy, which is not Northern nor Southern, Eastern nor Western, but *American* — nothing narrower than *that*. And it sounds noble.

But how pitiful a thing is all this show of patriotism, where the broad manhood that makes the true patriot is all wanting! Is America to be honored or blessed in being supported by a race of creatures *lower* than men?

"Make no one guardian of your State," says Plato, "who has not honors and a mode of life superior to those of a mere politician." A very old and venerable maxim this. We are a young people. Let us learn it. Let us adopt that discipline, which "teaches virtue as that of other nations teaches letters." Let us get that enthusiastic faith in doing rightly, in plain, downright virtue, which can oppose to this Prestige of "Fixed Facts," "Constitutional Compromises," "American Policy,"—a force more sacred, at times, than prudence, mightier always than mobs or armies. There is no other possible safeguard. It is the true Palladium of our Liberties. Yet is it mocked, derided, despised.

The Fugitive Slave Law has forced these truths home upon us. Let us profit by that lesson, and make it serve the right.

Dorchester, November, 1850.

Stanzas.

TO ——, WITH A BRACELET COMPOSED OF CRYSTALS AND STONES FROM THE BERNESE ALPS.

BY CAROLINE WESTON.

No flashing gem, — no jewel rare,
No treasure rich from earth or sea,
I send to deck thy braided hair
And tell my constant thought of thee.

I send an offering dearer far
Than rosary to devotee,
For every clasp and every stone
Has witnessed thought and prayer for thee.

Rude are its links, but fancy sees
The crystals bright from Alpine hill
Forced downward by the Glacier's might,
Or bedded in the mountain rill.

They come from where eternal snow
Shines on the Jungfrau's wintry height,
From where the Staubach's misty flow
Gleams in the Lutschine's vale of light.

And where that wondrous wealth of waves
Flows free in June's rejoicing hour,
They leaped perchance from mountain caves
In the wild cataract's misty shower.

We stood beneath the mountain height
From whose proud front the "dust-fall" sprung,
And still an ever fresh delight
Its rapture o'er my spirit flung.

The Alpine horn was ringing wild;
From cliff and cave the wave flashed free,
And gaily sang the mountain child, —
We blessed them all and spoke of thee.

Of thee and home, and of an hour
When wandering wide by hill and wold

We talked of Cologne's shrine and tower,
Then of the "Alpine mountains cold."

Now thou wert far, and there by me
A stranger stood, whose voice could wake
In foreign accents thoughts of thee, —
An Exile he for FREEDOM's sake.

By the cold spring we bowed to drink,
The cup was drained to Liberty;
How could I choose but sadly think
Of that far home beyond the sea,

Where vowed to Freedom's holy cause
We suffered with the suffering *Slave*,
Bound in a land whose very laws
Have power to crush and none to save.

Then died my spirit's glow away;
How long, oh Lord! I cried, how long
Shall earth's oppressors bear their sway,
And light be dark and right be wrong!

We turned us from the torrent's roar
To mark where by the way-side stood
A peasant home, above whose door
This legend ran in carving rude.

"With God this house was builded here,
In God my trust shall still be strong."
We knew its meaning bright and clear, —
"Toil still and trust, nor ask how long."

Then wear the chain I send to-day,
Though rudely framed, it hath a tone
Caught from the Glacier, rock and spray,
Whose memory clings to every stone.

Grindenwald, Switzerland, June, 1849.

Influence de l'esclavage sur les Maitres.

PAR MADAME SOUVESTRE.

Ce qui m' a toujours le plus frappée dans l'esclavage, ce n'est ni la violation du droit naturel dans la personne de l'esclave, ni la cruauté dont le maître se rend coupable envers des êtres sortis comme lui des mains de Dieu ; c'est l'inconcevable aveuglément de ce maître lui-même, qui ne comprend pas qu' en vivant au milieu de créatures qu' il dégrade, il est insensiblement gagné par cette dégradation. Beaucoup de gens blâment les populations ignorantes qui prennent assez peu de souci de leurs corps, pour vivre parmi des éléments de contagion, et ils ne s'étonnent pas d' en voir d' autres, plus éclairées, negliger leurs

âmes jusqu' à vivre au milieu d' une corruption qui après avoir été leur ouvrage, devient leur châtiment ! Ne savent ils donc pas que nos cœurs se mettent toujours au niveau des cœurs qui les entourent, que leur dignité ou leur avilissement nous élève ou nous abaisse ; qu' il y a aussi une atmosphère pour l'esprit aussi bien que pour les poumons, et que l'on respire le vice comme on respire la peste ? Or, voyez quel milieu l'esclavage fait au maître ! Quel spectacle que celui d' êtres toujours violentés dans leurs sentiments, retenus dans leurs aspirations, condamnés à ne vivre que pour le compte des autres ! Quel enseignement que ces mille vices, nés d' une perpetuelle contrainte ; mensonges, vols, trahisons, fruits amers de l'arbre de l'esclavage ! Quelle source de tentations que cette autorité sans limites, exercée sur des hommes qui ne peuvent rien nous refuser, qui ne doîvent être pour nous que des instruments vivants, des animaux à qui Dieu a donné une âme pour *notre bon plaisir !*

On a bien souvent parlé de l'espèce de vertige que le pouvoir absolu donnait aux rois. L' histoire nous apprend que cet égarement grandit en raison de la puissance. Chez les douze Césars, il fut porté jusqu' à la rage ! Or, chaque maître est le roi absolu de ses esclaves, et la toute-puissance a nécessairement sur lui le même effet que sur les empereurs Romains ; elle lui ôte peu à peu le sentiment du juste et du possible. Placés en dehors des conditions normales de l' humanité ; il n' en accepte plus les nécessités, ni les devoirs ; il faut que tout se règle sur son caprice, il devient le centre de la vie de ceux qui lui sont soumis ; *il passe à l' etat de Dieu* avec toutes ses faiblesses, toutes ses erreurs, toutes ses infirmités. Je ne crains pas de le dire, — il n' est aucune nature, quelle que soit sa richesse, capable de résister à une pareille épreuve. L' homme qui peut tout ce qu' il veut, ne veut point long-tems ce qu' il doit. Quand le désir n' a besoin que de s' exprimer pour s' accomplir, les caprices fantasques, les mauvaises

inspirations, les abérations d' esprit se produisent librement et se traduisent bien vîte en sottises, en folies, ou en crimes.

Paris, Mai, 1850.

Influence of Slavery on the Masters.

BY MADAME SOUVESTRE.

The thing that has always struck me as most strange in Slavery is not the violation of natural right in the person of the Slave, nor yet the cruelty of which the master is guilty towards beings that have issued forth like himself from the hands of God; it is the inconceivable blindness of this master himself who does not perceive that, by living in the midst of creatures whom he degrades, he becomes insensibly a partaker in this very degradation. Many people blame the folly of an ignorant population that takes so little care of its bodily health as to live surrounded by the elements of contagion; and yet they are not surprised to see

other masses of men, of more intelligence, so careless of their souls as to live in the midst of a corruption, which, they having first created it, becomes their punishment! Know they not that our hearts always find the level of the hearts which surround us; that their dignity or dishonor either exalts or abases ourselves? That there is, too, an atmosphere for the mind as well as for the lungs, and that we breathe vice in as we do the plague? Then see in what a position Slavery places the master! What a spectacle is that of beings whose sentiments are forever outraged, whose aspirations forever stifled, who live only on another's account! How instructive the thousand vices springing from perpetual constraint, — falsehood, theft, treason, — bitter fruits of the tree of Slavery! How fruitful of temptations is that unlimited power exerted over men who can refuse us nothing, who can only be our living tools, animals to whom God has given a soul that they may do *our good pleasure!*

It is a common topic, the sort of giddiness which

absolute power communicates to kings. History teaches us that this infatuation grows great in proportion to the greatness of the power possessed. In the twelve Cæsars it amounted to frenzy. Now, every master is the absolute sovereign of his Slaves, and supreme power, of necessity, produces the same effect upon him as upon the Roman Emperors. It takes away from him, by degrees, the sense of justice and of reason. Standing outside the natural relations of humanity he regards neither its necessities nor its duties; everything must needs bend to his caprice; he becomes the centre of the life of those in subjection to him; he *takes upon himself the attributes of God*, with all his frailties, all his errors, all his infirmities, upon his head! I fear not to affirm it. There is no nature, how genial soever it may be, that can withstand such a trial. The man that can do what he will, will not be long content to will what he should. When desire need but to speak its pleasure to become accomplishment, fantastic caprices, evil sugges-

tions, mental aberrations spring up rankly, and too soon take the shapes of folly, of madness, or of crime.

Paris, May, 1850.

To a Young Convert.

BY T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

LULLED by sweet words, and lured by saintly charms,
I see thy weary, wandering steps begin
To enter where the Church spreads wide her arms;
Arms that have clasped their many thousands in.

From turret-windows and from high-arched door
Looks many a face of saint and martyr dear,
"Hail, Eve's lost daughter, * wanderer now no more,
Earth's chill damp air shall never reach thee here!

"Here Dante, Bayard, Catherine dwelt in prayer;
Come in, and let their great life make thee strong!"
But needs not that new Heaven refresh the air
Which even the loveliest lips have breathed too long?

* Exul filia Hevae.

Come out upon the mountain tops with me!
See the glad day break o'er those spires of blue;
There lies within those cloisters' perfumery
A deadlier poison than in dankest dew.

The orient sun, that in that templed span
Lit all of beauty saintliest eyes could see,
Still falls in blessing o'er the humblest man
Who works for Freedom with a heart set free.

In vain; thou canst not; yet thy cheeks grow pale,
While thy lips smile, and rapture lights thine eyes,
The lovely fascinations slow prevail,
And half thy life before the altar dies.

Will it die all? I know not. I can wait.
The free air presses round the cloister door,
And I shall listen at that stern-barred gate
To hear thy sweet voice pray for life once more.

Newburyport, November, 1850.

"The Higher Law."

BY JOHN W. BROWNE.

Our citizens, since Mr. Webster's apostacy and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, seem to be bitten with the madness of unconditional respect for unjust laws. They name it being recalled to a sound sense of their constitutional obligations; but it is nevertheless madness. What madness is like theirs, who affirm that kidnapping committed by a private citizen is punishable crime, but that kidnapping committed by a great nation is venerable law! The sanctity of law is its justice, its identity with the higher law, which is but another name for justice. In that thought is the law's respect in civil society, because it is the divine justice, enacted in the sphere of human life,

and not because it bears merely the name of law. Hear majestic Hooker speak of law in adequate words : — " Of law nothing less must be confessed, than that her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world. Everything in heaven and on earth does her homage ; the greatest as feeling her care, and the least as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what sort soever, though each in different way and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her, as the mother of their peace and their joy." Such and so venerable is righteous law.

But what shall a man say of this Fugitive Slave Bill, which has stolen the illustrious and venerable name of law, in order thereby to cheat us out of our respect? The Fugitive Slave Bill is Lynch law, voted by a majority of the Congress of the United States, and approved by the President — that is all. Is Lynch law any more worthy of respect when enacted by the Legislature of the

United States, than when it sets up its extemporaneous tribunals amidst the semi-barbarous society of the plantations? You cannot make anything out of the Fugitive Slave Bill, put what judicial construction upon it you please, but simply Lynch law, promoted from the wild domain of Slavery, to be a rule of right in all the borders of a great, enlightened republic, by a formal declaration of legislative will. That law is will, without right: it is Lynch law, wherever administered. Its courts are Lynch courts, its judges are Lynch judges. Cover it with the stolen cloak of respect, as you will, it is Lynch law, triumphant over the justice of a civilized community.

One would have expected the citizens to be sad about it: one would have expected that the public conscience would be visited with alarm, at the thought of carrying the law into effect, upon the persons of innocent men and women, living in the midst of us. We do not find such manifestations common. The chief of the citizens, the

most powerful statesman of his time and country, engages the conscience of the Free States to do the behests of this Lynch law "*with alacrity!*" Yea, even so, the great man gives, for Bible-reading New England, the atheistic pledge, that "its feet shall be swift in running to mischief." This evening, while my pen writes these words, the citizens are holding their meeting in Faneuil Hall, to demonstrate the proposition, that the Union, born of the Declaration of Independence more than three score and ten years ago, depends for its safety upon the supremacy of this Lynch law over New England conscience. If Washington could step from his canvass, down among the eloquent lawyers upon the platform, he would shortly answer all their speeches, by telling them, that if he and his great compeers had believed that Slavery would have persisted to maintain its hideous existence under the Constitution, till the year 1850, he and they would never have consented to form the Union as it is, but would have struck the compromises

out of the Constitution as everlasting guilt and shame.

The Fugitive Slave Law of ninety-three had fallen into disuse, had grown obsolete, like the law against witchcraft, and to revive it now, after an interval of fifty-seven years, with aggravations, was a monstrous, and gratuitous inhumanity. The supposed necessities of the constitutional period might be pleaded for the old law of '93; and the understood pledge that Slavery was soon to be abolished throughout the country, did reconcile the revolutionary conscience to that. But what has this law of 1850 to say, in justification or excuse for its existence? Constitutional Slavery was to be but a temporary institution — (Mr. Webster's speech in the Senate last spring demonstrates that) — but now this bill re-ordains Slavery, acknowledges permanence for it, gives it an era. This Fugitive Slave Bill is the gratuitous and volunteer apostacy of representatives and senators from the Free States, not one of whom would have been

elected to office, if at the date of his election, such apostacy could have been imagined to be possible. The last session of Congress seems an incredible dream. Reaction must come and overwhelm this apostacy, and these apostates, or as a nation our light is gone out.

If this Fugitive Slave Bill, this Lynch law, can be executed in Massachusetts, in eighteen hundred and fifty, and take away a living soul from amongst us, back again to doom at the South, then what crime against the laws of the country can an individual commit, so dark as the crime which the country itself, by the execution of this law, shall have committed? What can the state of a country be that calls the enactment of such felonies law, and demands for them the respect of law-abiding citizens? Search out the wickedness of oppression from the creation of man upon this planet, down through the year now expiring, and match the deliberate wickedness of this law, with its parallel,

if you can. And it is to be executed upon a class of heroes, for none but heroic souls can be fugitives: escape being the only heroism which American Slavery allows its victims room for. What a country must we be, what an altar of Moloch, instead of a shrine of liberty, must this Union be, if it will thus doom heroic souls to the sacrifice. Such a union is sacrilege, is blasphemy, is crime not to be named among nations calling themselves Christian Commonwealths. If this law can be carried into effect here, we deserve the execrations of men; we deserve and must have (the universal God and father of the human race cannot live and spare us) solemn, signal, retributive, regenerative judgments. We must have the fate of the people that frames iniquity into a law, and sets its judges to decree unrighteous decrees. "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness that they have prescribed." We may not now see where the woe is

to gather, so clear and cloudless seems our sky; but the woe shall gather, the exterminating thunder must come.

Let Thomas Jefferson speak for us here, in the tones of a Hebrew prophet: "What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose. But we must wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full — when their tears shall have involved heaven itself in darkness — doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing a light and

liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunders manifest his attention to things in this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality." But the new born Union patriotism of 1850, accounts words like these, as fanaticism, or "malignant philanthropy." The new patriotism knows not, it will not know the higher law.

How impressive is the old Hebrew national history. Prophets wrote it. It never left God out of the account. God is in it everywhere, dealing justice, meting out national calamity to national sin. "The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men" is its one proposition, explaining everything, enforcing everything, sanctifying everything, as lesson of warning or encouragement. National results in it are only the procession of God's Providence in human affairs, as the seasons are his procession in gravitating nature. What a wail is Hebrew national history! "Ah and alas!

we have sinned, therefore have we suffered." By the rivers of Babylon the nation must sit down, and weep when it remembers Zion, because when it rejoiced in Zion, it would not remember Zion's God, to do his law — *the higher law* which our country laughs to scorn, or defies, or, having transgressed so long, seems struck with fatal blindness not to see. The higher law — God's justice! Will this country ridicule it, defy it, leave it out of the national account? That higher law lives in spite of us — we have no power to alter it — it abides — if we will go along with it, well; if we will not, it goes over us — but go on it will. We illustrate it by obedience, or by disobedience — we have no power but to conform to it — we may go with it voluntarily, or be dragged after it in penance, that is the extent of our free will: if not our choice, then it must be our fate. By the constitution of God's moral universe our nation is to account, though we may

dream of reckoning our annals by the Constitution of the United States, without God. By the higher law are all national affairs settled, all balances struck, all dooms sealed, after the due time.

Boston, November, 1850.

The Gospel of Freedom.

WHEN SHALL IT BE PREACHED?

BY SAMUEL MAY, JR.

[The following is a portion of a letter, which was written to correct a misapprehension of the objects of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and particularly of the manner in which the proceeds of the Anti-Slavery Bazaar are appropriated.]

* * * You say, Sir, that you have lately heard that one great object and use of the Fair is to employ agents who lecture on the Sabbath as well as on other days, and during the usual hours of service, — and sometimes against the usual observance of the Sabbath; and that, if this is true, you cannot conscientiously contribute to the Fair. To this I reply:

The Bazaar is held expressly and solely, after paying the necessary expenses, for the benefit of

the American Anti-Slavery Society. The operations of that Society may be classed as follows: First, to sustain and circulate as extensively as possible its organ, the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Second, to print and circulate valuable tracts and documents on the question of Slavery in all its aspects, and on none other. And, third, to sustain Agents, who shall be the living preachers of Anti-Slavery truth to this guilty Nation. These agents proclaim this truth whenever and wherever they can find "ears to hear." On Sundays and week-days, summer and winter, in season and (as it may appear to an indifferent observer) out of season, they have preached, are preaching, and with God's help will continue to preach it, until the Nation brings forth fruits meet for repentance, by proclaiming "deliverance to the captive," and by "setting at liberty them that are bruised." But that it is any part of the work of these agents, as marked out by the Association they represent, or as actually performed by them-

selves, to "speak against the usual observance of the Sabbath," if by that you mean a stated observance of Sunday for the worship of God, &c., I utterly deny; and the statement that they do so is untrue, so far as my knowledge and experience go, — and these have been somewhat extensive, in regard to this subject, during the past four years. But if you mean that these agents "speak against" the observance of the Sabbath by persons who pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, while they omit those weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and faith, — by persons who make long prayers while they devour widows' houses, — by persons who justify Slavery from the Bible and preach the scriptural duty of returning the Fugitive Slave to his master, — I admit the correctness of your remark. The hypocrisy and worthlessness of such Sunday observance is often exposed by us. But if this is not your meaning, your charge that the Anti-Slavery agents speak against the Sabbath, at their Anti-Slavery meetings, is without foundation.

They do not discuss or raise the question of the nature and obligation of the Sabbath in the Anti-Slavery meetings. The funds of the Bazaar are appropriated, and expended for no such object.

* * * Am I mistaken in thinking that the bare fact of our assembling *at all*, on Sunday, for the Anti-Slavery cause, and of our rebuking those stated "solemn meetings" where the "iniquity" of Slavery is not declared, nay, is not even recognised, is the real ground of objection against us?

* * * Reflection and experience have combined to show me that never were Sundays better spent than by those men and women, who, in this land of ours, sincerely devote them to the Anti-Slavery word and work. I know no work more entirely Christian; I know no truer gospel-preaching in the land. I have no confidence or belief in that being *gospel*-preaching, which does not, in this land, make the Anti-Slavery cause an essential and

prominent element and feature. I know no worship of God which is genuine, or which He will accept, where the people do not cleanse their hands from blood, put away the evil of their doings, seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, and plead for the widow. In the Anti-Slavery meeting, we strive to render this honest and true worship; and to *preach the Gospel*, according to our ability, with something of the fidelity and fearlessness which the times require. We do not — for we honestly cannot — spare those "wolves in sheep's clothing" to whom the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed — who will *not* cry aloud and spare not, who will *not* show this people their transgressions and their sins. We do not fail to say that a religion, which is defective in these particulars, is false, and fatal to the soul's life. As we honor Christ, and love his truth, and have faith in the efficacy of his pure Gospel, must we in the same degree protest against every such corruption and perversion thereof; and if the

people will follow blind guides, to their own destruction, their blood shall not be in our skirts. If this is an abuse or misuse of Sunday, we are ready to be convinced wherein it is so. With our present convictions, we cannot fear to stand before the bar of God and let Him decide who is most truly making the Sabbath honorable, and who is best using the Sunday and its opportunities, the friends or the foes of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Knowing, as we do, the deeply-rooted prejudice of our people against any other appropriation of Sunday than the customary one, we frequently employ a portion of the time, in our Anti-Slavery meetings — not in discussing the Sabbath question — not in preaching Anti-Sabbatarianism — but in showing that, be our views of the Sabbath and its obligation what they may, let them be never so strict, even requiring us to regard the hours of Sunday as especially holy, still we can find no higher or worthier use for them, none more

in accordance with the great purpose of Christianity, than in public and in private to do all that in us lies, that the victims of this Nation's tyranny, lust and avarice may be delivered from their terrible bondage, and established in the possession of those common and "inalienable" rights and blessings which belong to them as much as to us. This we conceive to be Christianity — Sabbath-keeping — Divine Service — True Worship, in a high and worthy sense. We would not exchange them for any other we see, or know of, in the region round about. They are not popular, we know, but quite the reverse. We do not love them the less for that; and we trust in God that we shall never be so cowardly or so tempted as to forsake his whole law, and our whole duty to our enslaved, despoiled, cruelly-entreated brothers and sisters. And if for these views, and this use, of Sunday, we are to lose the sympathy and co-operation of professed Anti-Slavery men and women, it is not for us, but for them, to justify their course

and their position, before the Slave and before God.

* * * I regard the custom of setting aside Sunday for moral and religious purposes as highly salutary; something of the kind I believe to be necessary. I see, with heartfelt sorrow, and often with indignation, that the best uses of the day are lost in the blind superstition which thinks that *sabbath-keeping*, in the popular idea, will be accounted to us for righteousness. I see that man is now sacrificed to the Sabbath, instead of the Sabbath being used for man. I see the bigoted religionist excluding from his Sabbath the topics of Anti-Slavery, temperance, and in general the vindication of man's individual and social rights, as being *secular* subjects, unsuited to that *holy* day. Such a religion is my utter aversion. I would hold the Anti-Slavery meeting on Sunday, if no other reason existed, in order to bear my witness against so gross and fatal a corruption of the mind and doctrine of Jesus Christ.

[NOTE. — It is no less proper, than it is pleasant, to add that the friend to whom the above was addressed, in a following letter said, — "My purpose is changed, in one respect, by the reflections to which this correspondence has led. In view of the magnitude of the whole work and whole duty, I will not stand in the way of such an enterprise as the 'Bazaar' aids, nor counsel the withdrawing of any aid that can be rendered it." Would to God that a like candor and benevolence might induce the thousands, who occupy similar posts of influence over the public mind and conscience, to form the same resolve, and give it life in action.]

Leicester, December, 1850.

A Glance over the Field.

BY REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG.

[Extract of a recent Letter to an American Friend.]

How often I have been mentally present with you — mentally conversing with you — during the eventful period of the months just passed! For Europe and for America — for the whole earth therefore — hardly any equal period has existed, more fraught with good or evil to the human race. The French *denouement*, not *yet* developed; — as Byron said of Wellington, "Saviour of Europe, not *yet saved;*" — the Russian invasion of magnificent Hungary! — the Papal restoration and Church re-action! Just now, decrepit Austria, by the revived diet under *her* influence, decreeing coercion of the Constitutional Hessians, — and

Prussia making no sign!! The whole heart of Europe under the fangs of a re-actionary despotism; and even British influence and power, within her own domestic bounds, set at nought by a Priesthood in Ireland, in league with Jesuit Rome against the light of knowledge! In short, where, looking to Europe alone, are we to end the catalogue of apparent ills?

And then, — turning our view Westward, — alas, how the heart bleeds at the thought of the consummated wickedness but just enacted on the soil once imagined to be the only hope and home left for crushed humanity! But how powerless are words!

We are both, no doubt, in the same mind; — trustful of ultimate good, because we *believe that God lives.* But with what intermediate trials to the good, and sufferings to the wretched, who but God may know! Proximately, we are asking ourselves, what next? Will Northern America endure the dreadful policy of COMPROMISE? the

terrific *prudence* of her Websters and her *practical* Statesmen? — or, will Europe lie down quiescent in the awful abyss to which events have recently consigned her? My hope, my belief, is — that IDEAS have struck a root which no despotism can pluck up. And because the struggle, though specifically different, is generically like, with you and with us — but with *you* more personal and close — therefore to you, my friend, and your fellow-workers, be all honor for the aid you have given, and are giving, in the propagation and diffusion of those sturdy and imperishable IDEAS. Heaven bless your work, and strengthen and succor the hearts and hands united with yours in carrying it on.

Bristol, England, October, 1850.

National Hymn.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

God hath from age to age,
Raised hero up and sage,
For Liberty;
He bared the Red Sea's sand,
He led to Plymouth's strand,
And planted in this Western land,
The Fathers free.

Eternal! low we bow,
This land invokes thee now,
The children hear!
May wrong and outrage cease,
Wisdom and worth increase,
Be justice, truth and faith and peace
Than gold more dear.

Aught friendly to our race,
Quicken our souls to embrace
With will right good.
May we great God in thee,
One common Father see;
In man one great fraternity,
Made of one blood!

Us Father thou hast given
The highest under Heaven
To rise or fall.
Let this Republic shine
With rising light benign,
And thus fulfil the grand design,
THE GOOD OF ALL.

West Newton, December, 1850.

The Great Apostate.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

In a speech delivered in Niblo's Garden, New York, in 1837, Daniel Webster said, with an emphasis which elicited from the vast assembly almost deafening cheers, — "On the general question of Slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The question has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper chord. It has ARRESTED THE RELIGIOUS FEELING OF THE COUNTRY; IT HAS TAKEN STRONG HOLD OF THE CONSCIENCES OF MEN. *He is a rash man, indeed, little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling*

of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. IT WILL ASSUREDLY CAUSE ITSELF TO BE RESPECTED. It may be reasoned with; it may be made willing — I believe it is entirely willing — to fulfil all existing engagements and all existing duties; to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets about some provisions which it does actually contain. But, *to coerce it into silence — to endeavor to restrain its free expression — to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it* — should all this be attempted, I KNOW NOTHING IN THE CONSTITUTION, OR IN THE UNION ITSELF, WHICH WOULD NOT BE ENDANGERED BY THE EXPLOSION WHICH MIGHT FOLLOW."

This estimate of the spirit which animates and controls the Anti-Slavery movement is justified by all the facts connected with the rise and progress of that movement.

Slavery is not only inhuman and anti-christian, but ATHEISTICAL, in the most depraved sense of that term. Indeed, there has never been any other form of atheism, as a system, known to the world. This is none the less true, because Slaveholders profess to revere God, to believe in Christ, and to receive the Bible as an inspired volume. Their religious profession only deepens their condemnation, and makes their daily practice all the more appalling. In respect to those whom they have chattelized, their conduct is thoroughly atheistical.

Exalting themselves "above all that is called God," they claim and exercise absolute authority over their victims, to the annihilation of all personality. A Slave is one who must have no other God than his master — no higher law than the will of him who claims him as his property; whose intellect must not be developed; whose conscience is not to be governed by moral considerations; whose soul may lay no claim to immortality. In Slavery, all human ties are

abrogated; the parent has no child, the child no parent; there is neither father nor mother, neither husband nor wife, neither brother nor sister; no genealogical descent or relationship is recognised. Hence the appearance in the southern journals of advertisements like the following:—"Will be sold on Monday and Tuesday, the second and third day of December next, . . . all the right, title, and interest of the subscriber, in and to the contents of a Country Store, consisting of a quantity of Dry Goods, Shoes, Umbrellas, Medicines, Hardware, Wines, Champagne Cider, and a variety of other articles. *Also, three Negroes, Levinia and her two children.* Also, a Horse, Carriage, Dray, and Cart." What is this but a bold denial of the accountability and immortality of those who are created "in the image of God"?

Now if Christianity has any work to accomplish, surely it is the utter subversion of an atheistical system like this; if the religious sentiment is to be arrayed against any form of iniquity, it must

be against this, which is unparalleled for its enormity.

Since the advent of the Founder of Christianity, no effort for the melioration of the condition of man has been more largely imbued with the religious element, in its purest and most vital form, than the Anti-Slavery movement. This declaration may astonish, and even shock, some who have been taught, by their religious teachers, to regard this movement as disorganizing in its tendencies and infidel in its spirit. Are not the Abolitionists everywhere stigmatized as infidels, fanatics, incendiaries, madmen — equally hostile to the peace of the nation and the stability of the Christian Church? Yes — but this stigma is not less malignant than was the accusation brought against Jesus — "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils . . . . We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cesar . . . . He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all

Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." In what manner, in any age, is true piety best authenticated? Not by professions of reverence for dead saints or heroes; not by conformity to the usuages of popular religion; not by the observance of rites and ceremonies, or of times and seasons; not by the surrender of reason to arbitrary authority, or of conscience to ecclesiastical dictation; not by a dread of dissent, or fear of change, or dislike of investigation; not by making public opinion the standard of action, or what is customary the rule of duty; not by exclaiming, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" These things are easily said and done. The test is in regarding principles more than persons, the present more than the past, truth more than tradition, humanity more than parchment; in refusing to go with the multitude in any evil way; in letting the dead bury their dead; in stemming the tide of popular corruption, arraigning unjust laws, exciting

the fury of the oppressor, returning good for evil, and living above that "fear of man which bringeth a snare;" in being willing to be made of no reputation, and to suffer the loss of all things, for righteousness' sake.

Consider, now, the actual condition of the colored population in this country: despised, shunned, insulted, outraged, enslaved, by common consent, with deliberate purpose, systematically and perseveringly, by all that is respectable, wealthy, and powerful — by all that is vulgar, brutal, and fiendish! They are universally treated as a leprous race on account of their complexion; so that to such of them as are nominally free, nearly every avenue to political and social equality, to wealth and station, to learning and improvement, is closed; and it is deemed ridiculous and impudent for them to aspire to be anything else than the hewers of wood and drawers of water for their white contemners. The great body of them registered with cattle and

swine, and stripped of all their rights as human beings, to interpose for their deliverance is to come in collision with a spirit more unrelenting, murderous, and God-defying, than any other that ever assumed the despotic form, and which rules this whole nation "with a rod of iron."

Again, consider the degradation, helplessness, and utter destitution of these oppressed millions. They are ignorant, and cannot read; in a hopeless minority as to physical strength; cut off from all correspondence even with those who desire to befriend them; without anything in the world that they can call their own; — hence, the espousal of their cause requires rare disinterestedness, as well as great moral courage.

Consider, moreover, that in the immediate presence of the Slave Power, no one can demand the liberation of its victims, or enter his protest against their enslavement, except at the imminent peril of his life. So dreadful is that Power, that, of a thousand pulpits on its soil, not one has the

martyr-spirit to confront it — of a thousand churches, whether Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methodist, not one has the courage to unchristianize it. No meetings can be held to discuss the question of human rights, in relation to the Slave population; no press is tolerated, that speaks out boldly and uncompromisingly against making man the property of man; a dead silence is everywhere enforced, a gag is put into every mouth, except when Slavery is to be defended, or the friends of impartial liberty are to be denounced. Not only are there the severest legal penalties to be incurred by agitating the subject, but outrage and death in their most appalling forms, by what is called the "lynch" process. No parallel to this state of society can be found in any despotic government on earth.

Consider, finally, that by its professed expounders and teachers in this country, generally, Christianity has been made to sanction the right to "trade in slaves and the souls of men," to any

extent! Yes, in the Law given by Moses, in the Gospel as promulgated by Christ, they maintain that divine authority is given to one portion of the human family to enslave another! * Hence, to own a thousand Slaves is no barrier to religious fellowship, no stain upon the Christian profession, no cause for church discipline. Hence it is common for ministers and church members at the South to be Slaveholders; and none are more angry than they at any proposition for emancipation, or more ready to instigate the infliction of summary and cruel punishment on any one suspected of being an Abolitionist.*

It is under such circumstances, that Slavery must be assailed — with the certainty of no reward on the part of its victims, as they have nothing to give, and know not when or by whom their claims are advocated — with the certainty of being derided, caricatured, hated, calumniated, in the North, and tarred and feathered, or hung, at the

* See Notes at the end of the article.

South — with the certainty of being branded with "infidelity," and charged with rejecting the Bible, in all parts of the country!

Now, then, when was it ever known that bad men became the advocates of suffering humanity, in the midst of fiery trials like these? Never! If an unfaltering faith in the promises of God — the deepest sympathy with Christ, and love for his character — were ever demanded or exemplified, it has been in the prosecution of the Anti-Slavery movement, from its commencement to the present hour. As, on the other side of the Atlantic, in the struggle for the abolition of British West India Slavery, the purest, the most disinterested, the most philanthropic, the most truly pious, rallied together; so, on this side, the same elements have mingled for the deliverance of a much larger number from bondage, but through tribulation and peril unknown abroad. The men and the women whom God has inspired to demand liberty for the enslaved in this land are worthy of the apostolic

age. They need no defence. The position which they serenely maintain in the midst of a scoffing and merciless nation — feared, abhorred, proscribed by the pharisaical, the powerful, and the despotic — howled at and hunted by the lewd, the profane, and the riotous — honored and blest by the suffering and the oppressed — is their noblest eulogy. They are neither fanatical nor mad, neither foolish nor ignorant, neither violent nor impracticable, but speak "the words of truth and soberness," plainly and unequivocally. They ask nothing more than that liberty may be "proclaimed throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." As friends, neighbors, citizens — in all the relations and duties of life — they have no cause to shrink from a comparison with their traducers. In their company, the ungodly take no delight. It is their aim to keep their consciences void of offence toward God and toward man. Nor is the abolition of Slavery the only enterprise in which their sympathies are enlisted. The tem-

perance cause has no more thorough and reliable supporters; they constitute the backbone of the peace enterprise, in its radical form; in all the reform movements of the age, they feel a friendly interest. For the last twenty years, they have been "a spectacle to angels and to men" — but where is the evidence of their misconduct to be found, except in opening their mouths for the suffering and the dumb? The cry of "fanaticism" and "infidelity" against them is raised to divert attention from the true issue, to excite popular odium, and to hide conscious guilt. Their fanaticism is all embraced in the American Declaration of Independence: they are infidel to the Slave Power, and will not bow down to a corrupt public sentiment. What motive, but reverence for God and love for Man, could have induced them to take their position by the side of the imbruted slave? Were they not connected with the various religious sects and political parties, — clinging to these with characteristic tenacity, and

highly esteemed for their zeal and fidelity? And what have they not yielded to their convictions of duty, their regard for principle, their love of right? The ties of sect and of party, reputation, the hope of worldly preferment, pecuniary interest, personal safety, in some instances life itself. They are intelligently and deeply religious, without cant or pretence; but neither expect nor desire any recognition of their Christian character on the part of a people "whose feet run to evil, and who make haste to shed innocent blood."

When, therefore, Mr. Webster — thirteen years ago — confessed that the subject of Slavery had "taken strong hold on the consciences of men," and "arrested the religious feeling of the country," his vision was clear, his understanding sound, his testimony true; when he admonished those who listened to him, that "a feeling of this kind was not to be trifled with or despised," but would "assuredly cause itself to be respected," he uttered a sentiment which cannot be too deeply

impressed upon the public mind, and especially upon the legislation of the country, at the present time; when he declared, as his conviction, that "to coerce it into silence, to endeavor to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, there is nothing even in the Constitution, or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion that might follow," he evinced a familiar acquaintance with the martyr history of the ages, and showed a deep insight into human nature. For as the Anti-Slavery movement rests on an eternal basis, and challenges the support of all those who fear God, it is sure in the end to triumph; and in proportion to the resistance made against it will be the convulsion attending its irresistible progress. Nothing can overturn it, nothing hold it back. Governmental edicts for its suppression will be as chaff before the whirlwind; compromises and combinations to deceive or crush it will all be in vain. If American Slavery can be perpetuated, then there is no essential difference

between a man and a beast; then every form of despotism may continue to the end of time; then Christ has died in vain; then the Creator is weaker than the creature whom he has made.

Within the last twelve months, a radical change appears to have taken place in the feelings and sentiments of Mr. Webster on the subject of Slavery. No case of apostacy is comparable to it since the days of Judas Iscariot. In view of it, conscientious and enlightened men of all sects and parties are filled with sadness and amazement. There is nothing to mitigate its turpitude — no assignable cause for it, except the desperate hope of filling the Presidential Chair as the reward of the blackest treachery to the cause of Liberty.

On the seventh of March, 1850, in his place in the Senate of the United States, at a crisis when every blow struck for Freedom was of incalculable importance — when the slightest defection from the path of rectitude was pregnant with momentous

consequences — Mr. Webster threw off the mask, turned his back upon the free North, humbled himself even to the dust in the presence of the Slave Power, and has ever since been prostituting his great powers to the work of crushing the Anti-Slavery spirit of the age! It is not for him any longer to exclaim, "Where shall I go?" He has reached the lowest depths of moral depravity. He may boast that he "takes no steps backwards" — his strides from Plymouth Rock to Carolina lead as surely to perdition. There are steps downwards as well as backwards.

> "Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
> Nor man, nor fiend, hath fallen so far."

To sustain this grave impeachment, a brief reference to the sentiments avowed in his recent speeches and letters must suffice, the limits necessarily assigned to an article for a Souvenir like this forbiding an extended review.

There is no man who has professed higher

veneration for the memories and deeds of our Pilgrim Fathers and Revolutionary Sires than Mr. Webster. The names of Carver, and Standish, and Bradford — of Washington, and Hancock, and Warren — are ever on his lips. He was the chosen Orator of Liberty at the laying of the Monumental Corner-Stone on Bunker Hill. He is one of twenty millions of people, who are never weary in extolling the Declaration of Independence. Yet, to reconcile the whole country to the most hideous system of oppression attainable, he says — as though ancient villany were time-honored virtue — "We all know that Slavery has existed in the world from time immemorial." And it is not less certain that the spirit of violence and murder has prevailed ever since Cain slew his brother Abel! Ought all efforts therefore to be frowned upon, which aim to promote peace on earth and good will among men? "There was Slavery," he continues, "in the earliest periods of history, in the Oriental nations." The best of

all reasons why it should no longer be suffered to curse any portion of the earth. "There was Slavery among the Jews: the theocratic government of that people made no injunction against it." As Mr. Webster doubtless regards that form of government as having proceeded directly from God, he means to be understood as saying that God regarded with approbation the act of his chosen people in reducing others to chattel bondage! What, then, becomes of free agency, conscience, reason, accountability? Where are the inalienable rights of man? At what period did it become a "self-evident truth, that all men are created equal"? The imputation thus cast upon Him "who has made of one blood all nations of men," and "whose tender mercies are over all the works of his hand," is ever to be repelled as in the highest degree impious. The nature of man has been the same in all ages, and it has ever rebelled against oppression. God never yet made a human being for the chains and stripes of

servitude. Over the head of the oppressor, the clouds of divine retribution are constantly impending, and his doom is sealed.

To the assertion, that "there was Slavery among the Jews," we reply that, if so, it was because they forsook "the ordinances of justice," and "built high the places of Tophet." Why did Mr. Webster forget to inform the senatorial body whom he was addressing, that these Jewish oppressors were admonished and rebuked by their prophets (the Abolitionists of their times) in the following style: — "Seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow" — "Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, break every yoke."

Not satisfied with staining the Law with cruel injustice, Mr. Webster proceeds to sully the Gospel. He says: — "At the introduction of Christianity into the world, the Roman world was full of Slaves; and I suppose there is to be found

no injunction against that relation between man and man, [i. e. the relation of one man as a piece of property to another man as the owner of it!] in the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or any of his Apostles." The meaning of this language is, that Christianity lays no prohibition upon the strong enslaving the weak; and the object of this reference is, to soothe the troubled conscience of this nation, by making Slavery and the Gospel compatible with each other! No marvel, therefore, that, in this besotted state of mind, Mr. Webster denies that there is any such thing as absolute justice, and sneeringly says— "There are men who are of opinion, that human duties may be ascertained with the exactness of mathematics. They deal with morals as with mathematics, and they think what is right may be distinguished from what is wrong with the precision of an algebraic question." Hence, there are no natural relations of life — no permanent rules of justice — no fixed and immutable laws of God!

Morality is a shifting sand-bar, which makes safe navigation at all times difficult! Right differs so little from Wrong, in its spirit, aspect, and claims, that it is extremely difficult to determine wherein they conflict! This is a very convenient doctrine for one who has put principle under his feet, and thrown away his manhood to gratify a wicked ambition; but in theory it is atheistical, in practice profligate, and in its consequences appalling.

However perplexing in casuistry some questions may be, there are such things as "self-evident truths" — there are some human duties too plain to be mistaken. THE SLAVE IS A MAN!

"Though by his brother bought and sold,
And beat, and scourged, and a' that,
His wrongs can ne'er be felt nor told,
Yet he's a man, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His body chained, and a' that,
The image of his God remains —
THE SLAVE'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT!"

In him, therefore, the Divine image is to be revered, not desecrated; his rights are all that pertain to any human being; to enslave him is to be guilty of man-stealing.

But, in the estimation of Mr. Webster, the Slave is nothing — three millions of Slaves are nothing — nothing, certainly, humanly considered — nothing but personal property, and only as such worthy of any solicitude — nothing deserving of prayer or effort for their deliverance! His sympathies, affinities, energies, associations, are wholly with their remorseless oppressors. He sees nothing in Slavery reproachful to the character, injurious to the prosperity, or dangerous to the stability of the Republic: it is the effort making to abolish it that alarms and inflames him! Of the Anti-Slavery societies he says, without qualification — "I do not think them useful. I think their operations for the last twenty years have produced nothing good or valuable . . . I cannot but see what mischiefs their interference with the

South has produced . . . The result of it has been, not to enlarge, but to restrain, not to set free, but to bind faster the Slave population of the South. That is my judgment." The very language of the dealers in human flesh, who are aiming to eternize Slavery on the American soil; who are eager to imbrue their hands in the blood of the Abolitionists; who turn pale whenever they hear their crimes alluded to, and become frantic at the sight of an Anti-Slavery publication! The charge is alike absurd and monstrous.

It is in this cool, oracular, and audacious manner that Mr. Webster, from his high position, pours contempt and scorn upon the tears of the sympathizing, the prayers of the afflicted, the labors of the philanthropic. If it were in his power, he would disband every Anti-Slavery Society, and suppress all discussion of the subject of Slavery. According to his miserable logic, to demand justice for the wronged, liberty for the enslaved, is the very way to perpetuate injustice and to prolong

human servitude. How, then, would he abolish the Slave system? Let him answer: — "As it has existed in the country, and as it now exists, I have expressed no opinion of the mode of its extinguishment or amelioration . . . I have nothing to propose on that subject." Profound statesman! But on one point he feels himself competent to act: — "If any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme of COLONIZATION, to be carried on by this government upon a large scale for the transportation of FREE colored people to any Colony or any place in the world, I should be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object"!! — an object dastardly, unjust, inhuman, to the last degree — an object which the Slaveholding perpetualists have for more than thirty years sought to accomplish, through deception, violence, and persecution, for the purpose of holding their victims more securely in bondage! — Mr. Webster prides himself upon his title of "Defender of the Con-

stitution." In what article or clause of that instrument can he find any warrant, on the part of Congress, to expend any portion of the national revenue in transporting to other lands citizens of this country on account of their freedom and the hue of their skin? Accumulated shame upon him for such a proposition!

"New England, it is well known," says Mr. Webster, "is the chosen seat of the Abolition presses and the Abolition societies." Why should it not be? The struggle for the abolition of Slavery is a moral one, and the moral power of this nation lies chiefly in New England. "Here it is, principally," continues this distinguished scoffer, "that the former cheer the morning by full columns of lamentations over the fate of human beings free by nature, and by a law above the Constitution, — but sent back, nevertheless, chained and manacled, to Slavery and to stripes; and the latter refresh themselves from daily toil by orgies of the night devoted to the same outpourings

of philanthropy — mingling all the while their anathemas at what they call 'man-catching' *with the most horrid and profane abjurations of the Christian Sabbath*, and, indeed, *of the whole Divine Revelation*. They sanctify their philanthropy *by irreligion and profanity;* they manifest their charity *by contempt of God and his commandments.*"

Examine this whole extract. Can its parallel be found on the score of insensibility to human degradation and suffering, as experienced by the poor imbruted Slave — of misrepresentation and calumny of thousands of as intelligent, virtuous, humane, and Christian men and women as were ever united to extend the reign of justice and mercy — and at the same time of affected regard for the cause of religion? Where has so much of barbarity, malice, falsehood, and cant ever been compressed into so small a compass? There is Satanic skill in the grouping of its several parts. *He* talk of the "Christian Sabbath," of rever-

encing a day, who looks with complacency upon the desecration of the image of God, and mocks at the "lamentations" which are raised by the pure and tender-hearted over lacerated bodies, and darkened minds, and ruined souls! *He* talk of "Divine Revelation," who affirms that the Gospel of Jesus Christ contains no injunction against turning men, women, and children into chattels personal! *He* concerned for the honor of God and the keeping of his commandments, who laughs at the idea of a "higher law" than that enacted at the last session of Congress for the re-capture of Fugitive Slaves, and with whom allegiance to a blood-stained compact is the end of the law for righteousness! Marvellous assurance!

As for the charge, that the Abolition Societies of New England indulge in "the most horrid and profane abjurations of the Christian Sabbath," it is utterly and inexcusably false. Mr. Webster is challenged to produce a particle of evidence to substantiate it. Let him show when or where any

one of those societies ever used the abjurations alleged, or stand before the world a convicted libeller. In regard to their members, they are composed of persons differing more or less as to their religious opinions, (like the temperance and peace societies,) but united for one common object —the liberation of the fettered bondman. They have never entertained for discussion, they have never adopted any other question than that which relates legitimately to their enterprise. Without attempting to determine an extraneous subject, — whether the first, or seventh, or any other day is peculiarly holy time, — they unite in sentiment with the Great Teacher, that "it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day," and therefore commendable in the sight of God to endeavor to extricate on that day the millions of our countrymen who are perishing in the pit of Slavery. As for "horrid and profane abjurations," they leave all such to be made by those, who, like Mr. Webster, "strike hands with thieves, and consent with

adulterers"; who, being on the side of tyranny, have neither argument nor fact wherewith to justify themselves; whose weapons of defence are lies and forgeries, sophistries and shams, tar and feathers, brickbats and rotten eggs, pistols and bowie knives; who hunt for the life of him who pleads for those who are appointed to destruction, and riotously trample all law and order under their feet. It is this wicked accuser and his man-stealing confederates — not Abolitionists, nor Abolition Societies — who manifest "contempt of God and his commandments," and whose "irreligion and profanity," intemperance and lewdness, are corrupting the nation.

In 1837, when his vision was clear and his judgment sound, Mr. Webster could testify that it was "the religious feeling of the country" that was struggling for the overthrow of Slavery, and could do homage to it. In 1850, now that he has openly apostatized from the cause of Freedom, he brands that feeling as irreligious and profane,

makes its "lamentations" over the woes of the Slaves a subject of merriment, treats it as "a spirit of faction and disunion, of discord, crimination, and recrimination," and stigmatizes those who are animated by its spirit "shallow, ignorant, and factious men"! Nay, more — as for the general excitement against Slavery, it is utterly inexplicable to him! "I suspect all this," he says, with feigned ignorance of its cause and aim, "to be the effect of that wandering and vagrant philanthropy which disturbs and annoys all that is present, in time or place, by heating the imagination on subjects distant, remote, and uncertain (!) . . . A spirit should prevail, which shall look more to things important and real, and less to things ideal and abstract (!) . . . I shall support no agitations having their foundations in unreal, ghostly bstractions (!) . . . May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, before it may utter any sentiment which shall increase the agitation in the public mind on such a subject!"

The "wandering and vagrant philanthropy" which so "disturbs and annoys" Mr. Webster is kindred to that which was manifested by Jesus and his disciples, eighteen hundred years ago, to the consternation and displeasure of scribe, pharisee, and ruler; for which the memories of HOWARD, OBERLIN, WILBERFORCE, CLARKSON, and other illustrious benefactors of their race, are now venerated; and which makes human redemption the absorbing object of its solicitude. It does not "heat the imagination"—it warms the heart. It "wanders" only to save—it is "vagrant" only as it is persecuted from city to city. It is not, (as is foolishly alleged by Mr. Webster,) that it looks to "things ideal and abstract," that it creates general uneasiness: it is, that it deals with "things important and real," and calls for the suppression of old abuses.

What can be more preposterous than the assertion, that the Anti-Slavery agitation has its foundations "in unreal, ghostly abstractions"?

Is the Slave system or the Slave code an abstraction? Are whips and chains, padlocks and thumb-screws, branding-irons and blood-hounds, "unreal abstractions"? Are Slaveholders, Slave-breeders and buyers, overseers and drivers, only "ghostly" illusions? It would be much to his credit if Mr. Webster should let his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, rather than to use it so absurdly and basely.

In one breath, he asserts that "the Slavery question New England can interfere with only as a meddler: she has no more to do with it than she has to do with the municipal government of a city on the island of Cuba"! In the next, he insists that constitutional safeguards should be thrown around that system as much by Massachusetts as by Georgia; that no fugitive Slave should receive food or raiment, or any protection whatever, in all the free North; that such as have escaped from the southern house of bondage ought to have long since been arrested and returned to their mas-

ters; and that to be the abettors and allies of the traffickers in human flesh should be regarded by the people of the Free States as "a duty, an affair of high morals and high principles"! This incoherency of the brain is the consequence of depravity of the heart.

How Mr. Webster stands in southern estimation is not a doubtful matter. Where on that blood-stained soil a true, out-spoken friend of Freedom would be instantly lynched, he is regarded with favor, and greeted with applause. At the present time, the South relies on him for the protection of her "peculiar institution" more than on any other man in the nation — not excepting Henry Clay.

At the North, the supporters and admirers of Mr. Webster are those who have bought him with a price — those who pay that homage to rare intellect, however perverted, which is essentially devil-worship — those who bow down at the shrine of Mammon, and believe in a trinity made up of "the gold eagle, the silver dollar, and the copper

cent" — those who have "stolen the livery of the court of heaven" wherein to serve the great adversary — those who are profane, drunken, lewd, riotous.

In May last, the American Anti-Slavery Society attempted to hold its sixteenth anniversary in New York. Its meetings were invaded and broken up by a band of rioters utterly lost to shame, led on by the notorious ruffian "Capt. Isaiah Rynders," and connived at by the city authorities. In the midst of their profanity, obscenity, and violence, they repeatedly gave three cheers — for whom? For DANIEL WEBSTER!

On the fifteenth of November, 1850, an immense meeting of the friends of international amity and universal emancipation, drawn together spontaneously from all parts of New England, was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, to welcome the arrival to these shores, after an absence of fifteen years, of GEORGE THOMPSON, the noble advocate of impartial liberty, the present distinguished member of the

British Parliament for the Tower Hamlets, London. That meeting, at an early period in the evening, was invaded by an organized body of rioters, who, for the space of two hours, (like their lawless predecessors at Ephesus,) by their groans and yells prevented any speaker from being heard — the city authorities interposing no restraint whatever. "We never heard," said one of the city journals of the next morning, "such unearthly, inhuman, strange, uncouth, hideous noises, in all our born days. One would have thought Babel was let loose, and all the black fiends of the lower region out on a frolic." Another journal, equally in favor of this dastardly outrage, testified as follows: "Rings were formed in the centre of the floor, in which individual and general fights took place; hats were smashed, and ivory-headed canes flew briskly; then came a series of dances, with Indian war-whoop accompaniments. IT WAS HELL LET LOOSE, AND NO MISTAKE!"

For whom did these miscreants send up cheer

after cheer, throughout the entire evening? Who was the recreant and fallen man, whom, on that occasion, they were proud to recognize and eager to applaud, as one with him in spirit and fellowship? DANIEL WEBSTER!

Where shall we look in history for a more melancholy instance of human degradation?

NOTES.

By the Harmony Presbytery, of South Carolina: —

Resolved, "That Slavery has existed from the days of those good old Slaveholders and patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, (who are now in the kingdom of heaven,) to the time when the apostle Paul sent a runaway home to his master Philemon, and wrote a Christian and fraternal letter to his Slaveholder, which we find still stands in the canon of the Scriptures — and that Slavery has existed ever since the days of the apostle, and does now exist."

The REV. WILLIAM S. PLUMMER, D. D., of Richmond, Va., high in the Presbyterian Church, says —

"If Abolitionists will set the country in a blaze, it is but fair that they should receive the first warming at the fire.

"They are like Infidels, wholly unaddicted to martyrdom for opinion's sake. Let them understand that *they will be caught* [lynched] if they come among us."

Yussouf.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes The Good."

II.

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof by night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard nay."

III.

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold,
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

IV.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing, "Oh, Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

V.

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for, with thee,
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn.
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born — sleep in peace!"

Elmwood, Cambridge, U. S.

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan greet tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. —*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

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NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

MDCCCLII.

C.

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Sonnet,

Suggested by the inscription on the Bell of the Hall of Independence, Philadelphia. "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

Not to this land alone; to every clime
Those tones of hope and prophecy were borne;
Forerunners of the sure if distant morn
That yet shall break as in that earlier prime

By angels greeted. Not less sweet the chime
When every cliff shall echo back the lays
Of Slaves made Freemen. On what shore shall blaze
The first effulgence of that light sublime?
O Land from whence this beacon fire *should* shine,
Land hallowed by the tread of Pilgrim feet,
Land sanctified by prayers, made dear by graves
Of Freedom's martyrs, rouse in strength divine
And in true penitence those tones repeat!
The old world's despots vanish with thy Slaves.

Weymouth, October 1, 1851.

Consequences.

BY EDGAR BUCKINGHAM.

The discussion of the subject of Abolitionism is having one happy effect, if no other, upon the community, — it brings us back to the consideration of first principles in morals and religion. Given certain views of moral truth, we are Slaveholders, or apologists for Slavery, on the one hand, or we are Abolitionists, on the other. Much of the excitement, much of the asperity, much of the outrageous and violent denunciation that have attended the Anti-Slavery movement, on the one side or the other, might to a great extent have been avoided, had the fact been clearly understood, that

great moral principles were in question, greater and deeper, even, than that which seems the deepest that can agitate our minds, — the right of man to property in his fellow man. And nearly all great questions that have agitated any community, through the long course of history, have depended on some points, unseen for the most part, by one party or the other of those who were most warmly engaged in the controversy.

Many people shrink from the discussion of abstract questions. Yet it is only by considering them that we can save ourselves from the mistake of Paul, that of being found vehemently engaged in active opposition to the very side which inwardly we most approve. In discussing abstract points, it is not at all necessary that we should renounce common sense and live upon unsubstantial visions. We certainly have enough in us, enough of manhood, enough of simplicity and sincerity, to enable us to discern, if we will, the difference between the mere figments of a heated imagination,

the drawn daggers of the air, marshalling us on to crime, and the actual paths of holy ground, where we must remove our shoes from our feet, worthily to stand there. We certainly have some tests of duty, some means of estimating the course of actual safety; and do not, in considering abstract questions of right, deal merely with mental jugglery, by the cunning of which we may so blind our own or others' minds, as to mistake nonentities for realities, or think impossible things successfully accomplished.

The late enactment of Congress, known as "the Fugitive Slave Law," has been defended at the North, and, indeed, was originally passed, so far as the votes of non-Slaveholders are concerned, simply upon the basis of an abstract principle, namely: that consequences must be calculated, in deciding upon the authority of our inward impulses of justice. No one at the North pretends to justify the Law, — that is, no one in public, — that is, no man, who is supposed, or who pretends, to have

regard to anything sacred or real, — no such man, so far as we know, pretends to justify the Law, except upon the ground of the consequences apprehended, should we refuse to allow the South the existence of such a law upon the National Statute Book, — should we refuse to yield our best endeavors to return to her authority certain *travellers*, who have long lived under her institutions, and who, at last, prefer institutions of the Northern States, or of Canada, and seek to make to themselves a home at the North. The most dire consequences have been supposed to be foreseen. The disruption of the Union, — the end of the glory of "time's noblest offspring," — the final dissipation of the vision of a new dominion, that was to rival the British, Macedonian, Assyrian, or any that the world has known ; — civil war, with one knows not what horrors, nor how long-continued ; — and evils to the Slaves, immeasurably worse than any Slavery, — perhaps extermination itself, — or crimes and massacres performed by

them, such that the heart shudders at the bare idea.

Well; — it is not at all necessary that we should refuse to listen to any statement of consequences, which any careful and honest minds may attempt to set forth. Apparently the worst consequences will sometimes ensue upon the wisest conduct; in attempting to pursue the course of wisdom, we are not required to be blind to the result. Sometimes, too, the thought of consequences may make us review the plan we had proposed, may lead to more careful consideration, may enable us, even, to discover that a wrong step had been taken in our process of reasoning, or an evil spirit had intruded its influences unawares into the motives of our conduct. Let us see the consequences as you see them. Let us see if it is our crime, that we overlook them, or your disease of vision that creates them. Let us see if the shadows will vanish, when a stout heart calls them to appear, or will come out of the darkness into broad day, and

show themselves realities that cannot be overlooked.

But the main point in discussion still is, whether our expectation of consequences should be allowed to weigh more with us than natural sentiments of justice. Even if it should be satisfactorily proved, to the common mind, that the Bible allows the existence of Slavery, — still the question would occur what shall we do with the testimony of our natural sentiment of justice in regard to it? It is admitted that our natural sentiments have in them something divine. The idea of justice is not the invention of the human mind; it was not discovered at any assignable period, like galvanism or gravitation; — it is not attributed to any great man as its inventor, nor has it grown up through the successive inventions and discoveries of many ages. Is a revelation by miracles divine? So is the sense of justice also. If a man feels the motion of compassion in his heart, will it be sufficient to tell him, that it is but a prejudice of education or

the result of human contrivances? Or if the heart refuses the suggestions of impurity, through its own native delicacy, would it be sufficient to say that there is nothing *divine*, only a human fancy, in the shrinking of the soul from sin? or if a man should be greatly troubled by remorse, could all the Acts of Congress in the world, or all arguments before Commissioners, avail to teach him that nothing spoke to him, but his own mind, nothing that demanded religious obedience, no voice of God, but of man alone? But how is conscience divine, or chastity, or compassion, and not justice also? Shall we pass a resolution, in Congress, that the Christian religion is a plain cheat, in its pretence of a divine origin? Why not, as well as pass a law that calls upon any man to do an outrage to the sense of justice speaking in his heart, the voice of God directing his particular conduct? And shall any view of *consequences* be held sufficient to make him disown his inward sense of justice, when the world would demand of him

that he should not, *under any view of consequences*, be induced to deny the name of Christ?

But on the other hand, there is nothing divine in our power of foretelling future events. In considering the consequences of refusing assent to the Fugitive Slave Bill, we find that it is not through any divinely accredited messenger that the vision of them is opened before us. The veil of the future is said to be raised; but whose hand lifts it? No miracle has preceded, to assure us that it is a *prophet's* hand. No words of peculiar wisdom, no features of peculiar piety, no life of singular righteousness, have been presented to overcome the soul of the hearer and observer, and compel him to regard as divine the hand that points to the visions that are to come. No: we have only assurances that those who foretell these consequences are men like ourselves, seeing with eyes such as we see with, — likely to make mistakes, or to be deluded by passion as we should be. Is this a prophecy, then? It is the word of

a man, it may be of a fearful man, it may be of a deluded man, it may be of one, who, not self-deluded, attempts to fasten delusions on our minds and drive us from the truth. It is not a man above us; — it may be one immeasurably below. These considerations do not apply particularly to the present case, the Fugitive Slave Law, and the consequences of refusing to enact it; — they apply to every instance in which consequences are foretold and are presented as reasons for refusing obedience to the voice of the Divinity within.

And still further. One of the most difficult undertakings in the world is that of foreseeing the future, calculating from the present what events are to occur. The world of mankind is not a chemist's crucible or gallipot; moral mixtures apparently the safest will explode, apparently the most hostile moral elements may be made to coalesce. What is the long history of striking occurrences in the world, but that of political chemists astounded at the results of their experiments? The Abolition-

ists are charged with ignorance of human nature, with making too little allowance for human passions and determinations. One would say that Metternich understood the world well, — yet he is not, at this time of writing, Prime Minister of Austria. One would say that Louis Philippe understood the world. He could make himself King, he could make money, beyond the world's most successful speculators or merchants, — yet he could not die King. One would say Napoleon was a wise man in his knowledge of mankind. He made all streams flow to turn his mill and grind his grist; but a great gap broke through in his dam, and washed him and his mill away. Where is the great usurper that has ever been a simple man? and how many great usurpers have founded dynasties, or died in enjoyment of their authority? The kaleidoscope is not more surpassing strange in its changes, than the great world of men, which some power turns outside and unseen; and the great calculators that figure awhile, are in a moment

gone, no one can say whither, but never to appear again.

And, again, if it were allowable to introduce the view of consequences in order to offset our natural sentiments, it would be proper to ask, what consequences shall we consider? those of to-day, or those of to-morrow? or to what point of time, in the more distant future, shall we limit our view? There is no end to consequences. Injustice triumphs for the day: — nay, the statesman makes it triumphant through all the long honors of his life. But the time comes, when the nation suffers from the fruit of his doings. Visibly or invisibly, earlier or later, the world admits, a retribution always takes place. It answers very well for some temporary purpose to say, that by this or that deed of injustice certain evil consequences are averted. It seems very plausible to say that the preservation of the Union, the safety of the white and colored races, together, demand a Fugitive Slave Law. The proper reply is, IT IS NEVER

SAFE TO DO WRONG! There is one everlasting law, — as a man soweth, so shall he also reap. It is vain to say that the seed is buried, that it is out of sight, that it is so deep it can never appear again. Injustice has its resurrection. The consequence of the burial may appear very well to-day. Let us look and see what the fruits in autumn are. Consequences, let it be remembered, have no end, and in due time such as the act is the consequences will be.

Again, let it be considered that the plea of consequences, urged as it is at this present time as a necessary element of moral calculation, has always been urged, in every age, as the great plea for usurpation and oppression and for personal iniquity. One might well pause before using, in order to counteract his moral sentiments, a plea which justifies every wicked action. Whenever the world has fallen into trouble, forth steps some man of power, seizes the reins of government, puts to death a score or two, or a thousand or two of

his fellow men, establishes a reign of terror, — and this, too, with the profession of the purest motives, — to advance the cause of true liberty, to give the people safety for property, and life, and happiness. The Slaveholder, to say no more, closes the page of knowledge against his victim; the consequences of knowledge are so dreadful to contemplate. The life of the dishonest man is founded upon his fear of the consequences of honesty. Our prisons are filled, not with men alone who have been driven by passion, or betrayed by ignorance, into crime, but with men whose whole life has been the most careful consideration of the consequences of their conduct. That the consequences of an action are fearful, does this deter us? If our government assumes this principle as the justification of its conduct, and has no better, it ranks itself with all the usurpers and criminals of the world.

But whatever other consequences may be averted, through denial of our moral instincts, there are

always *moral* consequences, which cannot be avoided. If we assume the plea of consequences as a justification of moral conduct, let us understand that we leave out of calculation the greatest element of all. Sentiments of justice, we are all capable of. None but the pure-minded and the strong-hearted are able to calculate the moral consequences of their actions. The bad cannot see them. The worldly-wise have no eye for them. Politicians are not at all used to calculate them. Yet through all the pages of history, sacred and profane, — see the constantly repeated lesson of moral corruption multiplying and ever multiplying, in compound ratio, as the result of evil deeds. With nations, as with individuals, when the course of corruption begins, it is too often the principle,

> "I am in blood
> Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

We have had a time, in this nation, of great

men, greatly good. We have had our boast of a nation founded on liberty and virtue. But what an education are we giving to the future politicians of the country, when we point to national greatness as the present recompense of national crime!

But, it is said, the calculation of consequences alone can save us from that fanaticism, which belongs often to the moral and religious sentiments. There may be a danger of becoming fanatical; but upon the whole, the world has suffered little from fanatics. And often the fanatics of one generation are the admitted saints of all after times. It is certainly easier to judge of the calmness and truth of one's own emotions, than to foretell future events. We may be deceived as to the future, but we can know ourselves. The great and good men of the world, and the humble and pure men of the world, while humbly committing the government of the world, after the exertion of their own best endeavors, to its true great Governor, have easily

learned whether they were obeying the everlasting laws of the universe, or were following fancies of their own vanity, or were driven on by the fierceness of their own passions. They feel the pulse at their wrists, and find it equable: they look at their tongues in the glass, and find them clean; they examine their hearts, and find no perturbation, no uncleanness there. But is there no fanaticism, on the other side? Is there not a worldly fanaticism, roused by unreal fears, by selfish purposes, by all of evil hope that the world can inspire? This is the fanaticism of which the age is in danger. It calculates consequences, but it calculates only the nearest. It imagines visions, which have no foundation in reality, and which the calm-minded know to be unreal. It is a mad passion, in defence of some present and profitable state of things. It is better to believe in the safety of the unknown consequences, which, under the guidance of our moral sentiments will be brought about, than to fear those which worldly passion imagines.

It is better to enthrone justice, and trust it to the uttermost. Justice is always safe. Who knows what is just? It is a daily revelation. It is the daily message of the great Governor of the world to each of his subjects.

Trenton, N. Y., September, 1851.

The Strife with Slavery.

BY EMMA MICHELL.

Those who would serve this holy cause must prove
The doubting spirits, and with fearless love
Of truth must follow where it leads; must turn
From gentle words that soothe to "words that
burn,"
Must cry aloud and spare not. Sin must be
Stripped of its veil of fine-spun casuistry.
The man who holds his fellow-man in chains
Must know himself as one the world disdains.
There must be no disguise not e'en to please
The dainty tastes of those who sit at ease
In Zion, blind and dumb, except to cry,
"Our mission lies in silence — charity.

"Send back the Slave. Let blood-hounds track
his way.
"With Boston's sons 'to hear is to obey.'"
Their charity is not, alas! for those
Who bear the stripes, but those who deal the
blows.
Shame to the Pilgrim city! She would be
A bye-word and a living infamy,
But for the righteous few whose hands shall raise
Their country from the dust, to be the gaze
Of future ages, which may yet behold
The power of virtue over that of gold.

Bristol, England, September 15, 1851.

African Inventors.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

WHETHER the different varieties of the human species are equal in mental endowments, and whether they had a unity or diversity of origin are questions rather curious than useful. To zoölogists and theologians they have some scientific and polemical interest; but to moralists and philanthropists they are of no more importance than whether the African lion is equal or superior to others of his kind. He is a lion and king of beasts, and that is enough. But his negro neighbors are not his subjects; on the contrary they tame him and they command him, which proves

that they are no beasts. If I knew a race of monkies anxious to improve their faculties and elevate their condition, I should consider the desire as parent of the capacity, and deem it a duty to encourage and aid them, — especially if they were oppressed and restrained by several united tribes of brutes. Had Jocko the sense and spirit to run away, and signify that he was tired of being rigged in a red jacket, cap, and feather like a man-slayer, and jumping about like the motley clown ; that he desired knowledge and disliked the idea of being limited all his life, like the degenerate Romans, to " panem et circenses ; " who is there, not himself a brute, that would not help the poor fellow, and put him, if possible, in the way to accomplish his laudable desire. The obligation to impart is of the same nature and force as that to receive instruction. A message from on high may be rejected as innocently as the prayer of the meanest aspirant to the light of truth.

In noting some inventions known or believed to

have originated with Africans, guilty of the deepest dye, I have no intention of ministering to that morbid feeling, (if it be not something worse,) which demands of our colored brethren that they prove themselves demi-gods, as a condition of being admitted to be men! For manifest it is that they must be gifted with superhuman abilities to show themselves, under present circumstances, equal *as a race* to the whites. We require them to command our admiration before we condescend to give them justice. This is to apply, like some ancient tyrants, a test which is intended to be fatal. Our treatment, as a nation and government, of colored Americans, has been scarcely less irrational or inhuman than that of an Asiatic despot, who put out the eyes of certain of his subjects and then cut off their heads, alleging that they were of no worth without eyes. After twenty years of earnest appeal, argument and remonstrance, the same unreasoning and unrighteous spirit is rife in a mighty majority of the men and women even of

the Northern States, men and women who pretend that they aspire to be admitted to the society of the Son and the Angels of God!

It was reported some years ago that Daniel Webster had made a searching examination of the question of colored equality, and would take occasion to state the result in a speech. From his not having done so, it may be conjectured that his convictions turned out adverse to his wishes. Some may imagine that his recent course is a sufficient indication that his conclusions were unfavorable to the colored race. But this would imply that he has been actuated by some principle, which nobody or next to nobody supposes. The utmost that appears to be claimed for him is, that he acted upon a larger and more complex calculation of interest, than any democratic servitor of the Slave Power and betrayer of his constituents was ever capable of making. What can be fairly inferred from Webster's late action is, that he had satisfied his mind that his darker brethren were not likely

very soon to have office, scrip, or pension to bestow. But he would have come to a similar conclusion respecting Abolitionists or Free Soilers, if he had had under his hand the heads of Garrison, Phillips and Quincy, or, what in his present temper would please him more than all the three — the head of Horace Mann. Speaking of heads recalls an anecdote of an eminent literary character of Boston, a signer of the Webster address. A Southerner paid him a visit, and on retiring remarked to the friend, who introduced him, that he had seen better heads than that sold for $800 at the South! Those who would uncandidly elude the force of this testimony in favor of colored intellect, may say that good heads, not colored, have been sold there, time out of mind, and that we have now seen so sold the finest head in New England; a head, which Phidias would have placed on the shoulders of Jupiter, even the Olympian head of Daniel Webster; certainly not so cheap, but that was probably owing in part, if not altogether, to

the recommendation of Andover, for "pious Slaves" always command an extra price.

Theodore Parker, in his Eulogy on John Quincy Adams, a discourse composed in a spirit which would render contemporary biography something more dignified and profitable than the ordinary adulation of such occasions, assigns to the inventor the highest niche in the temple of fame. Milton, in his plea for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, maintains that a people, having "wherewithal to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention," afford both proof of the highest vigor and fertility of mind and promise of noble progress and a great destiny. The terms inventor and invention are used here in a sense larger than the popular meaning. He who contrives and constructs an instrument for abridging, facilitating and expediting mechanical, manufacturing, agricultural, or scientific processes, is an inventor; but not exclusively so, nor in the highest sense. He who finds out new laws or properties

of matter or mind is an inventor. He who originates laws and institutions for the establishment, preservation, or improvement of civil society is an inventor. He who finds out shorter avenues to knowledge and methods for its readier and wider diffusion is an inventor. He who adds to dry historical facts new and stirring action, unlocking latent motives, developing natural passion, aggrandizing what is noble, degrading what is base, and giving to the past the reality and vividness of the present; or who imagines and depicts worthy events with a natural train of incidents, accessories, and circumstances, giving new lustre to truth, new sympathy and admiration to heroic virtue, new horror of corruption and crime, new force to conscience and stimulus to duty, is an inventor and poet. Inventive genius is next in dignity and importance to creative power. Next to the Creator is the man who finds out new properties, laws, relations, combinations, and uses of that which is

created. He who is nearest the Creator is the greatest creature.

The first person in Europe who used and recommended cold water as a medicament, was Dr. Wright, of Edinburgh. He commenced the practice of his profession in the navy, and was ultimately appointed fleet surgeon under Lord Nelson. During a portion of his life he practiced in the British West Indies. There he was led to this subject by the *Maroons*. These people, inhabiting the remotest and most inaccessible parts of the mountains, could not avail themselves of medical assistance from the towns and plantations. Abandoned to their own resources, they had established, in cases of putrid and malignant fever, the great adversary of life in that climate, the following practice, which they informed Dr. Wright was common in Africa. They took clay and cold water and worked them together until the mass was of the consistence of paste. With a thick coat of this

they encased the patient from head to foot, except the nose and eyes. In this state he was suffered to remain until the water was exhausted. The clay was then removed and the patient washed with cold water. The application was repeated at intervals until the disease was subdued. This practice was attended with such success as to impress Dr. Wright with the importance of the principle on which it was founded. He soon satisfied himself that the clay exercised no influence on the disease, and that it served simply as a vehicle of the water; and, though very well chosen inasmuch as it takes more water, and retains it longer, than any other permeable substance, still, as he was desirous of trying the remedy as soon as he could find a willing subject, he sought to divest it of its repulsive form, anticipating that the novelty and strangeness of the practice would create sufficient repugnance, without the additional disgust of being bedaubed all over with mud. Cold water being the active agent, he concluded that simple affusion

thereof, continued for a sufficient time, and repeated according to the exigencies of the case, would effect all that the remedy was capable of, and afford a sufficient test of its value. But in an extensive practice he could find no patient who would consent to incur the risk of an experiment. At length he was embarked on a voyage to Europe and when some days at sea the ship-fever broke out on board. Several of the crew died after an illness of one or two days. The Doctor now thought that in the terror and despair caused by this sudden and dreadful mortality, he should find ample opportunity for the trial he had so long sought. But not a sailor, proverbially reckless as sailors are, would give his consent. Finally the Doctor was himself taken down by the pestilence. But the calamity was attended by the consolation of having at last found a willing subject. He determined to try the negro remedy upon himself. Accordingly when the fever had become violent and was approaching the crisis, he caused himself to be

carried on deck enveloped in a blanket, and then in a state of nudity to be drenched with successive buckets of cold water drawn from the ocean. He was again wrapped in the blanket, and laid without removing it in his berth. In a short time a gentle perspiration ensued, and he fell into a sound and refreshing sleep. On the following day there was a moderate access of fever, and *cold affusion* was repeated. This completed the cure. In about thirty-six hours from the time of the attack he was re-established. Upon his arrival in England he sent a memoir of the case to the London Medical Society. It was read in that learned body, and excited the greatest attention and surprise; but it so alarmed professional pride and prejudice, and narrow selfish conservatism, that it was "placed on file," like letters to whig candidates inquiring their principles, and no further notice taken of it. This was about the year 1770. It did not see the light until some ten years after, when the author made a second voyage to England, and then pub-

lished it himself. Dr. Currie appears to have been the first medical writer who recognized the merit of the discovery. He inserted an account of it in his extensive work. It was soon after used with good effect in various parts of Europe, particularly in Italy and Germany; and must be considered the germ of that great and wide spreading system of healing disease, called HYDROPATHY. These facts were found in an interesting memoir of the life of Dr. Wright, and collection of his writings edited by David Turnbull, Esq.

For some years after the battle of New Orleans, a report prevailed among the colored people of this country that Gen. Jackson's *cotton-bale* breastwork, which is credited to him as a surpassing stroke of genius, was suggested by one of their race, a native of Africa. Whether the fact were so or not I have never been able to ascertain. The report is so strange that it would require a rare effort of invention to raise it without a foundation in truth. It derives some countenance from the following

occurrence which took place at the siege of Diu some three hundred years ago. It is derived from the Portuguese account of the siege. Two distinguished warriors from Ethiopia joined the besiegers. On one morning the besieged were astonished at beholding an extensive rampart of *cotton bags* erected in advance of the besieging lines. Don John de Castro, Vice-Roy of India, was the commander of Diu. He had been carrying on wars and making conquests in Asia for some twenty years; and if he and the veterans under him were astonished at this species of fortification, we may conclude that it was not Asiatic, but African, and that the chiefs from Ethiopia were the authors of it.

Mr. Hamilton, an English engineer, found at Meroe, the capital of ancient Ethiopia, specimens of the arch, which he pronounces the earliest extant or on record; and thinks that we owe the invention of this grand element of strength, beauty, and sublimity in architecture to the Ethiopians.

Toussaint l'Ouverture was as truly an inventor as Lycurgus, Numa Pompilius, or Solon. During the few years in which he governed Hayti, by his wise legislation, his fertility in expedients, and the intelligence, vigor, and promptitude of his administration, he renovated, "as if by magic," a country demoralized by license and wasted by the hand of war. If we could see impartially, perhaps he would appear to be even superior to those ancient sages, because it was in quiet seclusion and profound peace that they conceived and framed their respective codes and institutions, while he was in the focus of war, or struggling through the chaos, which its devastations had left. They were of the highest rank, and accomplished in all the learning of their times; he a self-taught Slave.

The Colchians were the inventors of geographical maps and charts, and the Colchians were a colony of negroes. I am aware that this statement has been controverted, but Herodotus, who travelled to Colchis, affirms that they were black, and

had woolly heads. The fidelity and accuracy of the Father of History, when he speaks of things within his own knowledge, have generally been confirmed by the efforts made to impugn them.

Facts, illustrative of the inventive capacity of negro men, might be further accumulated from my limited and incidental observations, for I have not attempted a special investigation of the subject. Some useful mechanical inventions in common use, from which however the inventors by reason of Slavery, prejudice and fraud have not derived the appropriate honors and rewards, are said to have been made by colored men both bond and free.

I shall be happy if these few lines shall tend to establish in the minds of any of my countrymen, who suppose themselves to be of superior endowments, a conviction that these oppressed and despised children of the common Parent are susceptible of high, if not equal improvement, and capable, under a free and full development of their

faculties, of contributing in fair proportion to the improvement and happiness of mankind.

West Newton, December, 1850.

Courage.

TO THE "SILENT WORKERS."

BY JOHN MORLEY.

TAKE courage, gentle hearts and warm;
Ye may not turn the Earth, yet still it turns!
Abide the bluster of the pitiless storm,
True to the sacred fire that in you burns.

Take courage, gentle hearts and bright;
Whose lamp is ever trimmed need not repine,
Heed not the darkness, for ye bear a light
Unquenched that shall forever shine.

Take courage, gentle hearts and wise ;
  Though your poor Wisdom seem a very fool,
Keep onward in your true and simple guise :
  Ye need no cumbrous College to your School.

Take courage, gentle hearts and fine ;
  Ye cannot take the soil of Earth on high :
Steel chafed in sordid dust can brightly shine ;
  The soil of Earth but brightens for the sky !

Egerton, near Bolton le Moors, Lancashire.

L'Esclavage et les Etats-Unis.

PAR M. GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT.

. . . On ne saurait parler de l'esclavage sans reconnaitre en même tems que son institution chez un peuple est tout à la fois une tache et un malheur.

La plaie existe aux Etats-Unis, qui l'ont reçue de leurs aieux. Déja même une partie de l'Union est parvenue à s'affranchir de ce fléau. Tous les etats de la nouvelle Angleterre, New York, la Pennsylvanie, n' ont plus d' esclaves. * * * (1835.)

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Quand on considère le mouvement intellectuel qui agite le monde ; la réprobation qui flétrit

l'esclavage dans l'opinion de tous les peuples ; les conquêtes rapides qu'ont déja faites aux Etats-Unis les idées de liberté sur la servitude des noirs ; le progrès de l'affranchissement qui sans cesse gagne du Nord au Sud ; la nécessité où seront tôt ou tard les états Méridionaux de substituer le travail libre au travail des esclaves, sous peine d'être inferieurs aux Etats du Nord : En présence de tous ces faits, il est impossible de ne pas prévoir une époque plus ou moins rapprochée, à laquelle l'esclavage disparaitra tout à fait de l'Amérique du Nord. * * * (1839.)

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Je crois fermement (et c'est chez moi une vielle conviction) que les Etats-Unis sont destinés à devenir prochainement la plus riche et la plus puissante nation du monde, comme ils en sont déja la plus heureuse. C'est assez dire que je crois à l'abolition prochaine de l'esclavage aux Etats-Unis. Un peuple ne saurait être à la tête du monde chrétien qui est le monde civilisé, sil conservait

dans son sein une institution qui est la négation même du droit, de la Religion, de la Liberté, c'est à dire de tout ce qui fait la puissance et la grandeur des nations.

Paris, Mars, 1851.

The United States and Slavery.

BY M. DE BEAUMONT.

It is impossible to speak of Slavery without at the same time recognizing the fact that its establishment among a people is at once a stain and a calamity.

The United States now suffer from this wound, having received it from their ancestors. Even now a part of the Union has succeeded in freeing itself from this scourge. All the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, hold Slaves no more. * * * (1835.)

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When we consider the intellectual movement which agitates the world; the reprobation with

which the public opinion of all nations blasts Slavery; the rapid inroads which the Ideas of Liberty have already made upon the servitude of the blacks; the progress of enfranchisement which is continually onward from the North to the South; the necessity which will compel the Southern States sooner or later to substitute free labor for Slave labor, under penalty of being the inferiors of the Northern States; in the presence of these facts, it is impossible not to foresee an epoch, nearer or more remote, when Slavery will utterly disappear from North America. * * * (1839.)

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I am firmly convinced (and it is an old opinion of mine,) that the United States are destined to become, and that speedily, the richest and most powerful, as they are already the happiest, nation in the world. This is equivalent to saying that I believe in the speedy abolition of Slavery in the United States. A people cannot be at the head of the Christian world (which is identical with the

civilized world) if it cherishes in its bosom an institution which is the very abnegation of Law, of Religion, of Liberty; in other words, of all that constitutes the power and grandeur of nations.

Paris, March, 1851.

The Great Festival.

BY WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

Jesus was once invited, with many other guests, by one of the chief Pharisees to an entertainment given, as it appears, on the Sabbath. The Pharisees, by the way, pious as they were, seem from this circumstance to have had notions of the Sabbath, somewhat different from those that prevail among the religious of the present day. Here was quite a large social gathering on the Sabbath, a dinner party, made by a distinguished Pharisee; and the Pharisees were the pattern saints of that time.

But letting this go, although it is a circumstance well worth noting, let us mark what took place on the occasion.

It is only natural to suppose that most of the guests came to the Pharisee's house with a good deal of curiosity about the extraordinary man who was present and who had created such a great sensation.

There was a great deal of talk at the time, and a great deal of feeling upon one exciting topic. Every body's imagination was inflamed, expectation was intensely excited, in regard to what was called "the kingdom of Heaven," then believed to be coming. We all know pretty well what was then popularly understood by this kingdom which so excited men's minds. It was a renovated condition of things, to be established by the special agency of Heaven. A great prince was to appear, wise, holy, and invincible. He was to break in pieces the Gentile yoke, under which the nation

bowed, and exalt the descendants of Abraham to an unprecedented height of prosperity.

Such was the vision, which, in the depth of their national humiliation, was floating before the minds of the people; and the excitement it occasioned was not a little increased, first by the startling cry which had come from the wilderness announcing the expected kingdom, and now by the appearance of this wonderful person from Nazareth, who was going all over the country proclaiming the same tidings. So wonderful was he, that people flocked in crowds to see and hear him, some beginning to surmise that he was himself the very leader that was looked for, notwithstanding the obscurity of his origin, the plainness of his garb, and the entire absence of all the visible marks of that high office; and all curious to hear what he had to say about the divine kingdom, whose coming he announced. But he talked of it in a very singular way; nobody understood him. Nearly everything he had to tell, he told in the shape of some simple

story, which, even though not understood, was perceived to have a meaning which did not appear at the first hearing. And so curiosity was only the more stimulated.

At the table of the rich Pharisee, one of the company, full of the hope of the great kingdom, and anxious, possibly, to draw Jesus out, uttered an exclamation to the effect that, pleasant as was their feasting then, it would be happier far when the kingdom of Heaven should have come. Then under the glorious reign of the Messiah it would be a happiness indeed! "You think it will be a very happy thing, do you?" was the virtual reply of Jesus, "to feast under the new kingdom. Let me tell you what that kingdom is like. It is like a grand entertainment which a man made and to which he invited numerous guests. And when all was ready, he sent his servants to summon those who were invited. But, so far from considering it a privilege and pleasure, they all unanimously begged to be excused. They were too busy, they

pleaded, they had other things to attend to, and could not possibly come. Upon receiving these messages, the giver of the feast became indignant, and told his servants to go out and bring in all the miserable wretches they could pick up in the streets, the poor, the lame and the blind, and compel them to come in; and he declared that not one of those who were invited should taste of his supper."

It is easy to picture to one's self the curious and perplexed looks which the company exchanged as they listened to this story. That the heavenly kingdom should be compared to a great feast — that they could all very readily understand. For the kingdom of Heaven — was it not to abound in sumptuous apparel, and ample mansions, and in everything that could delight the heart of man? But how those for whom the festival was particularly prepared, for whom the kingdom was to come — how they could decline the great invitation and excuse themselves from accepting it — that

they could not understand; it was a perfect enigma.

And yet the solution was close at hand. These very persons who were listening to the man of Nazareth were unconscious witnesses and illustrations of the truth of the story. For them, descendants of Abraham, possessors of the Ancient Law, believers in one God—the feast was specially designed. The advantages they possessed were their qualifications for it. They were the chosen guests. And now the servant of Him who had prepared the supper had come and was waiting their attendance. And so far from receiving the invitation joyfully, they were all excusing themselves, or, what was worse, not so much as understanding it. So occupied were they with their various employments, so devoted to their business, their families and their bargains, that they could not entertain the idea of quitting their comfortable places, their lands, their oxen, and their wives to obey the bidding. They would not hearken to the

voice which summoned them to the glorious Festival. And, in accordance with the parable, it was only the poorest and most miserable, and they in a manner compelled by the extremity of their destitution and misery, it was only they, who were admitted to the Supper that was prepared. They entered and partook of the Heaven-appointed feast, — while the rich and the honorable, the leading men of the nation, with the great majority who were under their influence, remained without, engrossed with their vain cares, proving oxen, examining lands, marrying and giving in marriage, and not one of them tasted of the great Supper.

And why was it so? Why was it that those who, from their position and culture seemed to be the elect company, the invited guests, the very persons, who would be the first to quit everything and crowd to the Feast, declined and evaded the invitation upon the most miserable pretexts?

The simple truth is they had conceived a false idea of the nature of the coming kingdom, of the

great Supper, of which they considered themselves the chosen guests. They were expecting a feast indeed, but it was to be a feast for the senses. It was to feed the appetite for pomp. It was to flatter and gratify their national pride and ambition. It was to refine and multiply all the means of animal enjoyment. They looked for splendid robes and gorgeous chariots, and thrones, and a world of wealth and luxury. They fondly expected that the servant, who should come to announce that all was ready and invite their presence, would come emblazoned with the livery of office. With these expectations, how could they so much as recognize the servant of the great Host in the person who was telling them this story? He was a poor, unknown man, from the despised country of Galilee, from that meanest of all places, Nazareth. He was destitute of every external sign of authority; so poor indeed that he had not a roof to cover his head. How could they possibly regard him and his pretensions but with contempt? And what

was he inviting them to? To a feast? To a grand Supper? Why, he was of the poorest of the poor himself, and he taught the people not to care about what they should eat and drink and wherewithal they should be clothed. He represented obloquy and persecutions as occasions of great gladness. He told those who were most favorably disposed towards him, that they must make up their minds to suffer privations and a violent death. How could it be but that his invitations must repel them? No wonder they begged to be excused. The wonder is that he found any to listen to him. Even the very poorest, we should have expected, would turn away from him. Some of these did hearken to him, however, and became his fast friends, accepting his invitation to the great Supper that was made ready. But even these, like the poor, the lame and the blind, in the parable, were compelled, driven to listen to him by their extreme destitution, driven to set down at the Feast. They too shared in the universal idea that

the promised kingdom was a condition of great wealth and external magnificence. Still, so wretched were they, so greatly needy, so conscious of their need, that they were forced to listen to the man of Nazareth, and there was that in his voice and in his look that fixed their attention and went straight to their hearts. And by and by they found, especially the simple-minded few who attached themselves to him most devotedly, that it was indeed a feast to which he had called them. It is true, they were soon involved in distresses great and manifold. They were despised and hated by everybody. They hungered and thirsted, and it was a bold thing for any one to compassionate them so much as to give them a cup of cold water. They were hunted from place to place, made all manner of game of, and they perished miserably. But, notwithstanding all this, they were partaking all the while of a very feast of the angels. They were nourished and exhilarated with imperishable food. Though no man brought them

aught to eat, they had food which the world knew not of, and of which it could not rob them. They became aware, miserable as their outward estate was, that it was with them as if they were seated at a great festival, with patriarchs and saints, and the great Master of the feast. They tasted a divine joy. They possessed a peace that eye could not see nor heart imagine, but it was revealed unto them in the spirit; and it is manifested unto us in the immortal words of gladness and triumph which fill those brief writings of theirs that have been handed down to us. The dungeons into which they were thrown echoed with their songs; and they exulted in the sufferings by means of which they became partakers of so great a joy.

And what was it that so fed and refreshed them? What was it that made them willing to relinquish the cherished comforts of life and become objects of public contempt and violence? What was it that repaid them a thousand fold for all their privations? It was no unintelligible enthusiasm,

no visionary hope. It was that which every man, if not by the conscious possession of it in some degree, yet by the want of it, knows to be the most substantial satisfaction of which the being of man is capable, — the vivid and loving perception of truth at once the grandest and the most simple, the recognition of the supremacy of Right, a conscious love of God and man, so fervent that all concern for what the world could give or inflict was consumed in the divine flame. Amidst all their troubles, though their steps were dogged by Insecurity, Alarm and Death, these true men were inwardly partakers of the great Festival of Truth and Humanity. They were no men of education or genius. They had neither money nor rank. They were nothing, nothing good in the eyes of the world, poor, ignorant fanatics, firebrands, turning the world upside down, unsettling all things with their pestilent and impracticable abstractions. They broached no mysterious dogmas. They observed no fantastic rites. They wore no strange

costume. They used no peculiar phraseology. But, maintaining those simple principles to which the universal conscience of mankind assents the instant they are declared, and which had never found so full and commanding an expression as in him whom they followed, living by those principles and suffering for them in contempt of the world's practices and laws, they found in the truth for which they were defamed, an abundant overpayment, a triumphant strength, an inexhaustible life.

So abundantly were they strengthened, such delight had they in serving God and their fellowman, who, as God knows, needed help and still needs it, that it was with them as if they were sharing in a magnificent festival, in company with the sainted servants of Truth of all ages and countries. O yes, in the very midst of all their pains and perils, they entered into a divine kingdom. Their spirits were arrayed in robes of splendor, fitting a royal presence. Their inmost sense was

ravished with the seraphic harmonies of Truth and Righteousness. They fed upon the bread of Heaven. Their souls mounted within them as in chariots of flame above the savage uproar of blood-thirsty mobs. Thus they partook of the great Supper.

But the rich and wise, who had been so particularly invited, invited by their education and by all those advantages, which, as we should naturally think, must have prepared them to recognise the servant of Truth when he came, and to accept his invitations — they would not listen. They lingered and lived and passed away, walking in a vain show, subsisting or trying to subsist on the decaying and decayed husks of the world's conventionalities, wandering on to the grave amidst graves and the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of disappointed hopes and guilty passions, and all the misery that abounds where phantoms are honored and realities despised. They were in high condition, it may be, as the world goes, (but how it

goes! with what rapidity, and what wretched wear and tear of life!) but at best their happiness was a thin vapor, gilded by a passing gleam of light. Not one of them entered the true kingdom. Not one of them, with all their wealth and honors, tasted of the great Supper.

And now has their case no parallel at the present day? Has the story of the great Supper no meaning for us, to which, if there be aught in life to interest us, we may well give our instant attention? Or rather, has it not at this very hour a significance as full and as pointed as when it was first told? Are not we, evidently, in our unparalleled position, by the teeming civilization of the age, by our rare civil and religious liberties, by all the means which we possess of attaining to a nobler manner of living — nay, are we not by our very nature which apprehends the sacred Law of Justice, which trembles and glories in sympathy with the wronged, which reverses what is true and hates what is false — are we not directly bidden to the great Supper,

invited guests to the divine Festival of Truth, of Freedom and of Humanity, where we may sit down in the enjoyment of an immortal pleasure with the august company of those who have lived and died for God's laws and man's deliverance? And are not the servants of the great Master of the Feast abroad, proclaiming that all things are now ready and summoning us to his presence and his table? The Supper, abounding in more than ambrosial sustenance, in that nourishment of which when we once partake we shall never hunger or thirst more, is waiting for us. The invitation is ringing in our ears, not indeed from the lips of the honorable and mighty. It comes not, whence we look for it to come, from men clad in the authority of office, from Senators and Secretaries and Presidents; but it comes, as it came of old, from the unknown, from those whom the many regard with contempt, and for whom they can find no name sufficiently opprobrious, and whose presence is a signal for popular commotion. It speaks

in events, in the brute ignorance and violated rights of God-created men, in the dumb agonies or the gasping cry of the poor Fugitive, panting for secure liberty, and fleeing from an accursed, soul-destroying bondage.

As the descendants of Abraham in the time of Jesus were invited by him to the great Feast of Righteousness and Love, prepared by God from the foundation of the world, so is the same invitation given to us at this very day. Hundreds of earnest voices plead with us. Events speak. And with one consent we are trying to make excuse. How many are engrossed with their merchandise. It perils their profits and their custom, even to think of heeding the summons to the Festival of Freedom and Humanity. Others again, (and what a multitude !) have wives and children and friends, and they cannot bear the idea of the divisions and the odium they must incur, and therefore they cannot come. And there are others, with whom those frail devices of human wisdom,

the Union and the Constitution have become as God, occupying the same place, invested with the same sanctity that was attributed to their Temple by the Jews, who absolved children from their duty to their parents if they would only appropriate to the Temple what their parents might need for their support; — thus making vain an eternal law of God. And yet others do, as, no doubt, did multitudes in the days of Christ, they follow the multitude. They ask, as was asked of old, have any of our rulers or doctors learned in the law and in divinity accepted this invitation? They follow the lead of those who, they confess at the same time, are struggling for office and power. Under cover of such high authorities, they would fain satisfy themselves that they have nothing to do with the wrongs of their enslaved and hunted brother but to obey the laws which men make to perpetuate and increase his wrongs, to leave him in his wretchedness and in the respectable

company of Priests and Levites pass by on the other side.

We may make these excuses as often and as long as we please. But, as God liveth, it is to our own irreparable loss. Be entreated. Ponder the solemn words: "Not one of those men who were bidden shall taste of my Supper." "They may have their own banquetings and jubilees and fill themselves with the food which cometh out of the earth, and feed their souls with all manner of high-sounding and lying words, if they can, but my Supper, the immortal feast of Truth and Liberty, the bread that cometh down from Heaven — they shall not touch." O we are not here on God's earth merely to go fashionably arrayed and to be well housed and fed, and to get the repute of wealth, but for things infinitely better; to be true, to be just, to serve Truth and Right and Humanity at every sacrifice, except of Truth and Humanity. And when we put away from us the simple claims

of Justice and persuade ourselves that they are none of our business, we put away from us our own most dear life. We refuse to partake of that eternal blessedness, that great Supper, of which we are, by our very nature, the bidden guests. We lock and bar ourselves out from the good of life.

When once the master of the Feast has risen and shut to the door, and we begin to stand without, crying, Lord, Lord, open unto us, then will he say to us, "I do not know you. Go away, ye enactors and upholders of iniquity! For I was a Slave and ye took no pity on me. I was a fugitive from the house of bondage and ye drove me back." And then shall we say unto him, When saw we thee a fugitive or a Slave and did not minister unto thee? And then will he answer: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brothers, ye did it not to me." And there is no law of man, no Union however glorious, no

Constitution, though it were ever so wise, that can be pleaded in arrest of the awful judgment of God.

Philadelphia, September, 1851.

The Autograph of Sims.

BY SOPHIA L. LITTLE.

What moving sight my vision dims?
Thy Autograph, O injured Sims,
Traced by thy hand. That will of thine
Gained in three hours the art divine.
Two words — and those a prisoner's name,
Yet damning to undying shame
The men, the country, who could dare
Shut up that soul in deep despair.
Two little words, — yet theirs the power
Back on the heart to roll the Hour,
The Agony, the Passion-night
Of Freedom in her war for right.

Dear bought Hell's triumph at that time
When, pinioned like a Son of Crime,
Dark Judas drave his Lord along
'Mid the vile rabble's jeering song.
Dear bought the Judas of this day
Attains his transitory sway,
His hooting minions trampling down
The Higher Law — the Godhead's crown.
For He who sits upon the Heaven
Hath to His Christ the victory given,
Who comes in saving strength ere long
To raise the weak, to o'erthrow the strong.
True hearts even ere that hour is come,
Though suffering even to martyrdom,
Are never vanquished, but they grow
More and more bold with every blow.
The martyr to his stake will bear
Heart-glory in his heavenly air,
And prophet-hymns of triumph-days
Burst from his lips while faggots blaze.

Oh, Sims! even on that dreary morn,
When thou and Freedom overborne,
Bad men and the infernal host
Guarded thee to our treacherous coast,
Thy fettered feet pressing the shore
Cursed by thy anguish evermore,
Even then though tears thy dark cheek dewed,
The Soul within was unsubdued.
When in the Slave-ship, midst their hate,
Abjects, with petty power elate,
Insult thy solitary tears
With their low taunts and bitter jeers,
When, the swift, cruel voyage o'er,
The cursèd craft drew near the shore,
And thy near doom so pressed thee down, —
The jail, the master's threatening frown,
Presaging all his torturing art
Would do to break thy noble heart, —
Even then to bless thy humble prayers
A joy is thine no tyrant shares;

The exultant and triumphant soul
Upheld of Heaven mocks man's control.
This made thee bear the scourge so long,
Yet ne'er confess thy flight was wrong;
This is the cause why yet we hear
Of thy strong Faith which mocks at fear;
This leads thee on, oh, truly free,
To work thy glorious Destiny,
And hallows to heroic hymns
Thy Autograph, the name of Sims.

Newport, R. I., September, 1851.

More Warsaws than One.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The children of Madame Szitelma were told, one day, that they might have a holiday for the whole morning. They might go into the Park as early as they pleased, and stay there till their mother should call them in to dinner. Such a thing had never happened before as their going into the Park before saying their lessons; but to-day, there were to be no lessons. It was some way round to get into the Park by the gate; but one green corner stretched up to the back of the Szitelma's house; and in this green corner, under the shade of the trees, the children were to play.

while their mother looked down upon them from the window where she sat at work. It was capital fun. Pelava rolled her little brother Sigismund in the grass; and Teresa hid behind the trees, and ran so fast when she was seen, that it was very difficult to catch her. When they were hungry and thirsty, their mother let down from the window a bottle full of milk and water, and a basket, with some bread and cakes. When, at last, they were tired, and wished to come home, their mother desired them not to come till she sent for them, and advised them to lie down under a tree and rest. When Sigismund had been asleep, and was awake again, he saw his father nodding from the window; and then the children were told that they might come home if they liked, and their mother would go round and meet them at the gate.

The reason for this strange holiday was a very serious one. A meeting of several of the gentlemen of Warsaw was held that morning in Szitelma's house, to consult about the approaching rising of

the Poles against Russia. It was necessary that the children should not know that any visitors were at the house that day. When the parents met the children at the Park gate, and Szitelma carried his tired boy home, they looked as happy a little family as could be seen. But the fact was, there were no happy families in Warsaw in those days. The Russian residents were afraid of the silent, cool-mannered Poles, with whom they could obtain no friendly intercourse; and no Pole, who had wife and children, could endure to look forward to the spoiling of their lives by Russian tyranny. As these parents led their children home, their hearts were full of care; — care relieved only by the spirit of high determination with which they had made up their minds to risk everything, to throw off the yoke.

The Emperor Alexander was not satisfied that all was well at Warsaw; and he sent his brother.

the Grand Duke Constantine, to see about it. Madame Szitelma shuddered when she heard that he was coming; but the news kindled a strange light in her husband's eyes. As for the children, they were not allowed to go to the windows when the Russian Prince went by, in grand procession; and they never once entered the Park while he was in Warsaw. They scarcely saw their father for many days. His uniform was hardly off his back, day or night; for he, like other Polish officers, was harassed with duty. They were paraded all day; and some duty or another was found for them almost every night; so that, before ten days were over, Szitelma was looking haggard, and at times very fierce; and speaking in a husky voice, which had lost its cheerfulness of tone.

One day, a friend called on Madame Szitelma, to prepare her for misfortune. The Grand Duke was in a desperate ill-humor that morning; and he had been reprimanding Szitelma for some alleged slowness of movement on parade. There was

something in the tone in which the tyrant had said that he had not done with that officer yet, which assured those who heard him that mischief was impending; and a friend came at once to Madame Szitelma, to advise her to be ready with whatever influence she could command on her husband's behalf. Before she could collect her thoughts, another bearer of evil tidings arrived. At the conclusion of the parade, the Prince had ordered a portion of the regiment to pile their bayonets. The bayonets were piled with their points uppermost, forming a pyramid. The Prince measured the height with his eye, ordered the pyramid to be raised a foot; called out Szitelma, bade him mount his horse, and informed him that he was to leap the piled bayonets. Several officers at the same moment declared it to be impossible. The Prince said he would see that. To refuse was certain death. To obey was almost certain death. The horse understood the peril; and he carried himself and his rider over. When

they arose from the plunge, the animal was trembling in every muscle, and his rider was pale as death. The disappointed Prince ordered that the thing should be done again. A few murmurs arose; but there was no help. Contrary to all expectation, the horse cleared the bayonets a second time. The Prince was furious, and repeated his order, commanding the bayonets to be raised a foot. When there was a third escape, and then a fourth, the spectators became superstitious; and their whispers about a special protection were so loud, and were accompanied by such looks at the Prince that he was obliged to restrain his fury for the moment. He desired Szitelma to appear before him; but Szitelma had fainted away. He was carried out of the Square, — carried by Russians. And this was the last time that Szitelma was ever seen in Warsaw. All night, and for many succeeding days, his wife wandered from place to place, seeking tidings of him, and obtaining none. Sometimes she went home, deter-

mined to sit still there till some friend should come with hope or despair upon his lips; but her restless misery drove her forth again and she never slept but by snatches till Constantine and his staff were gone, to report to the Emperor that Order reigned at Warsaw. The only thing then to be done was to prepare memorials for presentation to the Emperor. Before these could be sent, the Polish revolution broke out, and Madame Szitelma was not the only one who, with a breaking heart, was compelled to wait. Her friends wished she could have shared their persuasion, that her husband was dead. She could then have thrown herself into the cause, heart and hand, and have found occupation and solace in fearlessly working on the side which her husband had taken in the tremendous quarrel. But she could not believe that he was dead; and she could not do anything which must ensure his destruction, if he yet lived. She secretly gave what money she had to the revolutionary cause; but she shut herself up at home

with her children, — where Sigismund was very apt to cry for papa, because he wanted to ride papa's cane, and the little girls were perpetually recurring to the happy days when mamma never cried, and when they might look out of the windows, and play in the Park whenever they liked.

The Revolution was over, after some months, and horror reigned in Warsaw, — a horror which it can do no good to describe. One evening, a large wagon, such as was too often seen in the streets at that time, came slowly along the street in which the Szitelmas lived, stopping at three doors, and going on again, and then stopping at theirs. A Russian officer came in, and demanded the children. It was not a scene to be dwelt upon. The children were taken by force, and put into the wagon. It was not pretended that their mother would ever see them again. They were to be

taken to Russia, to be brought up, — the boy as a common soldier, and the girls probably as peasants' wives. They were to be tau their duty to the Emperor, — that is, their one piece of learning was to be that celebrated catechism of the Greek church, in which the Emperor is ranked with God as an object of actual worship. The life of a Russian soldier is one of unmitigated misery; and of all blasphemy, that of worshipping the Emperor of Russia was most abhorrent to a Pole. Yet Madame Szitelma did not die, even of this excessive woe. There was some hope in her heart, — hope that her husband was living, and that she might by some means reach him, — hope that Poland would yet arise, before her children were too old for rescue. All whom she knew told her that Poland would yet arise; and that she must endeavor to live to see that day.

By this time, it was Nicholas that was reigning. Alexander was dead, and Constantine had been put aside, as too brutal for even the throne of

Russia. At Warsaw, it seemed that there was little choice. Constantine could hardly have done worse than Nicholas did when his spies informed him that Madame Szitelma and another wretched mother had conspired to obtain means of communication with their children. He did not know, or he would have caused the mother to be informed, that two of her children had sunk under the hardships of the journey, and had been thrown out of the wagon, to die by the road side. The names of the children were dropped from the moment they left their parents' doors; and they were known by numbers only till they could be baptized by Russian names, on reaching their destination. So no one knew which of the little creatures died, and which survived; and Madame Szitelma was never aware that Pelava had become her only child. She and her friend were sentenced for their "conspiracy" to be flogged at the cart's tail, in one of the Squares at Warsaw: and there they were flogged. The residents closed their shutters, —

closed their ears, — tried, in their agony, to close their hearts; but the echoes of that lash were heard in London, and in the cities of Italy and America.

Still, the feeble creature did not die. The Emperor had still something more for her to do. He signed an order by which six hundred ladies of Warsaw were drafted off, to be sent to the Chinese frontier, as wives for the common soldiers, and of these six hundred, Madame Szitelma was one. There was now nothing for her to do at home, in bringing up subjects for the Emperor; and it was not politic to leave her for a spectacle in the midst of Warsaw.

What a dispersion it was then! Among the Siberian snows, where black pine woods, and the depths of the mines alone afford shelter from the freezing storms and fatal drifts of winter, lived (and perhaps still lives) the father of that once happy looking household. He knows nothing of human affairs beyond the hamlet where he and his

fellow exiles live and toil. He has heard of no revolutions, no deaths of sovereigns, no hopes for the world in which he has found so hard a lot. But for his mental resources, he must have been dead long ago. As it is, he lives on thought, and on the hope which is the legitimate offspring of thought. In a wood by the road-side in Russia, lie the bones of Teresa and Sigismund, — hidden away from human knowledge. Almost as truly hidden away is Pelava, — in her coarse dress, with her cropped hair, and her badge, and her life full of coarse occupations, intended to stifle thought and aspiration. If, however, she has learned nothing, she has forgotten nothing. The sunny mornings at home by the mother's knee, the sweet voice which taught the lessons, the green corner in the Park, the bottle of milk let down from the window, the harp-music heard in the evenings when she was in bed, — all these things and many more, Pelava remembers, as the scenes of a former life in paradise. Will she retain them for life?

Lastly, there is an unmarked grave in Asia, on the frontier between the Chinese and Russian dominions. There Madame Szitelma lived for a few months. She was assigned to a peasant soldier for a wife; but he took pity on her. He saw she was dying. They could not converse — having no common language — but he saw enough of her story; that she was a lady; that she was unhappy; and, it was clear, had been a mother. She lived in silence. She saw Tartar faces, and heard only chatter that she did not understand. She witnessed brutal military discipline, and smelled spirits all the twenty-four hours round. But she feared nothing. She was past fear. She baked the black bread as long as she could stand; and mended the coarse clothes as long as she could see to set a stitch. She lived in the past, and in that realm of thought where her husband was at the same time finding his home. In the midst of these abstractions, she one day fell asleep unawares; and when her master returned from parade, he

found her, (a mere case of bones) lying at length upon the sand. He had her decently laid beneath it, and covered the spot with stones, for fear of the wolves.

Do our nerves ache at this story? Does our blood boil? Do we long to snatch Warsaw from the tyrant, and make a new "order" reign there? Let us think whether there be not another Warsaw, more within our power; — whether the European Warsaw is the only one where men are kidnapped and transported, and children are snatched from their parents, and women flogged, and assigned to a new husband at the pleasure of a ruler and master. Let us work for a new order of affairs in every Warsaw, — whether of the old world or the new; for the present is not to be endured, whether in the East or in the West.

Ambleside, May, 1851.

Extraits des Souvenirs Politiques.

PAR M. ARAGO,

Ancien membre du Gouvernement provisoire et Ministre de la marine.

* * Je regrettai beaucoup de ne pouvoir dans ces premiers moments m' éclairer des avis d'un homme qui avait noblement consacré sa vie à la classe déshéritée des nègres, qui avait fait de ses besoins, de ses tendances, de ses mœurs, l'étude la plus profonde, et qui mieux est, l' étude la plus désinteressé ; mais il etait absent. Son zèle ardent l' avait porté à aller au Sénégal examiner la condition des captifs ; il ne fut de retour à Paris que le 3 Mars. Dans un entretien que nous eûmes

ensemble ce même jour, M. Schoelcher me prouva qu'il fallait absolument revenir à l' idée de l'émancipation immédiate ; il me démontra que la phrase sentimentale qu'on lisait à la fin de ma lettre aux gouverneurs de nos colonies ne satisferait nullement les noirs ; que la promesse vague qu' elle contenait leur paraitrait un leurre et que définitivement ils chercheraient à prendre par la force ce qu'on aurait dû leur accorder de bonne grâce.

Les arguments de M. Schoelcher portèrent une entière conviction dans mon esprit et je résolus de présenter à mes collègues un décret d'émancipation immédiate. Je me proposai en même tems de faire choix de M. Schoelcher avec le titre de Sous-Secrétaire d' Etat, pour m' aider dans la grande œuvre de l' abolition et de composer une commission dont je donnerais la présidence à cet éminent philanthrope, commission qui serait chargée de rédiger tous les règlements que le régime de la liberté rendrait indispensables.

L'ensemble de ces dispositions projetées fut porté par moi le 4 Mars au gouvernement provisoire où j'obtins, non sans échapper de la part de quelques uns au reproche de précipitation et à la qualification de *casse-cou*, la signature du Décret dont la teneur suit :

PARIS, 4 MARS, 1848.

Au nom du peuple francais :

Le Gouvernement Provisoire de la République, considérant que nulle terre Française ne peut plus porter d'esclaves, décrète :

Une commission est instituée auprès du Ministre de la Marine et des Colonies pour préparer dans le plus bref délai l' acte d'émancipation immédiate dans toutes les colonies de la République.

Les membres du Gouvernement Provisoire.

* * * * *

On a dit que le Gouvernement Provisoire n' avait pas eu le *droit* de prononcer l'abolition immédiate

de l' esclavage : le fait ne peut être contesté si l' on veut parler du droit strict, mais ce gouvernement, né de la nécessité, avait des *devoirs* à remplir, et qui oserait soutenir qu'au nombre de ces devoirs les plus impérieux ne devait pas figurer en première ligne l' adoption de mesures propres à préserver la vie, la propriété des colons ; à les soustraire à la torche incendiaire, arme ordinaire des nègres exaspérés par plus d' un siècle de traitemens barbares et inhumains. Si, comme je le crois, le décret du 4 Mars a contribué à faire obtenir ce résultat, je me féliciterai toute ma vie d'en avoir été le promoteur.

On a parlé de la ruine que l' acte d'émancipation a répandue sur toutes nos colonies : Je réponds que garantir la vie des colons a été et devait être notre première préoccupation. A-t-on remarqué d' ailleurs que la Martinique, la Guadeloupe, etc., étaient dans un état commercial déplorable longtems avant la révolution de Février ; que la tribune de la chambre des Députés reten-

tissait chaque jour de leurs doléances ; que des mesures extrêmes et de tout point inadmissibles étaient sans cesse proposées ; enfin que le travail libre s'est substitué au travail forcé sans trop de résistance et a donné des résultats assez favorables, qui ne pourront manquer de s'améliorer lorsque la conduite des autorités ne permettra plus de croire à un retour vers un passé désormais impossible.

En résumé, l' acte d' émancipation a tranché pacifiquement l'une des questions les plus compliquées que présentat notre état social et il sera, je pense, l' un des principaux titres du gouvernement républicain de Février à la considération de nos neveux.

Paris, Mai, 1851.

Passages from "Political Reminiscences."

[An unpublished work.]

BY M. ARAGO.

Formerly member of the Provisional Government and Minister of Marine.

* * I regretted extremely that I could not, in those first moments, be instructed by the opinions of one who had nobly devoted his life to the outcast race of the negroes, who had made their wants, their dispositions, their manners, the objects of his most profound and (what is better) of his most disinterested study; but he was absent. His ardent zeal had carried him to Senegal, to examine the condition of the captives there; he did not

return to Paris until the third of March. In a conversation we had together on that very day, M. Schœlcher proved to me that it was absolutely necessary to return to the idea of immediate emancipation; he demonstrated to me that the sentimental phrase which rounded my letter to the Governors of our colonies would in no wise satisfy the blacks; that the vague promise it contained would seem to them a snare, and that, in point of fact, they would seek to seize by violence what ought to be granted to them of free grace.

The arguments of M. Schœlcher carried entire conviction to my mind, and I determined to present to my colleagues a decree of Immediate Emancipation. I contemplated at the same time to make choice of M. Schœlcher, with the title of Under Secretary of State, to assist me in the great work of Abolition, and to appoint a Commission, the presidency of which I should bestow upon this eminent philanthropist, a Commission which should be charged with the preparation of the regulations

which the *régime* of Liberty should make indispensably necessary.

These plans, thus projected, were laid by me in a body before the Provisional Government on the 4th of March, and I obtained from it, not without incurring from some of them the reproach of rashness and the epithet of *casse-cou*, the signature of the Decree, the tenor of which is as follows : —

"PARIS, 4 March, 1848.

In the name of the French People :

The Provisional Government of the Republic, considering that no French territory can longer endure Slaves, Decrees :

A Commission is appointed, under the direction of the Minister of Marine and the Colonies, to prepare with the least possible delay an act of immediate emancipation in all the colonies of the Republic.

The members of the Provisional Government."

* * * * *

It has been said that the Provisional Government had not the *right* to decree the immediate abolition of Slavery. This position cannot be controverted, if strict right be all that is intended. But that Government, born of necessity, had *duties* to fulfill. And who would dare to maintain that among the most imperative of those duties, the very first rank should not be assigned to the adoption of measures necessary to preserve the lives, the property, of the colonists, — to snatch them from the incendiary torch, the usual weapon of negroes exasperated by more than one century of barbarous and inhuman treatment? If, as I believe, the Decree of the 4th of March has contributed to bring about this result, I shall congratulate myself as long as I live for having been its mover.

Much has been said of the ruin which the act of emancipation has scattered over all our colonies. I reply that to secure the lives of our colonists has

been and must be our first, our most pressing duty. Let it be observed, too, that Martinique, Guadaloupe, etc., were in a deplorable commercial condition for a long time previous to the Revolution of February; that the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies resounded daily with their lamentations; that extreme and utterly inadmissible measures were continually proposed; and, finally, that free labor has taken the place of Slave labor without much resistance, and has been attended with sufficiently favorable results which cannot fail to grow better, when the course of the authorities shall have forbidden the thought of a return to a Past, henceforth impossible.

To sum up the whole, the act of emancipation cut peacefully one of the most complicated questions which our social state afforded, and it will be, I believe, one of the chief titles of the republican government of February to the approval of posterity.

Paris, May, 1851.

The Slave.

BY THE REV. EDWIN CHAPMAN.

FULL fed, well-cared for, thoughtless of to-morrow,
The favored Slave may sing, and dance, and laugh,
And the full cup of sensual pleasure quaff;
Nor heed the pangs of those who pine in sorrow,
Who can no hope from calm endurance borrow;
For their dear life is doomed, in fields away
From all who could their fleeting spirits stay.

Caressed and fondled for her ebon beauty,
Wanton and shameless, conscious of her power
To charm amid the dalliance of the bower,

And half mistaking yieldingness for duty,
The poor degraded girl may lightly buy
The first experience of a mother's throes,
The antecedents of unnumbered woes.

But not fair sunshine on foul stagnant pools,
Not worthy honors heaped on worthless men,
Not waving trees hiding some savage den,
Not good and simple men made willing tools
Of the world's hypocrites — its solemn fools —
Do call forth loathing half so strong and deep
As Slavery smiling in polluted sleep.

Wearied and worn, oppressed with hated toil,
Conscious of knowledge hidden from his sight,
Of darkness to which no man bringeth light,
Of wounds uncleansed by wine, unsoothed by oil,
Of chains which bind him to a tyrant's soil,
Of passions foul, unbridled, proud and stern,
Which lustful now, now vengeful, fiercely burn;

The Slave may groan and curse, may plot, and vow
Such vows as Heaven alone can register
And not condemn: — the mother's heart may stir
With feelings dead within her soul till now,
And clouds may darken her late wanton brow
To think that those whom she has borne in pain,
Her gifts from God, but swell her master's gain;

But in their deepest woe, their loudest wail,
In all the treasured hatred of their breasts
Where, as its home, blackness of darkness rests,
In all the stormy passions which assail
Their prisoned mind, is proof, of large avail,
That the deep Spirit of their wildest cry
Is for man's holiest birthright — Liberty.

Escaped and free, by his own courage saved,
Or purchased for himself with his own gold
For which he nightly anxious labor sold;

Each barrier overleaped, each danger braved,
His feet firm planted on the strand where waved
The flag of Freedom, and her children thronged
To welcome to their hearts the foully wronged ;

The Slave, become a man, may proudly swell
With his new-found emotions, he may stand,
With ever-open lips and outstretched hand,
His tale of woe, and rage, and hate to tell :
How he was tortured, as by fiends of hell :
How, while he yet was tracked with savage zeal,
He grasped, with purpose stern, the ready steel ;

But gentler thoughts soon soothe his manly breast,
To present duty, blithe, he turns his view,
And the fair race of life begins anew ; —
Toil now is hallowed — holy too is rest —
Now the free woman looks, with cheerful quest,
Into her children's eyes — they too are free —
And her full heart rests, gracious God, on thee !

Bristol, England, October, 1851.

Faith in Human Brotherhood.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

FAITH in the brotherhood of the human race. We do not mean any merely speculative assent to a verbal proposition, but that *living* faith, which manifests itself in *works* in behalf of others. Nothing can be conceived more utterly dead and worthless than faith without works. We may have faith enough to be able to remove mountains of oppression, but if we neglect to raise up the oppressed, we are as worthless as any stick or stone on the face of the earth.

Eighteen centuries ago, Christ said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" — "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." By the parable of the Good Samaritan, he taught that every human being who needs our assistance is our neighbor, and entitled to that help. Indeed nothing can be named, which is a more distinctive mark of all his teachings than this, — that it is our duty to aid whomsoever needs our aid, no matter what manner of man he is — be he Jew or Gentile, Christian or Pagan, bond or free, rich or poor, good or bad. Every suffering or wronged man simply because he is a man, is entitled to our sympathy with his sufferings and wrongs, and our active aid in his behalf. And we are utterly unworthy the Christian name, if we fail to improve our opportunities for extending this sympathy and assistance, even though we build magnificent churches, and conduct our religious services with all the accompaniments which art can impart to them of beauty and im-

pressiveness. What will our beautiful temples profit us, so long as we suffer man, who is the only real temple of the living God, to lie crushed and trodden under foot? What will it profit us, that every seventh day we unite in those magnificent chants, which lift the soul to heaven, and call on God to be merciful to us miserable sinners, if on the other six days, we aid in capturing or returning a Fugitive Slave, or refuse aid from our abundance to those who need it? Surely it is more divinely beautiful to give than to receive, and yet we are so constituted, that then only do we truly receive blessings when we attempt to give them to others. God aids and blesses us only when and as we strive to aid and bless others. We are to love those who need our love, whether they receive us or reject us. We are to do good to those who stand in need of our help, whether they recognize us as friends or not. We are to work manfully against wrong and oppression of every kind, whether we are

called practical men or fanatics. Let it be our constant endeavor to lay

> "—— just hands on that golden key
> That opes the palace of eternity,"

and we shall reap a sure reward in our own souls. No reformer ever lived, we care not how wretched his life, or lingering his death, who did not receive more real blessings than injuries. The undying love which thrilled through the soul of Christ, when he said "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," outweighed even the sufferings of the cross.

As no one, from an examination of the *actual* succession of the kings of England, would ever infer the *real* rule of succession, so no one from an examination of the institutions of Christendom would for an instant suppose that the noblest and most fundamental principle of Christ was the brotherhood of man. We do not deny, on the contrary, we are glad to find in every nation insti-

tutions which embody more or less of this principle. Even the most heartlessly devised or wickedly executed system of poor laws recognizes the principle, — whilst our numerous asylums for the sick, and insane, and reform schools for young criminals, develope it in a considerable degree. Even a penitentiary, when under the control of such humane men as Mr. Holloway, the warden of the Eastern Penitentiary in Pennsylvania, is made to exhibit in some considerable measure the Christian idea of asylums for the morally insane. We are rejoiced to see these and similar institutions in every nation; but they manifestly constitute the exception, and not the rule of the character of the institutions of Christendom. Else why are they everywhere considered as marks of preëminent goodness, instead of being merely right, as they would be said to be if they were regarded as conforming to the common daily experience of Christendom, and in other matters?

The principle of brotherhood necessarily implies

coöperation — necessarily excludes its opposite — competition. We are to coöperate with one another. We are to secure our individual happiness and physical comfort by such means, and such means *only*, as tend to secure the happiness and physical comfort of those around us. We have no right to secure our own well-being by trampling on the rights of others. This is the only true principle — the necessary result of the teaching of Christ. This should form the very corner-stone of the civil institutions of Christendom. The laws of a Christian State should be so framed that the well-being of the individual should be identical with the well-being of the mass of the community. Now we will not ask what Christian State has ever dreamed of doing anything like this; but only, what Christian Nation has not adopted precisely the contrary principle as its most fundamental maxim of government? Competition — heartless, soul destroying competition — is the very life of Christian commerce, and of all commercial laws.

"What 's one man's loss is another man's gain," * is constantly on our lips or in our hearts. As if we could *really* gain anything by availing ourselves of the necessities of our brother. We may take advantage of the over supply of laborers to reduce their wages almost to starvation point, or compel them to work like brutes, and still do nothing more than the laws of Christendom not only tolerate, but sooner or later, necessitate. So long as manufacturers and traders must rely for their profits on the ability to undersell their neighbors, so long will men, women and children be converted into wages Slaves in the factories and mines in England. Similar results must of necessity follow even here, at some future day, when our laboring population becomes equally dense.†

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* Very recently, during a severe money pressure, news came of the devastating fires in San Francisco, whereby hundreds of families were driven from their homes, and millions of property destroyed. A mercantile acquaintance said to me "the fire will *benefit us*— whatever hurts them will help us"!

† It now costs on an average, only a little more than seven cents a

But we need not go abroad to find examples of the repudiation by a Christian State of this most vital principle of Christianity. What country has greater advantages of every kind than our own? Do we not make it our especial boast that we possess a larger share of civil and religious freedom than any other nation? Have we not almost every clime that the sun shines on, and in inexhaustible profusion, every means requisite to the gratification of our physical wants? And yet here, in this land of promise, the refuge of the oppressed of all nations save one, not our laws only, not the acts of our Congress merely, but the very framework of government itself, our fundamental Constitution

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day, or $25 a year to feed an adult Slave. Henry Clay (Letter to Thompson Hankey, Esq., of London, May 10, 1851,) declares it to be his opinion "long and deliberately entertained," that "Slavery will cease whenever, by the increase of the white population, free white labor can be procured *cheaper* than that of the blacks"! In other words, his only hope of abolishing the Slavery of the blacks rests in being able to brutalize the white laborer below even the present Slave level! Henry Clay is a Christian by profession, and one of our idols, and this is the nineteenth century since Christ taught, lived and died!

openly repudiates this teaching of Christ, this deepest conviction of the human heart. Not only this, but if, after so base an apostacy, we may believe Daniel Webster, the preservation of our own blessings depends on our continuing to aid in crushing our fellow-men! Republican liberty dependent for its very existence upon the meanest of despotisms! Chattel Slavery, the corner-stone of the Republic! Let no one say that this evil of Slavery is only a *slight* stain on our Constitution. It is ingrained in its very texture. The most fundamental of all our constitutional rights, — the one upon the exercise of which *all* other of the constitutional provisions rest, and the very existence of the government depends, namely, the right of representation, is so framed, that Slaveholders, *solely* because they have thus trampled under foot the idea of human brotherhood, have more political power on the floor of Congress than the same number of men who refuse thus to crush their fellows. And the experience of the last sixty

years has shown us, that mainly by the influence given them by this provision, a mere handful of Slaveholding voters, not now one hundred thousand in number, can control the destinies of a nation of twenty-three millions! We have also pledged the entire physical strength of the nation to keep the Slave in his fetters. Boston merchants of the highest respectability tendered their services to the Marshal to aid him in carrying back Thomas Sims into Slavery! It matters not whether the Fugitive asks of us in the name of Christ, whose followers we profess to be, that we will do unto him as we would have him do unto us in like circumstances, we "conquer our prejudices" in obedience to the Constitution. We boast that as a nation we possess the largest share of religious freedom. Here, therefore, if anywhere, we ought to find the widest recognition of Christian truth. And yet here we find the most glaring repudiation of it!

But this repudiation of the teachings of Christ is not confined to the civil institutions of Christ-

endom, it extends to the religious institutions also. Christ had not where to lay his head, and forbade the use of force even in his own defence. The highest earthly representative of Christ lives in a palace, and never walks abroad but he is surrounded by guards! Christ directed his disciples to take no money in their purses, but it costs more than ninety millions of dollars every year to support his disciples of the present day! The archbishops and bishops of the English Protestant Church are said to receive every year $1,485,575, or on an average $59,423 apiece, while all around their palaces is squalid wretchedness and brutality. We have seen it stated, and have never seen it denied, that some of the revenue of the Bishop of London is derived from the rent of houses which are occupied as brothels! But here again we need not go out of our own country to find the most flagrant repudiation of Christianity by those whose profession it is, not only to preach it in its purity but to carry out their teachings into practice. Where

will you find more studied defences of Slavery than in the works of some of our ministers, northern as well as southern. It matters not which sect you choose, — taken as a body they are all alike, either open defenders of the Christianity of Slaveholding, or equally firm supporters of it, by fellowshipping as good Christians those who do thus defend it. The Unitarian, Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, who speaks of "God dealing in Slaves," stands on the same platform as Moses Stuart, the Orthodox ex-professor of Andover. The Unitarian, Orville Dewey, of New York, who is willing to send his mother or his son into Slavery, in order to save the Union, though (stern moralist that he is) he would not tell a lie or worship idols,* to save the world, takes by the hand, an

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*Some men worship the Constitution of the United States as really and truly as in olden times the golden calf was worshipped. Idolatry does not consist in worshipping sticks and stones merely, but every one is an idolater who wickedly reverences *any* of man's works, be that work intellectual, moral, or material. Every man who repudiates the notion of a higher law than the Constitution, is as much

elder, though not a better soldier in the cause of Slavery, the Right Rev. Bishop Meade, of Virginia, who orally instructs the Slaves that they have great cause to bless God for making them Slaves, because thereby he helps them towards heaven! The Right Rev. Bishop Ives, of North Carolina, who has devised that admirable little catechism for Slaves, so that they may be taught "the truth as it is in Jesus, without their knowing a letter of the alphabet," having long since "ceased to wail over the imaginary sufferings" of the Slaves, can take with cordiality the outstretched hand of the Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston, who thinks he serves his Father in heaven by refusing shelter to a Fugitive Slave! And if it be true that the income of the Bishop of London depends in any degree upon the flourishing condition of a most debasing vice, the worldly prospects

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an idolater as if he prostrated himself daily before the Grand Llama, or adored the seamless coat at Treves, with the adoration he would give to God himself.

of thousands of the ministers and members of Protestant churches in the United States depend on the flourishing condition of Slavery, for they own and work as Slaves over six hundred and fifty thousand human beings, worth not less than three hundred millions of dollars! How different from the spiritual morality of Christ's teaching, who condemned even the thought of wrong-doing, is the practice of these, his American disciples, who for the sake of gain make brutes of over half a million of their brothers, compelling them to live in a state of utter ignorance, denying them the right of marriage, denying them even the privilege of owning a Bible, though at the same time they are spending millions of dollars to send that same book to those of the heathen of other lands, the color of whose *skin* shows that they have *souls* worth saving!

We thus see that the nations of Christendom, and ours among the rest, utterly repudiate, in their civil and religious institutions, the sublime doctrine

of Christianity — the brotherhood of the human family. The Church has, it is true, a doctrine that certain persons are "brethren in Christ," but as Sandy Mackaye says, "they don't mean *brothers* at a', they say brethern. And then jist limit it down wi' a 'in Christ,' for fear o' owre wide applications, and a' that"! This noble principle it is, which rests at the foundation of the Anti-Slavery movement. In the Slave, we see a suffering brother, who needs our sympathy and aid. We recognize in the Slaveholder, also, a brother who is wronging his own nature; and to him also our sympathy and aid is due. We will endeavor to convince the master of the enormous wrong of Slaveholding. We will sympathize in his trials, and will do all in our power to aid him in freeing himself from the moral contamination of the institution. We will endeavor in every just way to aid the Slave. We will sympathize with him in his wrongs, and will do all in our power to aid him to become a free man, with capacity to lead a manly

life. Christendom rejects one of the noblest principles of the religion of Christ. On it we have planted ourselves, and, secure in the truth of our principle, we are willing to work on with patience. May it be one of the pleasant memories in our departing hour, that we have, according to the light and strength given to us, fought the good fight. Whatever else we may abandon, may our faith in human brotherhood remain unshaken to the last. And may it never be that dead husk of doctrine, but may it be that living, active faith, which shall strew our path through life with the blessings of the poor and the oppressed. Of this we may be sure, that in proportion as our exertions are unselfish we shall secure to ourselves that peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away.

Linden Place, Brookline, September, 1851.

The Olive Tree.

BY HENRIETTA SARGENT.

O sacred Type! thou stood'st the shock
When all the forest's pride
Floated uptorn, and many a rock
The deluge could not bide.

Thy branches bent but did not break,
When waves were o'er thee borne;
The raging storm thy leaves might shake,
Not one was lost or torn.

When the great fountains of the deep
Were stopped, and from the ground

The whelming waters were assuaged —
The Ark a resting found;

Then from the surge thy beauteous head
Rose "straightway" fresh and fair,
And forth the Dove, divinely led,
Found a sweet solace there.

So, when from Jordan's sacred stream
Came up the Holy One,
From high the Spirit lit on Him,
While God proclaimed His Son!

One healing leaf plucked off from thee,
That back the swift Dove bore,
Dispelled the doubts, confirmed the faith,
The Patriarch owned before.

"How blest the Messengers of good!
How beauteous are their feet"!
No other tenant of the wood
Was for this errand meet.

And none beside poured out their blood
(Of all the wingéd race,)
Before the altar of the Lord,
That Man might there find grace !

That Holy Unction, that possess'd
The power to sanctify,
Was formed of Oil derived from Thee,
And spice from Araby !

No Priest could offer sacrifice,
No King could wear his crown,
Till from his head this compound rare,
O'er all his robes "ran down."

Oh ! Type divine ! when rain and dew
To Israel were denied,
The Widow's cruse, thy glad'ning Oil,
By Heaven's decree, supplied.

The holiest offices were thine ;
Like Cherubims of God

Within the Oracle divine
To minister his word.

For entrance to the holiest
Thou wert the mystic door,
Carved with palm trees, and open flowers,
And Cherubims all o'er.

The Prophet saw with glad surprise
In vision true revealed,
The second Temple glorious rise,
With Grace till then concealed;

There seven bright Lamps by Thee supplied
With Light, excelling shone,
Above what Nature's truths reveal,
Derived from Heaven alone:

Appointed to a ransomed world
Salvation to declare,
Well might thy Two anointed ones
Thy chosen semblance bear!

"Where'er it lists the wind will blow."
Like God's renewing grace —
Denied the haughty sons of earth —
Shines in the meek ones' face!

Then let the Priest and Levite pass —
They had no power to give
That unction from the Holy One
That bids the dying live.

Despised and scorned of men, he came
Who brought a copious store,
Of mystic Wine and sacred Oil
In the pierced heart to pour.

Thus healed, the Soul no fear can know,
Though savage beasts assail,
Though called to face a giant foe —
Or pass through death's dark vale.

Touched by thy power the child of sin,
Sought her loved Lord with care,

Washed with her tears his "beauteous feet,"
And wiped them with her hair.

And kissed them oft, and when she shed
Her box of ointment pure
Upon her Lord's devoted head,
He spoke her pardon sure.

The sacred record of her love,
"Her work aforehand done,"
That for his burying prepared
The holy, harmless one;

Where'er the Gospel is proclaimed
This record shall be read,
And many a sinner weep and pray,
By her example led.

Touched by that power, the warrior's sword,
The ploughshare's form shall take,
Mercy and Truth combined appear,
Each cruel yoke to break,

Beauty for ashes then be given, —
For grief, the Oil of joy, —
Chains from the toil-worn Slave be riven,
And Sin no more alloy.

'T was Jesse's Godlike Son compared
The Righteous man to Thee,
Renownéd type of Light and Life!
Thou fair "Green Olive Tree!"

Boston, September, 1851.

The Like and the Different.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

A few months ago, the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, the member of the British Parliament for Oxford, published "Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government." Mr. Gladstone appears to be one of the most conservative Commoners in England; and he writes, if I mistake not, to one of the most conservative of the Lords. The letters have filled England with amazement. The work was published last July, and it is now the twenty-fourth of October while I write; but ten editions have already been exhausted in England, and the

eleventh has had time to travel three thousand miles, and find its way to my desk.

Mr. Gladstone makes some disclosures which have astonished the simplicity of Father England. He accuses the Government of Naples, in its treatment of those accused of political offences, of "an outrage upon religion, upon civilization, upon humanity, and upon decency." What is more, he abundantly substantiates his accusation by details so horrible, that he thinks they will not be credited by his countrymen; for the actual wickedness of the Neapolitan Government surpasses all that Englishmen had thought it possible for malice to invent, or tyranny to inflict.

Here are some of the matters of fact, of a general nature. "It is not mere imperfection, not ambition in low quarters, not occasional severity, that I am about to describe; it is an incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this,

carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human or divine." "It is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral law, under the stimulant of fear and vengeance." "The effect of all this is total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law, instead of being respected, is odious. Force, and not affection, is the foundation of government. The governing power is clothed with all the vices for its attributes."

He thinks there are not less than twenty thousand prisoners for political offences, locked up in jail; between four and five hundred were to be tried for their lives on the fifteenth of May. Of one hundred and forty Deputies who formed the Legislative Assembly, in 1849, seventy-six had been arrested, or had fled into exile.

The law of Naples requires that "personal liberty shall be inviolable, except under a warrant from a Court of Justice, authorized for the pur-

pose." But in defiance of this law, the Government watches and dogs the people; pays domiciliary visits very unceremoniously at night; ransacks houses; seizes papers; imprisons men by the score, — by the hundred, — by the thousand, — without any warrant whatever, sometimes without any written authority at all, or anything beyond the word of a policeman."

After the illegal arrest, the trial is long delayed, — sometimes more than two years. "Every effort is made to concoct a charge, by the perversion and partial production of real evidence; and, this failing, the resort is to perjury and forgery. The miserable creatures, to be found in most communities, who are ready to sell the liberty and life of fellow subjects for gain, and throw their own souls into the bargain, are deliberately employed by the Executive power to depose, according to their instructions, against the men whom it is thought desirable to ruin." If the defendant has counter evidence, he is not allowed to produce it in court.

Here are matters of fact of a more particular nature. The filth of the prisons is beastly. The doctors never visit the prisoners. Three or four hundred prisoners "all slept in a long, low, vaulted room, having no light except from a single and very moderate sized grating at one end."

From December 7th, 1850, to February 3rd, 1851, Signor Pironte, a gentleman who had been a judge, was shut up in a cell "about eight feet square, below the level of the ground, with no light except a grating at the top of the wall, out of which he could not see." This was in the city of Naples.

Signor Carlo Poerio, formerly a minister of the Court, was illegally arrested, thrown into jail, and kept for seven or eight months in total ignorance of the offence charged against him. At length he was accused of belonging to a party which did not exist. He was tried by a special court. The only evidence against him was that of a hired and worthless informer of the government; even that

was inconsistent, contradictory, and of no value. Of course, Signor Poerio was found guilty. He was sentenced to twenty-four years imprisonment in irons. He and sixteen others were confined in the Bagno of Nisida, in a cell about thirteen feet by ten, and ten feet high. When the beds were let down for these seventeen men, there was no space between them. The prisoners were chained in pairs, with irons that weigh about thirty-three pounds to each man. The chains are never taken off. The food is bread, and a soup so nauseous that only famine can force it down the throat.

To justify itself, the Government has published a "Philosophical Catechism for the use of Schools," which teaches the theory which the authorities practice. It declares that the prince is not bound to keep the constitution when it "impugns the right of sovereignty" of himself. "Whenever the people may have proposed a condition which impairs the sovereignty, [the arbitrary power of the king,] and when the prince may have promised

to observe it, that proposal is an absurdity, that promise is null." "It is the business of the Sovereign" "to decide when the promise is null." This catechism, which seeks to justify the perjury of a monarch, and announces the theory of crime, is published by authority, and in the name of "the Most Holy and Almighty God, the Trinity in Unity."

The disclosures in Mr. Gladstone's letters filled England with horror. Even Naples fears the public opinion of Europe, and the Neapolitan Government became alarmed. Some attempts have been made by its officials, it is said, to deny the facts. The British thought them too bad to be true.

Yet the Government of Naples is not wholly inaccessible to mercy. For Mr. Morris, the American minister at Naples, becoming interested in a young man, Signor Domenico Nostromarina, confined in the island of Capri for some alleged political offence, asked his pardon of the king, and it was granted.

The American Declaration of Independence announces it as self-evident, that all men are created equal, and with certain unalienable rights, and amongst them the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and the design of Government is to secure those rights.

The Constitution of Massachusetts provides that "Every person has a right to be secure from all unreasonable searches and seizures of his person," and "all warrants therefor are contrary to this right, if the cause or foundation of them be not previously supported by oath or affirmation." But, in September, 1851, more than fifty persons were seized by the creatures of the city government of Boston, with no warrant, not for the purpose of a trial, and were publicly exhibited, by the marshal of the city, to the mob who came to stare at them.

In April, 1851, an officer in the pay of the city of Boston, with no warrant, seized Thomas Simms, then an inhabitant of that city, on a false

pretence, by night, and brought him before a subaltern officer of the General Government of the United States. He was confined in a court house belonging to one of the counties of Massachusetts, which was, for the time, converted into a jail for his detention, contrary to the law of the State. Officers acting under the laws of Massachusetts, and subject to its penalties, aided in kidnapping and detaining this unfortunate man, though the law of Massachusetts forbid such conduct on their part.

At the request of Mr. Simms, I visited him in his place of confinement, where he was guarded by about a dozen men who were in the same room with him. One of them had a drawn sword in his hand. I learned some facts from him which need not be repeated here.

After what was called a trial, before a single man, and he a creature of the government, who was to be paid twice as much for deciding against his prisoner as for him, a trial conducted without "due form of law," Mr. Simms was sentenced to

bondage for his natural life. Yet he was accused of no offence, except that of escaping from those who had stolen him from himself, and claimed his labor and his limbs as theirs.

When he was to be carried off, and delivered to his tormentors, fifteen hundred citizens of Boston volunteered to conduct the victim of illegal tyranny out of the State, and deliver him up to the men who had taken him at first. Some of these volunteers were said to be men of property and standing in the town.

A brigade of soldiers, since called "The Simms Brigade," was called out at the expense of the city, and by direction of its magistrates, and kept under arms day and night, to aid in violating the laws of Massachusetts, and profaning the laws of God. Their head-quarters were in what was once called the "Cradle of Liberty," in Faneuil Hall.

The court-house was surrounded by chains for several days, and guarded by mercenaries of the

city, hired for the purpose, and armed with bludgeons. I counted forty-four of these men on guard at the same time. They molested and turned back men who had business in the court-house, but admitted any "gentleman from the South." The Judges of the State Courts stooped and crouched down, and crawled under the chain, to go, emblematically, to their places.

A portion of the city police, armed with swords, was drilled one day in a public square, and the movements of the awkward squad were a little ridiculous to such as had never seen British clowns under a drill serjeant. One of the by-standers laughed, and the chief police officer on the station threatened to lock him up in a jail if he laughed again.

The mayor of the city rose, soberly, and with two or three hundred of the police of the city, armed with bludgeons and swords, in the darkest hour of the night, took their victim, weeping, out of his jail. Some benevolent men furnished

him with clothes for his voyage. He was then conducted by this crew of kidnappers through the principal street of the city to a vessel waiting to receive him. As he went on board, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "This is Massachusetts liberty!" Several of the inhabitants of the city attended their victim to Savannah, in Georgia, whence he had fled away. There they were honored with a public entertainment given by the citizens of that place.

Their victim was conducted to jail, and severely flogged. He was not allowed to see his mother, or any other relative. It was afterwards related that his master, still keeping him in jail, ordered him to be tortured every day with a certain number of lashes on his bare back, but once offered to remit a part of the torture on condition that he should ask pardon for running away: he refused, and took the blows. But one day, the jail-doctor, finding the man feeble and daily failing, told the master his Slave was too unwell to bear that torture. The

master said, "Damn him, give him the lashes if he dies!" and the lashes fell.

Since that time I have heard nothing of Mr. Simms; the *oubliettes* of Savannah have closed over him, and no one has told the story of his end. Some of the "religious" newspapers of the North have informed their readers that his master is "an excellent Christian."

Mr. Simms was a smart, dashing young fellow, of some one or two and twenty years. He had a wife at Savannah, (handsome, and nearly white,) not belonging to his master, it is said. After his escape to Boston, he informed her of his hiding-place. She was the concubine of a white man, and told him her husband's secret. He informed the master, and at his direction, with some witnesses hired for the purpose, came to Boston in search of the runaway. By the illegal measures of the city government of Boston, the Slave-hunter secured his object and returned home. In Boston, a dealer in goods for the Southern market,

a rich man, entertained the Slave-hunter and his crew while there, took them to ride in a coach, and gave them a costly supper at one of the principal hotels in the city.

The last legal effort to save the man from the terrible punishment which the Bostonians were desirous of inflicting upon him, was made by a distinguished citizen of this State, before the circuit Judge. I shall not now tell all I know about the matter here; but when the Judge decided against his victim, and thus cut off his last hope, the sentence was received by the rich and mercantile audience that crowded the court-house with applause and the clapping of hands.

The leading citizens of Boston rejoiced at the transaction and its result. Some of them publicly mocked at all efforts made in behalf of the unfortunate man who had been kidnapped. The commercial and political newspapers of the city gave expression to the common joy, that an inhabitant of Boston had, for the first time for many years,

and at the expense of the city, been doomed to eternal bondage by the authorities of the place. It was thought trade would improve; and it is now stated that Boston has had more Southern "patronage," since the kidnapping of Simms, than in any previous six months since the adoption of the Constitution.

The leading clergy of the town were also deeply delighted at the success of this kidnapping; several of them, in their pulpit services, expressed their approbation of the deed, and gave God thanks, in their public prayers, that the Fugitive Slave Law had been executed in Boston. One of them, the most prominent clergyman in the city, declared, in private, that if a Fugitive should seek shelter of him, "I would drive him away from my own door." Another had previously declared, in public, that he would send his own mother into Slavery to keep the law. At a subsequent period, the President of the United States, in his visit to

Boston, congratulated the authorities of the State on this execution of his law.

The laws of Massachusetts are flagrantly violated in Boston; especially the usury laws and the license law. At this moment there are, probably, at least a thousand places in the city where liquor is publicly sold in violation of the law. It is notorious that even the Banks daily violate the usury law. These are matters of continual occurrence. But, last spring, a citizen of Boston was assassinated, in broad day-light, in Haymarket Square. The assassin was well known, but he has not been arrested. The city government has, as yet, offered no public reward for his apprehension. It is rumored that the man was murdered by one whom he had complained of for violating the license law.

The Fugitive Slave Law drove into exile about four or five hundred inhabitants of Boston in less than a year. They had committed no crime,

except to believe themselves the owners of their own bodies, and act on that belief.

Several Unitarian clergymen have been driven from their parishes in consequence of opposing that law. It has been proclaimed by the most eminent politicians of the nation, that there is no law higher than the statutes of Congress. Prominent clergymen assent to the doctrine. Thus the negation of God is made the first principle of politics. In a certain town, in Massachusetts, the names of all anti-Slavery men are rejected from the list of jurors. Some of the leading commercial newspapers of Boston advise men not to employ such as are opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law.

Many clergymen declare that Slavery is a Christian institution; some of great eminence, — as men estimate clerical eminence, — have undertaken to support and justify it out of the Bible. Several wealthy citizens of Boston are known to own Slaves at this moment; they buy them and sell them. There is one who has made a large

fortune by stealing men on the coast of Africa, and thence carrying Slaves to America. In Boston it is respectable to buy and sell men, — the Slave-hunter, the kidnapper, is an "honorable man," — even the defender of kidnapping and Slave-hunting is respected and beloved, while the Philanthropist, who liberates bondmen, is held in abhorrence. The blacks are driven from the public schools by a law of the city. There is a church in which colored men are not allowed to buy a pew. They are not permitted to enter the schools of theology or of medicine. They are shut out from our colleges. In some places they are not allowed to be buried with white men. An episcopal church, in New York, holds a cemetery on this condition, that "they shall not suffer any colored person to be buried in any part of the same." A presbyterian church advertised that in its grave-yard "neither negroes nor executed felons" should ever be buried there. No sect opposes Slavery; no prominent sectarian. The popular religion of New England teaches that

it is Christian to buy Slaves, sell Slaves, and make Slaves. "Slavery, as it exists at the present day," says an "eminent divine," "is agreeable to the order of divine providence."

One of the newspapers in Boston, on the 10th of October, 1851, speaking of the Abolitionists and Liberty party men, says: "Such traitors should every one be *garrotted*," — strangled to death. Another, of the same date, says that Mr. Webster's "wonderful labors in behalf of the Constitution" "have vindicated his claim to the highest title yet bestowed upon man." The Church and the State alike teach that though the law of God may be binding on Him, it is of no validity before an act of Congress.

America is a Republic; and Millard Fillmore is by "accident," President of the United States of America. Naples is a Monarchy; and Ferdinand is, by the "grace of God," King. Such is the Different; oh, reader, behold the Like!

Boston, October, 1851.

Cadiz.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

We saw fair Cadiz gleam out gradually,
White, as if builded of the foam of ocean,
White as a bride, with orange blossoms free
Scattered upon her, and it seemed to me
Her sweet breath met us with the wind's least motion.

And by her side a cloudy mountain rose,
Its top enfolding soft a purple tower,
Such shapes sometimes our new world sunset shows,
But thou, old mountain, on thy sides still flower
The very blooms of poor Xarifa's bower.

And, from thy purple turrets leaning low,
Thy course is seen, O shining Guadalquiver
Rushing toward the sea, its waves to strew
With leaves of old romance,
And blend with ocean's flow
Fresh sighs for youth and beauty gone forever.

Fade once again on the horizon's rim,
Take back the vision and the sweet emotion,
O lovely Cadiz, bride so fair and dim!
Drained is the cup thou fill'dst me to the brim,
And dropped within the bluest wave of ocean.

At Sea off Cadiz, August 1st, 1851.

The Virginia Maroons.

BY EDMUND JACKSON.

In the West India islands, but more especially in Jamaica, Cuba and St. Domingo, during the reign of Slavery, it was common for Fugitive Slaves to seek shelter and security in the mountainous and secluded portions of those islands, where they congregated in small communities, and maintained their freedom at the cost of much privation and, probably, frequent suffering. They were at constant war with the planters, and were hunted with as little mercy as are the royal tigers in the jungles of Bengal. They not unfrequently, however, retaliated upon their persecutors the same

measure of vengeance which was meted out to themselves.

Hunting the Maroons, as they were termed, was a matter of common occurrence, when their depredations upon any particular locality became troublesome; for their notions of *meum* and *tuum* were, of course, very similar to those of their slaveholding teachers. Such was the state of things in Jamaica previous to emancipation, and such is now substantially the case, I apprehend, in Cuba, and, indeed, in all slaveholding communities. It is not, I think, generally known, however, that our Southern States contain many communities of greater or less numbers, very similar to those of Jamaica and Cuba, though not designated by the name of Maroons, but as "gangs of runaway negroes."

The Atlantic slaveholding States, where these gangs are most frequent, do not afford any mountainous regions to which the Fugitive can resort and set at nought the efforts of his pursuers. Neces-

sity, however, here as elsewhere is the mother of invention; and in lieu of almost inaccessible mountainous regions, the Fugitive avails himself of the numerous and extensive swamps and low grounds which abound in the old and many of the newer Slave States.

These swamps are, for the most part, submerged with water the year round, but contain many islands of dry land, slightly elevated above high water mark; and here the Fugitive erects his hut, cultivates, to the best of his very limited means, patches of corn and sweet potatoes, and not unfrequently rears a large family of children. Occasionally, when necessity presses hard, he makes a foray by night upon the nearest plantation or settlement, and helps himself without leave asked or granted. When, however, they seek refuge in swamps of small dimensions and not difficult to penetrate, they are frequently hunted out and captured or slain. Generally, the latter fate overtakes them, a part of the

gang being killed on the spot, and the remainder escaping, for the time, to encounter at some future day the doom of their fellows.

The great Dismal Swamp, which lies near the eastern shore of Virginia, and commencing near Norfolk stretches quite into North Carolina, contains a large colony of negroes, who originally obtained their freedom by the grace of God, and their own determined energy, instead of the consent of their owners, or by the help of the Colonization Society. How long this colony has existed, what is its amount of population, what portion of the colonists are now Fugitives, and what the descendants of Fugitives, are questions not easily determined; nor can we readily avail ourselves of the better knowledge undoubtedly existing in the vicinity of this colony, by reason of the decided objections of those best enabled to gratify our curiosity, to some extent at least, to furnish any information whatever, lest it might be used by Abolitionists for their

purposes, as one of them frankly said when questioned about the matter.

Nevertheless, some facts, or, at least, an approxi-.. ation towards the truth of them, are known respecting this singular community of blacks, who have won their freedom and established themselves securely in the midst of the largest slaveholding State of the South; for from this extensive swamp they are very seldom, if now at all, reclaimed. The chivalry of Virginia, so far as I know, have never yet ventured on a Slave hunt in the Dismal Swamp, nor is it probably in the power of that State to capture or expel these Fugitives from it. This may appear extravagant. But when it is known how long a much less numerous band of Indians held the everglades of Florida against the forces of the United States, and how much blood and treasure it cost to expel them finally, we may find a sufficient reason for the forbearance of the Ancient Dominion towards this community of

Fugitives, domiciliated in their midst. From the character of the population it is reasonable to infer that the United States Marshal has never charged himself with the duty of taking the census of the swamp, and we can only estimate the amount of population by such circumstances as may serve to indicate it. Of these, perhaps the trade existing between the city of Norfolk and the Swamp may furnish the best element of computation. A canal, of which General Washington was one of the projectors, traverses lengthwise through the Swamp, and connects the waters of the Chesapeake with those of Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. Along the line of this canal are located a rough set of traders, whose entire trade is with the Maroons of the Swamp. These *Swamp merchants* obtain their supplies and convey the produce of the Swamp, principally if not entirely, to Norfolk. The articles which the negroes require are, for the most part, salted provisions,

Indian corn, coarse cloths and tools; and what they furnish in payment are chiefly staves and shingles.

Thus has been established a trade between Norfolk and the Fugitives, which is wholly contraband, and which would subject the white participants in it to fearful penalties, if they could only be enforced. For, throughout the Slave States, it is an offence by law, of the gravest character, to have any dealings whatever with runaway negroes; but "you no catch 'em, you no hab 'em," is emphatically true in the Dismal Swamp, where trader and runaway are alike beyond the reach of Virginia law. An intelligent merchant of near thirty years' business, in Norfolk, estimated the value of Slave property lost in the Swamp, at one and a half million dollars. This, at the usual rate of Slave valuation, would give near forty thousand as the population of the Swamp, — an estimate, I apprehend, quite too large, as it probably exceeds the

number of Fugitives now dwelling in all the free States, including those of Canada also.

Be this as it may, however, the main points of interest seem to be sufficiently established, which are these; that a permanent free population of very considerable amount, consisting of those who fled from Slavery, and their descendants, have established themselves, with entire security, in the largest slaveholding State of the South; that though subject, doubtless, to poverty and many privations, they obtain a living, are increasing, and that, through their efforts, and the ordinance of nature, they have established a city of refuge in the midst of Slavery, which has endured from generation to generation, and is likely to continue until Slavery is abolished throughout the land. A curious anomaly this community certainly presents, and its history and destiny are alike suggestive of curiosity and interest.

It is worthy of note, too, in these days of political agitation, that these poor Fugitives of

Virginia should, long ago, have practically realized the doctrine of a modern political party, successfully established its principles, and made this Swamp, Dismal by nature as name, the only "*free soil*" in all these United States, and the only ground, if such it may be called, which has never yet been, and, we think, never will be, polluted by the track of the Slave-hunter.

Boston, September, 1851.

Stanzas

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM ALLEN,

Companion of Clarkson and Wilberforce, in their labors for the Abolition of Slavery.

BY GEORGIANA FANNY ROSS.

Thy fame shall conquer Time !
Where Knowledge yokes her car,
Where Science wings sublime
Her flight from star to star,
Wherever Wisdom's foot hath been,
The traces of thy path are seen !

Yet not that titles proud
Thy dignities confessed,
Though kings before thee bowed,
And emperors round thee pressed,

Though great and crownéd ones of earth
Paid willing homage to thy worth ;

And not that Science wreathed
  Her laurels round thy brow,
Thy simple name is breathed
  With love and reverence now ;
For higher, holier things than these,
True Faith and world-wide Charities !

For wanderings through all lands
  Thy succor to impart,
To loose the fettered hands,
  And cheer the captive's heart ;
For enterprise whence HOWARD won
The noblest name beneath the sun ;

For zealous struggles made
  By no self-interest fired,
Against the accursed trade
  Which avarice inspired ;

For ready voice and hand combined
To check the traffic of thy kind !

For *this* in palace-hall,
And in the prisoner's cell, —
For *this* where Slaves let fall
The severed manacle,
Wherever Christian souls unite,
And Freedom sheds her holy light,

Be praise and honor thine,
Who, when thy task was done,
Wert willing to resign
The glories thou hadst won,
And only courting prince and peer,
To give thy work a wider sphere !

Preferring to the end
Thy lowly, calm retreat,
Where now and then, the friend
And favored guest might meet,

To take with thee thy quiet round
Through cottage-gate and garden-ground !

To wander by thy side
Amid thy clustering flowers,
The pleasure and the pride
Of peaceful summer-hours,
Or through thy wondrous glass descry
The midnight heaven's fair pageantry.

Or trace from room to room
In choicest order set,
Round types or desk or loom
Thy well-trained scholars met,
Acquiring each some trade or art,
With God's best lessons for the heart.

True follower of thy Lord !
In every differing sect
Thy memory shall be stored
With favor, love, respect !

What matter where on earth they meet,
Who keep so close to JESUS' feet !

May, 1846.

L'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis, et l'Exposition de Londres.

PAR M. VICTOR SCHŒLCHER.

La grande exposition qui vient de s'ouvrir à Londres est, sans contredit, l'un des faits les plus notables de notre époque. Ce concours industriel de tous les peuples de la terre est leur premier rapprochement dans une pensée unitaire et commune ; un acte, en quelque sorte, de fédération universelle. Au point de vue philosophique, comme au point de vue commercial, quoi de plus intéressant que cette réunion des œuvres manufacturées des quatres parties du monde ? Il faudra examiner, non seulement les objets produits, mais

encore les moyens employés pour produire. Quelle belle étude à faire sur la condition des travailleurs du globe entier !

Trop souvent une richesse apparente cache d'épouvantables misères sociales : nous n'en voulons d'autre exemple que celui qu'offriront les Etats du Sud de l'Union Américaine. Que ces Etats envoient à Londres un echantillon de leurs différentes industries, et l'on aura le tableau complet de leurs mœurs ; à côté de leurs magnifiques cotons et de leurs beaux sucres on aura, sous les yeux, les hideux spécimens des fouets à nœuds tressés, des carcans, des pésantes chaines, et des colliers à longues branches de fer et à grelots, avec lesquels ils obtiennent le travail de leurs TROIS MILLIONS d'esclaves. Oui, il n'est que trop vrai, voilà comme est traitée une classe déterminée de travailleurs par la grande République de l'Amerique du Nord. Oui, aux esclaves qui se sont échappés, et que l'on réprend, il y a des maîtres (et ces hommes-là se disent républicains !)

qui mettent des colliers de fer, armés de longues branches, au bout des quelles sont parfois attachés des grelots. Lorsque le malheureux, soumis au travail forcé, toujours avide de liberté, s'évade de nouveau, et va demander un asyle aux solitudes des bois, les branches de fer de l'horrible collier se prenant dans les lianes peuvent entraver sa fuite, et le bruit des grelots, au moindre mouvement qu'il fait, sert à mettre le chasseur sur ses traces.

Visiteurs de l'Exposition de Londres, allez donc au fond des choses, et, avant d'admirer telle ou telle merveille de l'activité humaine, étalée sous vos yeux, demandez si les bras qui l'ont fabriquée sont libres. Le triomphe de la mécanique dans une société bien organisée, est de mettre au service de tous une force nouvelle destinée à augmenter le bien-être de chacun. Le génie industriel moderne, en multipliant les produits, en abaissant leur valeur, et en diminuant la peine de l'ouvrier, n'a pas d'autre but. L'esclavage, qui fait de l'homme une machine souffrante en violation de toutes les lois

économiques et sociales, est donc à la fois une insulte à la raison, une offense à la vertu, et un attentat contre l'humanité.

Peut-être même eut-il été digne de l'Angleterre, qui a tant fait pour l'abolition de la servitude, d'exclure de l'exposition universelle tout produit du travail esclave? Il y aurait eu, dans cette flétrissure, un acte de haute moralité, un noble hommage rendu à la civilization du 19^{me} siècle! Que toutes les nations mettent les Etats-Unis au ban de l'Europe tant qu'ils garderont des esclaves, et ils comprendront peut-être, à la fin, qu'ils déshonorent leur titre de républicains!

Et vous, nobles et intrepides abolitionistes de l'Amérique du Nord, persévérez! car c'est un immense danger pour l'idée démocratique, dans le présent et dans l'avenir, que le peuple démocrate par excellence possède des esclaves! Persévérez, car toute une race d'hommes, sordidement, cruellement exploitée par ceux d'une république, est le spectacle le plus odieux, le plus funeste, que fut

jamais ! Persévérez, car l'oppression d'un seul homme est un crime commis envers le genre humaine tout entier ! Persévérez, car tenir l'homme en servitude c'est le faire descendre au rang des animaux, c'est l'avilir jusqu'à l'état des brutes, c'est l'assimiler au bétail ! Persévérez, car les soldats de la liberté contre l'esclavage ce sont les soldats de la justice contre l'injustice, du progrès contre la barbarie, de l'esprit contre la matière, du droit contre la force, du bien contre le mal ! Persévérez, car c'est vous qui sauverez l'honneur politique de votre nation aux yeux de la philosophie, de l'histoire, et de la postérité !

Quant à vous, Américains, possesseurs d'esclaves, citoyens d'une République, hommes glorieux avant tous du titre d'hommes libres, nous vous le demandons, répondez .... N'est ce pas la plus révoltante des contradictions que de vous voir traiter des créatures humaines comme des animaux domestiques ? ... de les vendre et de les revendre

comme des bestiaux, le père à un maître, le fils à un autre, la mère à la Nouvelle Orléans, la fille à Charleston ; de les faire travailler comme les chevaux d'une usine et les bœufs d'un ferme à coups de fouet ; de les chasser, comme du gibier, quand ils s'échappent ; de défendre de leur apprendre à lire, pour qu'ils restent abrutis ; de ne leur laisser, enfin, ni patrie, ni famille, ni propriété.

Honte et malheur au peuple qui commit volontairement, sciemment, d'aussi monstreuses iniquités !

Grand et puissant peuple Américain, reviens à toi, nous t'en conjurons au nom sacré de la démocratie que tu as eu la gloire de fonder d'une manière durable ! Délivre les pauvres nègres asservis qui souffrent dans leur âme et dans leur corps ! Songes, songes-y ; en Europe les ennemis de la liberté se servent du déplorable exemple des Etats-Unis pour déprécier les principes républicains. Ne l'oublie

pas, ils disent tous, que l'on est mal-venu à saper les monarchies, quand on voit l'Amérique du Nord tolérer l'infâme institution de l'esclavage sur son territoire !

Paris, Mai, 1851.

American Slavery, and the London Exhibition.

BY M. VICTOR SCHŒLCHER,

Member of the Assembly.

THE great Exhibition which has just been opened in London is, beyond contradiction, one of the most memorable facts of our epoch. This industrial congress of all the nations of the earth is their first approach towards the reception of a unitary and common idea; an act, in some sort, of universal federation. In a philosophical, as well as in a commercial point of view, what more interesting than this assemblage of the manufactures of the four quarters of the world? We should examine

not merely the objects produced, but also the means used to produce them. How fair the opportunity for the study of the condition of the laborers of the entire globe!

Too often apparent wealth conceals frightful social miseries. We wish for no other proof of this than the one which the Southern States of the American Union will afford. Let these States but send to London a specimen of their varied industry, and we shall have a perfect picture of their manners. Alongside of their magnificent cottons and beautiful sugars we shall have, before our eyes, hideous specimens of whips with knotted thongs, of iron collars, of heavy chains, and of collars with long spikes of iron, and little bells appended, by means of which they obtain the labor of their THREE MILLIONS of Slaves. Yes, it is too true, thus is used a determinate class of laborers by the great Republic of North America! Yes, there are masters (and men who call themselves republicans!) who fasten iron collars, armed with long

spikes, sometimes with little bells attached to them, about the necks of their recaptured runaways! When the wretched victim of involuntary toil, ever greedy of liberty, escapes anew, and seeks an asylum in the solitudes of the forests, the iron prongs of the horrible collar, catching in the climbing-plants, embarrass his flight, while the tinkling of the little bells, at his every movement, serves to put the hunter upon his track!

Visitors of the London Exhibition search these things to the bottom, and, before admiring this or that marvel of human industry, spread out before your eyes, ask whether the arms that made them are free. The triumph of mechanics, in a well organised society, is to place at the service of all a new force, intended to increase the well-being of each individual. The industrial genius of modern times has no other end than this, when it multiplies production, lowers prices, and diminishes the toil of the artisan. Slavery, which makes man a suffering machine, in violation of all economical

and social laws, is at once an insult to reason, an offence to virtue, and an outrage upon humanity.

Perhaps, even, it had been worthy of England, that has done so much for the abolition of Slavery, to exclude from the Universal Exhibition every production of Slave labor. This withering rebuke would have been an act of lofty morality, a noble homage paid to the civilization of the nineteenth century. Let all the nations put the United States under the ban of Europe, as long as they hold Slaves, and perhaps they will discover at length that they dishonor their title of republicans!

And you, noble and intrepid band of Abolitionists of North America, persevere! for it is an incalculable danger to the democratic idea, both now and hereafter, that the most democratic people existing should be the holders of Slaves! Persevere; for the spectacle of an entire race of men crushed, basely, cruelly, by the men of a republic is the most odious, the most fatal ever beheld! Persevere; for the oppression of a single

man is a crime against the whole human race! Persevere; for to hold man in Slavery is to reduce him to the rank of the animals, to degrade him to the condition of the brutes, to place him on a level with cattle! Persevere; for the soldiers of liberty against Slavery are the soldiers of justice against injustice, of progress against barbarism, of mind against matter, of right against violence, of good against evil! Persevere; for it is you that will save the political honor of your nation in the eyes of philosophy, of history, and of posterity!

As to you, Americans, owners of Slaves, men boasting above all things of your name of freemen, answer us this question: Is it not the most revolting of contradictions to see you treat human creatures like domestic animals? To sell them over and over again, like beasts, the father to one master, the son to another; the mother to New Orleans, the daughter to Charleston; to make them work like horses in a mill and oxen on a farm, under the whip; to hunt them like game when they escape; to forbid

them to learn to read, that they may remain embruted; to allow them, finally, to have neither country, nor family, nor property?

Shame and woe to the people that commits voluntarily, knowingly, such monstrous iniquities!

Great and mighty American nation, come to thyself! We conjure thee, by the sacred name of that democracy which thou hast had the glory permanently to establish, free those poor enslaved negroes, suffering in soul and in body! Think, think of this, too, — the enemies of liberty in Europe make use of the lamentable example of the United States to depreciate republican principles. "Forget not," they all exclaim, "how ill-advised it is to sap the foundations of monarchy, when ye see North America permit the infamous institution of Slavery to exist upon her soil!"

Paris, May, 1851.

Sonnet.

TO A RECREANT STATESMAN.

BY HOWARD W. GILBERT.

The waiting nation to the truth to win
How easy, hadst thou had that purpose vast!
Willing had then with thee the people cast
Their lot, and on the future entered in.
Then far above the world's ignoble din,
In heights where nevermore a place thou hast,
Within that deepening night, the solemn past,
Thy name an ever-beaming star had been!
Thou didst prefer the empty clamor loud,
Of ignorance and baseness meanly born,

And to thy fall thy princely head hast bowed,
Like Lucifer, the glorious star of morn!
Therefor thou hast the applauses of the crowd,
And of the noble, — deep, undying scorn!

Pennsylvania, September, 1851.

"Nulla vestigia retrorsum."

BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

This has been a favorite quotation with Mr. Webster since his defection to the Slaveholders, the seventh of March of last year. He has taken much pains to keep the country assured that he is resolute in his treachery, and has no purpose of repentance. In the thick gloom of his own mind and conscience, induced by the commission of a great crime, and which, he seems to fancy, simultaneously obscures the whole face of nature, he thinks it necessary every now and then to halloo, to let "the rest of mankind" know that he is travelling straight on with no steps backwards;

while, as often, he encourages himself by an audible proclamation, that it is or soon will be day-break. He repeats his protestations that he will adhere to the Union, till all nervous and impressible people feel the Union tottering and shaking. It is impossible for any person even of steady nerves to listen to his solemn and eloquent asseverations, that he will never desert the Union, and not feel that the Union is not, has not been, or may not be in imminent peril; just as it is impossible, in hearing Mrs. Micawber tearfully and frantically exclaim, that she "*will never desert Mr. Micawber*," not to believe, that that devoted lady did not suspect, that the crisis might sometime occur in her domestic life, when such elopement would be both necessary and prudent.

However, let us take Mr. Webster's assurance that he will take no step backward, if not on the faith of his words, on the faith of the philosophy of things. While there are no acts, however trivial, that can be wholly *un*done by any repara-

tion or repentance, there are certain great deliberate actions which done once are done forever. Their consequences follow and roll down even through the eternities, a chain whose accumulated weight drags the soul, in which these actions were once mere thoughts, into unfathomable depths. It is the hopeful thought of the child, that every broken thing, even a broken Sabbath, can be mended; but further on in life he learns, that the number of irreparable and forlorn articles and wares, past all tinkering, multiply on every hand, in the moral as well as the natural sphere. The truth is, Mr. Webster *cannot get back.* That whole matter lies wholly now out of the scope of his will and choice. Robespierre could as easily have stopped the cart that was trundling him to the guillotine, and turned into *vivas* and benedictions the execrations that hissed upon him from every window and door of Paris, as could Mr. Webster, after the fatal ides of March, recover his position as the acknowledged leader of the hosts of Freedom,

disputing inch by inch this American soil with the victorious forces of Slavery.

Of the vanquished angels, Milton sings that they were nine days falling into hell. Scientific experiments have demonstrated that the velocity of falling bodies accumulates in a certain ratio of the distances. Had this "law of physical geography" been enacted at so early a date, and been executed in those distant regions, it is to be believed that along in the afternoon of the ninth day, these travellers must have been journeying at a very telegraphic rate. Still it is not to be doubted that, had Milton's hero been met about that time, his hair and beard pulling off at a very sharp tangent behind, he would have had the effrontery *to make a show of getting on voluntarily*, and sufficient presence of mind to coin from a future classic the brave words, — "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum.*"

From so great a treachery as that of the seventh of March there are no back tracks. There is the old Miltonian, telegraphic, nine days route, and a

side path by which Judas, who repented, betook himself to the gallows. The seventh of March belongs to history. History will not have her unities broken in upon by the irregularity of repentances. She will round her tragedy to its catastrophe, and make her lessons intelligible and impressive. The whole transaction is worth infinitely more as a moral illustration than is Mr. Webster's consistency, — perhaps, than is Mr. Webster's soul. These great rascalities are not without their office in the culture of the world, though the poor soul, who has that *rôle* to play, gets terrifically *used up*. There was the hint of a profound philosophy, as well as a pathos, in the statement of the ragged and dilapidated wretch, who said, "My brother goes round lecturing on Intemperance, and I go with him as an *awful example*." Since he will not, and if he knew it, *cannot* go back, let us grant Mr. Webster permission to make a virtue of going on, nor deny him the heroism of consistent and continued wickedness. For Mac-

beth or Richard to *sneak* in their last days into repentance, might have helped them and their destiny amazingly; but it would have completely spoiled them as *characters*, and would have made them too contemptible for Shakspeare to notice, or the world to remember.

There is another perquisite, to which our fallen statesman is fairly entitled, and that is, the whole complement of reputation and glory, which comes to him from the bad public sentiment of to-day. The laudations of all the time-serving journals; the confidence which he has secured in all places where merchants most do congregate — good to him for as many dotations as the exigencies of his private and public housekeeping may require; and the clerical epistles, which go far towards vouching him into the kingdom of heaven; are all portions of his fee, and must not be grudged or withheld. He is not a man of refined and subtile ambition. His very sensualism is not of the epicurean cast that baits itself with preliminary abstinence and

denial, that chooses out of all the future the golden moment of indulgence, when all the auspices are the best, and sips leisurely and half intellectually the topmost sparkle of intoxication. Like a half-grown boy, he wants his dinner, and he wants it now. His gigantic intellect is bedded in a hungry, voracious body, and owes half its vigor to the amount of provender, with which it must be ever and anon stimulated. He is a powerful steam-engine, whose vast forces must be constantly *wooded up* with an incredible amount of fuel. The practical difficulty, which his employers have oftenest met, is precisely the same that, in Dr. Lardner's opinion, would forever prevent the success of ocean steam navigation — to make him carry coal enough for his own consumption. Boston and New York have generally been the principal coal depôts for him, and more than once his chief engineers, particularly through all the stress of the late political bad weather, have beat up State and Wall Streets to the tune of "*wood up*," — the "Daniel Webster"

lying forlorn on some sand bar, or chopping helplessly in mid ocean in the trough of the sea.

To a mind so organized, the *now* is everything. Date heaven or hell day after to-morrow and they cease to influence him. Like the old Hebrew king, he is entirely satisfied so the evil comes not in his day. Reputation to him is real and tangible. Can he not hear it in the street, and read it in this morning's newspaper? As for Fame, it is a fancy, a visionary conjecture, a *post mortem* adjunct of his name, that he would take as little pains to provide, as he would legacies for his children.

In figures of speech, he encounters persecution, he goes to the stake, he dies as many deaths as did Paul, all for conscience sake. But all this is done rhetorically and vicariously. His own skin is unscratched. He continues to lodge well, to travel well, eat and drink well, while all this Pickwickian maceration is going on. In any other sense, he is utterly incapable of such self-sacrifice. The times

never have demanded it of him. Heaven in kind consideration of his infirmities never laid such terrible crosses in his path. History never selected him to adorn her martyr scaffolds, or give his magnificent head to grace the point of a pike or the top of a gate post, the victim of anarchy or tyranny. His very friends, who now lament his sliding, as it were by dead weight, from the position where the best virtue of the nation had placed and held him, never expected of him anything but a decent regard for his own character, a most worldly and prudent calculation of the main chance, and sufficient discretion to keep him from battering his head against a post. To predicate such a man's decisions and actions upon the higher attributes of a moral nature, upon religious instincts, or religious culture, is finding in them an element, of which his own expositions and extenuations of his conduct are singularly destitute. Save in its mere shell and mechanism, its ritual and legalism, those ideas of it, which seize first upon

grosser souls, Mr Webster never recognizes religion.

It may not be too much to say further, that a more controlling motive for the great apostacy was still lower than a desire of the reputation of having done a conspicuous and consequential act, namely, the expectation of the immediate reward of the act. It was not enough to have saved the Union. There was a pressure of competition in the same enterprise. No mob of Barnegat wreckers ever rushed so *pell mell* to save a valuable ship and cargo, as did all denominations of American patriots to save the Union. The newspapers have not settled down upon the hero of the act yet. Cass and Buchanan, Clay and Fillmore, New York Herald, Boston Courier, Commissioner Ingraham, Commissioner Curtis, in fine everybody else, had their hands in the great salvation. In any admiralty court the *salvage* must go into such small shares as to be beneath the acquisitiveness of Mr. Webster. It was not enough to have the genius of

history stand at his side and quietly whisper, as she does audibly enough to some of us, "No matter who gets the name or the pay of it — YOU DID IT, AND YOU ALONE!" He wants a sign, a token to show to the men in the street. He wishes to have it common talk in all the bar-rooms of the land. What is it to him what opinions the English, Turks, or Chinese of next century may entertain of his worth or works. He eschews the criticisms of posterity and demands that his case should go to the jury now sworn upon the panel. He requires that the salary, the office and the state of the chief magistracy shall place him above all his peers, and make the eyes of all the people stick out with admiration of his dignity and greatness.

Not attaining the presidency Mr. Webster will be ill used. That the Slavery-usurpation has fairly fortified itself in the national government and obtained the forms of law under which men and women may be haled to prison as traitors for their *Christian faith*, that New Mexico and the terri-

tories lie open to the chain gangs of Slaves and their drivers, Old Mexico to successive Slaveholding revolutions and annexations, and the whole North even to the very centres of its Anti-Slavery temples and cities of refuge to the incursions of the "*Hunters of men*," is due first, second, and third to DANIEL WEBSTER. If the maxim "*Detur digniori*" is to govern, Mr. Webster should have the presidency. The Abolitionists of America will cordially unite in giving him this certificate, a far more efficacious electioneering document, I doubt not, than the abortive *subscription paper nomination.*

Let Mr. Webster have his fees, his praise, his presidency, and do not postpone his overpowering claims. Since he is to be rewarded in this world, bring quickly his diadem and royal robe and set him on his throne, and when he speaks, let the whole multitude give a shout saying, "It is the voice of a God and not of a man." Let this nation make haste to honor him and set upon him

the seal of renown, for Death waits on the verge of Age to hand him over to the criticisms of History. History is not in the interest of Slaveholders, traders, or panic makers. She quietly overlooks their forgeries and blots their impostures. She has seen Unions in danger before, and great men under the pressure of mean fear or hungry ambition compromising justice and denying right; but never yet the occasion where the Supreme Righteousness, that sometimes has laid great trials and sore toils upon human shoulders, gives indulgence, for the emergency, to set aside the *Higher Law*.

East Machias, Me., October, 1851.

Lines.

BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

A mind determined to be strong
Must labor hard and labor long,
Must seek in Nature's wide domain
The Truth that o'er his heart shall reign.
Some noble object to engage
His early years and downward age;
For man without some grand pursuit,
Is little raised above the brute.
If honest in his chosen aim,
All selfish end he will disclaim,
And, steering onward for the right,
Will soon discern the beacon light

That, from the ocean waste before,
Shall bring him to some peaceful shore.

New Bedford, Mass., September, 1851.

Seymour Cunningham; or, All for Liberty.

BY JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

"Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his" freedom.

THE circumstances stated in the following pages are *facts*, which occurred in Boston about twenty-five years ago. They were well known to many persons at that time, and, probably, some of the witnesses are yet living. Soon after their occurrence, the story was published in the "New England Galaxy." Some who then read it have probably forgotten it, and many of the present generation have never seen it; to all such it will have the interest of novelty. It is now re-written,

with a few slight variations in phraseology, and is offered as a contribution to the contents of the Liberty Bell, where, if accepted by the editors, it will exhibit a striking illustration of an irrepressible desire for freedom from Slavery, — an undaunted resolution to recover it, — and unflinching firmness under the process of personal mutilation, to secure that natural inalienable privilege of humanity.

It was in the beginning of the year 1827, that a collection of people, chiefly colored, and surrounding a young man of rather a dark complexion, — but not darker than many that one may meet in daily intercourse with the world, — was noticed in one of the public streets of Boston. A very natural curiosity induced one of the observers to ask, "What is the matter?" To which a white man, who seemed to be somewhat active in the crowd, replied, "That villain denies that he is a Slave; and these black rascals are disposed to resist the civil authority, and attempt to rescue him." "Why, how is this," said another, "the

man is as white as we are, and why should the blacks take more interest in the fellow than you or I? He appears to have more white than black blood in his body."

Common interest, or sympathy, or curiosity, soon increased the motley assemblage, and induced them to accompany the alleged Slave to the office of a magistrate, to which the agent of the owner was taking him, to procure a warrant for his "extradition." The magistrate was the late Zachariah G. Whitman, son of Judge Benjamin Whitman, both well known in the community. On examination, the accused answered to the name of Seymour Cunningham, and claimed to be a free man. The agent, who had travelled five hundred miles to secure him, asserted that he was a well-known Slave, whose owner lived in Alexandria. It soon appeared that, whether a Slave or a free man, Cunningham was a fine, smart, intelligent fellow, and really worth hunting through half a dozen States, as a subject for speculation. The

only moral taint that appeared in his character was his abominable wickedness in running away. But as one sin is no sooner born than it begets another, Cunningham denied that he was a Slave, and boldly asserted (falsely, as it appeared,) that, though he had once been a Slave, he had obtained his freedom, and had a certificate of the fact. The agent, with equal confidence, denied the existence of any such certificate. The magistrate requested Cunningham to produce it. He replied that it was too valuable to be carried in his pocket; but one of his friends, whom he named, knew where it was, and could produce it in five minutes. Accordingly, in a few minutes, the document was brought into court, and the triumph of humanity, in spite of color, was visible in every black man's countenance. A murmur ran through the court-room, that Seymour was a free man; and the magistrate himself manifested a keen sense of gratification at the prospect of Cunningham's becoming his own property.

"Let me see the certificate," said the agent.

It was handed to him. He examined it with an incredulous minuteness, and then returned it to the magistrate, putting himself in the position of a man sure of his object. "Why, may it please your honor," said he, "this is a good certificate; I know the signature is genuine; but this certificate does not belong to this man. This Slave's name is not Seymour. He has a brother who looks very much like him, who *is* free, and this is *his* certificate, which has been stolen or borrowed by this impudent Slave to impose it on the court as his own. But I can detect him. His brother fought in the army, during the last war, and is covered with scars. His right arm was broken by a grape-shot; his little finger of the right hand was shot off; his left leg was broken, and the calf of the other shot away; and he has no middle toe on the right foot. All these particulars, your honor may see, are stated in the certificate, and were there inserted in honor of the real Seymour's bravery

and services. But as for this fellow, he knows he is a Slave. Cunningham," continued the agent. "how dare you deny that you are a Slave?"

"Well, Cunningham," said the magistrate, "what do you say to this?"

"Say, sir? I say that I am a free man, and this inhuman monster wants to kidnap me, and sell me for a Slave. But this certificate, which has cost me blood from every part of my body, ought to redeem the little black blood which does not fill two of my veins. I suffered all for freedom, and thought this certificate had purified me of all African taint. I am the true Seymour Cunningham. Examine me; and if you do not find that I conform in every particular to the certificate, then deliver me over to this monster, who scents a drop of black blood at the distance of five hundred miles."

Cunningham then raised his right hand, and lo! his little finger was gone. He rolled up his pantaloons, and there were the true marks of a broken

leg, as testified by a surgeon who was in the court-room. He then took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeve, and presented his arm to the surgeon, who pronounced the scars those of a compound fracture. He next bared his right leg to the view of the magistrate, and the calf thereof was wanting. Lastly, he took off his boot and stocking, and behold! the middle toe was gone!

The scene was now quite pleasant. The colored spectators manifested their satisfaction by showing their teeth and rolling up the whites of their eyes. Their full hearts opened all their mouths, so that clusters of pearls enlightened the dusky court-room; and the contrast of so many white teeth and irradiated eyes, sparkling like diamonds among so many sable faces, was really picturesque. Columns of pearl and jet, and jet and pearl, alternated like the shows in a magic glass. But the triumph of humanity was brief — short as a solitary gleam of the sun during a week of foul weather. The

magistrate, it is true, seemed to be convinced, and turning to the agent, said, —

"You have clearly mistaken your man, and it gives me pleasure to discharge him. Seymour Cunningham, you are a free ——"

"By no means," interrupted the agent. "I have just arrived from Alexandria, where I left Seymour Cunningham, the true owner of this certificate, a true, real, living man. I will send and produce the real Seymour, if your honor will only commit this impostor to gaol in the meantime. It is incomprehensible to me how the man can be so depraved as to deny that he has always been a Slave."

At the pressing request of the agent, Cunningham was committed to gaol to await further examination.

In the mean time, the real facts of this mysterious affair began to be whispered about, and gradually the whole scheme was exposed. The people of color, in Boston, considering that the

white people would not acknowledge Cunningham as one of their species, — although he was really of a lighter complexion than some of them. — called a convention, and passed sundry resolutions to protect him, in consideration of the small portion of African blood which ran in his veins. One of these resolutions was rather characteristic and peculiar: — "*It is not a black face that constitutes a negro, — but a black heart.*" To show himself worthy of the friendship of these people, Cunningham produced his brother's certificate. His friends immediately told him that he must not show that as an evidence of his freedom, for his person did not conform to it in many important particulars.

"I know that," said Cunningham, "but liberty is sweet. I can easily conform to the certificate."

"Why, how?"

"Cut off my toe; break one leg; cut off the calf of the other; break this arm, and chop off this finger. You can do it all in five minutes."

"Smart fellow!" said one of his friends. "Are you willing to undergo all this?"

"Most joyfully," said Cunningham.

"What a pity," said another, "that we can't tap him, and let out this little portion of negro blood!"

They then sent for a butcher, and, having sworn him to secrecy, disclosed their purpose, and promised him fifty dollars, if he would operate like a workman, and make Cunningham conform to the certificate.

The butcher paused; said it was a new case; and, addressing Cunningham, asked if he really desired to have his body so cut and mangled.

"Yes," said Cunningham; "liberty is sweet; I can endure it all, even if you use your cleaver."

"Why, yes," said the butcher, "that and the carving-knife are the handiest tools. But, Cunningham, suppose you should die under the operation. Your blood would be required at my hands, and I should be hung for murder."

"Fear nothing," said Cunningham; "in case you kill me, you will not be hung. You mistake me for a man; but I am only a piece of merchandise."

"I doubt," said the butcher, "if any man can undergo all this mangling at once. I would not use a calf, or a sheep, or even a wild beast, in so cruel a manner."

"You coward!" said Cunningham; "you don't know the sweets of liberty. There now, be satisfied, I can endure it all." Saying this, as if in merriment, he bit off his little finger, and tossed it to the butcher, and added, "so much less of me is a Slave, at any rate."

The butcher then departed to get his tools. On his return, Cunningham, in order to encourage him, and to display his own fortitude, had prepared a little melted pitch, and laying his foot on a chair, with a mallet and chisel struck off his toe, and applied the hot pitch to the wound, to stop the bleeding. The butcher said no carpenter could

have done the work neater. The toe flew half way across the room.

Being thus encouraged, the butcher laid his knife and cleaver on the table, and prepared to begin his operation. Cunningham asked him in what position he should place himself, whether standing or sitting.

"You must first be bound," said the butcher.

"Bound!" said Cunningham, "I have been bound long enough; and now, when I am in pursuit of liberty, I will show you, that I am able to be my own master."

"Before I cut up any creature," said the butcher, "I always try to compose it. The ox is first stunned; calves, sheep, and swine are bled, and rendered insensible by exhaustion; but I cannot practise so on you. You must be bound and laid out on a table, or I cannot operate with success."

"I will lie as quiet as a lamb," said Cunning-

ham; "but do n't talk of binding me. You shall not know that I am not asleep."

Cunningham stripped off his clothes and laid himself on the table.

"Shut your eyes, and appear to be dead," said the butcher, "or I cannot carry a steady hand."

"No," said the intrepid and resolute Cunningham, holding the certificate before his eyes; "I will see that you conform me to the certificate." *

"Well then; there! What do you think of that? Is liberty worth that cracking of your bones?"

"Liberty is sweet," muttered Cunningham.

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*Had this unlettered hero been familiar with dramatic poetry, he would have taken the exclamation of Eumenes, in the tragedy of Merope, when the priest was about to veil his eyes, before placing him on the altar of sacrifice, —

"Off, ye vain *forms!*
Cover the eyes of *cowards;* mine disdain ye.
Mine can, with steadfast and advancing scorn,
Look in death's face, full-sighted. When it comes,
'T is to be *met* — not *hid.* . . . .
Welcome, eternal day! — bad world, farewell!"

"On my word," said the operator, "here is as handsome a leg as I ever saw."

"Never mind; conform it to the certificate."

"There! it is done."

"Yes: pretty well; pare it a little closer to the bone."

"Now let your arm hang dangling over the table," said the butcher. "So — that 's right. There! Confound my cleaver; it turned in my hand. But it 's only a compound fracture that is needed; and now the work is done. Have I earned the money?"

"Ask Cunningham," said one of the spectators. "If he says yes, there is your money. We raised it for the Greeks, but it is not your fault that the Turks ——; but what do you say, Cunningham? Shall I pay the money?"

"Stop a minute," said Cunningham; let us examine the certificate once more. Well, — it will do: pay the money. I believe I conform so

exactly to the certificate, that brother Seymour would mistake me for himself."

"Recollect," said the butcher, "if Cunningham dies, it is no affair of mine. I am not to be troubled. I would n't undertake another such job for twice the money. It is wholly out of my line to cut a steak or break a bone if the creature shows any signs of life."

The sequel proved that the butcher had operated like a workman. Cunningham recovered in a short time. But all his heroic suffering availed nothing. The facts were developed on the second trial, and he was delivered over to the agent and taken back to Alexandria. There is another fact, however, in the case, which must not be kept out of remembrance; for it is not only gratifying to the humane feelings of our nature, but is highly honorable to the colored population of Boston — Cunningham was soon redeemed from Slavery. His freedom was purchased with money, — amounting to six hundred dollars, — subscribed in part by the

colored people themselves, and the rest procured by them among the friends of universal emancipation.

Cambridge, Mass., October, 1851.

The Joy of Wealth.

BY LOUISA J. HALL.

Once to my poverty there came strange news,
And to my pining soul, like evening dews
To the parched thirsty herb, it strengthening came,
Giving me hope, and power to do, and name.
Lacking earth's goods, how weak, alas! was I!
None could I help, so all men passed me by;
And I did think it was my rightful doom,
When rich men trod my way, to give them room.

But there came news. They told me I was rich!
Treasures were mine that do men's souls bewitch;
And my far kinsman's death gave birth to powers
And plans, like visions of my boyhood's hours.

All my crushed manhood I forgot. No more
Must I turn poorer sufferers from my door,
And think the strangest thing God ever made
Was a sun-loving heart to pine in shade.
Oh, brief and blissful dream! Thank God, it came:
Oh, opportunity! nor gold, nor fame,
Could flush my cheek with such a joyous glow,
As sudden power to heal a brother's woe.
With such sweet face came glittering Wealth to me,
With reverent, grateful heart I bowed the knee,
Looked to my God, and listened for the word
That in the soul with each new gift is heard.

Thus spake the voice. "These treasures are not thine.
Man's law doth give them thee; God bids, resign.
Thy gold is coined from bondmen's unpaid toil;
Thy gems are tears dropped o'er a Slave-tilled soil;
A curse lurks in the heart of such dire wealth;
Shrink! ere it blight thy inmost spirit's health."

Shuddering I heard. From my scorched hands I flung
Parchments and deeds, as one with frenzy stung,
And then with sudden tears and glad relief, —
An agony of rapture almost past belief, —
Caught to my heart again the legal scrawls,
By which I held — and might set *free* — those thralls !

Set free ! silent before my swimming sight
They glide, they glide even now, the new-born light
Of freedom beaming from their wondering eyes,
That gaze as on transfigured earth and skies.
They called me — Master ! Oh, Father of love !
Not for one night the holy stars above
Saw me endure the title. On they went,
On in their free and peaceful banishment ;
By families they went. None could molest
Whom I sent forth to seek their northern rest,
None drive them from the lands my gold did buy ;
And there the gentle race shall live, there die.

Out of the wealth God-given, in one brief hour
I crushed its truest blessing and its power.
I have them still. The worthless show is flown,
But gold's enduring blessing is mine own.
My God, I thank thee! I am bowed to earth
With gratitude. I cannot heed man's mirth,
Who mocks the poverty he deems insane;
For I am rich, am rich! a golden vein
Henceforward runs all glittering through my life,
Not to be reached by human eye or strife,
Deeper than scorn can touch or sin defile,
Reflecting back my Father's blessed smile.

Providence, R. I., October, 1851.

Le Christianisme et l'Esclavage.

PAR M. MARTIN PASCHOUD,

Pasteur.

À Madame H. G. Chapman.

Madame : — Vous me faites l'honneur de me demander ce que je pense de l'esclavage ; permettez-moi, pour toute réponse, de vous envoyer un petit écrit, dans lequel j'ai taché d'exprimer, du mieux qu'il m'a été possible, la formule précise de *la loi de Dieu*, d'où il résulte, ainsi que vous le verrez, si vous daignez jeter les yeux sur ces humbles pages, que de tous les égaremens, de tous les fléaux, de tous les crimes qui se sont répandus sur notre pauvre terre, le plus grand, le plus

funeste, le plus exécrable est assurément l'Esclavage, puisque c'est celui qui renverse, le plus fondamentalement, cette *loi religieuse, sociale, individuelle,* que le suprème Législateur a établie pour l'humanité.

Comment se fait-il qu'une telle iniquité aît pu s'établir, se perpétuer, se régulariser, se légaliser, se sanctifier même dans le monde ? Surtout, comment se fait-il qu'aujourd'hui, encore, à cette heure, en ce moment, dans des pays non sauvages, mais civilisés, mais religieux, mais Chrétiens, on accepte, on conserve un si horrible héritage de la barbarie, comme si l'on tenait, en verité, à garder devant soi, energique et vivante, la plus cruelle, à la fois, et la plus ironique protestation contre cette civilization, contre cette religion, contre ce Christianisme ?

La première publication de ma jeunesse, (je regrette, madame, de ne pouvoir en retrouver un seul exemplaire pour vous en faire l'hommage,) a été, il y a trente ans, une thèse sur ce sujet.

J'y montrais, je crois, qu'il n'était pas possible d'être réellement Chrétiens, et possesseurs d'Esclaves ! C'était, vous le voyez, une vérité assez enfantine. Il n'y a pas, en effet, de petit garçon, de petite fille, dans nos écoles, qui ne partageât cet avis, si vous lui faisiez lire seulement quatre lignes de l'Evangile, et lui disiez deux mots de ce que c'est que l'Esclavage.

Mais j'ai appris depuis que les grands esprits savent, au besoin, s'élever à des opinions différentes. N'a-t'il pas été décidé à Londres, il y a quelques années, dans les solennelles réunions de *l'Alliance Evangélique* (beaux mots, vraiment, si les choses s'y rencontraient !) que, pour entrer dans cette alliance, et partant dans le Paradis, il importait peu d'être ou non acheteur et vendeur de chair et d'âme humaines ; mais qu'il fallait, avant tout, dire, sans faute, un long et inintelligible *crédo* au *péché originel, et à la Trinité.*

Pour moi, madame, je l'avoue, cela ne m'a point converti. Je suis resté, et je mourrai, avec

les impressions, avec les convictions de mon enfance, de ma jeunesse, nourries, fortifiées par les méditations de l'âge mûr. Je repousse, comme menteurs et sacrilèges, tous les *crédo* du monde qui s'accouplent, monstrueusement, avec la violation évidente de la Loi de Dieu. Si j'étais *propriétaire d'hommes*, le seul *crédo* que, pour être sincère, je consentisse à répéter, serait celui-ci: *Je crois en* MOI! et, pour arriver à le prononcer avec quelque sécurité de conscience, je m'empresserais de jeter au feu l'Evangile de Jésus-Christ, dont la seule vue me couvrirait d'une inexprimable confusion; je prendrais tous les détours du chemin, pour ne passer jamais dans la rue, ou sur la place où se trouverait un temple, une église quelconque; car ma condamnation m'y paraîtrait écrite sur les murs; enfin, j'essayerais, — si ma folie y pouvait atteindre, — j'essayerais de déchirer, au fond de mon âme, cet Evangile éternel, cette loi de nature que le Créateur y a mise, et dont la voix m'importunerait, afin de

descendre moi-même, de degré en degré, jusqu'au niveau de ces pauvres victimes, choses animées, dont, peut-être alors il me serait possible de disposer sans crainte et sans remords.

Ou plutôt, si j'avais le malheur d'être *propriétaire d'hommes*, et que je voulusse redevenir, je ne dis pas Chrétien, mais *homme*, vrai homme, je tomberais incontinent à genoux devant Dieu, face contre terre, et je lui dirai avec componction, avec larmes : — " Auteur de mon être ! Dieu puissant et bon ! Pardonne ! Je t'ai offensé, par l'ignorance, par aveuglement, par fausse honte, par amour propre, par égoïsme ; j'ai commis le péché le plus abominable à tes yeux ; j'ai dégradé la créature que tu avais faite à ton image ; elle t'appartenait, — je me la suis injustement appropriée ! Comme l'animal dont tu m'avait dit au commencement, ' domine sur lui,' j'ai pris aussi ton fils, le fils d'Adam, mon propre frère, issu de ta race, et je m'en suis servi ainsi que d'un autre bétail. Oh, mon père, —

pére de lui, — père de tous, — pardonne ! Il n'est pas mien ! Je te le rends ! ''

Vous m'avez dit, madame, qu'un pasteur, héritier d'un vaste domaine à Esclaves, avait fait récemment, dans votre pays, une pareille restitution. Puissent se multiplier chaque jour d'aussi nobles exemples ! Puissent tous les efforts généreux et pacifiques des âmes comme la vôtre être abondamment bénis dans cette œuvre ! Puisse, enfin, et bientôt, sonner par tout le monde, à toutes les oreilles, dans tous les cœurs, en toute demeure habitable, l'heure bienheureuse de la réparation et de la liberté.

Je suis, madame, avec régard et affection Chrétienne,

Votre très humble et très dévoué serviteur,

MARTIN-PASCHOUD.

Paris, 10 Mars, 1851.

Christianity and Slavery.

BY M. MARTIN PASCHOUD,

Protestant Clergyman.

To Mrs. H. G. Chapman.

Madam: — You have done me the honor to ask me what I think of Slavery. Permit me, as the only reply I have to make, to send you a few lines in which I have endeavored to express, to the best of my ability, the precise formula of the law of God, whence it follows, as you will perceive if you are pleased to cast your eyes over these humble pages, that of all the frenzies, of all the plagues, of all the crimes, which have spread themselves over our poor world, Slavery is, assuredly, the

greatest, the most fatal, the most execrable, since it is that which overthrows the most utterly this Law, religious, social, personal, which the Supreme Legislator has established for the human race.

How comes it to pass that such an iniquity has been able to establish itself, to perpetuate itself, to organize itself, to sanctify itself, even, in the world? Above all, how comes it to pass that at this day, at this hour, at this moment, in countries not savage but civilized, religious, Christian, so horrible a bequest of barbarism is accepted, is cherished, as if it were necessary to keep before their eyes, full of energy and life, a protest at once the most cruel and the most ironical, against this civilization, against this religion, against this Christianity?

The first publication of my youth (I regret, Madam, that I cannot recover a single copy to present to you,) was, thirty years ago, an essay upon this subject. I there showed, I think, that it was not possible to be truly a Christian and the

possessor of Slaves! It was, as you see, an infantile truth enough. There is not, indeed, a little boy or a little girl in our schools who would not be of the same opinion, should you make them read merely four lines of the Gospel and tell them in two words what Slavery is. But I have learned since then that great minds can, upon a pinch, rise to other opinions! Was it not decided at London, a few years since, in the solemn assemblies of the Evangelical Alliance (beautiful words, truly, if they meant anything!) that to enter into this Alliance, and so into Paradise, it mattered little whether one were or not the buyer and seller of human flesh and souls, but that it was above all essential to repeat, without mistake, a long and unintelligible creed as to Original Sin and the Trinity?

As to myself, Madam, I confess it, this has failed to convert me. I have remained, and shall remain, with the impressions, with the convictions, of my infancy, of my youth, nourished and strengthened

by the reflections of my riper age. I reject, as lying and sacrilegious, all the creeds in the world which monstrously unite themselves with the palpable violation of the law of God. Were I an owner of men, the only creed which I could in sincerity consent to repeat would be this: — *I believe in* MYSELF! And, that I might pronounce it with some ease of conscience, I should make haste to cast into the fire the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the very sight of which would overwhelm me with unutterable confusion. I should carefully go out of my way, so as never to pass through any street or square where there might be a temple, a church of any kind; for I should there see my condemnation written upon the walls! Finally, I should endeavor, — if my madness could reach such a pitch, — I should endeavor to tear from the bottom of my soul that eternal Gospel, that law of Nature, which the Creator has placed there, the voice of which would not let me rest, so that I might descend myself, step by step, even to the

level of these poor victims, animated chattels, whom I might then be able to dispose of without fear and without remorse.

Or, rather, had I the misfortune to be the *owner of men*, and should I wish to become, I will not say a *Christian*, but a *man*, a true man, I should fall at once upon my knees before God, and with my face bowed to the earth, I should say to him, with contrition, with tears: — "Author of my being! Mighty and merciful God! Pardon! I have sinned against thee, through ignorance, through blindness, through false shame, through self-conceit, through selfishness; I have committed the sin the most abominable in thine eyes; I have degraded the creature that thou hast made in thine image! It belonged to thee, and I have unjustly appropriated it. As if he were of the animals of which thou hadst said to me, at the beginning of the world, 'have dominion over them,' I have taken thy son, also, the son of Adam, my own brother, sprung from thee, and I

have used him like any other beast of burden! Oh, my father, — his father, — father of all, — pardon! He is no longer mine; I restore him to thee!"

You have told me, madam, that a clergyman in your country, the heir of a great estate in slaves, has recently made such a restitution. May such noble examples multiply every day! May all generous and pacific efforts of souls like yours be abundantly blessed in this work! And may the time come, and that speedily, when, throughout the whole world, in all ears and in all hearts, in every habitable abode, the hour may strike of reparation and of liberty!

I am, madam, with respect and Christian affection, your very humble and very devoted servant,

MARTIN PASCHOUD.

Paris, March 10, 1851.

The Slave in America.

BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

Land of the brave! thy hallowed shore
Is stained with tints of blood;
And human cries are wafted o'er
Thy deep blue ocean-flood!
Hark! from the fields where Freedom fought,
And heroes bled to save
The Ark of Liberty, are heard
The moanings of the *Slave!*

What is his lot? unheard of woe,
Always to love and part;

To feel the lash, to bear the blow,
The rending of the heart;
To see delights he cannot share,
To feast, and yet to crave,
To hoist the flag of liberty,
Yet live and die a *Slave*.

He lives upon a *Christian* shore!
Enslaved by *Christian* men!
'T is they who o'er his tawny neck,
Have bound the iron chain.
O, God of mercy! let thy voice
Thy truth and love proclaim;
Nor may the tyrants of their race,
Disgrace thy holy name.

Rouse thee, Columbia, in thy might!
Thy tarnished glory save!
Bid every subject of thy sway,
No longer be a Slave!

So shall one voice to heaven arise
In sacred harmony;
And echo through the vaulted skies,
The shout of Liberty!

Edinburgh, June 5th, 1846.

A Letter.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

My Dear Sir: — Your letter needed no apology; it was a pleasure to receive it; such criticisms do us good, — they show us how we "strike strangers," (distance of place performs the part of distance of time,) and recall us to the duty of reconsidering our course, and the reasons on which it is based. It is not claiming much to ask that you will not suppose us so foolish as to wish the lives we give to a hard duty utterly thrown away, by a bad choice of means or misdirected effort. If we are in error, therefore, he does us a kindness who sets us right; and our gratitude should be in proportion

to the worth of the cause such error harms, — the value we set on ours, and our *sincere conviction* of the goodness of the means we use to forward it, we have shown by the lives we devote to them.

Your letter objects to the language and temper in which the Anti-Slavery agitation is conducted, and the personal character it often assumes. You ask us to consider whether such a course is either justifiable or expedient; and I judge from a letter which enclosed yours, that you think our mistake in these respects, has injured the Anti-Slavery cause in the Slave States, and put back emancipation, especially in Virginia, Delaware, Kentucky, and Maryland.

I will tell you my views on these points; though frequent experience leads me to doubt whether, except in rare cases, any but an American can fully understand our position.

Napoleon, you know, always maintained that Wellington ought, according to all military rule, to have been beaten at Waterloo. The world, I

believe, has never had the patience to listen to his explanation. The victory settled for us the military sufficiency of the means that gained it. Our case, allow me to say, is precisely similar. In 1830, the cause of the Slave was desperate enough. The reaction, after the intense political excitement of the Missouri question, was perfect; and the whole nation went to sleep. The pulpit was dumb, the press discreetly silent, and every politican avoided the fatal question with the instinct of self-preservation. Since then, the Anti-Slavery agitation, under Mr. Garrison, has achieved a wider and more immediate success than any similar cause ever gained in the world before. It has aroused the whole country; driven the South to that madness and those rash counsels, which, according to the Greek proverb, always precede destruction; swallowed up, like Aaron's rod, all the other political issues, — Bank, — Tariff, — Internal Improvements, &c.; drawn into the vortex of its own excitement all the great

statesmen who had, again and again, pledged themselves never to *touch* the question, Webster, Benton, Clay, &c.; blotted out the lines of the two parties that have ruled us for half a century, and turned every man into pro or anti Slavery, — unionist or disunionist, — broken to pieces the two greatest sects, Presbyterian and Methodist, and is putting the rest on their good behaviour; it has filled every pulpit, railroad car, lyceum, public hall and private fireside, every arena, literary, religious or political, with discussion; witness (the last instance) Mr. Choate so desperate as to steal the occasion of a literary address for a caucus speech. In a word, it has taken up the nation by the four corners, and shaken it out of all its old habits and trains of thought, turning it into an Anti-slavery Debating Society; and all this, living in a country ruled by PUBLIC OPINION, and conscious that TRUTH is on one side, we count *success*. If God grant us as much during the next twenty years as we have had the past, our first of August

will be near, if not over, unless some other and bloody Exodus is before us in the providence of God.

I know you may say all this would have happened without Mr. Garrison and his friends. So, perhaps, the Reformation would have come, *some time or other*, without Luther; and our revolution without Washington or Adams. But he who maintains that either event would have taken place *as and when it did*, without these men, will recollect that the presumption is the other way, and that the burden of proof rests upon him.

You may urge also that the Anti-slavery agitation would have succeeded better if differently conducted. But when the success has been so unparalleled, the objector must recollect that the burden of proof rests upon him, and that, until the contrary is shown, such unequalled success is *conclusive evidence* that the method of agitation was well devised. It may be very natural for parties whom Mr. Garrison has annihilated, and sects which he has broken to pieces to find fault with

him; but it was hardly to be expected they should allege that the campaign in which they have been so signally defeated, by a miserable minority, was ill planned and worse executed.

What I wish you to observe is, that you are calling on the conqueror, in a case where accident could have no part, to prove his military capacity! He answers you, in Wren's epitaph, "*Circumspice!*" Look around you!

As you remark in your letter, all American discussions, political and religious, are carried on with such personality and frank and blunt censure as are distasteful to an Englishman. Granted. It ought, then, to be no matter of surprise that the Anti-Slavery agitation shares in the national fault; nor should it be matter of special blame, that a man, in becoming an Abolitionist, did not cease to be American in his habits and tastes. Indeed, we might claim that if there be *any* cause which could justify the most direct and harsh censure and the utmost personality, it must be ours. Could we sit down together, and

compare the Anti-slavery with the religious and political press of the United States, I think you would allow that its higher aims and purer principles have elevated and refined, as you think they should do, the tone of its discussions. Indeed, making fair allowance for difference of individual tastes, recollecting the priceless right we are battling for, and that our ranks are too poorly filled to refuse any honest man who offers his aid, I can say I have no fault to find with the language or temper of the Anti-Slavery press. To Alexander's criticism of their weapons, the Scythians made answer, "If you knew how sweet freedom was, you would think it right to defend it even with axes."

Consider our position and recollect our object. Living in a land governed exclusively by public opinion — ruled by men not by laws, — we are attempting to abolish a system of Slavery sanctioned by public opinion. To effect our object we must entirely change this public opinion. We are a minority; all the posts of influence are held

against us, the pulpit, the press, the senate-house and the market-place. Yet to succeed, we must reach every class in the community, the thoughtless and the thoughtful — the calm and the enterprising — the rude and the refined, the ignorant and the educated. In such circumstances, to expect every Abolition speaker to model himself on Dr. Channing is the greatest mistake. Dr. Channing spoke to the man of refinement and culture, with feelings sensitively alive to every consideration of duty and humanity. But with the exception of these, a few thousands at best, he was of no avail till lips more Saxon than his translated him for the benefit of the masses. The world has been criticising, for a century, the Methodist and the Moravian for their want of taste, and the rude familiarity with which they speak of things held sacred, and usually approached only with great decorum. But the Methodist and Moravian have touched more hearts than all the educated pulpits. The Quaker, while his words were half battles and stung like adders.

made converts. He has become staid and decorous and ceased to grow.

The fact is a new idea, the germ of Reform, is first a sentiment, then a thought — and afterward a principle. Hence almost all Reforms have originated among the masses and worked their way upward. I do not know that a single great Moral Reform has sprung from the schools — and when any Moral Reformer has appeared there — he has found himself speedily ejected and forced into the company of those who live in their sentiments, the mass of mankind. Their language is rough, blunt, and often coarse, as some over fastidious ears count coarseness. Reformers are usually made of the same stuff and share these faults. And one of a different stamp seeking to bridge over the space between him and his audience, borrows, for the moment, their vocabulary.

You allude to the personality of our discussions.

In a country like ours, governed, as I have reminded you already, entirely by public opinion,

the opinions of those who, either in the pulpit, at the head of the press, or in political station, represent others and seek to mould the moral sentiment of the community, are practically *facts* of momentous import to all of us. Our immediate welfare and our future destiny are inevitably and deeply affected by them. In such circumstances those persons have no right to complain if their opinions and actions are scanned and criticised with relentless scrutiny by parties so deeply concerned in them as we are. If they shrink from this responsibility they must quit the post which entails it. The politician is our servant, whose acts it is our duty and right to criticise — the mistakes of the clergyman and the editor make our farms less valuable and our lives less secure — endanger free speech and jeopard the welfare of our children — they must expect to be vigilantly watched.

If you object to our frequent judgment of motives, I need only remind you that such judgment

is necessarily made upon a very close consideration of the thousand minute circumstances of a man's past history, present position, previous declarations, known associates, general character, &c., &c., which none but those near at hand can properly estimate; so that we may be oftener right than your general knowledge of our country would lead you to think. As to the expediency of openly stating that which is generally surmised, who can doubt that it is one powerful means of destroying the influence of the plausible arguments of designing men to point out to those they are likely to delude, the corrupt and interested motives by which they are led. It seems to me that nothing but very false charity would require that we should omit from our criticism of Webster, the well-known fact that he does not believe his own statements, or rely on his own arguments, and would never have used either but from calculations of political expediency and the hope of the Presidential chair. Our cause must be very strong indeed,

when it can afford to forego, in its unequal battle with a nation, so potent a means of opening men's eyes to the treachery of his conduct, and the fatal course on which he is leading the nation. After all, the masses judge of opinions more by the men who hold them than the arguments on which they rest. Our aim is to free the Slave, by changing the sentiment of this nation. We must take human nature as we find it, and use all honest means to reach and mould the national heart.

As for the, here oft-answered, objection about Delaware, Maryland, &c., I hope you will not print that in any remarks that you may publish about your travels here, since every enlightened man would regard you as duped by the stale pretences of pro-Slavery hypocrisy. Every candid man, of all parties, North and South, laughs at such statements. They served their purpose years ago, but have long since fallen into the kennel of exploded lies. Intelligent Southerners have again and again confessed that the agitation had weakened

the whole system; Cassius Clay acknowledged it for Kentucky, — Mr. Vaughan, his partner in the editorship of the Louisville Examiner, added his testimony for that and other States. If you wish more palpable evidence, take it in the clouded close of the life of Calhoun, who sank to his grave, confessing that the days of Slavery were numbered, and throwing all the blame on the Anti-Slavery agitation. Indeed, if the Garrison movement, with the political efforts which have resulted from it, is putting back emancipation, how comes it that for twenty years the South has gone frantic with fear, and been calling on the North to quell it? threatening to dissolve the Union if it were not stopped, and rushing on the maddest courses to regain the balance of power, which they felt was slipping from their hands. Do men usually exhibit such fear and hatred toward those who are confirming their power and adding value to their property? Have the manufacturers of your country offered a reward of $5,000 for the head of Sir

Joseph Paxton? or did your landholders, during the late corn-law excitement, tar and feather the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham? Judge the South by its acts; not its pretences, — and you will easily learn by those alone the true effects of our agitation on Slavery even in the Slave States.

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Boston, November, 1851.

Sonnet.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

BY JAMES HURNARD.

Sing, happy blackbird! thy melodious lay
Proves that thy breast some heavenly spark contains,
Love, joy, and hope distend thy little veins
As they do mine. Cease not thy song so gay.
While such a bond of fellowship remains
I will not harm thee. I will never play
The kidnapper, and rifle thee away
Forever from thy native hawthorn lanes—
Rob thee of freedom till thy dying day—

Sever thee from thy mate — and while thy pains
Wring from thy ebon breast despairing strains,
Mock at the wrongs that on thy spirit weigh.
Life, love, and liberty thou shalt not lack,
Nor be a Slave, although thy hue is black.

Colchester, 8th mo., 6th, 1849.

Christianity a Crime!

BY SAMUEL MAY, JR.

STRANGE as it may appear, and reluctant as any may be to admit it, the words above are neither a fiction nor an exaggeration. They express an existing fact, coëqual in its extent and operation with the boundaries of the United States of America.

There is not a land on the face of the earth where more show of religion is made than in this; none where louder professions are made of reverence for the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. Yet obedience to the great and fundamental law of his religion is here forbidden by the law of the

land, and punished as a crime. Temples, professedly erected to the honor of God, exist almost without number in the land, while our laws require that the plainest precepts and clearest principles which God has ordained for the control and well-being of mankind, must be violated and treated with scoffing and contempt. Or, if any one venture to disregard the human and obey the divine mandate, forthwith he subjects himself to the punishment of a felon. Such is the decree of the Sovereign Power of this Union, speaking through the laws thereof.

We have a Constitution, one of whose objects, in the words of those who made it, and of those who have, for upwards of sixty years, expounded it, is, "to secure to the citizens of the Slaveholding States, *the complete right and title of ownership, in their Slaves* AS PROPERTY, *in every State of the Union*,"*— a Constitution which contains a distinct

* Story, Prigg *vs.* State of Pennsylvania, p. 77.

"*bargain between Freedom and Slavery.*"† We have laws enacted in conformity with this BARGAIN, although with various unconstitutional provisions superadded, which command, as the duty of the American citizen, the violation of the most explicit commands of God and of Christianity, and the performance of acts which are alike forbidden by God, by every principle of justice, and by every sentiment of humanity.

An outcast, wretched man — escaping from those who have cruelly entreated him all his days, who have defrauded and plundered him, beaten and bruised his wife and children before his eyes continually, and then sold that wife and those children, out of his sight forever, to other demons in human shape — flies to us and implores protection from those who are about to seize and carry him back to renewed sufferings. "Thou shalt NOT deliver him back," says the voice of God, speaking in His

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† John Quincy Adams. Diary, 1820.

word, and in the heart of man. "He SHALL be delivered up," say the Constitution and laws of this land. "We ought to obey God rather than man," is our reflection and our reply. Do so at your peril, cry the "ministers of the lower law," as they style themselves; imprisonment and fines shall be visited upon you.

"Feed the hungry; clothe the naked; hide not thyself from thine own flesh; bring him who is cast out to thy house; and relieve the oppressed." These are the positive and clear commands of God.

Whoso does this, says the law of this Union, — whoso shall harbor a fellow-man, accused of no crime, fleeing from Slavery, and seeking only freedom without molestation or oppression, he shall be fined one thousand dollars, and shall be imprisoned six months for each and every instance in which he thus *transgresses;* and he shall furthermore pay to the self-styled owners, the assessed *money-value* of every fellow-man whom, in obedi-

ence to the Gospel of Christ, he has fed, or clothed, or sheltered, or visited.

Our principal cities and towns, and even our more retired rural abodes, are now harassed and disgraced by the efforts of ambitious and heartless men to enforce these penalties. And, as might be expected when *distinguished* men thus array themselves against God, and set examples of wickedness in high places, meaner men, in editorial chairs, in lawyers' offices, in pulpits, and in the marts of trade, emulate the base deed, pour out their low contempt upon every appeal for justice and for mercy, and breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the servants of the Lord.

In the United States Senate, not long since, a Senator of the State of New York* spoke of a law higher than that of Congress, — higher than any which man can enact. The bare suggestion of such a law, — a law of superior authority and

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* William H. Seward.

weightier obligation than a Congress of Slaveholders can frame, — was received with derision and mockery by the Senators generally, and but one or two were found to do it the reverence even of a verbal acknowledgment. Thenceforward, the very phrase, "a Higher Law," was bandied to and fro from press and pulpit throughout the country, with jeers or frowns, as a monstrous heresy or a frivolous superstition.

Soon after, one of the leading Democrats of the Union, an ex-Vice-President, GEORGE M. DALLAS of Pennsylvania, seized the opportunity of a public dinner in the city of New York, to throw his contempt on the Higher Law. He sent a toast complimentary to Senator Dickinson of New York, (one of those Northern hounds of the Slave power, who have been the shame and well-nigh the destruction of our country,) and these were the words thereof, as published in the papers of the day: — "*The patriot Senator of New York* — He who cherishes no higher aim than his country's

good, and adopts no higher law than his country's Constitution."

Not to be behind any Democratic rival, in regard to any test of a man's fitness for the Presidential chair, DANIEL WEBSTER soon comes forward to try *his* hand at the work of insulting and *ignoring* (as the modern phrase is) that Power whose Being and Laws he had often, with hypocritic speech, invoked and professed to reverence. The place which he chose for his impious deed was one of the resorts of gayety and fashion, a watering-place in Slaveholding Virginia. Thus he spoke: —

"Gentlemen, this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghany higher than either, and yet this higher law ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghany. (Laughter.) No common vision can discern it; no conscience not transcendental and ecstatic can feel it; the hearing of common men

never discerns its high behests, and, therefore, one should think it not a safe law to be acted on in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the fanatical and factious Abolitionists of the North."

But even these instances are not the most painful nor the most remarkable. We are prepared to see depraved and vicious developments of character in old, hackneyed politicians, whose whole moral natures have been infected with the corrupt and poisonous atmosphere of partizan struggle, manœuvre, plot, and counterplot. We have been forced to look upon a more humiliating sight than even this. We have seen within the year one of the largest religious bodies of the land, all the while pretending great zeal for God and Christ, and great concern for immortal souls, join in the mock which is made of God and his commandments. Surely, here is the revival of the old scene, when a professed friend and disciple drew near to Jesus,

and said, Hail, Master, and kissed him, at the same moment beckoning his murderers to draw near and take him. The case to which we refer is thus told in journals wholly friendly to the body whose proceedings are reported:*

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (New School) met in Utica, N. Y., in May last. In the course of a discussion upon Slavery, "Rev. Mr. Grosvenor said, I wish to offer an amendment to what has been offered: *Resolved,* That the Fugitive Slave law, in its present provisions and requirements, is entirely opposed to the impulses of humanity, to the principles of justice, and to the precepts of the Bible. This was received with considerable laughter by the Assembly."

Laughter! Was there no other way in which to receive, even though it had been ill-timed and mistaken, a proposition like that? We are led to

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*The Oneida (Utica) Whig, N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, &c.

say, as William Jay, the celebrated preacher of Bath, England, is reported to have said, when speaking of some kindred enormity, "Come up here, old Devil, and see if you can beat that." "Laughter"! Yes — answered by fiends, and echoed from the sounding walls of hell. But in vain they laughed. He, that is HIGHER than the *highest* regarded them. The Almighty shall have *them* in derision, yea, He shall mock when their fear cometh.

To these impious and atheistical sentiments, multitudes of the pulpits of the land have responded. Very few have dared to withstand them, and vindicate the insulted Majesty of Heaven, the eternal principles of Justice, Truth, and Love. Daniel Sharp of Boston, from his pulpit, calls upon his hearers to obey the laws of the land, whether they are just or unjust, RIGHT OR WRONG; that is, whether they agree with God's laws, or directly oppose them. This doctrine has been taken up, and promulgated from the most influen-

tial pulpits in the land. Apologies and justifications of Slavery have been poured out like water; and the great commandments, on which all others depend, To love God with all our heart, and mind, and strength; and, To love our Neighbor as ourselves, have been driven to the wall. And thus has the Nation made the commandment of God of no effect by its legislation; and a corrupt priesthood have said, *Amen.*

So it is. To shelter the weary, hunted, and wretched Slave, — to bind up his wounds, — to break our bread to his afflicted soul, — to give him but a cup of cold water in the name of Christ; — and to refuse to partake in the devilish work of giving him back to his tormentors; — all this, which Christianity enjoins upon us and requires of us, the American Constitution and Laws forbid, while the Government is resorting to every expedient which ingenuity can devise to distort mercy into treason, humanity into crime, — stirring up the basest passions of the ignorant, prejudiced, and

vile against the friends of Freedom, and arraying the terrors of fine, imprisonment, and even death, against those who will not bow to the behests of Slavery.

This is the terrible condition of things amongst us, which makes our Nation not alone a cruel and an oppressive, but an impious and blasphemous Nation.

"The Union of these States," it has been truly said, "is cemented with blood, and is reared upon the prostrate bodies of three millions of Slaves." It is in such a land that we are now living; a land WHERE IT IS MADE A CRIME TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

Leicester, Massachusetts, November, 1851.

To Powers, the Sculptor.

Upon hearing that he was employed on a statue of California and one of America.

Hold back thy work, bright son of Genius, hold!
Let not the spotless statue come too soon!
Let "La Dorada" fill thy lap with gold,
While thou dost tie her "Goddess'" golden shoon.

Hold back "America" yet many a year,
Rather than let the pure, white marble lie!
Her high-born Liberty has many a tear
Of Marah bitterness, the while, to dry!

Speed on the day! Truth! Justice! Nature! Art!
Art! thou hast powers men have not all discerned!
Hide not the black vein in the marble's heart:
Be no deep font of bitterness inurned!

Hold back the statue — not for Time, but Truth!
Oh do not let the pure, white marble lie!
Carve out a Niobe for our weak youth,
Straining the infant to her bosom dry.

Her youngest born is better worth thy while,
With her bright gewgaws, and her feathery toys:
Meantime, may Liberty, true goddess, smile
An angel-blessing on her girls and boys!

Hold back America! or give her true,
Clasping the viper to her deep-stung heart!
Oh hold her back till her warped soul renew
Its virgin faith, — then give her pure, oh Art!

The Baron de Stael-Holstein.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

In no country, where men are trying to act in a manner worthy of their origin and destiny, is the name of this noble philanthropist unknown. In France, and in England especially, have all good men felt the encouragement given by his sacrifices, his counsels, his wide influence, and his illustrious name: — a name which he accomplished the difficult task of still further illustrating by the exercise of that Charity, so courageously militant, yet so touching in its gentleness, which is alone worthy to be called Christian Charity. He devoted himself in a peculiar manner to the abolition of the Slave-

trade in France. None that heard them can ever forget the conscientiously precise and simple statements and explanations which he gave in 1826, while holding up to the shuddering Assembly the chains and bars forged for the better securing of Slaves.

I am permitted by Madame la Baronne de Staël, his widow, to extract the following passage for the Liberty Bell.

Paris, September, 1851.

L'Esclavage la Meme Partout.

PAR LE BARON DE STAEL-HOLSTEIN.

On voudrait en vain se dissimuler ; les fruits amers de l'esclavage sont les mêmes partout ; nul peuple, nulle région, n'échappe à son influence délétère. Les Etats-Unis la ressentent comme le Brésil, la Jamaïque comme la Guadeloupe, et, de légères exceptions près, la condition des malheureux noirs est la même dans toutes les colonies ; on les conduit au travail, le fouet à la main, comme un vil bétail ; on imprime sur leur corps, avec un fer chaud, le chiffre de leur maître. Les femmes sont soumises à des châtimens corporels, dont la pudeur n'a pas moins à rougir que l'humanité.

Les familles sont divisées sans pitié ; le père est vendu d'un côté, la mère de l'autre, la fille du troisième ; et il n'est pas rare de voir compris dans de pareilles ventes les enfans que le libertinage des maîtres a fait naître. La justice est sans force pour protégér l'Esclavage contre les caprices ou les cruautés d'un maître barbare ; car le témoignage des nègres n'est pas admissible devant les tribunaux. Enfin, non content de cet amas de souffrances, on va jusqu'à leur refuser les consolations de la piété ; car la religion de l'Evangile pourrait, dit-on, leur suggérer des pensées d'égalité dangereuses pour le repos de leurs maîtres.

Prononcé à Paris, 1826.

Slavery the Same Everywhere.

BY THE BARON DE STAEL-HOLSTEIN.

It is in vain to deny it; the bitter fruits of Slavery are the same everywhere. No people, no region, escapes its deleterious influences. The United States feel it, as do Brazil, Jamaica, and Guadeloupe. With trifling exceptions, the condition of the wretched blacks is the same in every colony. They are driven to work, whip in hand, like brute beasts. The mark of their master is branded into their bodies with a hot iron. Women are subjected to bodily punishments, at which modesty, no less than humanity, blushes. Families are divided without pity. The father is sold in

one direction, the mother in another, the daughter in a third; and it is not uncommon to see, included in such sales, children who owe their birth to the licentiousness of the masters. Justice is powerless to protect the Slaves against the caprices or the cruelty of a barbarous master; for the testimony of negroes is not allowable before the Courts. In fine, as if this load of affliction was not enough, they are even denied the consolations of devotion; for the religion of the Gospel, it is affirmed, may suggest to them ideas of equality dangerous to the quiet of their masters.

Uttered in Paris, 1826.

To Kossuth.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

I.

Amidst the roar of public acclamation —
The tempest-greetings of a mighty throng —
The cannon's thundering reverberation —
The civic fête, with toast, and speech, and song —
The grand "All hail!" of a rejoicing nation,
A million times repeated loud and long —

II.

Can one lone voice, all tremulous with feeling,
Be heard by thee, O glorified Kossuth,

To all thy noblest attributes appealing,
As one who knows Oppression's bitter fruit;
And to thy listening ear the truth revealing,
When sycophants and cowards all are mute?

III.

My claims for audience thou wilt not discredit,
For they are based on kindred love of Right;
And as for Liberty, world-wide to spread it,
I, too, have suffered outrage, scorn and slight;
Known what the dungeon is, and not to dread it;
And still am zealous in the moral fight.

IV.

Thou dreaded foe of Austrian oppression,
With earnest love of liberty imbued,
Since through America's strong intercession,
Thy liberation has at last ensued,
'T is meet thou comest here to give expression
To thy sincere and heartfelt gratitude.

V.

But, while thy obligation thus admitting,
O let it not thy generous soul ensnare;
Act thou, while here, a manly part, befitting
Thy name and fame as one to do and dare,
Whate'er the peril of the hour, — acquitting
Thyself right valiantly, a champion rare.

VI.

Is it for thee to deal in glowing fiction?
To call this land great, glorious and free?
To take no note of its sad dereliction
From all that constitutes true liberty?
To feel upon thy spirit no restriction
By aught that thou canst learn, or hear, or see?

VII.

While this republic thou art warmly thanking,
For aiding thee once more to breathe free air,

Three million Slaves their galling chains are clanking,
Heart-broken, bleeding, crushed beyond compare,
At public sale with swine and cattle ranking,
The wretched victims of complete despair!

VIII.

The government that thou art now extolling,
As well-deserving measureless applause,
By its strong arm these millions are enthralling,
And persecuting those who plead their cause:
O, rank hypocrisy, and guilt appalling!
Like Draco's code, in blood are writ its laws.

IX.

For 't is by law the father, son, and brother,
Know nought of filial or parental ties;
By law the sister, daughter, wife, and mother,
Must claim no kindred here beneath the skies;

All, at the fiendish bidding of another,
Their God-given rights must basely sacrifice.

X.

By law the fugitives from stripes and fetters,
Who seek, like thee, a refuge safe and sure
From murderous tyrants and their vile abettors,
Are hunted over mountain, plain and moor;
Dragged back to Slavery, as absconding debtors,
To toil, like brutes, while life and strength endure.

XI.

By law 't is criminal a Slave to pity,
To give him food and shelter from his foes;
For him no hiding-place in town or city;
He must be hunted wheresoe'er he goes;
And they are branded as a vile banditti,
Who for his freedom nobly interpose!

XII.

Behold what scenes are in our courts transpiring!
Behold on trial placed the good and brave,
For disobedience to the law requiring
That he whom God made free should be a Slave!
Arraigned as traitors with a zeal untiring,
And, if convicted, hurried to the grave!

XIII.

Thou hast proclaimed, in tones like ringing clarion,
That freedom is the gift of God to all;
That as a man, not as a mere Hungarian,
In its defence thou 'lt bravely stand or fall;
For Jew and Greek, for Scythian and Barbarian,
Alike are summoned by its trumpet-call.

XIV.

I take thee at thy word, out-spoken hero!
Forget not those who are in bondage here;

For our humanity now stands at zero,
And threatens utterly to disappear;
Rebuke each merciless plantation Nero;
Reprove our land in accents loud and clear!

XV.

While praising us wherein we are deserving,
Tell us our faults, — expose our crime of crimes;
Be as the needle to the pole unswerving,
And true to Freedom's standard in all climes;
Thus many a timid heart with courage nerving
To meet the mighty conflict of the times.

XVI.

Say Slavery is a stain upon our glory,
Accursed of Heaven, and by the earth abhorred;
Show that our soil with negro blood is gory,
And certain are the judgments of the Lord;
So shall thy name immortal be in story,
And thy fidelity the world applaud.

XVII.

Yet first, for this, thou shalt be execrated
By those who now in crowds around thee press;
Thy visit shall be sternly reprobated;
Thy friends and flatterers grow less and less;
Thy hopes for Hungary be dissipated;
America shall curse thee, and not bless.

XVIII.

But if, alas! thy country's sad condition,
And need of succor, a pretence be made,
Why from thy lips should fall no admonition,
Lest she should lose our sympathy and aid;
No blessing can attend thy selfish mission —
The cause of freedom thou wilt have betrayed.

XIX.

O, shall the millions here in bondage sighing,
Branded as beasts, and scourged with bloody whips,

The "property" of tyrants God-defying,
Hear not one word of pity from thy lips?
O be not dumb, to thy reproach undying—
And thy great fame save from a dire eclipse!

XX.

Courage, Kossuth! Be true—fear not the trial!
Pluck out thy right eye, and thy right hand lose!
Though on thy head be poured out every vial,
To wear a padlock on thy lips refuse!
And thou shalt gain, through lofty self-denial,
A brighter crown than all the world can choose.

Boston, December 10, 1851.

The Law of Progress and Slavery.

BY CHARLES C. SHACKFORD.

THE present aspect of Slavery is not owing to any isolated circumstances, or mere incidental and temporary causes. It is often repeated, "Were it not for the Abolitionists, much might have been done in behalf of emancipation;" "the agitation of the subject has delayed the day of emancipation;" and so on, with like observations, which show how superficial a view is taken of the subject, and how great an ignorance prevails as to the great moral laws which underlie all human conduct, and manifest themselves not only in individual histories, but also in social movements.

Some twenty years ago a few men and women began to protest, in earnest tones, against this unrighteous system of human bondage. It was like the conscience of an individual man, uttering its voice against some sin of which he had long been guilty, but to which he had been carelessly negligent. It was as if some youth had awakened to a sight of good and evil in the course on which he was walking. The first feelings of guilt were keen, and his nature not wholly corrupt; he blamed himself in no measured terms, and the blest spheres of truth and virtue gleamed before his view. But the temptations which lured him on were more glittering still: wealth to be acquired, power to be preserved, shame too reluctant to confess and abandon the evil course, — these caused him to close his ears to the divine voice, and plunge more deeply into the flood of excitement and action. He first turns aside and disobeys the teachings of conscience, then he seeks reasons to justify himself in his course, calls evil good, and good evil; until,

at last, darkness, delusion and utter abandonment overwhelm him. The least allusion to his propensities or conduct goads him to madness, and he hurls denunciation and contempt upon all who speak of them, as mere pretenders to virtue, to humanity and religion. He immerses himself in sensual delights, and his appetites are his gods.

This is the law of moral development in regard to Slavery. The nation, instead of listening to the appeals which the conscience, called Abolitionists, made for freedom and humanity, has determined, from seeming motives of expediency, to go on its course, though in utter violation of the fundamental principles of liberty from which it sprung, and of the religion of love and freedom which it professed. Accordingly, the progress of Slavery has been with a constant and rapid stride. It rules our government, it steps over the boundaries of States, and clutches every citizen. It claims boldly for its support the Bible and the Constitution. It ransacks all human history for its justifi-

cation, and exalts its head above all other institutions, claiming to be the perfection of a social state, absolutely essential to union, to safety, and to progress.

Never was there a more significant illustration of the nature of wilful transgression and unrepented sin to corrupt the fountain of spiritual principles, to darken the intellect, and absorb into itself the higher and holier sentiments of the heart. At the South, the first elements of civil liberty are utterly perverted, so that it is announced as the last discovery of political science, to be received as an axiom, "that the doctrine of *Equal Rights* is ridiculously absurd," and that "liberty is not a political right, but a personal distinction." And Christianity itself is held up and interpreted as the corner-stone of Slavery. Religious conventions vote "that it is compatible with the most fraternal regard," and that "it is a Christian institution involving no moral evil." This, too, is the language of many presses and pulpits of the

North, unrebuked except by a few who are called therefor disorganisers and fanatics. Not mere passive permission, but active coöperation, is demanded of "the good citizen," in the catching of Fugitive Slaves, and there is an evident tendency to put down all expression of thought and feeling, and stop all agitation upon the subject.

Now, all this is according to the law of moral deterioration, always operative where the voice of conscience is disregarded, and evil is persisted in. Those who do not desire the good, by degrees lose the perception of the true. The heart loving evil, at last brings the head over to maintain its cause. That conclusion which, from selfish motives, we desire to adopt, — that opinion, towards which the stream of our moral tendencies bears us along, — that system which is most congenial to our moral state, we soon can justify with plausible reasons, and can defend with subtile logic. The darkness soon appears as light, and he who began his course with the inspirations of truth and the in-gleamings

of divine principles, great foundation principles of God and humanity, at last presents the mournful spectacle of one who "gropes about in noon-day, as the blind gropeth in darkness." And when we look at such an one, we can but say,

> "The eternal sorrow
> In his unmonarched eyes, says, Day is done,
> Without the hope of morrow."

To such a fate is this nation rapidly tending. The only way of arresting it, is to quicken into renewed activity the vital consciousness of the nation's soul, and bring it back to the simple and primal truths of conscience, — to the assertion of the inalienable right of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

As thus the present position of this nation in its aspect as a whole, is the natural result of eternal and immutable laws of moral progression, irrespective of any mere incidental circumstances, or any modes of temporary manifestation of feeling on

this subject, so, also, is the attitude and relative position of the Free and Slave States a necessary result of similarly operating principles. The Slaveholder loves power; Slavery exists at the South, because it ministers to that inborn and perpetually cherished passion of lordly domination, of a desire of ruling, characteristic of the race of men who colonized the Southern part of this North American Continent. The system has charms for these, which those who do not possess so strongly this overmastering instinct, can scarcely imagine.

The Slave, as such, is an unthrifty workman, a wasteful servant, and it is poor economy to employ him. Very true; but he is the property of his master; he has no thought, will, or power of his own; he has no wife or children, to whose welfare everything else is subordinate; he can be flogged when he is saucy and rebellious, and the self-will of the master can be gratified at all times. The master has more power than any tyrant on the throne, within the sphere of his ownership. He

can dispose of the life, the liberty, and the happiness of one, one hundred, or one thousand of his fellow-beings. Were the Slave a mere article of property, like a horse or an ox, he would be readily parted with, when it was shown to be inexpedient to retain him. But there is an irresistibly sweet attraction to him who possesses the disposition and training of the Southerner, the blood of a cavalier, and the culture of an eastern, irresponsible Sultan, with his satraps and his harem, — in being the absolute master of men, women and children. He never will voluntarily release his grasp, until his nature changes. His land may be exhausted, his house tumble down over his head, and his life be without neatness or cheer, but spare him his Slaves, and he is comparatively content. The negro, as a Slave, is to him a pleasant object of contemplation; but, as a FREE MAN, he turns from him with undisguised loathing. He feels no prejudice against color, when that color attaches to his property. His exquisite senses are not

wounded by his body-servant as long as he is his Slave. It is not the mere services performed by the Slave that renders his presence tolerable; but the love of power, the selfish passion of domination is continually gratified. There is incense ever burning to his pride, and his lust of authority.

The Yankee, on the other hand, loves to work, to exercise his inventive genius, to create comfort and wealth around him. He employs workmen and servants in order to accomplish some end, which he cannot otherwise bring about. He would prefer to do the work himself, if he only had enough hands and feet. But he is only one man, and he wants to do many things. He has only an average share of lust for power, and a good degree of willingness that others should be free as well as himself. He loves freedom and free-labor, because he sees that they are useful as his instruments, that they are in accordance with good common sense. Neither his original bias of nature, nor his educa-

tion, nor his circumstances, lead him to act from the exclusive love of possessing the mastery and making all others subservient to his will. But the Slaveholder is nurtured in this element of domination, he is born to rule, he thinks; he always has ruled, and he always will rule. His memory cannot go back to the time when he was not a young lordling, invested with this absolute mantle of authority. "Nursed, and educated, and daily exercised in tyranny," as Thomas Jefferson says, "he cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities." The system of Slavery rears a race of passionate lovers of power, a counterfeit feudal chivalry; it is a system of feudal tyranny, without its redeeming traits of knightly prowess, and high-souled honor. It makes its upholders overbearing and stormy at every check to their pride of self-will, for they have been, in a great degree, unused to opposition, and much more unused to be submissive and to be ruled. It makes a constituency contemptuous of labor and plodding industry, con-

temptuous, too, of all who work with their own hands, dead to calm and rational pursuits, accustomed to violence, and wholly indifferent to the rights of man, as man.

Now, with these data before us, we ought not to be surprised at the attitude of the Slave power, and the relative position of the North and the South in this year, 1852, in these United States of America, called a free Republic. The General Government has thrown its broad mantle over this corrupt institution of Slavery; for the Slaveholder has held in his hand the helm of this country's destiny. A subtile, ever-active combination of the Slave-owning interest, devoted exclusively to political chicanery, has ruled the councils of the nation, filled the responsible offices, directed the policy, disposed of the vast patronage of place and profit to the detriment of Freedom, and in a word, directed everything according to its own good will and pleasure. While the North, true to its genius, has been engaged in the divine

labors of industry, or, as the polished Southron expresses it, "has been working like niggers," the South, true to its genius, also has been ruling the government, and exercising its passion for power. And so well has it known how to play upon the worst elements of the Yankee character, that it has subdued the rising flood of moral indignation against Slavery, it has distracted the councils and designs of the North, and made both of the great political parties its slaves and subservient tools. Each is striving to get the more crumbs of those that fall from the Slaveholder's table; each is endeavoring to bid the higher for his complacent nod.

This is, indeed, a noteworthy problem, — a professedly Christian and republican nation marching with steady and rapid strides towards the enthronement of human Slavery, while all other nations, barbarous as well as civilized, are casting off the chains from the Slave. To land upon the soil of Tunis makes free every Slave; to

enter the harbors of the South entitles the Freeman of Massachusetts to be dragged from the ship, "whose deck should be sacred as the temple of God," to be lodged in jail, and sold as a Slave if the costs are not paid. It is a noteworthy problem how each office-holder throughout this vast country dares not open his mouth to plead for human rights; how the least word upon the subject of Freedom and Slavery would cause him to lose the smiles of power and offend the possessors of executive patronage; how to pray for the oppressed in our country, excites more horror and commotion and opposition than do the worst deeds of the oppressor. Here is something deep and radical, not temporary and incidental.

From the first, an unconscious instinct, a hidden and resistless tendency, has urged on the Slaveholding interest. They have all along been "building better than they knew" for their cherished institution. Their character, which is their fate, has been impelling them forward.

That has laid the foundation, and upreared the structure, so massive, so towering, which we now behold with astonished wonder. That has borne them onward in a career of arrogance, and of successful, proud assumption which has scarcely a parallel in the history of the world. And the whole conduct of the North has been such as to increase this temper, and to fan this flame. It has resisted just enough to provoke opposition, and has yielded at the very moment when to yield was to secure the greatest triumph to the opposing power. Its love of trade and of wealth fails when the passion for power is stimulated to the strongest vigor. The North is weakest at the very point where the South is *strongest.* Hence, the South has always remained the victor in the field, and Slavery has triumphed over Freedom.

Had it only been seen what were the great moral laws underlying this whole matter, a remedy might easily have been applied at first. In Milton's time, it was maintained that "Prelaty" was

essential to the stability of the regal power, as now it is maintained that "Slavery" is essential to our republican institutions. He proceeded to "untack this pleasant sophism," by the following fable. "Upon a time the body summoned all the members to meet in the guild for the common good; the head, by right, takes the first seat, and next to it a huge and monstrous wen, little less than the head itself, growing to it by a narrow excrescency. The members, amazed, began to ask one another what he was that took place next their chief? None could resolve. Whereat the wen, though unwieldy, with much ado gets up and bespeaks the assembly to this purpose; that, as in place he was near the head, so by due of merit; that he was to it an ornament, and strength, and of special near relation; and that if the head should fail, none were fitter than himself to step into his place; therefore he thought it for the honor of the whole body, that such dignities and rich endowments should be decreed him, as did adorn and set

out the noblest members. To this it was answered that it should be consulted. Then was a wise and learned philosopher sent for, that knew all the charters, laws, and tenures of the body. He, soon perceiving the matter, and wondering at the boldness of such a swollen tumor,—'Wilt thou, (quoth he) that art but a bottle of vicious and hardened excrements, contend with the lawful and free-born members? Head thou art none; what office bearest thou? What good can'st thou show by thee done to the common weal?' The wen, not easily abashed, replies, 'that his office was his glory; for so oft as the soul would retire to divine contemplation, with him she found the purest and quietest retreat as being most remote from soil and disturbance.' 'Lourdan,' quoth the philosopher; 'know that all the faculties of the soul are confined of old to their several vessels and ventricles, from which they cannot part without dissolution of the whole body; and that thou containest no good thing in thee, and art to the head a foul disfigure-

ment and burden, when I have cut thee off and opened thee, as by the help of these implements I will do now, all men shall see."

We have not been as wise as the old philosopher. The great American wen remains yet in its place beside the head. It has received, "dignities and rich endowments," until its proportions are truly "huge and monstrous." When shall the philosopher appear, who, knowing all "the charters, laws and tenures" of the divine body of humanity, shall consign this unsightly excrescence of Slavery to its fitting place!

Lynn, Mass., October, 1851.

The Manumitted Slave.

BY TEUTON GEORGE.

Toll, thou burial-bell, toll!
Out over the land let thy accents roll
Till they reach the distant sea;
O! that they spake of rest to my soul!
But that may never be!

When Marco's head lies low
For him thou wilt sound no note of wo,
He 'll rest in a nameless grave,
And few and humble they who go
To bury him by the wave.

Toll for my master's rest !
The drum and the waving banner and crest
  Proclaim to near and far
That these sad funeral rites are dressed
  For one wl hone in war.

When Marco's death-hour comes
They 'll toll no bells, they 'll muffle no drums, —
  For 't was his humble lot
To feed upon the scattered crumbs
  Of the feast his labor bought.

I loved my master well, —
Though often his blows on my body fell
  When sense was drowned in wine, —
And tears that start at that sad bell
  On this dark visage shine.

Why did I love him so ?
Was it because he loved me ? No ! —

But his childhood was my care,
And a lovely babe was he I trow, —
In boyhood, O how fair!

And when the war-drum beat
And he rode to the fight with martial heat
Marco must follow too, —
And from the horses' trampling feet
His wounded master drew.

And many a weary hour
When the tropical sun, with maddening power,
Blazed on this aged frame,
I vainly prayed to God for a shower
To cool his fever's flame,

And strove, while I fanned his face,
With tales of his early days to chase
The lagging hours of pain,
And by his side kept my anxious place
Till he rose in health again.

O ! thankful then was he
And promised to set me at liberty,
  And, just before his death,
He took my hand and pronounced me free
  Even with his dying breath.

But ah ! his kinsmen say,
Unless I agree to be sent away
  Across the Atlantic wave,
The gift is naught this very day
  And I must die a Slave.

They say he left me gold —
A rich and a shining store I 'm told —
  But yet 't is not for me —
'T is to pay the speculator cold
  To bear me over the sea.

Then welcome Slavery !
Defend me, O God, from such liberty !

I will not cross the wave
To die amid strangers beyond the sea,
Far from my mother's grave.

'T is not my native land !
Let them prate of its palms and golden sand,
I heed not what they say.
My heavy chain I will wear in this land
The rest of my little day.

Expostulation.

BY RICHARD D. WEBB.

[The following letter was addressed to a worshipper of science, who returned from the United States in that well-known frame of mind so satisfactory to the Slaveholders, so mortifying to the Abolitionists. He thought the former not such very bad fellows, for he found them gentlemanly and hospitable, whilst he talked of the "rabid doings" of the Abolitionists with whom he had not consorted at all. This common result of a visit to "the land of the free and the home of the brave," as often arises from previous ignorance or indifference as from inhumanity or dishonesty. It is a consequence of a defective education, or unawakened moral sympathies. Many giants in theology, science, or politics, see nothing particular in American Slavery. The diffusion of sound information, respecting the doctrines and doings of the Abolitionists, would be of as much substantial benefit to the world as any that proceeds from the chairs of our most learned professors. It would inculcate correct views of political economy, and moral philosophy, and of the claims of practical Christianity.]

DUBLIN, September 25, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — You say you have "as great a horror of American Slavery as I can have." You do not defend it in the abstract;

how can you seem to defend it in the concrete? Is it more defensible in practice than in theory? Have you seen any form of it in the practice of the best and "kindest" Slaveholder, in which it was not a denial of right, a robbery of the poor, a system of forced ignorance, moral darkness, and inevitable impurity? Do you not know that among the three and a half millions of Slaves, a legal marriage is unknown; and that for a woman to maintain her chastity, if she be young and attractive, is impossible, except at the risk of life and limb? The Slave's wife may be taken from him any day; he may be forced to marry or live with any other woman; and his daughters may be distributed to whomsoever his owner pleases. These things are done every hour. Female Slaves frequently hang themselves, drown themselves, are tortured to death by the cowhide and the paddle, sooner than submit to pollution. It were idle to deny the crimes of Slavery; they are its inevitable adjuncts; if they were separated

from the system, and really put down by public opinion as well as by law, *it* could not live an hour.

You plead that the moderate drinker is preferable to the drunkard, and hence argue that the "kind" Slaveholder is not to be condemned like those who make a cruel use of their power. Now, in my opinion, if people really look upon the use of strong drink as a crime under all circumstances, they are right in saying that the more respectable the position of the moderate drinker, the more dangerous is his example. I consider abstinence from intoxicating drinks as merely expedient in a country where the force of example is powerful, and the evils of intemperance prevalent. But to be a Slaveholder is something very different from indulging in a slight personal gratification. If he be an American and a Christian, he is a traitor to the Declaration of Independence and to the New Testament, — he is acting against the plainest provisions and declarations of both documents. He

is voluntarily in the position of a mean tyrant and robber, and, by the force of his example, is a promoter of every crime. For every crime is inevitable, where a system prevails which invests a community, with its infinite variety of dispositions and characters of mind, with absolute power over all in the position of Slaves.

There is not a Slaveholder in the Slave States who is not so by his own choice. He may take his victims out of the State, and liberate them whenever he chooses. There is no law to the contrary. Though all the laws and all the policy of Slaveholding America are directed to foster and extend Slavery, and to maintain the willing Slaveholder in his guilty position, still, any man, really sensible of its evils and enormities, may resign it at once. Many have done so to their great pecuniary loss, but to the attainment of that peace "which passeth all understanding."

As to the pretence that Slavery was forced upon the Americans, and that the present generation

"cannot get rid of it if they would," the plea is transparently hypocritical. All experience shows that it is easy and safe to get rid of Slavery. It was easily done in Hayti, — easily effected in the British and French West Indies. The bloodshed so often spoken of as having taken place in Hayti, was the consequence of attempts to reimpose Slavery upon the liberated blacks.

It would have been as easy for the men of the American revolution to get rid of negro Slavery as of the British yoke; but their love of mammon was fully equal to their love of liberty. The disposition of the South is to extend Slavery in all directions; the Southrons seem to look on its maintenance as the great business and duty of their lives.

All the pretences and all the calumnies that impeded the Abolition of British West Indian Slavery, are repeated on a larger scale in the United States. Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Buxton, were maligned and traduced in the grossest

manner. They were called fanatics, revolutionists, and madmen. George the Third hated Clarkson, just as Daniel Webster hates and affects to despise Garrison and his coadjutors. Nobody now says that Clarkson and Wilberforce retarded British emancipation; that they only riveted the chains of the Slave; that they were "rabid" and unreasonable.

Your visit to the United States threw you into association with the scientific, the mercantile, the wealthy, the fashionable, who, too generally, abhor all Anti-Slavery action, because it interferes with their interests, their connections, their prejudices, and their ease, and disturbs the tranquillity of their churches. I am not surprised that you misunderstand the Abolitionists, and talk of their being "rabid," though their most earnest efforts are but as an infant's struggles, compared with the ferocity with which the Slaveholders rave at the slighest interference with their mean and diabolical

system, and their determination "to do as they please with their own."

You speak of the opponents of Slavery as "Free Soilers." This is a mistake. Allow me to define the classes into which their opponents are divided.

The Free Soilers are those whose purpose it is to prevent the extension of Slavery over those portions of the United States where it does not now exist, to abolish it in the District of Columbia, and to separate the National Government from all connection with Slavery, not required by the Constitution. But they swear to support the Constitution, with its Pro-Slavery clauses, disclaim any intention of interfering, directly, with Slavery in the States where it exists.

2d. The Liberty Party profess to consider the Constitution as an Anti-Slavery document; and they say, if it were interpreted, as it should be, Slavery could no longer exist in any State which holds to that document, inasmuch as the State laws

must consist with the Constitution of the United States.

3d. The Abolitionists are they who direct their efforts to enlighten public opinion, by exposing the enormity of the system in all its aspects; by showing the hollowness of politicians and the sins of the Church; by pointing out its political, social, and religious disadvantages. They use no physical violence, they preach none, they countenance none. They appeal to the intellect and the conscience only. They judge the Slaveholder by his own standards, and point to facts for their justification. It is with this class that I sympathise. Their labors are carried on amidst great difficulties, and with an amount of energy, zeal, discretion and faithfulness that has never been surpassed in any other philanthropic enterprise.

As to the Northern men who go South in pursuit of gain, or to marry the planters' daughters, they do not, as you think, take the air of liberty along with them. They associate with the Slaveholders,

and, imbued as they are beforehand with prejudice against color, they readily imbibe the hideous morality of the South, and soon adopt the bowie-knife, the pistol, and the whip. I believe it is generally found that Northern immigrants are more cruel than native Southerners, and that the Irish and Scotch are worse than either.

When I speak of Christianity in connection with Slaveholders, I speak of it as diluted for their purposes, to something that will, they hope, save their souls without interfering with their "peculiar institution." A religion of justice, mercy, light, truth, and fair-play, they abhor, and would probably hang the man who would persist in preaching it among them.

Within the last two months, I have seen one man who was tarred and feathered, in South Carolina, for attempting to teach Slaves to read; and another, a Baptist minister, who was ducked within an inch of his life, in Kentucky, for attempting to preach to Slaves.

In referring to the deadness to religious impressions evinced by some observers of the operations of nature, you remark, "Such blindness is scarcely conceivable to some minds, yet to others the opposite appears but the effect of a warm imagination. So inexplicable is the human mind! The moral evidence which stirs one man to his centre, brings no conviction to another." This expresses something of my feelings towards those who regard without respect or sympathy the efforts of the enlightened and devoted Abolitionists, for the overthrow of a usurpation hostile to all religion, all truth, all liberty, all progress, all science I ask you, whether is the more wonderful speculative blindness that you deplore, or this deadness and insensibility to enormous crime and moral evil? And, what is that religion good for, which has no operative power, which is blind to the character of that system of legalized violence, rapine, cruelty, and lust, called Slavery?

If Slavery is so cunning that you, with all your

refinement, tenderness of spirit, deep feeling, religious sensibility, and scientific ardor, can be brought to make terms with it so that you count "respectable Slaveholders" among your friends, whilst you can hardly help despising the eloquent, self-sacrificing, high-minded Abolitionists, it is time to do something to expose its wickedness and hypocrisy.

I hope you will excuse this freedom, which I take because I value your opinion, and think your voice of weight on whatever side it is given.

The Ring.

(From the German of Anastasius Grün.)

BY HARRIET W. LIST.

I sat on the brow of a mountain,
From my country far away;
Beneath me mountain ranges,
Green vales, and corn-fields lay.

A ring from off my finger,
In a quiet dream, I drew,
A pledge of love from a dear one,
Given at the last adieu.

Before my eye, like a spy-glass,
I held the golden wreath,

And peeped through the little circle,
Down on the world beneath.

O ! beautiful green mountains !
And golden fields of grain !
Well may so fair a picture
Such fitting frame contain.

Here glimmering cottages gaily
The slope of the mountain throng,
There sickle and scythe are glancing,
The affluent stream along.

And beyond, the plain, where proudly
The river rolls away,
And far off, the blue mountains,
With granite warders grey.

And cities with white spires,
And forests green and grand,
And clouds that, like my longing heart,
Are drawn to a distant land.

The green earth and the Heavens,
Man and his fair domains,
All these, encircling like a frame,
My little ring contains.

O ! a beautiful picture !
To see the Heavens above,
And all the land, thus fairly spanned,
By the golden ring of Love.

Forward!

(From Hoffman Von Fallersleben.)

BY T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

It is a time of swell and flood,
We linger on the strand;
And all that might to us bring good
Lies in the distant land.

Oh forward! forward! why stand still?
The flood will ne'er run dry;
Who through the wave not venture will,
That land shall never spy.

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan greet tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. —*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

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Henrietta, the Bride.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

During the hottest weather of a summer long gone by, the dress-makers of London were in a pitiable state of worry and exhaustion. The Queen, — wife of Charles II., had introduced a sort of Bloomer costume which fixed all eyes; and, of course, all female hearts were set on having a

suit like the Queen's. Her Majesty had appeared in the Park with a white-laced waistcoat or jacket, and a crimson short petticoat, and a little hat with a feather. After this, there was no rest for the dress-makers till every lady had her short petticoat and jacket. The gentlemen professed themselves scandalized, — not at the petticoat, but at the ladies buttoning their jackets up to the throat, as men button their coats in cold weather. We hear something also of periwigs under the hats; but this, which seems to us the only objectionable part of the dress (and it was a part not worn by the Queen) seems to have passed without challenge in those days of frizzled pates. Amidst the pressure on the dress-makers, the brides claimed to be the first served; and the claim was allowed; for it was clearly impossible for young ladies to be married till their wardrobes were prepared after the newest fashion: but it became more and more difficult to supply even the brides; for the apprentices, and the dress-makers themselves were dying very fast,

— some said, with heat and fatigue, — others said with something worse. The fact was, — the Plague was in London, and spreading fast, though nobody in the fashionable world chose to own it. The physicians, seeing what would please, and believing alarm to be dangerous, denied the fact in genteel houses, though they swallowed a lump of spicy electuary when they rose in the morning, and went their rounds with lozenges in their mouths, and kept a flask of Canary wine handy, to fortify themselves when exhausted. They let the world know of these precautions afterwards; but at the time, they seemed to deride all apprehensions, and helped to cry "Peace! peace!" when there was no peace.

Miss Henrietta Holmes was one of the intended brides of that summer, and for her were many needles plied, till one apprentice after another dropped from her stool, or failed to come to work in the morning. The gay girl knew nothing of this; for her lover kept from her knowledge all he

could of the spread of the plague; and her parents kept it from themselves. They were very happy; and they did not like to think of any disturbance. Charles Osborn, her lover, had scarcely any fear. He and his beloved were as healthful as people could well be; and everybody thought they carried long life in their faces. Unless by some accident from an over-adventurous spirit, they seemed as secure as youth, strength, energy, and gay hearts could make them.

The wedding-day arrived. There was a great dinner at two o'clock. All the relations who were in London were present; and the clergyman, and the family physician, and some intimate friends besides. Henrietta was, that day, a sight to make the most melancholy person cheerful. Her round, rosy face and dimpled chin gave her the air of being younger than she was; and she looked too childlike to be a bride. She was rallied and toasted rather too much as a child, Charles thought, by some of her father's friends; but they had

dandled her as a babe, and had forgotten the lapse of years. Just before her mother and the other ladies left the table, Charles observed that Henrietta looked uncomfortable for a moment, and shivered slightly, as if from cold. He ordered the door which led down to the garden to be closed; and observed that a draught of air was more to be avoided on hot days when it was pleasantest, than on occasions when nobody liked it. Henrietta thanked him with a smile, and presently withdrew, followed by mother and aunts, all eager to dress her for the ceremony of the evening.

It was her mother who put the finishing hand to her dress by fastening the embroidered jacket, and arranging the lace ruff within it. While doing this, the mother became suddenly silent, — turned the girl round to face the light, — unfastened a jewelled button or two, — and then, in a constrained voice, asked her daughter how she thought she should go through the ceremony, — whether she felt strong and at ease.

"O yes," replied Henrietta, "I shall get through very well. Why not?"

"If you feel in the least anxious, or faint, or weak, my dear, let me know, and you shall have a cordial which will strengthen your heart."

"Talk of cordials," said an aunt, "to a girl with a cheek like this!" patting it fondly. "She is fresh as a rose. She wants no cordials."

But Henrietta did not say so.

"Better give her a little cordial," said another aunt. "A girl may need it on such a day as this who never did before, and never may again. Besides, I saw her shiver before we left the table."

"Henrietta," said her mother, nervously fastening the buttons again, "are you well? Tell me."

"Yes, mother;—that is, very nearly indeed. Only just a little sick."

"Very natural, I am sure," said everybody.

"We will ask Dr. Hodges about the cordial;" and the mother was going to call him, when

Henrietta stopped her, laughing. She would not have a word to say to any doctor, as a doctor. She was well now, — quite well ; — the little qualm had passed, — was altogether gone.

Dr. Hodges came, however. He was told that Henrietta felt slightly unwell. In spite of himself, he looked grave, till he had felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and so forth. Then, with a really cheerful face, — for he loved the girl as if she had been his daughter, — he told her it was only a little nervousness, natural enough on such a day. She had not lost her appetite, he had observed at dinner ; her pulse was steady, her complexion was natural, her breathing easy, and she had no pain : — he would venture to call her perfectly well ; and in this, she laughingly agreed. Once more, her mother turned her towards the light, unfastened her dress, put aside the lace ruff, and watched the physician's countenance. He knew it ; and he commanded his countenance well. The specks he

saw were minute and few; but their character was not to be mistaken.

He wished himself a hundred miles off. He would fain have had those little marks on his own breast rather than go through what he saw must happen that night. But he would not leave the scene. He was called away to a case more advanced than hers; but he hastened back, in time to witness the ceremony. He saw her married; and his composure no doubt removed the fears of the mother; for all was done cheerfully, — merrily; and, when the guests sat down to the evening banquet, no one but himself seemed to see that Death was of the company. As soon as the table was cleared, however, the ladies withdrew; for the bride could not conceal that she was oppressed with headache. After that, all was gloom and terror. When the poor girl's frantic cries were heard from up stairs, the one low groan from the bridegroom sent everybody away. The young husband could not stay beside his bride;

for she did not know him. While he cooled her head, she cried out for him, with so agonized a cry that he could not bear it. From the door he actually heard the palpitations of her heart. By midnight, mortification had set in on that fair breast where the small purple specks had caught her mother's eye. The first passengers in the early morning saw the house shut up, and the red cross on the door; and no one was within but the old woman who made her harvest of tending the dead. She called from the window; the dead-cart came. The old woman made a plentiful morning meal of the remains of the wedding feast; made a bundle of the rich dress of the bride, holding that lace ruff to the light with admiration, before she folded it up for her bundle, locked the door after her as she went out, and left the abode where there had been so much mirth yesterday, and where nothing was now heard but the rustle of the mice, which came boldly forth to revel in the fragments of the good cheer.

The incidents of those days are immortalized by their being erected into a type of horrible and inevitable fate; and above all other incidents, that of the little purple stains on the breast. We read and talk of the Plague-spot so familiarly that we have almost lost sight of what it means. It would be well to reconsider it, and dwell upon it. If there is such a thing, for instance, as a State with an established vice in it; — if we know of such a thing as a Democratic Republic with a deep-seated Tyranny in the midst of it, and call that tyranny a plague-spot, we had better ponder what that phrase truly means, and what it certainly foretodes. It is idle to take our eyes from it because the thoughtless exult in the vigorous youth of that State, in its bloom of promise, — in the opening before it of a new and blessed career. If the plague-spot is there, the bloom and the promise will vanish like the dew and the delicate beauty of the desert-flower when the simoom is on the way. Decay a: putrescence are at hand.

And is there no escape? — There have been instances of recovery from the plague; one case among ten thousand. But in that one case, the stain has been at once recognized as a plague-spot, and instant and vigorous treatment has followed. Wherever the sufferer has concealed and denied the token, — wherever he has rushed forth into the street, declaring himself well, shouting forth his confidence, and mocking the pity and horror of the world that looked on; — in every such case, perdition has overtaken him, and his self-will has been his ironical epitaph, engraven on the memories of all survivors.

Ambleside, July 8, 1852.

Petra; or, a Song of the Desert.

BY E. FOXTON.

Set in crags of lurid red,
Yawns a city of the dead.
O'er them fiery Asia's sun
Hurls his headlong splendors down.
Many-horned, with planted feet,
Up they toss the dizzy heat,
Till, in all, the shrinking eye
Only sees one blazing sky.

Through the midst those crags are rent.
Through them drops the blank descent.
Lo, midway 'twixt sky and ground,
All with grand amazement crowned,
Piles, by viewless workmen hewn,
Starting through the living stone!

Here and there, above, below,
Niche, façade, and portico,
Pyramid with blunted head,
Climbing stair, and colonnade,
And, their graven fronts among,
Words in a forgotten tongue!

Call them palaces, not tombs!
Surely these some princely gnomes
Fashioned for their king's abode,
Then heaved aloft their gorgeous load,
And, drunk with joy, elate and vain,
Rent the earth's rough crust amain,
And left a chink that that sharp spy,
Quick-prating Fancy, might descry,
And straight to envying man unfold
The glories of the centre old.

Tombs they were. Thy lonely search
Follow through yon shady arch,

Through each gaping, ghastly, street;
Once their tenants' happy seat
Stood beside the rushing river,
Stood as if to stand forever.
There in careless merriment
Royally their days they spent,
Sports, and feasts, and jollity,
Served by slaves on bended knee.
When their joys had reached their term,
Royally they served the worm,
Garnishing with rocky wreath
Their grinning loathsomeness beneath.

To the grave their pomp was brought,
And their viol's noise to naught.
Silence deaf their watcher sat;
For her cresset hung the bat.
For their Tyrian curtains spread
Naked rock around each bed.
Rock beneath, and rock beside,
Lay the pampered sons of pride,

As the world's meek Saviour lay,
Till angels rolled the stone away.

Thrice the bones outlast the breath.
The longest life's a babe to Death.
Wide-strown ruin marks the scene
Of their blithe three-score and ten.
Wing'd ages scarce, with harmless plume,
Fan their last fair house of gloom.

Yet their very bones are gone.
The rock confronts the sky alone,
Save for the narrow valley green,
Pent these rugged walls between.
All is strange, and all is still ;
Save the murmur of the rill
Vending — oriental trade —
Water at the tamarisk shade,
Or chaffering with the banterer free,
The rosy oleander-tree,
For some floating tresses more
To deck the wave they swept before ;

And the Arab boy, half seen
Through the wild-vine's tent of green,
Watching drowsily his flocks
From his nook among the rocks.

Fast among men's hearths and homes
Lies a desert filled with tombs;
And their noisome cells surround
Souls in stony durance bound,
Souls whose bodies play their part
In the field, the church, the mart.
By them runs life's busy din,
But no sound can enter in.
Enters not the morning light,
Not the starry calm of night.
Fiends have set their watch full sure,
Fiends have sealed the massy door,
And without that rigid vail, —
Mid those rocks of Moussa's vale,*

---

* The Arabic name of this valley of tombs is Wady-Moussa, or the vale of Moses.

As the vine with tendrils deft
Sought, and found no entrance-cleft, —
Hangs, in unprevailing strife,
Human love on human life.

Who hath might to rend apart
The stone that closes o'er the heart ?
Long may watchers weep and wait,
For that stone is very great.
Faith and Hope, linked hand in hand,
With heavenward eyes expectant stand,
Meek and lonely, as of yore
The Maries, at the sepulchre.
Hard and grim its brow is knit,
All with grim hard records writ.
Who their import dark shall say ?
Who shall roll the stone away ?

Fasts and vigils give the art
To read the language of the heart.
Read me then, thou well-met seer,
Somewhat of the records here,

Revealing thence, if thence thou may,
Who shall roll the stone away.

Here lies one, whose mighty youth
Glowed with eloquence and truth.
High on Zion's summit dim
Waves the palm that grew for him.
A poisoned sheep at Zion's foot
Sank he, at a laurel's root.
Dead to glory, dead to shame,
Laid him here the Lust of Fame.
When their anthems shake the sphere,
Seraphs stop in mid-career
On their humming harps to hear;
Vainly bends each earthward ear.
Numbing silence fills the place
Of — voice so dear to heavenly race —
Manhood's, with a manly mind
Pleading with, and for, mankind.
Soars no more its echoing tone.
Hollow sounds the rumbling stone.

Shall the silence last for aye ?
Who shall roll the stone away ?

Nature erst with liberal plan
Framed, endowed, and stamped a man.
Victim of a brother Cain,
The noble creature here lies slain ;
Slain its nobler part doth lie,
Sepulchred by Tyranny ;
Gloom around it, tenfold gloom
O'er the world beyond the tomb ;
And Rage and, in its trail, Remorse
Gnaw, sharp-toothed worms, its helpless corse.
In its stead a slave survives,
Wretched engine, plies not lives.
So he still God's likeness wears,
Hewing wood, and water bears.
Let his rightful master lie
Sepulchred by Tyranny,
And blindfold Virtue leagued with Sin,
Bid us help to hold him in !

Move his lips, but not to pray.
Who shall roll the stone away?

Here was laid this spirit dead
By Despair, his lady wed.
Foe thrice-sworn to care and strife,
Through the summer of his life,
Like a lightsome bird roved he
From bank to bank and tree to tree,
Nor timely learned to wing his flight
Where reigns th' eternal Life and Light.
Ne'er his joys' flush haste could brook
The hindrance of one filial look
To the bending heaven above,
In whose warm and fostering love
His merry world was lapped and cherished;
Fell the leaves, and summer perished.
Quaking sapling, shrub, and tree,
In winter's thin white livery,
Twinkled back the kindly light,
Pointing to its birth-place bright.

But his fixed and earthward eye
Saw hope's blossoms fruitless die.
While the ice-clad cypress well
Of those buried hopes the knell
Tolled with cold and crystal clank,
Stiffened, deaf, and blind he sank ;
And a mound of sealing snows
O'er his heavy tomb-stone rose.
Sun thaws not these drifts so gray.
Who shall roll the stone away ?

Mammon reared this gilded stone
O'er a well-beloved son.
For him your bitterest tears be shed,
The neighbor's soul, the patriot's, dead,
Who once, without two mites to give,
Would fast to bid the famished live,
Or cloakless brave the winter's wrack,
To thatch the aged beggar's back,
And tear the bribing merchant's note,
And keep unsoiled his honest vote !

He sees no more fair Freedom's pains,
Languishing in golden chains.
Where his buried soul doth sleep,
Widows bowed and orphans weep.
His widowed wife and orphaned seed,
Dowered and portionèd with need,
Starve in more than outward dearth,
Starved their hearts and lone their hearth;
And his boyhood's friend unheard
Calls him from Want's dungeon barred.
Who their anguish shall allay?
Who shall roll the stone away?

This soul, ere youth had danced its round,
Slumbered on the Enchanted Ground,
All unmindful of the cost,
Till the light of life was lost.
Lulled with song of groves and streams,
And syrens soft, to venomed dreams,
It laughing Folly hither bore;
And Habit straight made fast the door.

Then it woke! It woke to see
The blackness of its misery!
Woke to grope the wierdly gloom
Of a living-buried doom!
Tiptoe prim Morality,
In white large-bordered garments, by,
When for ruth and aid it cried,
Passed it on the other side.
How it scours its evil lair,
Frightened by the darkness there;
Knocks and shrieks, poor soul!—for day!
Who shall roll the stone away?

Here—Nay, peace! Thy task give o'er!
Read, for I will hear, no more!
If it only serve to show
These hidden things of shame and wo,
Nor faintest thrill of hope impart,
Worse than vain thy boasted art!
Seest thou mid these hideous glooms
No spirits rising from their tombs?

All too long the watchers wait.
Still the stone is fixed as fate.
Send, great God, thy thunders down.
Naught below can rend this stone.

Over stone-bound sprites I grope,
Oft as now, and find no hope ;
And, dwelling mid these lonely glooms,
Once I sat among the tombs
From the pale first glow of day
To its latest drowning ray,
In vain ; but when the midnight thickened,
Mine inner ear the darkness quickened,
Till, choking down my heart's loud beat,
I heard the angels' stealthy feet.
They love to do their good, I ween,
As God doth His, unheard, unseen.
With glee suppressed I heard them come
Whispering downward from their home ;
And round me seemed the stones to roll
From many a gasping rising soul,

And, after, many a still small voice,
To bid th' enfranchised ones rejoice.

Thus, by Night and Silence trained,
My sharpened sense the skill hath gained
To catch, — while through his sunshine bright
Tramps shouting Noon, — their flutterings light;
And in the statesman's protest, flung
In the teeth of honored Wrong,
In the prate of Infancy,
In the preacher's homily,
In Confession's faltering breath,
In the stifled moan of Death,
Or the solemn swell of prayer
Stealing on the hallowed air,
Where some sweet and saintly tongue
Pleadeth for the listening throng,
Thus I hear, from day to day,
Angels roll some stones away.

Cambridge, Mass, October, 1852.

A Breeze from Lake Ontario.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

"With a noble aim,
To dare as nobly, is there harm in that?"

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

"Oh, holy knowledge, holy liberty,
O holy rights of nations! If I speak
These bitter things against the jugglery
Of days, that in your name proved blind and weak,
It is that tears are bitter."

"Bitter things I write
Because my soul is bitter for your sake,
Oh Freedom!"

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

It was a gusty afternoon. A cold heavy wind from the Lake lifted the dry snow, and hurled it like small pebbles in one's face. Not many things would have tempted me, weak and shivering, from my fireside; but because I was an American, and

had a freeman's work to do, I wrapt myself up and went out. The door bell had been ringing incessantly all the morning. A full score of colored fugitives had presented their claims, for food, money, or clothing, as their necessities dictated. I did not dare to send them away, as I do the white beggars that swarm to my gate on the least encouragement, neither could I relieve them on the instant. They were a motley crew; some of suspiciously unsteady gait or odoriferous breath, some of indolent make and lazier habits. One woman, I felt quite sure, had borrowed the baby which she dandled in a manner so mysteriously uncomfortable. I listened to the stories of all, took down their names, residences, and occupations, and promised to seek them out. One or two cases seemed urgent, so as soon as an early dinner would permit, I was on my way to the quarter designated. All the afternoon I wandered back and forth, within these limits, without being able to identify one of my applicants. Many a happy family I saw, many

a chubby black child volunteered to be my guide, and led me from one house to another in prosecution of my anxious search. Into many a narrow lane, close yard, and forgotten by-way, did I penetrate that stormy afternoon, where, as I afterward found, the "lady with a spy-glass" formed the topic of harmless gossip for many a subsequent month. Wholly discouraged, just as the sun was going down behind the gleaming lake, I bethought me of a neighboring grocery, where I might ask some questions. It was kept by a tidy little English woman, who knew nothing of those I sought.

"But, madam," said she, observing my weary look, "There are plenty of the fugitives, and if you have anything to spare them, it would be a mercy. There is one old woman who comes here quite often. She was here just now, and told me she had no wood." "What is her name, and what do you know of her?" I asked. "Her name is Eliza Thomas," replied the woman, "and I know nothing of her, but that she is honest and

very poor. I keep this little shop, and I cannot afford to give much — that little I wish to bestow where it will do the most good. So, when these suffering black people come along, I just trust them for a little sugar or tea. If they are dishonest, I never see them again, and I do not lose much. If they come back, I often find it in my power to do them a great deal of good, by giving them short credit." "And Eliza Thomas?" "She always pays, ma'am, and very promptly, too; but this cold winter is almost too much for her." I looked hesitatingly at the sky. The inferior streets in Toronto are seldom numbered, and there were in this direction, few landmarks by which I might be guided. After a fruitless search of half an hour, it grew very dark, and I returned to the little shop. Giving its mistress my name, I told her to send the old woman to me, whenever she appeared. The next day it stormed heavily. I sat by my nursery fire, the children playing about me, and the everlasting stocking basket at

my side. It was near twelve o'clock, when, after a light rap on the door, it slowly opened to admit the bowed, half frozen frame of one of the blackest women I remember to have seen. She wore a warm, quaint looking plaid, and a close black silk hood. My little boy placed a chair for her by the stove, and when she was warm enough to talk, both he and my baby girl listened, awestruck, to the broken accents which told the following story. "Are you a Guinea negro?" was my first question, for that shrivelled frame might well have seen more than a century. "No, missis," she answered, "but my granny was, and a thousand times blacker than I, though I dare say young master, there, thinks I 'm black enough. They ketched her — la! I 've heerd her tell many a time, how she left her babies sleeping in her hut, while her husband was gone away to fish. She warn't afraid of nothing, and she went down to the shore a-gathering broom-sedge. The pirates had spread bright-colored kerchiefs over the `bushes.

They stuck to the thorns, and while she was a-pulling of 'em off, they bound her hands, and carried her away to the hold of the ship. Many a dead body was lifted from her side and flung overboard during the long, hot voyage; but she lived, lived to see more children of hern, in old Virginny."

"And where were you born?" "In Maryland, missis. In Frederick County, fourteen miles from Noland's ferry. It was old Gineral Nelson's place, and I was Miss Jenny's maid. They were good people and kind to me. But at last a Mr. Waters come along, and my young missis was married, and I went with her to Georgetown. Mr. Waters was a Methodist, and his church forbid him to hold a Slave, unless he freed her when she come of age. But after I had nussed Miss Jenny's four babies, she died away like a rose in the summer, and old Col. Hook, of Frederick County, who had bought my mother, come down to buy me, too. My time was not quite out, and

massa made him promise that he would free me, just as soon as ever it was. And so he would, for he was a man of his word, but the very day after we got back to the county, he was caught in a saw-mill, and drawn out like a plank. I saw him myself a-lying on the grass, and you could n't tell he 'd ever been a man. Them was awful times for us. There was an auction, and we were poor ignorant things, and did not know *how much of oursels* we owned."

"Was there any other so sadly off as yourself?" I asked. "Oh, yes, there was a-many that ought to have gone free, only the son had no conscience. There was my husband, Josh Gowins. If Col. Hook had a-lived, he would n't a-had but three year to work, but he was sold at the block, jis like the cattle, and stript half naked that they might see he was strong. But the Lord was merciful. Gin'ral Sam Ringold, of Washington County, bought us both, and our five children, so that we

need n't be separate. I dare say you knowd Gin'ral Sam?"

"Yes, I knew General Ringgold; his son was killed in the Mexican war!" "The very same; a terrible stroke that. All our hearts ached for old missis. But I was away long before that. Here I spun and sewed and quilted and lived comfortable, for they treated me well, they did. I had two children, but they died. It was no matter for that, they went free to Heaven. The Gin'ral died, and there was another auction, and they sold one of my girls away from me. My husband was dead, and they sent me away to ole Virginny, with four children. Two on 'em went, I do n't know where, and two on 'em went with me to Tokay County, to ole Sam Hit. It 's a cussèd place, that ole Virginny, and there I was worked to the death. I married Harry Thomas, who was ole Missis Carter's boy. I had three children, but I only raised one. The beasts in the field could n't a-raised their young, worked

as I was worked. Early and late, on those cold mountain sides, I carried stone, with a sheep-skin apron on, I dug an ice house, and as I was the only woman he had, I tended sixteen cows and a hundred pigs, all through one cold winter, freezing my ears and feet, many 's the time. I was whipped to death, missis, that I was, and the scars 'll go to the grave with me. Never *before*, if I 've a tongue in my head."

"That was hard, indeed," I interrupted. "Hard! missis, 't was t' other side of hard; but the Lord did n't forget me. My husband was twenty years older than me, and his ole missis thought she might die, and leave him to a hard master, so she gave him a pass and hurried him off to Hagarstown. He would n't go without me, missis, may the Lord forever bress his ole bones for that! I had a daughter in Hagarstown. She was free by right, but her missis married an ole scamp jis before she died. Then everything went to pot, and they sold my girl right in the face of

the will, to pay the debts, and not her missis' debts either. Well, I went right to her, and they guessed I would, and so they ketched me easy."

"How did they treat you then?" "No worse, they could n't. They chained my legs together, and beat me dreadful. But after six months or so, they got tired, and then Missis Carter sent for me. 'Eliza,' says she, 'why did n't you go off with Harry?' 'I could n't, ma'am,' says I, 'they ketched me.' So she wrote me a pass as she lay on her bed, and that blessed night I was off to Hagarstown again. I had a hard time of it though, for my ole man was a-waiting for me furder on, at Harrisburg."

"How old are you?" I asked, suddenly, for I could scarce reconcile the energy with which the old woman spoke, with her withered face and crone-like figure. "I 've been treated so, missis, I 've forgot all my knowledge. I can 't think, no how, but when I was in Hagarstown, I went to my young missis. She is seventy-one. She was Miss

Kitty Nelson, and she married a Lawrence, and she told me, I was seventy-five, and that 's all I know."

"Poor creature," said I, "you have suffered a great deal." "A deal, missis, a deal. You see they hated me so, and yet it was n't me they hated; but nothing could beat them Hits for natural spite! And so, you see, missis, eight years ago, we got safe to New York, where my old man took care of gardens up town, and I found friends among the ladies. Then this dreadful law was passed, and Harry said, please God, I 'll set my foot in Canada; but he was upwards of ninety, and it was n't easy moving. We came in the spring. They cheated us, on the road. My daughter and her boy died, and we got carried round to Hamilton. We was a long time getting here, and then this winter there was no work but chopping. Feeble as he was, — and nobody 's spry at ninety, — my ole man walked three miles out into the woods, at five every morning, and never came back for his dinner till it was

dark. Every week I kept hoping I 'd get some money, but they would n't give him any till he 'd chopped twenty cords, and long before that he was down with the rheumatis. Now he can't lift his hand to his head, and I have to work or beg for both; but he did n't forsake me, and I 'll never forsake him, God Almighty help me," and the poor old thing burst into tears.

My children listened sadly, and before I could speak, my golden-haired Lily, a little more than two years old, gathered up the bright-colored beans, with which she was playing, and poured them into her lap. Little could her childish heart take in the tale of misery to which they had listened, but her quick eye penetrated to the need of food, and she said imploringly, "Take these, poor old aunty, and put them in your pot, and stew the old man some soup." "Lord love you, darling," said the old woman, drying her eyes, "Lord love you, I have whole bags of peas and beans in the house, but if I was starving, I

could n't touch them, for I brought them for seed, and please God, when the weather turns warm, I 'll find a bit of ground, somewhere, and raise finer beans than these, my baby."

Those who have followed my story thus far, will be glad to know that flannels and food were soon provided for this feeble pair, and that God *did please* to let them raise still finer beans than those. She and her husband still live, crippled by the rheumatism contracted in their terrible journey, and the exposures of that terrible winter. Contrary to my usual practice, I have preserved in this sketch the true names of Eliza's owners. They give, in this case, the air of verity, which her tale requires, being persons well known throughout the Union, and for the most part beloved by their dependents. As for "them Hits," may their "natural spite" sustain them under the mortification! It is not always those who have bad owners, who suffer most under a system like this, and it is my purpose to show, that the accidents against which

Slavery cannot provide, are pregnant with sufferings quite as severe as those it distinctly authorizes or encourages. It is not in Slave States alone that colored people are wronged for their color's sake. Instead of being brought from Lewiston to Toronto, by the Lake, a short and pleasant journey, Eliza Thomas and her aged husband were guided to Hamilton, and thence worked their way by land to Toronto. Beset by all the difficulties with which Canadian cupidity could surround them, and losing a feather for every question they asked, they reached this city impoverished and distracted. It is not uncommon to hear fugitives say that they wish they had never left the "ole quarter;" but old and feeble as the Thomases are, I have never been able to tempt, cajole, nor delude them into saying, that they regretted the step they had taken. "Please God," the old woman will say, "we can't suffer no more. If we have but one meal a day, we can die in peace. Blessed are they, who lay down by the road. Blessed also they, whom

He has kept alive. I 'm glad I 've come, missis, —glad !" Nor can the States throw a single stone at their Canadian sister in this matter. A year ago, a faithful elderly woman, for several years a servant in my own family, started to come from Boston to Toronto, to take charge of two infant children. Their mother, a member of the same Methodist church as herself, had, dying, left them to her care. Her friends in Boston told her that as she was old and alone, it would be better for her to take a seat in the first class cars. She did so, and reached Albany comfortably. At Albany she bought a first class ticket for Buffalo, but after waiting several hours, after the train had left, she was told *at the office*, that no first class train would leave for several days. She was too ignorant to know that this could not be true, and as freight that belonged to her had gone on to Buffalo, she allowed herself to be placed in an emigrant car. A kindly German woman seated her on the top of a blue chest, and offered her rosy-

cheeked apples, to cheer the way. Her trunk, containing nearly all that she was worth in the world, was lost upon the road, and her carpet-bag was stolen from her in Buffalo, where she arrived in a flooding rain, by a man who offered to take care of it. She reached this place, lame and heart-sick. The trunk was subsequently recovered, through my agency, but the bag she never saw again.

Could "them Hits" have shown more "natural spite" than the Northern man who wilfully deluded this patient, loving child of God? "The church will quake when a strong man treads its floor," said, not long ago, an eloquent friend of the Slave. So may the State, and children of the Pilgrim Fathers, who feel the blood of the martyred Rogers, and the stalwart Miles Standish, run tingling through their veins, may well rejoice when a strong voice shakes the walls of our Senate chamber.

Right glad am I, being such an one, to recog-

nize the pointed, sarcastic emphasis of Horace Mann, — the noble Christian argument of Charles Sumner. Let us thank God that Massachusetts had two such sons, to send to the National Councils; two, of whose scholarship and manly power, of whose various accomplishment and deep religious sense of right, the oldest State of the oldest continent might well be proud. Methinks if I had seen Charles Sumner "seize his right," if I had heard those calm and noble words fall well and wisely from his lips, I should have felt as if one of the Fathers of the Republic had risen from his grave, to shame her with the bitter fact of her degeneracy. I could have wished to share his privilege and utter words that a century hence will be all that is remembered of the session of 1851 and 1852. As Abolitionists, let us thank God, that with a clear conscience, he could stand there before the nations, and lift up a protesting voice. Let us thank God that words were spoken there and then, containing the vital truths of the All-Father, words

that however it may seem to us, or them, will do their work before they die, with every man who heard them.

I believe with Mr. Sumner, that the framers of the Constitution would have disowned the idea of framing a Pro-Slavery compact. I believe with Mr. Sumner that the great men whom the nation first worshipped, were true to the ideal of freedom. I follow in perfect sympathy every one of his statements with regard to the framing and the interpreting of all the articles in question; but what does this avail us practically? Of what consequence is it, that Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Franklin were true men, if their descendants in the third generation have proved false? Of what use to have an Anti-Slavery constitution, if it receive nothing but a Pro-Slavery interpretation? And last and saddest, what avails it, *in the present*, to speak true and noble words in the Senate Chamber of the Union, when there are none but Pro-Slavery men to act upon these words; none but the preju-

diced and unreasonable to hear them. As it was grand to compel such to hear, it were divine to compel such to receive. Farther still, if they who listened in astonishment to those eloquent words, had been convinced by them, and instantly determined to act upon them, as men acted in the infancy of our Republic, of what avail had it been? We should but repeat the sad story of the last seventy years, re-enact the tragedy of the nation. If we stood once more where Washington stood in theory, our acts of the third generation would again disown our noble ancestry. No, it will not do, to have a Constitution which is not *opposed* to Freedom; we must have one that claims it with emphasis; — it will not answer to have a Constitution which does not approve of Slavery, we must have one that disowns and prohibits it everywhere; and, meanwhile, may God bless and strengthen those, who with true hearts speak true words, and try to rekindle on the long-desecrated national altar, the ancient vestal flame. Turning from Mr.

Sumner's speech to Mr. Mann's letter to his constituents, which gives the history of the recent growth of the Slave power, our hearts may well sink and die. Die! that were too easy. God no longer demands a painful death of his saints and martyrs. Oh no! The harder duty is now a righteous life. Men and women of this century ponder upon its responsibilities. Not long ago, a gentle but true-hearted daughter of Massachusetts, said through streaming tears, "I tremble when I think how much this country needs a national misfortune." As God is just, whatever this country needs it will surely have, and no reflecting man will disown the need or the desert.

Toronto, Canada, Sept. 25, 1852.

The Slave Mother.

BY EDWIN CHAPMAN.

Hush thee, my baby, on thy mother's breast;
There, pretty dear one, nestle to thy rest;
Thou yet art mine by every tender tie
Of helpless and endearing infancy.
Thou image of my husband — husband? no,
I may not call him husband; bitter woe
Will one day fall upon our broken hearts,
When need or cruelty our union parts.
Thou image of thy father! happy name
Where their own offspring men may boldly claim
As the free gift of Heaven! Thou image dear
Of thy belovéd father, dark and drear

Appears thy future, though thou smilest now,
And God's own seal is stamped upon thy brow.
Why should'st thou live and grow, mid sport and glee,
Beguiling my fond heart of misery,
While I behold thee, heedless of the day
When they shall bear thee to thy doom away?
Why should'st thou twine thee round thy father's soul,
And e'en his weariness and pain control
By thy sweet winning ways, thou thoughtless child,
Thy face all beaming and thy spirits wild?
Go! wither, wail, and die! thy life is cursed,
Thy infancy mid keenest anguish nursed!
I would thou wert not born! O God, forgive,
And grant him still beneath my eye to live;
Perchance I may preserve him at my side,
And he may still within my home abide
For many blessed years! Father I kneel,
And all thy goodness now would deeply feel,

And all thy hopes would cherish ! If I sin,
Pour thou thy Spirit on my soul within,
And purify me wholly ; let me be
Submissive as a lisping child to thee.

Hush thee, my baby, on thy mother's breast ;
There helpless dear one thou may'st safely rest
Thy future ! still its shadows darkly lower !
Out of that darkness comes the fatal hour,
When, filled with boyhood's grace, or manhood's
strength,
Thou shalt be, sullen, made to stand at length
To show thy sinews and thy limbs firm knit,
For life-exhausting labor all too fit.
How wilt thou bear the cane-field's rugged toil,
Or dwell beneath the rice-swamp's plashy soil ?
Wilt thou not curse the Slave that gave thee birth,
Polluting with her love the shuddering earth ?
Nay, curse her not, if still she, wretched, live ;
But that she bore thee, tenderly forgive !

Remember all her tears, her prayers, her love,
Her hope to meet thee in the realms above,
Where, from all bondage freed, from strife secure,
While ages joined to ages shall endure,
She shall walk with thee through the fields of light,
Where gentle spirits only wander, bright,
And all the air is love! O Saviour come
In God's own time, and take me to thy home!

Hush thee, my baby, on thy mother's breast,
There sleep in thy unconscious, dewy rest.

Bristol, England, September, 1852.

Personality.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

From the earliest days of the Anti-Slavery movement until now, this saying has been constantly repeated, "The Abolitionists are evidently sincere and well-meaning people, but they fail of their object, and destroy their own influence, through their harsh language and gross personality." Moreover, it is clear that their conduct in this respect not only brings an ill name upon them, but deprives them of certain substantial advantages, such as the power of speaking in places, and of being heard by persons, at present inaccessible to them. Many a pulpit would have been thrown open to the preachers of Anti-Slavery, and many

a congregation of respectable and influential men would have listened to their words, if they would only have accommodated themselves to the ways of the place, and denounced the sin in abstract generalities that would leave the sinner alike undisturbed, whether he slumbered, mused, or listened. Perhaps they took warning from the usual inefficacy of such preaching. But, be that as it may, these impracticable men pursue their original course, paying no more heed to the warning voices around and behind them than did the princess Perie-zadeh in the Arabian tale, when in pursuit of the talking bird, the singing tree, and the yellow water. Perhaps indeed they saw reason, like the princess, to doubt the friendly purpose of those warnings, but had they believed them *wise*, they would hardly have failed to accept the instruction, even from enemies. It may be useful to some to rehearse the reasons why they originally adopted, and why they still continue the practice of plain speaking.

The Latin proverb, of touching a thing with the needle's point, and the English one, of hitting the nail on the head, express at once the precision and the effectiveness of the thing done. When the Abolitionists found it needful to mention Slavery at all, their obvious course was, not to go "about it and about it," but to go *to it*. Desiring of course both that their words should be understood and should produce an impression, they stated in clear language what the sin in question was, who were its perpetrators, what circumstances made their offence an aggravated one, and what course of repentance and amendment justice required of them. As Nathan to David, they first described the offence, and then said to the offender, "*Thou* art the man." If David had repelled the parable as a slanderous imputation upon his character, had offered a reward for Nathan's head, and had enacted a law imposing fine and imprisonment upon whoever should interfere with his seduction of wives and murder of their husbands — and if

courtiers and priests had united in saying that though adultery and murder were evils in a State, yet that the meddling of officious prophets made the matter a great deal worse, and that David would have done what was right in the premises if he had been let alone — the parallel with modern times would have been complete.

The practical advantage of this plainness of speech has been manifest to the Abolitionists from the commencement, though their opponents have not ceased magnanimously to warn them that they were injuring their own cause by it. A recent instance exemplifies this effectiveness of direct application of the truth to individuals, so forcibly that it is worth while to mention it.

The Rev. Dr. Joel Parker, well known for many years past as a Pro-Slavery clergyman, formerly in New Orleans and since in Philadelphia, not only bore with perfect quietness the censures of the Abolitionists directed against his class, but even when he was mentioned by name in company

with Drs. Spring, Taylor, Dewey, Rogers of Boston, Bishop Hopkins, and Professor Stuart, he showed no sensibility, thinking, as he said, that the statement which associated him with such names could produce no unfavorable impression upon the public mind. But when, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he was individually quoted as giving his influence to the support of Slavery, the imputation became too heavy for him to bear; he said "it was a very different thing when he alone was singled out," and, though unable to disprove his occupancy of a Pro-Slavery position, he availed himself of some inaccuracy in the quotation in Uncle Tom's Cabin, to bring a suit against its author for libel, laying the damages at twenty thousand dollars; according to that passage of Scripture which saith — "If thy brother offend thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; and if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy point; but if he will not hear thee, send to him one or two lawyers; and if he

will not hear them, tell it to the court and the jury."

Now if this case should be pushed to trial, it is very possible that a vigorous "putting to the question" of those drawn as jurymen might exclude all Abolitionists from their number, and that a jury might thus be collected of so Pro-Slavery a character as (keeping in mind the distinction between law and equity) to give, on the technical point of inaccuracy of quotation, a verdict of *more* than six and a quarter cents damages. In that case, the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin would suffer a pecuniary penalty for her blunder (a preposterous one indeed, in a civilized country,) of trusting in equity rather than law. This, though a present misfortune, would teach the useful lesson of verbal accuracy in the quotations in her next book, (may it speedily appear.) But meantime, one main purpose of the quotation is accomplished as perfectly as if it had been *literally* correct. A leader in the Pro-Slavery host has been *reached*,

pierced to the quick through the joints of his armadillo mail of indifference. Moreover, he himself, like Samson, has disclosed the secret of his previous security. He could tolerate the imputation of any amount of baseness, if associated in the reproach with those whom the world and the church esteem "good society," but the finger of scorn pointed at him individually and alone was more than he could bear. This fact being found, let Abolitionists "make a note of."

Many people seem to think — or rather to take for granted without thinking — that there is no justice whatever in what they call the "personality" and the "harsh language" of the Abolitionists. They do not object to the most energetic plainness of speech in judicial or political proceedings; they permit the judge to address as a pickpocket him who has been clearly proved such; and they like their Post or Courier the better for calling the opposite candidate everything but an honest man, even when no particular malefaction

is proved against him. But when the Abolitionists stigmatize unquestionably base conduct *as* base, or designate by name and office one who, under the mask of religion and republicanism, is a traitor at once to Liberty and Christianity, an outcry is immediately raised against them as abusive and libellous.

Abuse (in words) is an accusation not founded in truth. But the Abolitionists not only make just charges against the practisers and defenders of Slavery, but *prove* them just. Their appeal has always been to facts, to reason, and to Christianity. They have proved, by an overwhelming abundance of testimony, these several positions.

That the Slaves are treated with gross injustice by the fact of being held as Slaves, apart from any special additional cruelty.

That the free colored people, North and South, are treated with gross injustice in consequence of the ideas which Slavery generates and perpetuates respecting their race.

That the people of the North lose some of their most unquestionable and most important rights as citizens of the United States, by the means used to defend Slavery.

That, since Slavery is the very antipodes of Republicanism, the open practice of it, and the sophistical reasoning which is openly used in its defence are working most serious injury to the Republican *idea*, upon which our nation is founded, and in which chiefly consists the superiority that we claim over European and Asiatic nations.

That since Slavery is a great general violation, (comprising almost every conceivable particular violation,) of Christianity, its theory and practice are working constant and enormous evil to the Christian *idea*, and thus gradually lowering the standard of morality and religion.

That as continuance in the state of Slavery cannot but be most debasing to the Slave, both in his material, social, and spiritual relations, so the

systematic enforcing of that debasement, and its necessary reaction, by contact, upon himself, must be an actively deteriorating influence upon the Slaveholder, in *his* material, social, and spiritual relations.

And, finally, that, as the ill effects of Slavery cannot cease but with the destruction of their cause, and as the continuance of so vicious a relation necessarily prevents the application of those means upon which both parties must depend for elevation and improvement, the only rational and effectual beginning of a removal of the evils of Slavery is the IMMEDIATE ABOLITION of Slavery.

All these positions, I say, are abundantly *proved* in the lectures, newspapers, and tracts of the Abolitionists. We are therefore authorized to refer to them as established facts in the history of Slavery, and to hold the active supporters of that system responsible for them in chief, and its passive supporters responsible in proportion to the aid and comfort they furnish to the institution. To do

this, in direct and unequivocal language, is not abuse, nor injustice, nor unjustifiable personality, nor officious intermeddling with that which does not concern us. It is at once our right and our duty. Not for their speech only, but for their unjustifiable *silence*, will God bring men into judgment.

The singling out, for especial reprobation, of individuals whose voluntary partizanship for Slavery is aggravated by their ample means of knowing better, or whose eloquence, literary distinction, or exalted station make them particularly dangerous opponents of liberty, is not only right and judicious in itself, but it is our natural defence against the worldly wisdom of those who, valuing character less than reputation, do not shrink from being associated, even in infamy, with men distinguished in name or station. If plain John or Joel supports himself in a false and vicious position by leaning on the statesmanship of Daniel, or the theological reputation of Moses, or the judicial

eminence of Benjamin, he needs to be assured that such distinguished accompliceship will not shelter him from accountability, either to God above or men below; that at both tribunals his single person must meet the accusations of truth and justice, and receive whatever retribution follows, as if he were the sole offender. The wisdom of the State has decided that each partner is liable for the whole tax assessed upon his firm. In applying the same rule to whatever injustice is done in senates, associations, and conventions, and exacting the same responsibility from their individual members, I repeat that the Abolitionists have acted rightly and wisely; and the Reverend Joel Parker, of Philadelphia, is a faithful, though unwilling, witness that this course is effective.

But here three classes of persons interpose a protest. The timid friends of the Anti-Slavery cause — "such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat" — its sagacious enemies, who seeing

that this course *is* effective, volunteer their disinterested opinion against it, — and persons, whether friends or enemies, who are too far removed from the scene of action to understand the movements of the opposing parties — unite in declaring that the effect of such plain speaking, though by no means slight, is adverse to those who use it. The editor of the London Times, a fair specimen of the class last spoken of, has lately mentioned as a great fault in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that it "will irritate instead of pacifying the Slaveholders. He assumes that emancipation is impossible except by the voluntary action of the masters, and says "Let the attempt be made imperiously and violently to dictate to the Slaveholders, and from that hour the Union is at an end."

It is very easy for the editor of the Times to talk of the benefits of a Union of the evils of which he has no experience; but if he, and every member of his political party were liable to be tarred and feathered, or hung to the first tree, the moment

they set foot in Ireland, under the operation of a code of laws formed by the joint action of that country and their own, and defended by the bishops, judges, army, and navy of the *United* kingdom, they would probably form a different judgment of the blessings of Union, and might shout for "repeal" as lustily as any Irishman now does. But the case above supposed is literally and exactly the condition of those who are practically opposed to Slavery in the *United* States of America. The so much vaunted *Union* formally withdraws all protection from the liberty, the property, and the lives of those who speak against Slavery in a Slave State. Are such antagonists to be pacified and mollified with soft words? Such a proceeding would be soft in more senses than one.

Slavery is to be abolished without the consent, and against the will, of the Slaveholders. True, the voluntary, immediate emancipation of each Slave by each master would be the better way,

and the best way, for both parties, as the Abolitionists have always said. But since the Slaveholders refuse, not only to do this, but to commence any movement towards emancipation in any way, it becomes a waste of time to delay any longer for their consent. The thing must be done irrespective of their wishes altogether. The means of effecting it are twofold.

The most important agency to this end is to be created by diffusing through this country and civilized Europe, such exact and full information of the wickedness and cruelty inherent in Slavery, of the degradation of the Slaves, of the deterioration in manners and morals of the masters, of the corruption diffused by this influence through the church, and of the increased profligacy which it has developed in the political and theological press, and in the proceedings of political and theological parties, as will unite the hearts and the hands of all who love liberty, morality, and religion, in the determi-

nation to act in every practicable way against Slavery and for Liberty.

The second point is to direct into proper channels the energy thus generated, and bring it to bear, with permanent and steadily increasing force, upon the commercial, political, ecclesiastical, social, and personal relations of Slaveholders, at home and abroad; to make each Slaveholder and each apologist for Slavery sensibly and acutely feel that wherever he appears beyond the circle of his accomplices, he excites such feelings and such manifestations of aversion and contempt as if his close cropped hair and motley dress proclaimed him a fugitive from some house of correction; to uncover so thoroughly to the public gaze their peculiar position of wickedness intensified by meanness, their preëminence as grinders of the face of the poor, and oppressors of the widows and fatherless whom they have *made* widows and fatherless, that the highwayman who robs only the rich shall

be deemed honorable and virtuous in comparison with them.

Whenever the Northern States shall separate from the Southern on account of Slavery, the accomplishment of all this will be much facilitated. The pressure of foreign opinion, already experienced to a certain extent by American travellers in Europe until they have freed themselves from the imputation of favoring Slavery, will then become intensified by concentration upon a smaller territory. The suspicion which now rests upon Americans at large will then be confined to Southerners.

It will then also be much easier to facilitate the escape of Slaves, to protect them in their flight, and obstruct the movements of their pursuers.

The Northern States will not then so quietly permit the imprisonment of their seamen in Southern ports without the allegation of crime, or the ignominious expulsion, without hearing, of

ambassadors sent to look after their rights and interests.

The Northern churches will then be freed from the most serious obstacle to the recognition of their claim to be considered *Christian* churches.

The political parties of the North will then escape the deteriorating influence of that immense system of bribery, which now makes the chance of their statesmen for office so largely dependent upon their subserviency to the Slave power.

The chief legislative assembly of a Northern confederacy would not be disgraced by the membership of drunkards, bullies, and ruffians, and the encounters with foul language, fists, and weapons, which have of late been so common in the Congress of the United States.

Finally, the colored people of the North would then *begin* to have a prospect of the full recognition of those rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens, and thus a stronger incitement

and greater facilities than at present for education and self improvement.

All this, thanks to the labors of the Abolitionists, is in a train for successful completion. But labor, assiduity, self-denial, and perseverance, on the part of *every* friend of the Anti-Slavery cause, are just as needful for its progress as for its commencement; and every such faithful laborer hastens the day of its ultimate triumph.

Boston, October, 1852.

The Cathedral.

BY LUCY SANFORD.

"NOBLY build these sons of clay;"
This the angels spoke one day;
"Month by month and year by year,
Column, arch, and dome they rear,
And by penitence and prayer,
Purge away earth's grosser air.
We remember in old day,
At a nation's trumpet-hymn,
How the self-evolving blaze
Swelled up between the Cherubim:
Now no more on Judah's shrine
Glows the Shekinah divine,

Yet a stronger trust and love
Strive towards the throne above;
Yearning hearts with deep desire,
To the unseen God aspire.

"We, the deathless and the strong,
Sound his name in deathless song;
Yet within each glowing breast
Swells a rapture unexpressed.
Come, then, brethren of the spheres,
Learn the yoke of days and years;
Heaven's divinest bliss to earn,
Mortals' patient labors learn;
Learn on earthly ground to raise
Temples worthy of His praise."

Then they builded the foundations in silence and in awe;
Light looked not on their labors, and they wrought by inner law;

The stubborn rocks grew plastic to each immortal hand,
And by compasses of Heaven were the vaulted arches spanned;
But song broke forth exulting, when upper air was won,
And cheerful hallelujahs proclaimed the work begun.

Across the mighty pavement, alternate day and night,
They flung in long perspective of shadow and of light,
When eager-springing wishes they trained with upward hand,
And strengthened clustering Fancies with Hope's sustaining band,
And Beauty burst redundant from every tapering stem,
Fruit, flowers, and clinging foliage, Love's choicest diadem,

Fair stood the stately column, a far-receding line,
Each had its angel builder, and each its hymn divine.

But in a breathless silence that hallowed all the air,
Up-swelled the solemn arches, each arch a heaved-up prayer,
Faith braced the massy keystone, with firm connecting band,
While strong endeavors struggled yet higher to expand.
And where converging efforts harmoniously were met,
The seal of Heaven's acceptance mysteriously was set.

They piled of Meditations, the world-excluding wall,
With patient Self-Denial the stones compacting all;

And as beneath their labors the lofty fabric grew,
The Cross's awful outline, rose mightily to view;
Through many-piercéd windows the rushing sunbeams flow,
But those angels steeped earth's sunshine in Revelation's glow;
Saints, prophets, and apostles, their bright reflections fling,
And throned on Virgin bosom Heaven's young anointed King.

Above rose strong Assurance, a massy buttressed tower,
Based on the Cross's centre, that talisman of power;
Then Ecstacy up-darted, a pinnacle of fire,
And Adoration, winged for heaven, poised tiptoe on the spire.

And a presence more divine,
Than the light of Judah's shrine,

Filled that Temple's gorgeous gloom,
Like some subtle rich perfume,
Too refined for eye or ear,
But with awful love and fear,
Calming all the atmosphere.

England.

Liberty, Sectional. Slavery, National.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

We have never read any congressional speech which more deeply moved us, than that of the Hon. Charles Sumner, delivered in the Senate, August 26, 1852. We agree with Mr. Badger of North Carolina, in thinking it the most extraordinary speech that has ever been delivered on the floor of the Senate. An irrefutable demonstration of the unconstitutionality, on principle, of the Fugitive Slave Bill, it abounds with evidences of the eloquence, the elegant scholarship, the legal and historical knowledge of Mr. Sumner, and what is more, far more than all, shows a heart large enough to embrace in its kindly and noble sympathies even

the oppressed and degraded negro. Now, he contents himself with standing where Washington and Jefferson stood, and exerting himself to imbue the national government with their spirit. A noble object, and worthy a generous struggle! But all truth is progressive, and we are much mistaken in our estimate of Mr. Sumner, if he does not yet show the nation that they only are truly noble sons who use the spirit of their fathers merely as a stepping stone to something nobler and higher than their fathers achieved. It is the duty of each generation to make a real advance — not to rest satisfied with merely retaking a position which was attained two generations before.

Many of the Fathers of the Republic were noble men, and their constitution contains many noble provisions; but they also inserted in that instrument several clauses with the design of favoring Slavery. Mr. Sumner himself admits this.* Some

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* His language is, "It is true that there were compromises at the formation of the Constitution." * * * "There was another com-

of the framers of the Constitution, doubtless, imagined that the abolition of the African Sl. Trade, in 1808, would put an end to Slavery itself, and thereby relieve the Constitution of all Pro-Slavery taint. The opinion seems to us strange, still it was honestly held. Thus in the Massachusetts Convention, Mr. Dawes said that Slavery had "received a mortal wound, and would die of a consumption." Such was, however, by no means the universal opinion. Thus in the same Convention, Gen. Heath said, "Whether those in Slavery in

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promise finally carried under threats from the South, on the motion of a New England member, by which the Slave States were allowed representation according to the whole number of free persons and three-fifths of all other persons, thus securing political power on account of their Slaves. There was a third compromise which cannot be mentioned without shame. It was that hateful bargain by which Congress were restrained, until 1808, from the prohibition of the foreign Slave Trade, thus securing down to that period toleration for crime." Speech, pp. 14, 15. In relation to the Fugitive Slave clause, Mr. Sumner does not deny that it applies to Slaves, though he leaves the question open. At most, however, he considers it merely as a *compact* between the States, and denies that it confers any power on Congress to pass a Fugitive Slave Bill. But whoever admits that the three-fifths clause applies to Slaves, cannot, we think, avoid the conclusion that the fugitive clause does also, for both clauses really involve the same definition of a Slave. And if the States have made a *compact* to return Fugitive Slaves, it is just as immoral in its essence, as the Fugitive Slave *Law*.

the Southern States will be emancipated after the year 1808, I do not pretend to determine: I rather doubt it." We are however willing to suppose, for argument's sake, that the majority honestly held the opinion that the abolition of the Slave Trade would abolish Slavery itself, and adopted the Constitution in this belief.

Of course, this was mere opinion on their part. No one, in 1787, knew what effect the abolition of the Slave Trade would have on Slavery itself. Yet notwithstanding this uncertainty, and the terrible consequences which they must have foreseen would ensue if this opinion should prove mistaken, our fathers were willing to give the institution certain constitutional support without any limitation as to time. They were willing to stipulate, and did stipulate, to support Slavery forever, so strong was their confidence that it would begin to die out in twenty years! They were willing to agree to act, and did act, contrary to their clearest conviction of right, in the delusive hope that a few years

would suffice to free them from the difficulty! When shall we learn that right and wrong are not thus to be played with? Twenty years elapsed, and the cotton crop, which was unknown to John Jay in 1784 as an article of export, and which was not thought of by our fathers in 1787, had increased seventy-five fold. The price of Slaves was enhanced by the increased demand for labor, and the abolition of the Foreign Slave Trade only served, by decreasing the foreign supply, to raise still more the price of Slaves already here. The very thing of all others which our fathers thought was to give Slavery a mortal wound, only served very materially to strengthen it. The hope of our fathers has proved fallacious. They abolished the Slave Trade, but their contract to give Slavery itself material support remains — a contract — forever! No — not forever! We, their sons, if we act in their spirit, must repudiate it.

It is true, as Mr. Sumner says, that Slavery is sectional; but it is no less true that within certain

limits it is also national. It may not be national according to the spirit of the best and wisest of our ancestors — according to that spirit which Mr. Sumner seeks to impart to the General Government, but it is certainly national according to the tenor of the national contract. It is the nation which offers a bounty on Slaveholding, by counting the 3,200,000 Slaves as 1,920,000 freemen, in apportioning the Congressional representation between the States, giving the Slave States thereby twenty representatives. Surely that institution may with perfect propriety be called a national institution, which is represented in the national House of Representatives by twenty members. Is not Slavery rightly called a national institution, when, solely in order to secure property in Slaves, by lessening the chance of escape, our Constitution repeals the general rule of law, that State laws are limited to State lines, and declares, notwithstanding our bill of rights, that Thomas Sims, on Massachusetts soil, shall be considered a Slave, because the laws of

Georgia, from whence he fled, declare him to be such? And not to mention the Slave Trade clause, is not, finally, the institution rightfully called a national one, which the nation as such has pledged itself forcibly to maintain? If the Slaves rebel to-morrow, the nation is pledged to suppress the insurrection.

Alas! it is too true that Slavery is national. The nation by its organic law countenances and supports the system. Repeal, if you please, the inhuman Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, and that of 1793, and every act of every Congress which relates to Slavery, and still the fact remains the same, the indisputable fact remains, that the organic law of the nation countenances and supports Slavery, and the only way in which Slavery can possibly cease being national (to the extent of this support) is by repealing the tainted clauses of the Constitution. Then, and not till then, will Slavery be truly sectional, and liberty be truly national.

For nearly five hundred years before the Reformation, whatever place or building in England was consecrated for any religious use, screened offenders, and at one time even murderers, from the justice of the law, and the sentence passed upon their crimes. And the noblest boast of England at the present day is that only *men* can tread her soil!

How different the case with us! We do not provide a sanctuary even for the victim of injustice and wrong. No place is sacred from the pursuit of the Slave hunter. Notwithstanding we surround a spot with all the holiest and most sacred associations possible, and consecrates it to the worship of that Being who is the Common Father of all, and whose prime command we disregard if we do not love one another, and do unto others as we would have others do unto us, yet even from such a spot the national arm stands ready to drag a fugitive Slave. And what is worse than all, the large majority of the professed ministers of this loving

Father have either no word of rebuke to offer, or else openly defend the act.

Of all the spots in our land which nature has marked out as abodes of freemen, there is none which is safe. You may see men and women whom the national law treats as fugitive Slaves in Nantucket, in a cluster of houses overhanging the beach where for unnumbered ages the Atlantic has ceaselessly rolled its waves. All sights and sounds there suggest thoughts of freedom. Can we chain the waves or bind the winds? And yet the man whose soul will live countless ages after those waves will have ceased to roll, we can and do bind and return as a fugitive Slave! No! God be thanked, there is a law higher than any of human enactment. Slavery is supported in Nantucket, by the national law, but this law is rendered powerless by the sectional love of liberty.

A ride up a narrow mountain-road entirely overhung with trees, for about a mile and a half, brings one to the little farming town of Mt. Washington,

hemmed in on all sides by the Taghconic Mountains. Here one finds almost perfect isolation. Even in summer there is only a mail once a week, and during the winter months the communication with the adjoining towns, situated in the Valley of the Housatonic, must be frequently wholly cut off for even longer periods. Towards the east rises the Dome, — the faint blue outline of which on the horizon forms a prominent point of interest, as the coach from Pittsfield first reaches the crown of the hill at Lenox, and you see spread out before you the beautiful Stockbridge Valley. To the west are Bish Bish Falls. The road to the head of the Falls follows the winding of the brook. If ever any scene in nature could teach man to love his fellow-man it would be that which here is exhibited. The brook rushes along sparkling and dancing in the sunlight, while on one side the mountain rises in some places almost perpendicularly, wooded to the top, rendered beautiful itself, and making other things so, by constant succession

of light and shade. The Falls present almost every variety of beauty. Here the water rushes rapidly —there it leaps fifty or sixty feet, covering the rocks with spray; and then it rests calm and clear as crystal. Far, far above your head, and overhanging the water, is the Eagle nest. In such a place as this, we feel inclined with Adam, to call on all things to unite with us in joy and praise, so instinct with life and love do all things seem.

And yet, even in this lovely region, may be found one of the unhappy race, cursed of man, though loved of God. Even this beautiful temple of nature where the soul is lifted up above the sordid selfishness of every day life, to the purer, possible, life, where all things animate and inanimate unite in leading our thoughts to the accomplishment of noble ends, even this place is not sacred. Even here the national law declares that Slavery shall exist, and that it does not so exist in fact, is again owing to the sectional love of liberty, which exists in these mountain regions. It was

not any national law that freed Jerry at Syracuse. That law would have doomed him to hopeless Slavery. But he owes his freedom to the sectional love of liberty which trampled on the national law. And it is only where this sectional love of liberty is powerful enough thus to defy the law, that the fugitive Slave is safe. God grant that the time may soon come when we *shall* reënact the laws of God — when men shall not owe their freedom to a noble humane feeling, which leads their friends to trample on the law, but law and justice, in this respect, shall walk hand in hand. But until then, Slavery cannot cease to be National and liberty Sectional.

Linden Place, Brookline, October 23, 1852.

True Greatness — Thomas Clarkson.

BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

All is not greatness, that mankind so deem. —
How blind, how dark, the multitude appear,
Bowing before the standards they have raised.
O ! when will man learn he has nobler claims
Than just to follow in the old worn track
Of base ambition ! when will he arise,
And, throwing off the gyves that have so long
Shackled and burdened all his higher aims,
Walk forth in independence of the truth.
Who then is great, who may command our praise ?
Not he who gains the plaudits of the crowd,
Who wears the civic crown or rules in pomp,

Who has the envy of his fellow men,
Less fortunate considered than himself;
Nor he, who on the rostrum of debate
Can waken thousands on a trifling theme,
And stir their souls with some base born desire —
These are not great, and live but for the day,
Mere butterflies, that flutter a few hours,
And then are left to grovel till they die.
He who to Nature and to Truth is true,
Whom no temptations false can e'er allure,
Who loves the Good, the Right his eager choice,
Whether it brings him peace or crown of thorns.
He may be humble, may be noble born,
As man has chosen so to speak of man —
He, he is true and he alone is great.
Such noble CLARKSON was thy sacred life,
And well may England cherish thy great name.
Happy the country that can boast thy birth,
Thou more than noble — risen to the skies!
When through the long drawn years of coming
time,

The last faint tinkle of the once loud peal
That swelled the praise of warriors and of kings
Shall die upon the ear to wake no more,
Then shall the chorus of united song
Chant forth the name of him whose chief delight
Was to plant happiness where woe was found,
Him shall they write in title bold and strong,
THE FRIEND OF MAN, what nobler can be given.

Woodlee, New Bedford, Oct., 23, 1846.

Letter.

[The following letter was addressed last year to M. Victor Schœlcher, the distinguished advocate of emancipation in France, and was intended for publication in the Liberty Bell. As Republicans and Abolitionists we welcome with emotion the sympathy of the Grandson of LaFayette.]

PARIS, 26 Avril, 1851.

A Monsieur V. Schœlcher, représentant du Peuple.

MON CHER COLLEGUE,

Vous m' avez fait l'amitié de me demander mes impressions et mes vues sur l'un des événements les plus considérables de notre époque, l'abolition de l'esclavage dans les colonies françaises. Je comprends que vous vous occupiez de cette question avec un intérêt presque paternel.

Plus que personne en effet vous avez contribué à l'émancipation des noirs dans nos possessions d'outre-mer et vous avez eu le double bonheur de voir le problème résolu d'une manière complete et de le voir résolu par le gouvernment de la République. Dans le temps où nous vivons on est d'ail leurs fatigué de la controverse ; et l'esprit aime à se reposer sur ces progrès certains, solides, que les événements futurs ne peuvent ni altérer, ni détruire, et qui sont à bon droit considérés comme les véritables conquêtes de la civilisation et de l'humanité.

L'émancipation des noirs dans les Antilles françaises en l'examinant au point de vue des intérêts matériels de notre pays peut être diversement apprécié. Mais ce qui ne saurait être contesté c'est l'immensité du bienfait moral dû à l'acte d'emancipation. En un seul jour et comme par un coup de baguette 150 mille créatures ont été arrachées à la degradation dans laquelle les retenait une législation séculaire, et ont repris leur rang dans

la grande famille humaine. Et ce grand événement (nous ne devous pas nous lasser de le constater) s'est accompli sans que l'on ait vu se produire ces désordres, ces luttes dont on nous menacait jadis pour troubler les consciences des partisans de l'abolition. Opposera-t-on à ces grands résultats le froissement momentané de quelques intérêts matériels ; mais quand donc a-t-il été possible dans ce monde de faire beaucoup de bien sans faire en même temps un peu de mal ? J'entends dire quelquefois qu' on n'aurait pas autant troublé les conditions du travail aux colonies si on avait laissé aux autorités coloniales ce soin et aux colons eux mêmes le soin de préparer et de faire l'émancipation. Vous le savez mieux que moi mon cher Collègue, ces assertions ne sont pas complètement sincères. Nous nous rappelons avec quelle unanimité et quelle véhémeme les conseils coloniaux s'opposaient en 1844 et 1845, aux améliorations que l'on voulait introduire dans le régime des esclaves. N'est il pas évident que ces disposi-

tions rendaient impossible l'essai d'un système de transition, tenté d'ailleurs sans succès dans les colonies Anglaises. Quant à moi j'en suis convarncu, il était difficile et je dirai même impossible de faire l'émancipation autrement qu'on ne l'a faite c'est à dire en un seul jour et par un seul Décret. J'ajouterai que dans mon opinion l'abolition de l'esclavage dans nos Antilles, ne se serait probablement pas de longtemps accomplie s'il n'était survenu en France une révolution. Aussi s'il est aisé de comprendre que les hommes de race blanche n'aiment pas tous la révolution de 1848, je ne con cevrais pas comment il se trouverait un seul homme de couleur qui ne lui addressât des bénédictions.

Au surplus, mon cher Collègue, cette grande question de l'émancipation des noirs qui a toutes mes sympathies me parait avoir fait définitivement son chemin dans le monde. A l'heure où nous par lons les états de la Péninsule sont (si je ne me trompe) les seuls Etats de l'Europe possédant

encore des esclaves. L'Amérique tout en maintenant l'esclavage sent tous les jours de plus en plus combien ce fléau pèse sur ses destinées.

En vous exprimant, mon cher Collègue, combien je me réjouis de ces résultats je ne cède pas seulement à mes sentiments personnels, j'obéis aussi à mes traditions de famille.

Vous savez quel intérêt le général Lafayette mon grand-père prenait à la question de l'émancipation des noirs. Vous savez ce qu'il avait commencé dans l'habitation de *la Gabrielle* et ce qu'il se proposait d'y faire. Ce n'a pas été un des moindres regrets de sa vie d'avoir été arrêté dans cette entreprise.

Pardonnez moi mon cher Collègue les détails aux quels je me laisse entraîner, je sais qu'on n'est jamais indiscret près de vous quand on vous parle des noirs. Je compte d'ailleurs sur ces sentiments d'amitié que vous avez bien voulu me témoigner et que ne peuvent affaiblir nos dissidences sur d'autres questions politiques.

Agréez en, je vous prie, la nouvelle assurance ainsi que celle de ma considération.

Votre obéissant serviteur et dévoué Collègue,

O. LAFAYETTE,

Représentant du peuple (Seine et Marne.)

Letter.

PARIS, April 26, 1851.

To M. Victor Schœlcher, Representative of the People.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE,

You have been so obliging as to ask for my views and impressions respecting one of the most important events of our epoch, — the Abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies. I know well that you have an almost paternal interest in this question. You have contributed more than any one to the emancipation of the blacks, in our possessions beyond the seas, and you have enjoyed the double

pleasure of seeing the problem completely resolved, and resolved by the Government of the Republic. At the present time, wearied by controversy, the mind loves to repose upon certain and solid progress, which future events can neither alter nor destroy, and which are justly considered as the true conquests of civilization and humanity. In examining the Emancipation of the Slaves in the French Antilles, from the point of view of the material interests of France, it may be variously appreciated : but the immense moral benefit of the act of Emancipation cannot be contested.

In one day, and as by the stroke of a wand, one hundred and fifty thousands of human beings were snatched from the degradation in which they had been held by former legislation, and resumed their rank in the great human family. And we should not omit to state, that this great event was accomplished without our witnessing any of those disorders and struggles, which had been threatened, in

order to perplex the consciences of the Friends of Abolition.

Will the momentary obstruction of material interests be opposed to these great results? When has it ever been possible in this world to do much good without seeming at the same time to do a little harm?

I have sometimes heard it said that the conditions of labor in the Colonies would have been less disturbed if the preparation and the accomplishment of the Emancipation had been left to the colonists themselves; but you know better than I, my dear Colleague, that these assertions are hardly sincere.

We cannot but recollect with what unanimity and what vehemence the colonial councils opposed, in 1844 and 1845, the Ameliorations that we sought to introduce into the condition of the Slaves.

Is it not evident that this disposition would have rendered impossible the time of a system of transi-

tion which indeed was attempted without success in the English colonies. For myself, I am quite convinced that it would have been impossible to effect the emancipation otherwise than as it *was* effected, that is to say, in one day, and by a single decree. I would add also, that in my opinion the Abolition of Slavery in our colonies would have remained a long time unaccomplished, if France had not been in Revolution, and if it be easy to understand why all men of the white race do not consent to the Revolution of 1848, I cannot conceive that a single man of color can be found who does not regard it with benedictions.

Furthermore, my dear Colleague, this great question of the Abolition of Negro Slavery, which has my entire sympathy, appears to me to have established its importance throughout the world. At the present time, the States of the Peninsula, if I do not deceive myself, are the only European powers who still continue to possess Slaves; and

America, while continuing to uphold Slavery, feels daily, more and more how heavily this plague weighs upon her destinies.

In expressing to you, my dear Colleague, how much I rejoice in these results, I do not gratify my personal feelings alone. I obey also my family traditions.

You know the interest which my grandfather, General LaFayette, took in the emancipation of the negroes. You know what he had begun to do at the Habitation de la Gabrielle, and what he intended to do there. It was not among the least regrets of his life, that he was stopped in that enterprise.

Pardon, my dear Colleague, the details into which I have been led. I know well that I can hardly be indiscreet in speaking on this subject to you. I rely upon those sentiments of friendship which you have always testified for me, and which differences of opinion respecting other political questions cannot weaken.

With fresh assurances of my friendship and consideration,

Your obedient servant and devoted Colleague,

O. LaFayette,

Representative of the People, (Seine et Maine.)

The Morning Mist.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

THE mist that like a dim soft pall was lying,
Mingling the gray sea with the low gray sky,
Floats upward now; the sunny breeze is sighing,
And Youth stands pale before his destiny.
O passionate heart of Youth!
Each heaving wave in summons stern is crying,
Thou canst delay, but never shun replying,
It calls thee living or it calls thee dying,
Though all the Beauty fade before the glare of Truth.

Thou wanderest onward neath the solemn morning;
It seems like mid-day ere the sun rides high;
The soft mist fades, whose shadowy adorning
Wrapt in a dreamy haze the earth and sky;
The Ocean lies before!
O thou art lost if thou discard the warning
To make hot day more fair than fairest dawning,
Till eve look back serenely on the morning
When Youth stood trembling on the ocean shore.

Worcester, Mass.

The Approaching Crisis.

BY RICHARD HILDRETH.

No one who has attentively considered the history of this nation for the last twenty years, and who has the power of looking beyond his own shadow, and taking a comprehensive view of the present tendency of things, can doubt, for a moment, — unwelcome as the idea may be to politicians, theologians, lawyers, and money-making men of business, — that the question of Slaveholding, its toleration, its perpetuation, or, on the other hand, its speedy abolition, is to form henceforward in these United States, the great predominating issue, the topic of increasing and overwhelming interest, before which, until it be finally disposed

of, all other hitherto engrossing controversies, whether theological or political, shall sink more and more into littleness and insignificance.

Since there are between the moral and physical world certain analogies which serve, if not to aid the reason to impress the imagination, the change that impends, may not inaptly be compared to some of those which, in past times, the earth itself has undergone. Disposed as the unobserving and unreflecting mass are to believe in the unchanging firmness and solidity of the earth's surface, Geology assures us, that over the spots where now rise the towering summits of the seemingly eternal Alps and Andes, the deep ocean once rolled; all these wide-spread inhabited continents of ours, having been lifted by some internal subterranean force from the depths of the sea, which, thus displaced from its bed, must have overwhelmed with oblivious waters, other pre-existent continents, to all outward appearance, it is probable, no less stable than our own. The apparently solid surface of our globe,

is, in fact, as geologists inform us, but a comparatively thin crust floating on a molten, burning sea, which, solid as the earth may seem, gives yet occasional proofs of fluidity in the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. And so those social institutions, which the unreflecting multitude, the men of to-day, deem to be firmly fixed forever on the basis of natural necessity, yet rest but on a mobile body of opinion, which as it fluctuates this way or that, submerges the old and elevates the new; changes, however, which do not bring the end of the world and restoration of chaos, as ignorant rustics naturally apprehend when they feel the earth trembling beneath them, and as our no less ignorant men of business as naturally dread, when they behold the smoke and flame of some newly-bursting-forth moral volcano, — but only the commencement of newer and more beneficial orders of things.

Looking but at appearances, at the solid front and towering strength which the Slaveholding sys-

tem presents, the suggestion of any approaching downfall or disappearance of it might well seem chimerical. As the torrents of avarice and passion have washed away, one after another, those thin deposits of free principles, which the agitations of the revolution left here and there on the black rocks of Slavery, the anticipation once so fondly entertained of a gradual and imperceptible improvement by which those flinty rocks, by the mere atmosphere of democracy, were to be disintegrated into the rich soil of freedom, have almost entirely vanished; and, as one by one have disappeared from our eyes, every green spot on which some plants of liberty had hitherto flourished, darker and darker, more desolate and dreary have the stony mountains of servitude stretched themselves out before us.

And yet beneath the depths of that stagnant ocean, which surrounds, but as if awestruck and subdued by the frowning shadow of Slavery, dares hardly as yet to murmur against it, an idea has

been for some time at work, potent enough to upheave the sluggish waters from the bottom, and to roll them resistless sheer over the black mountains; the idea, namely, that Slaveholding among a Christian people claiming to be the most righteous in the world; among a republican people, and under democratic institutions, expressly based on the recognition of liberty and property as indefeasible rights; is not merely, as so many would have us believe, an indecorum, an unfortunate incongruity, an economical blunder, an error, for which nobody living is responsible, — only some dead British Slavetraders and old acts of parliament, — but a wrong, a crime; in theological language a SIN, not to be tolerated among people of such republican and Christian professions.

Never did the Church of Rome make more desperate efforts to suppress the grand heretical dogma of the right of private judgment, than have been made in the last twenty years in America, by the leaders both in Church and State, to suppress this

idea of the wickedness of Slaveholding. It did indeed, when first advanced, or revived rather, after having slept for a generation or more, from the time of the revolution, receive, for a brief space, the countenance of sundry doctors of theology and teachers of the church, as well as of some learned historians, speculative philosophers, essayists, moralists, and politicians; but when presently the persecution commenced, very few of these felt called upon to suffer for it as martyrs. Like the "great Cotton" in the days of the Hutchinsonian controversy, whose very name may be regarded as typical of these times, they explained, distinguished, and prepared to yield. The various churches, through their general assemblies, pronounced Slaveholding to be no sin, and in no way incompatible with claims to special divine illumination, regeneration, and sanctification. St. Paul, in virtue of his Epistle to Philemon, was re-canonized as the great prototype and patron saint of Slave-catching marshals and commissioners.

The doctrine of vicarious atonement received a new application in the notion of national sins, — a contrivance for shifting off the blame and responsibility of Slaveholding from the sanctified individual Christian Slaveholder, to the unregenerate community at large; the natural compliment to which was presently added in the doctrine, that there is no law higher or more binding than the Constitution of the United States, and such enactments of Congress as the Judges of the Federal Courts may pronounce to be authorized by it; impious substitute of human compacts and conventions, — disposing, too, of the rights of third and unrepresented parties — in the place of God, Justice, Mercy, and Truth!

But in spite of the great union compromise party for the suppression of free discussion, in which we find Pharisees and Sadduces, priests and scoffers, lawyers and publicans, Whigs and Loco Focos, reactionary conservatives and progressive democrats, so zealously and harmoniously coöperating,

the idea of the wickedness of Slaveholding still survives; and numerous and unmistakable indications go to show that it is sinking deeper and deeper into the intellects and consciences of the very Slaveholders themselves; a thing that cannot continue without producing a moral upheaving, which, while it overwhelms Slavery with its agitated surges, shall raise up, as if out of the very depths of the sea, a new expanse of good dry land, fresh and fertile, whereon the plants of liberty shall take root and flourish abundantly.

Boston, Mass.

Sonnet.

BY JAMES HURNARD.

As I was gathering strawberries to-day,
A robin came and boldly hopped so near
My feet, and eyed me with so arch a leer,
That I was charmed to see him thus display
His peaceful confidence. Such lack of fear
Said I, disarms me. Thou may'st safely stay.
Thy faith, which none would faithlessly betray,
Makes thee a sacred bird to all men dear;
Even the freckled plough-boy, full of play,
Forth bursting from the school-room's rule austere,
Has learned thy shady precincts to revere,
Nor dares to make thy little ones his prey.

Be thou, sweet bird, henceforth, till wars shall
cease,
The gentle type of universal Peace.

Colchester, England.

Webster.

BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

THERE is no sentiment less philosophical than that, quoted in sombre Latin, over almost every fresh-sodded grave: *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum.* For the living always let this charity be invoked; —as for the dead, they require it no longer. While Lachesis, with even or uneven thread, spins out the events of human life, who can know what crowning act may yet be to be done, that shall change the aspect of the whole. Seduced by great temptations, buffeted by secret fears that sometimes assault the fortitude of the heart through the infirmities of passion or of age, the

captive soul has gone under the clouds of sin, it may be, for years, — a mystery to the world, an affliction to the good, a triumph to fiends and bad men. But wait hopefully, for even on the very barriers of death, a bitter repentance may retrieve all, and the light of the spirit, setting like the clear sun from an overcast sky, may tinge the lifted clouds of sin with hues of beauty. The whole anterior life may have been a conflict with adverse circumstances, or a false appearance, the true scope and purpose of which was to be revealed in the great sacrifice for right, the noble avowal for truth yet to be made.

Who would have recognized the martyr-courage of the dreamy and ideal Sir Thomas More, had he not been called to face the martyr's doom? Who would not have believed, that the constancy of Cranmer would always yield to his physical fears, but for the tremendous energy of its recoil? Had our American Clay, upon his conspicuous death-bed, perhaps with weak consciousness self-chosen

for its higher dramatic effect in history, embodied in an act the most obvious principles of the political creed, of which he was the exponent, and of the Christianity of which he *trusted* himself a disciple, — the emancipation of his fellow men, as whose owner he presumptuously intruded himself into the presence of God, how gladly would an admiring world have believed, that this act, and all the fervid declarations, in the same spirit, that half redeemed his oratory, were the *true man*, and that his Slaveholding, his low personal morality, and the great support he gave to bad theories and dangerous modes of thought were only the false aspects of the man, the accidents of his position. But no. He was morally incapable of such an act. He was too feeble in spirit and will to achieve it, or perhaps even to meditate it. The destinies, too, would not permit a false interpretation to be given to seventy-six years of meanness and compromise. And so his death and his life were in perfect keeping.

But when

"Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life,"

when death, the great undertaker, screws down the coffin-lid upon features that can feign no longer, it is through the glass of history, and not the convex lens of eulogy, that the man must thenceforth be viewed. Involuntarily then every mind sums up its accumulated items of knowledge, and busily adjusts them into an image of the character. DANIEL WEBSTER is now the hero of the world's thought. No more careful are the household and friends, left there at Marshfield with the relics of his magnificent fleshly tabernacle upon their hands, to provide for it decent and honorable sepulture, than are the thinkers of the world, who have heard the name of Webster, to find for him a fitting niche in the gallery of memory, and condense into an inscription above it their idea of his worth.

From the general editorial notices, and still less

from the more studied eulogies, that are to perpetuate the event through the next month, little is to be expected in the way of help towards a just criticism of the character of the man, now lying in state before the world. The mere fact of death overawes most men. They have a natural pity for him, who is so ill used, as to be compelled to die. So they minister readily the ineffectual consolation of praise. Besides, a tradition prevails extensively, that all men must ultimately die, so that the panegyrists of the dead, with an eye to thrift, are actually contributing to a fund, in which they have a contingent benefit. Thus the practice has grown into a conventionality which it is heathenish and impolite to violate. The eulogists proper of course do their duty. The great orator is dead, — the man cunning in words! Bring orations, bring beautiful words, with which to leaven the air above his bier, as fitting as to strew the grave of youth with fresh spring flowers. History will borrow her tone from neither of these.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives, and spreads aloft, by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all judging Jove.
As he pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

At some point in the story of human life historic justice must be done. If a man, on the breath of a depraved public opinion, has procured right to be voted down, and the laugh to be turned against truth, they must vindicate themselves sometime over his fame. Truth is dearer than any man's reputation.

Of Webster's intellectual endowments I have not the analytical ability to speak fully. In the department in which he labored his talents were, for the most part, but the tools of his trade. They increased the force and extended the sphere, without indicating the character, of the man. They gave to his actions prominence and secured

to him a large place in the observation of his times. He was as great an orator as he could be, without being a better man. From being the attorney of *individuals*, he rose to be the attorney of *interests*. To the causes to which he lent his gigantic powers of memory, analysis, and arrangement, whether in the courts or in politics, he brought the mesmeric spell of a commanding presence, that transmuted into the dignity of eloquence the shallowest common places of the street, an emphatic repetition often of what was particularly feeble in form or in proof, a discrimination in the choice of words, more the fruit of exquisite taste than of elaborate culture, a marshalling of them in a style sparingly ornamented, massive as his own brain, the fashion of oratory for a half century. These were the instrumentalities and materials of an exhaustive and irrefragable logic, that only asked you in courtesy to assume its premises, and stand at its point of view, and then pushed you to its conclusions implacably, inevitably. But he

brought no substantial originality, no philosophy, no warmth from the heart, no aspirations from the religious sentiment. He could be solemn, almost awful, like the thunder, never brilliant, or dazzling, like heat lightning, and when he descended to be familiar and facetious, he only became feeble.

He was self conscious, and greater than his thoughts, because his thoughts were always contrivances not inspirations. He never was the soul of any cause, as Cobden is of Free Trade and Garrison of Abolitionism. All interests and all subjects stood only in the client's relation to him. He advocated both sides of several measures of State policy, but he never, as it is satirically phrased, *made a hobby* of either. He was not *a man of one idea*, for he had not devotion enough to succumb to even *one* idea. He could feign the zeal, the indignation, the pertinacity of his client in arguing his case, but if he lost it, as he seldom did, he could walk out of court as coolly as his successful antagonist. When the high tariff sys-

tem, and the United States Bank went down, he, the fervid advocate of both, remained as erect as before, as completely alive to his personal interests. He was retained against Texas, but when Texas came in, in spite of him, his acquiescence was more than magnanimous. He was no Kossuth to fill the world with poetic wailings over *his lost Hungary*. The defeat of nothing could affect him, because he was identified with nothing.

He has spent his life mostly in Massachusetts, the most enlightened of the States, and in Boston the centre of its refinement, but as he boasted he was not *sectional*, in any bad sense, so neither was he, in a good sense. Neither his culture nor his morals savored of New England. Occasionally he mouthed the cant of New England reform, but oftener he ignored, ludicrously mistook, or openly derided it. Called oftener than any other man to inaugurate incidents of the nation's progress and celebrate its glorious anniversaries, he misinterpreted the lessons of history, deducing conservatism

and reaction from the example of innovators and rebels. He has affected an over-veneration for the fathers, not for the purpose of stimulating us to imitate them, but to make us doubtful of the application of their principles, and tenacious of ancient abuses.

Since his day, our country, or at least the North, has entered a new era in legislation, adding to the negative theory of liberty the positive practice of justice and charity. This beneficent policy has eagerly sought and sedulously relieved the unfortunate classes of society. For the criminal it has lessened temptations, multiplied restraints, and offered encouragements to reform. For the idiot, the insane, the bereft of the functions of the senses, it has provided the compensation of extraordinary care and kindness. For the large fraction of the people in a Slavery, tolerated still by religion and law, it has at last opened the eyes of its sympathy, and held up hopes of distant deliverance. For all, it has maintained a system of

general education, while it has elevated the standard of the national literature far above the puerilities of the last generation. Our country has in all her past no more glorious epoch than this; — nor the world.

Mr. Webster was not the master mind of this movement; he contributed nothing to it; — he never even recognized it. So utterly incapable was he even of comprehending it, that he stood up before the Slaveholding barbarians of the Senate and apologized for it, as *Northern prejudice*, for which he hoped his constituents might be excused, their training having been somewhat peculiar. This reform movement has found its own heroes, — men, who have redeemed politics from their intolerable imposture, and religion from its accumulated *cant*, — men, who have honored their ancestors, not by building their monuments, but by doing their works. But they have been peculiarly obnoxious to Webster. He was sagacious enough to know, that the rising of their star was the per-

petual waning of his. Nature among all her gifts never endowed him with the manliness, the purity, nor the devotion, to be of them, and so he could but hate them.

Restricted by his deficiency of ideality, of philosophic insight, of religious sentiment, the intellectual range left for his oratory was exceedingly narrow. His views of subjects were practical and commercial. Much of his eloquence was the earnestness of traffic driving its thriftiest bargain. His political ethics were mainly utilitarian and material. The hyperbole of flattery once styled him the "*godlike.*" He was the *Mammon* of Trade, — the impersonation of the great World-Spirit that builds its marble temples in State Street and Wall Street; and like other gods, was altogether like his worshippers.

The Seventh of March, 1850, was Webster's DAY OF JUDGMENT. On that day he deliberately judged himself, and honestly confessed of what kind he was. He gave to the world the key to his

character, the test of his whole life. There was no mistake in this step. It was not the good man overtaken in a fault, the unwary man thrust into a false position. It was true to himself. It was all he was capable of doing. It indicated the limit and possibility of his nature.

Up to this time he had followed, not led, New England and the North, in an earnest purpose to apply to the condition of the *people* the principles of democracy identified with our form of government, and the very nation's life, — if that government be not a sham, and the nation's life a lie in history. The "*prejudice*," the whim, the monomania of his eccentric *client* took that direction, like poor Miss Flite with her everlasting suit in chancery, and he felt bound in professional honor to stand by and advocate it. Though this beneficent policy was not his own, though he never quite understood it, he had been its eloquent exponent at Plymouth, at Springfield, and in the Senate on

the Oregon question, and might fairly claim to have it *imputed* to him.

There he stood for days deliberating a foregone conclusion. Far away was his native North, shrunk in his thought to the smallest dimensions, no warmth in its bleak and frost-bound borders, save what came from city parlors and bank and counting-house grates, — fanatical, *countrified*, contemptible. The sunny South embosomed him, vast as China on a Chinese map; and hot, as the reek of the agony and sweat of three million Slaves, came the treacherous miasm of Slaveholders' praises and promises. Above him, in the awful silence, was the *Higher Law*, but having gone questioning it no higher than the top of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and getting no response, it was as easy to argue it away, as for Falstaff to reason down honor. Before him lay a golden opportunity to do a great deed, a fair fame, and the approbation of God. On one side was a greedy interest speaking in threats and bribes;

on the other a mere principle for the most part silent. The good angels wasted little time in trying "to stir such a dish of skimmed milk to so honorable an action." The tainted atmosphere of the Washington Slave-pens infected him. The spirit of intrigue, and of baffled or desperate ambition had gathered into the Senate, as never before, all the world-worn politicians of the nation, haggard with the wear-and tear of partisan conflict, watching each other's schemes with dim, senile eyes, and checking each other's plots with feeble, palsied hands, — men whose healthy instincts would have compelled them, years before, to seek the repose of private life, preliminary to the repose of the grave. Among these the Higher Law was a favorite scoff, and the principles of democracy an abomination. Foote flitted about like an evil spirit, with words of promise to the ear, so wofully broken to the hope; while Clay, intent only on embarrassing a *raw* president, who had supplanted him, looked askance, with cunning worldly eye, to see if his

old rival would presume upon a higher morality than his own.

Under these circumstances it is not to be said that Webster *fell*. He only discovered himself, and must thenceforth seem what he was compelled to confess himself. It was not that his declaration against the restriction of Slavery was unexpected or consequential. It was consequential mainly to him. Some few unsagacious persons had high hopes of him, but the most knew he would fail in the hour of trial. When a brave, good deed is to be done, a brave, good man is wanted. Figs do not grow of thistles. It was not the greatest imaginable heroism to stand by the Wilmot Proviso in 1850. Any ordinary good man, of which there are several in every school district, might have done it and claimed no merit. But a mere attorney could not do it, however eloquent and impressive, nor a man whose vision had grown oblique through ambition, and whose moral integrity had been softened to flabbiness by praise and bounty.

Webster was meanly ambitious. The artist should be satisfied with the rewards of his art, and the scholar with the fruit and fame of his studies. No department of literary or creative art has more immediate, more substantial, or more ample rewards than oratory. It charms the rudest minds. Men, who would never appreciate a poem or a masterpiece in painting or statuary, can be stirred to madness by the magic power of eloquent speech. Thus while the artist goes often to an obscure grave only with the hope of an immortality for himself and his works, the great orator receives his good things in his lifetime; nay, in the very moment, when his full-wrought powers are lashing to enthusiasm an enraptured crowd, and the electricity of his genius thunders and lightens upon "*a sea of upturned faces*," every billow of the passion which he excites, reflects into his own heart a ravishing and ineffable joy. All the honors of eloquence were within Webster's reach, if not already attained. He had established a communication

with the people, who rushed together at the mere sound of his voice. Senates and courts turned to him with deference and delight. Both hemispheres rung with the echo of his name. With all this and a complete consciousness of it, he wished, nay, absolutely *panted* to be President, — to be nominal head of the nation, indeed, but to be also the *head lackey* of fifty thousand *lackeys*, of a jealous and jesuitical party-mechanism, that promised only the chance of four years tenure of pitiful salaries, for dirty services.

That he wished this is evident from the restless zeal with which, by letters and speeches, he followed up the demonstration of the *Seventh of March*, intruding himself upon the privacy of every man's thoughts, intent upon creating for himself a prominence of whatsoever character, and more than once plainly soliciting a place among the candidates. It is evident, too, from the desperate efforts made by men in his immediate counsels to *dragoon* him through the Baltimore Convention,

and to run him afterwards independently, on the strength of the *injustice* that had been done him in their ludicrous defeat. It seems as if on the *Seventh of March* the desperation of this ambition quite *overstepped the modesty of nature*, and the infatuated eagerness of his lust for power threw off even the sham dignity of diplomacy. I know that the dishonest speech, which politicians in this country have so sedulously cultivated, always regards the men obnoxious to office as the victims of the importunities of *their friends*. Naturally all our great men have a *passion* for retirement; they are equally ready to die, and hold office, for their country, and their martyrdom to the calls of duty has thinned the world of statesmen, and stuck the land with monuments. Let this go into the eulogies, and newspaper articles, and flash biographies, and let the *Jew Apella*, and the heirs and assigns of his faith believe it.

Of what may be called his minor morals I care not particularly to speak. There is a class of vices

even, which do not *necessarily* defile the man. Sometimes, though rarely, the noble spirit compensating for gifts of genius, by an excess of sensualism, maintains, even in its slavery to passion, a dignity, that, at intervals of intellectual serenity, asserts a higher birthright and a better destiny. But if, when age, bringing maturer thoughts, and an indurated will comes to the assistance of the soul, she does not set her house in order, and subject to their place the turbulent passions of youth, the suspicion survives, that the sensuality, instead of being an infirmity of the flesh, is a native and permanent taint of the spirit. But it is the intellectual, the spiritual sin, that is the index to the character and type of its quality. The organized church, however, hesitates longest, and scans closest these defects of the outer life, and perhaps *it* can apply no better test. Since it is understood that Webster passed that ordeal, gravest questions of this character must be considered as settled for many minds. The straight

gate, that opening narrowly up scrapes so unmercifully the backs of mean penitents, squeezing under it into the pale, swings high and clear for greater sinners; nay, there are those, for the sake of whose glory and honor, gate-posts and walls shall be cleared away, and the acquisition, at such cost, be the standing boast of the church ever afterwards.

Webster had outlived his three score years and ten, and by the intensity of his activities and experiences exhausted a vitality, that might have outworn four score. But he died in the midst of his worldly plans — farming at Marshfield, farming at Franklin — with convivial courtesies on no stinted scale to receive and to repay. His cases stood on the dockets of the courts; his fees had been paid that were yet to be earned, earned that were yet to be paid. Literary societies waited to inaugurate a new season with the announcement of his name. At the head of Foreign Relations, ghosts of abortive wars had scarce ceased to haunt

the precincts of the State Department, and shadows of future ones not yet confronted with the skill of his diplomacy loomed on the near horizon. His *statesman's word*, as good as "*the faith of a king*," stood pledged to the execution of the Fugitive Slave Act, while its victims run the streets of Boston and Syracuse, and the large meshes of his *net of treason* swept formally through the halls of courts, and *took nothing by the motion.* Slavery was stealthily spreading over "the table lands" where the "laws of God and of physical geography," as thundered from *his* Sinai, by a fiat unnecessary to be *re-enacted*, had forever prohibited it. Thirty ships, under authority of custom papers and *his official letter*, were buffeting the angry meeting of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific on an errand of commerce, while swift steamers were dashing along under the shadows of the Andes with his *other official letter*, to head them off and pronounce them piratical. Surely

the editors may well affirm, in the honorable phrase — "*He died in the harness!*" though certain of the Scott journals may lament in an "*aside,*" that *he did not die in the traces.*

His departing was sufficiently edifying to the religious public. He anticipated the exordium of his own eulogy by announcing, as if to the Senate, his own demise, and talked beautifully to his attendants upon the subject of religion. Otherwise, the language of disease and physical weakness, under strong apprehensions of death, is not to be taken as index of character. Give the strong man the credit of the best utterances of his unscared soul in life and health, and do not judge him by the weakness of his mortal fears, or the opiated breathings of his tranquility and faith. A florid Congressional orator has lately made a decided hit in eloquence, by portraying Henry Clay's advent to heaven, and his *overawing* the angels with his "*majestic mien.*" It might not

be quite out of keeping in the man who sought to overawe Kossuth, and impress the hero-orator with a character so instinctively repugnant to his own, to try the same kind of manners upon the angels, and if his great competitor on earth should seek to make a like sensation by *recommending* to these denizens of the higher spheres *the subject of religion*, some friendly and good-natured spirit would doubtless take the first courteous opportunity to put them both on quite a different track.

Calhoun, Clay, Webster, the great triumvirate! While the nation mourns according to published formulas, and sheds tears on paper, deploring its loss, Humanity will count her gains. They lived long, they clung tenaciously to their large influence, but Humanity never hung her hopes upon either of them. They obstructed the better era; they hindered the coming of the kingdom of heaven. Along with them will depart much that is heathenish in our estimate of what constitutes

greatness in men. *The old* goes out, — *the new* comes in, and new times will bring *new and better men.* They are here now, only the shadows of these colossi have half obscured them.

East Machias, Maine, Oct. 30, 1852.

The Prayer of Moses granted.

BY HENRIETTA SARGENT.

Oh how could Heaven refuse the prayer
  Preferred by one so well approved,
Whose life had been a constant care,
  In faith to serve the God he loved?

Review his years of danger past,
  From the first hour that life was new,
And see him on the waters cast,
  A sight a Princess grieved to view.

See him, a messenger from Heaven,
  In Egypt's courts undaunted stand;

Such power to his control was given,
The Sun was veiled at his command.

Attend him through the watery way,
With him the fiery mount ascend;
Or at its base with Israel stay,
While God shall in a cloud descend.

How faithful was his power applied
As Captain, Prophet, Judge, and Priest,
Through a lone wilderness to guide
A Flock, whose wanderings never ceased.

Ne'er was he checked by selfish fear,
To vain ambition ne'er a prey,
Though Israel's weal to him was dear
To him 't was dearer to obey.

Ah! once he erred; that fatal hour,
When Israel's tribes with thirst rebelled!
One moment he assumed a power —
The glory due to Heaven withheld.

The flinty rock poured forth its wave,
Obedient to the Prophet's Rod,
But all its waters could not lave
One spot from him who turned from God.

Far stretched towards the western sky,
Arrived at last at Jordan's plain,
The tribes the promised land espy
Twice twenty years they toiled to gain.

Lord ! let me Jordan pass, I pray, —
Thus dared the Man of God to sue, —
Thou hast begun, and do not stay,
To give thy greatness to my view.

Let me pass through this goodly land, —
A land of rest from every toil, —
Where thou hast spread with liberal hand
Both wheat and honey, wine and oil.

A land of vallies and of hills,
Its brooks and fountains I would learn,

It drinks the rain that Heaven distils,
From whence thy eyes will never turn.

Thy Holy Mountain let me see,
For there thy House will glorious rise,
And hear thy servant's prayer to Thee,
That Lebanon may bless his eyes.

Oh deem not thou his prayer denied,
For Love with Justice will combine.
Suffice it thee, the Lord replied,
From Pisgah look, and life resign.

Think'st thou his fate thy pity claims?
With Israel's thousands weep his doom,
Or seek in vain his cold remains,
To pour thy tribute o'er his tomb.

Suffice it thee, God's time is best,
His sleep of faith was crowned with grace,
Doubt not he entered into rest,
And saw his Saviour face to face.

The lofty mount, the cedar groves,
Fair cities with their temples high,
And flowery plains where Jordan roves,
And flocks new washed, may glad the eye.

But follow thou the chosen Three,
Ascend the lofty mountain's height —
Transfigured there thy Saviour see —
But ere thou faintest at the sight,

Observe that two beside him stand,
Who hear his words distil as dew,
Then Moses saw the promised Land,
And all God's greatness met his view.

* * * * * *

While pondering o'er this record old,
Of times and men long passed away,
There seemed some spirit to unfold
Its teachings for our use *to-day*.

The toil-worn laborers for the Slave,
While wandering through *their* desert land,
May sadly murmur; Lo! a Grave
Were better on the loneliest strand

Than all these years of weary strife,
And hopeless care and bitter tears —
O Mourner o'er a wasted Life!
Behold the vision that appears.

For thee a *Promised Land* remains,
But labor on and thou shalt see
Melted or shivered all the chains
That weigh to earth so wearily.

Despond thou not, whate'er betide,
And thou the prize of faith shall win,
In patient hope the hour abide,
When Right shall rule; then, enter in.

Boston, Mass.

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

CAIN asked this question, and showed by asking that he foresaw the answer. The instinct of brotherhood survived the murder of the brother. And so with us, the sense of a natural connection between man and man exhibits itself even in the most selfish form we can give to that connection. We do not like to live and act alone. We all like to exert an influence on the lives of others; it not merely pleases our vanity, but we have a natural demand for influence. All this ambition that does so much harm, is only an exaggerated, diseased form of the desire to lead and guide others, help them, "keep them." The only difficulty is, that

the rich man who began to wish to be rich for the sake of doing good, becomes so fixed in the habit of looking after his dollar, that he forgets the object for which it was to be earned. The ambitious man, who was intending to do so many fine things if he could only get to be Mayor or Governor, forgets on the way everything but the pleasant excitement of being elected. Still, rich men and ambitious men like to do kind things occasionally, and stop, sometimes, to help keep their brothers by some little good turn.

Unhappily, however, what we most want of men is not good turns but good lives. Not that they should help us occasionally by a favor, but that they should help everybody, all the time, by a noble way of living. I do not care so much that my neighbor should do me special favors, should make me little presents, or lend me his garden tools, or help me about raising a new house or barn, for I may not need these things, or he may have some more important employment. These

things are very well; but my chief object of desire is, that I should know him to be a wise and good and noble man, who will benefit me and my household, and purify the whole moral atmosphere of the neighborhood by living in it; a man whom I can call on in case of need moreover, and who may confer on me benefits such as I should not have known how to ask for. These are the right persons to live among; these are their brothers' keepers.

Very poor persons, very sick persons, very wicked persons, as needing most to be kept, illustrate this all the more. I have known very poor persons, but I never knew a family so poor that they did not seem to value a word of sympathy without a dollar to accompany it, more than the dollar without the word. Sick persons sometimes acknowledge that the kindness and cordiality of the physician do them more good than his medicines. And criminals, who will only be provoked by offers of employment and encouragement from stern per-

sons, will sometimes be touched by the simplest virtue and sweetness in those who have no power to offer more substantial aid. In ancient Rome there was an order of women consecrated to serve God in the temples, and called Vestal Virgins, and whenever the Vestal Virgins met a criminal on his way to execution, he was at once released; the theory being, that their mere presence would instantly reform him. And I have known some Vestal Virgins in modern times, whose presence I have thought might almost have this unconscious influence.

The real value of men and women to us consists only in their wisdom and virtue. Without this they are simply *convenient* to us, mere tools to promote our fortune or our comfort, nothing more. A man without honor or virtue may help us to build our house or cook our food, but we gladly dismiss him afterwards; it is a drawback on the comfort of house or food that we had to go to him for it. But if he had been wise and noble, we

should have found the house pleasanter and the food sweeter because his society was added; which is evidently the proper relation of things. For it it is more agreeable to have poor food and a poor house, even in the literal sense, than to forego the society of good men. If our brothers cannot keep us well in all ways, it is better that they should keep us low in body than low in mind.

It is so with towns and states. Statesmen say that a country is prosperous when its exports exceed its imports, for then it raises its own articles of consumption and more too. But if it only raises cotton, and exports that, and does not raise enough conscience to supply itself and assist its neighbors, also, then it is poor, and must begin to import that, from any quarter and at any price.

"What constitutes a State?
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Thick wall, or moated gate,
But men, high minded men."

A community that is rich in these is strong, though it be bankrupt. A community that is poor in these is weak and beggarly and useless, though its factories cover the land and its ships the sea.

People say, "one man is as good as another," and it is true, *if he is as much of a man;* that is the only question. And that is what the poor man meant who added to this proverb — "yes, and better too." The man who is more of a man *is* better too. People think one place as good as another. I read in the geography that all parts of the United States have their peculiar product — some sugar, some grain, some corn and potatoes; but I look over the map and find very few places that appear to produce a very luxuriant harvest of *men*, the only product worth having. We look across whole Counties and States, and for all that appears they are as barren as Sahara in this respect. So of great cities. New Orleans ranks fourth among the cities of this country; but who wants to go to New Orleans, except to get money,

as a man goes into a bank. Who lives there whom anybody wishes to see and hear and be taught by? what book ever came thence, what machine? what fine action was ever done there? what remarkable thing, in any way, except that one venerable battle; — and yet there are those hundred thousand busy people there who certainly ought to keep us their brothers in something beside cotton.

It is a great thing if, in a crowded town, we find a dozen houses where great thoughts and noble views of life prevail, and yet these are what preserve the atmosphere of a place, and keep it fit to sustain existence. Napoleon said that one family had sometimes been sufficient to ruin a State — and one family may also save it. We estimate places by individuals. We look across New York State, and ask, what is there of value in that wide expanse? and then we remember that in one little town lives Gerrit Smith, who has given away a million and a half of acres of land, piece by piece; and in another town they rescued a fugitive Slave;

and with a few more such thoughts we stop, and hope that there are men and women elsewhere in that wide expanse, though they have never helped to keep us in anything but barrels of flour.

We all know that the value of the different parts of the earth to us depends on the good our souls have got out of them. To how many of you are a few square yards of green turf in some quiet cemetery more precious, more fruitful for the soul, than the richest prairie of the West, waving its thousand acres of unbroken grain; for from that little spot of ground your angel ascended. And so all over the globe, the precious places are the places of great thoughts and great lives. Take from the map of the earth Egypt and Greece and Judea and England, and how barren instantly is the history of man; all the fertility is gone; our brothers have failed to keep us. And yet all these scenes of glory, side by side, would be a mere speck upon the globe, and the one dreary island of New Hol-

land, with its kangaroos and its savages, is larger than them all.

The moral of all is this; if you wish to be your brother's keeper you must keep your own life high and noble, — keep yourself from sin and folly.

"He who feeds men serveth few,
He serves all who dares be true."

You cannot tell the result of your action. You cannot tell who is looking at you. But you can tell that if you do right your influence will have its weight somehow, and you will be a source of perpetual good to all around you; though you may be absorbed in your work or in your play, and thinking nothing about it. We never hear of more than the most insignificant fraction of the good or evil we effect.

You say, I am nothing; I am so small, it makes no difference whether I do good or harm to my brethren. Suppose the drops of the ocean were to say so, or the sands of the desert. Tell me which

particular drop of the vast Atlantic it is, which casts the great ship upon a coral reef at low tide; tell me which especial drop it is which heaves quietly beneath that mighty keel at rising tide, and floats it off; tell me which precise grain of sand it is, in the vast Egyptian desert, which is burying the great temple of Karnak, inch by inch, day by day, this day as for centuries back; and I will tell you your precise contribution to the great work of saving your brothers' souls. Your work is but a little drop, a little grain; yes, but the vast universe is made up of such littles, and you are responsible for just your share, and no more and no less; except that though you do not realize it, there is a power of cohesion between drops and between grains, and when one moves another moves too.

Here, for instance, is some young man, an acquaintance of yours, who is gradually improving in his character — growing braver, truer, kinder, purer in his thoughts and habits, likely to make a

better and wiser man. Are *you* doing anything to help him on, you ask, you have so little influence, so imperfect yourself? Yes, you *are* doing something to help him on, if you have anything of those virtues yourself. He finds sympathy in you for his good impulses. He sees that you feel as he does. His voice is sustained by yours, as one singer's is sustained by another's. As a timid person in a lonely house feels protected by the weak presence of even a child, so even your weak virtue is a help to his, and you keep your brother up, imperceptibly, by the slight influence of your looks and words.

On the other hand, here is another young man, also an acquaintance of yours, who is gradually sinking in his character, going down in the scale of moral beings, becoming selfish, sensual, mean, quarrelsome. Are you helping him down? You *are* helping him, if you suffer anything of these traits to appear in you. Your little meanness makes him mean, your want of self-control gives

respectability to his; he is more open in his selfishness and sensuality because he sees traces of the same thing in you. If you grudge a dollar to a good cause, he grudges a cent; if you drink wine, he drinks brandy; if you are selfish in your family, he is tyrannical in his; if you will not sacrifice a hundred customers to your conscience, he will not sacrifice one. He will never tell you the subtle influence you exert on him, indeed it is probably intermingled with a hundred other influences, all tending the same way, so that no one can precisely calculate it; still it is present, quietly and silently exerted every day, for evil here, as in the other case for good. Nobody can see it — just as nobody can see the fearful atmospheric influence that comes from an iceberg alongside a ship, chilling the whole air and freezing out men's lives — but it is there; and you are there — influencing this individual, keeping your brother down, because you have staid down yourself.

We can generally find ways enough of influence

over our brothers, if we only desire to influence them. I once heard a man ask John P. Hale. What can I do about Slavery? Do? said that generous man, do as you would do if all your own brothers and sisters were in Slavery; you would find something to do then! The truth is, we do not begin at the beginning, by realizing that people *are* our brothers and sisters, and so we do not help them. But we should do so. "He is the virtuous man," says the Hindoo proverb, "to whom the whole world is as one family. But the words, *I* and *mine*, constitute narrowness and baseness."

It is not agreeable to hear a man say, "It is for *my* interest," "It will benefit *me*." We feel attracted to the man who says, "It is a good thing;" "It ought to be done;" "It is needed." Needed, that is, by somebody. Are we not our brothers' keepers? While my brother requires a thing, and cannot secure it for himself, it is my affair also, and should be heeded. The

human race is one. We are all members one of another, and if one member suffer, all suffer. What should the word mankind mean, if not man-kind? Man-unkind makes a confusion in ideas as well as in language; there should be no such thing. The original word I know is *kin*, meaning race or kindred; but it was evidently the simple idea of the framers of our language, that kindred and kindness were the same thing. I am sorry to say, however, that it does not always appear so.

With Jesus it was so, nevertheless. He was not ashamed, it is written, to call us brethren; which we think a good deal to do, sometimes, to a man poorer, or more ignorant, or more vicious, or merely blacker, than we are. But more than this, he treated mankind as his brethren. He gave his life a ransom for many; but we think it a great deal if we give our life a ransom for one; even if that one be our feeble self. To judge from the way many preach in the churches and practice out

of them, the best thing we can do in life is not to keep our brothers, in any way, but to keep our own petty souls clear of the retribution due us for neglecting our brothers; a view of life, certainly, very unlike that which helped Jesus to live and die.

I do not wish to do injustice to men. I know and believe that there are multitudes of quiet souls in the world, unseen saints and obscure martyrs, who spread around them a gentle and purifying influence, too modest to be recorded by historian or geographer. And yet the report of any eminent virtue travels fast, and many an obscure person, having been faithful over a few things, is suddenly made ruler over many. For every good action has the universe on its side, and all the laws of nature stand ready to assist its operation, and all the impulses of man's soul are prompting us to increase the sphere of every noble influence we hear reported.

The Future at all events takes care of it. The

rumors of any noble action last into the next generation, and the children are stimulated by hearing what their fathers have done. The nation forgets those who were only President or Senator — but remembers those who, with or without wealth and office, could aid their fellow men. Nay, even the little country town forgets who were the Selectmen and 'Squires of the last generation, but remembers the man who housed the poor and reformed the intemperate. "What should I do for posterity, (said the foolish English orator) what has posterity done for me?" Ah, but the Past has done much, which you can only pay to posterity. If you will, you can keep your brothers and your brothers' children; if you do not, even the voice of their blood from the next generation will call to you from the ground; saying, this ground you should have so consecrated, that even after you were gone, blood should flow here no more.

Worcester, Mass.

In Memory of C. S.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

I.

As the dread mystery that men call Life
Evolves its shadowy foldings, and we feel
Its painful tumult and perplexing strife
About our onward pathway darkly steal,
For Light and Comfort we at first appeal
To Thee, O Comforter and Source of Light,
Who can the straight and narrow way reveal
Where sunshine rises on the darkest night.
But as a lesser means of help and grace
Thou in Thy Love dost give us, face to face
A chosen few who even here below
As they move onward without rest or stay,
Shine bright and brighter to their perfect day,
That they to us as guiding stars may show.

II.

So hast Thou been to me, O Friend beloved!
As I have gazed upon thy daily course,
Alike by this world's fear or love unmoved,
How have I marvelled at its gentle force.
Thy cheerful constancy has been the source
Whence Hope and Healing flowed; before thy face
Sorrow and Want have smiled, and even Remorse
Has heard thy tale of God's forgiving grace.
No thought of station, color, clime, or creed,
E'er checked thy noble thought or generous deed,
Like God's, thy love enclosed the Human Race.
O be it mine, by thy example taught,
Resolves for higher effort, holier thought,
As Offering meet upon thy Grave to place.

Weymouth, Mass.

Pauperism and Slavery.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

CHANGE of opinion implies change of heart. Modes of thought only reveal moral dispositions. A man cannot see right, judge right, or reason right, until he has come to *feel* right. Hence to alter the character of a person's argument, you must convert his soul. This truth has been painfully illustrated in Anti-Slavery experience. Arguments have been repeatedly met and answered, beaten down, annihilated, and yet their shapes are seen stalking abroad among us, as composedly and complacently as if their title to existence had

never been called in question. We deal with them once more, but still

> "They rise again,
> With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
> And push us from our stools."

But let us be patient: and give a moment more to the dissection of one of these anatomies. We are perpetually told even at this day, that there is nothing peculiar in the miseries of Slavery: that all its woes, in every shape, are found elsewhere, and are common to every state of poverty. The poor always suffer — suffer from want, from hunger and thirst and the elements, from physical deprivations of every kind. They suffer from ignorance, mental and moral. They have no advantages of culture. They work under compulsion, beneath the stinging lash of necessity, which cuts deeper into the flesh and into the spirit than the overseer's whip. The poor man cannot marry. His lot forbids him the human right of a home. He must

often tear himself away from wife and children for days and weeks, perhaps for years. He must come to America, or go to California, or follow the seas. He groans under the tyranny of the capitalist or the manufacturer's agent. He must go where he can get employment. He must remain in the service that gives him bread. He is chained by circumstances to a place or a master. In view of all this misery men say, Providence binds men to a servitude that is in every way as abject and terrible as the Slavery of America. Why then make this last the object of such especial condemnation? Why have so much to say about the black Slaves? Are there not white Slaves in greater numbers and worse off? Are there not Slaves of Labor, and Slaves of Capital, and Slaves of Machinery? Why single out the African for our peculiar commiseration? Such is the argument. Let it be fully understood. Let us not lessen its value by so much as a feather's weight. Let us accept every statement of it from every side. Let

us even hearken to the plea of the amiable Carolinian in his letter upon Uncle Tom's Cabin. That is a very singular pamphlet. Its postulates appear to be, First, that every Slave owner is, from his position, a perfect Christian. And Second, that the condition of absolute dependence upon a human will is vastly more desirable than the condition of moral dependence upon God. The tendency of the Letter would induce the belief that all the poor laboring people in the world would be infinitely better off as Slaves. But let us not turn away in scorn from the argument even when it speaks in this extravagant way. Suppose we listen. Nay, suppose we grant the substantial truth of the facts alleged. Suppose we concede that the pauper in any of our great cities is as wretchedly situated as the American Slave, physically, socially, intellectually, yes, and even morally. Such a concession we cannot make. There is evidence enough to show that Slavery, wherever it may be, encourages the most hideous

vices, vices which something even in modern pauperism tends to keep in check. The irreligion of Slaves is not the impatient unbelief of sorrow, the energetic protest of the soul against ideas it cannot put faith in, the stern defiance of a God whose power seems only wilfulness. Far worse than this. The irreligion of Slavery consists in the very absence and banishment of the soul itself. It is the destruction of the spiritual faculty, not its mighty but erring activity. The exigencies of Poverty stimulates the mind if they do not elevate it: but Slavery changes into water the blood of the brain. Even socially the lot of the Slave is below that of any pauper. An intelligent Englishman, the author of "Friends in Council," writing to a gentleman in this country says, "There is even in our poorest districts, and in the worst of times, all the difference (between the poor man and the Slave) that exists between humanity and barbarism; between the dignified suffering of a man oppressed by untoward circumstances, and the

abject wretchedness of another driven about like a beast; in short, between manhood and brutehood." No; we cannot, by any means, allow that so close a parallel exists between the Condition of Poverty under *any* circumstances, and the Condition of Slavery. But for the sake of argument let us make the concession.

We say then, that it is not because of the peculiar unhappiness it causes that we wage this deadly war against Slavery. In support of our cause we do not plead the awful miseries of Slavery, nor are we in the least indisposed to allow for misery elsewhere, or to contribute our utmost endeavor towards its alleviation and removal. We war against Slavery because it is a *crime:* because as an evil in society, it is wholly dependent upon man's will, upon *individual* man's will, and is therefore entirely of the nature of human *guilt.* Let this be clearly understood. For in this one respect Slavery is perfectly distinguished from every kind of Poverty. Other evils are *providen-*

tial, as we call them; that is to say they grow out of the inevitable condition of things: nobody in particular causes them, or is answerable for them. But Slavery is a voluntary sin. Pauperism, in all its dismal shapes, with all its terrible sorrows, is an old fact resulting from man's ignorance, error, and general imperfection, and will be outgrown as man becomes more wise and powerful, as he better understands himself and the world, and acquires more extensive command over the materials furnished for his earthly well-being. This process must be long and painful; all such development necessarily is. Slavery, on the other hand, is an institution which the conscious will of man has built up, and which the same will, faithfully exerted, might, for anything outside of itself to interfere, abolish in a year, a month, a week, a day, in the brief moment that suffices to make a moral resolution. To remove Pauperism, the very elements of society must be transmuted; the ingredients of human nature must be newly

mingled; the fields of mortal passion must be sown with other seed; the race must attain to a nobler stature. To remove Slavery, one deep moral conviction, such as motives of humanity and religion might impart, is alone necessary. Slavery is an excrescence, an accident, a monstrous exception to the providential tenor of society. It is not implicated in the very progress, woven into the very texture of civilization as Pauperism is; all civilization is against it, is impatient of it; the lowest form of civilization cries out at it. Pauperism, from its nature, involves no direct Guilt. Slavery is essential Guilt.

Let us suppose for a moment that Pauperism did stand upon the same footing with Slavery. Suppose you could point to a few thousand men, who were directly answerable for the mental and moral imbecility, the wretchedness and vice which poverty engenders, as directly answerable for it as the Slaveholder is for the miseries of the Slave. Suppose you knew the men who wilfully caused

the tears and curses and crime that break the heart of thousands, and endanger the safety and peace of all. Would the community endure such abominable wickedness for a day? Would the government submit to it? Most assuredly not. Those men would be compelled to cease from their wickedness at any sacrifice of property or personal right. No terms would be kept with them. If they did not at once yield to the imperative voice of humanity, an army would spring up, as by magic, to root them out from the earth.

Now precisely this *is* the case with Slavery. And this fact alone, setting its relative agonies wholly aside, this fact alone sets it apart from all other social evils, as an object of assault. For this reason especially, that it *can* be abolished, we demand that it *shall* be abolished. For this reason especially, we direct against it all the power of natural justice and humanity, all the power of the religion of Christ. From this point we will not be diverted. If a man does not per-

ceive it, we will pour the light of heaven upon his eyes till they open from very aching. If a man sees it and does not feel it, in his heart and conscience, we will steadily hold before him the law of justice and humanity until his wayward passions are overawed and his selfish affections are subdued. If a man wilfully turns away from viewing it, if he craftily palliates or basely evades it, we will hold him up as guilty before God and man.

Salem, Mass.

Statement respecting the Commerce of Hayti.

BY M. DORVELAS-DORVAL.

THE commerce of Hayti has always attracted the attention of maritime powers. England, France, Holland and Belgium, the Hanseatic cities, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Prussia, Austria, Sardinia, the United States of America, the neighboring main and islands, with the exception of those belonging to Spain, have always had reason to felicitate themselves on their commercial intercourse with her.

In the best days of the French colony, and under the severest form of Slavery, St. Domingo furnished annually to the mother country not less

than one hundred and thirty-four millions of francs, [upwards of twenty-six millions of dollars,] in the amount of provisions which it produced for exportation; and its ports contained a considerable number of ships. As many as six hundred vessels have been counted at once in the harbor of Cape Haytien, and fifty in that of Port-de-paix, one of the most contracted. But, since those terrible catastrophes which were introductory to the liberty and independence of this island, the great plantations have been destroyed by fire, the fields laid waste, and the workmen disorganized and transformed into soldiers; it is obvious, then, that the same result can no longer be obtained. Afterwards, the intestine wars, waged for the purpose of humbling or of maintaining the pride of chiefs, disputing among themselves the supremacy, dragged, from 1807 to 1820, the car of death and devastation over this beautiful territory, reducing every day its population, both by losses on the field of battle, and by emigration to other countries. The

spectacle is yet a living one; for there, where formerly stretched out, far as the eye could reach, vast plantations of sugar-cane with their white plumes; where stood those superb sugar-houses, whose smoke ascended into the air in lofty cone-like columns, and where the measured song of a thousand male and female laborers, under the whip of the overseer, filled the air day and night with harsh accents, now extend thick forests, where the eye of the traveller sees only ruins and rubbish, a shapeless mixture of walls overthrown, canals destroyed, utensils broken to pieces, and aqueducts on beautiful arches, speaking witnesses everywhere of the opulence of colonial times.

During the twenty-five years of the happy administration of President Boyer, *free labor* furnished annually forty millions [pounds] of coffee, which had then become the principal article of cultivation in the country. Cacao, cotton, fustic, lignumvitæ, and brazil-wood, were produced alternately in a greater or less degree. Logwood has now become

one of the most productive articles of traffic. But there is one branch of industry, of no importance in colonial times, which now absorbs the strength of great numbers, viz., the trade in mahogany, which has found an immense opening in England and Germany; and thus this new business has become a source of wealth to those who have devoted themselves to it; the principal markets of it are Gonaives, Port-au-Prince, and Santo Domingo. Since the separation of the eastern part of the island from the Haytians, this product diminishes gradually, by reason of the difficulty of obtaining the trees, which are mostly found in the forests of the east, at present forming the Dominican territory. Sugar, white and clayed, is no longer made, because the Dutch and American sugars can be obtained in our towns at a more favorable price; and the larger part of the syrup which comes from the sugar-cane is unhappily made into rum for home consumption — a business too widely spread, and fatal to the people, whom it brings more and more

to brutality and to idleness, enfeebling an intelligent youth already under the influence of an exciting climate. So there is a sensible decrease of the population, chiefly in the cities, where a frightful consumption of these spirituous liquors occurs, by reason of the indolence which extensively prevails, and which is called *killing time*.

Our commerce now consists in coffee, cacao, cotton, bees-wax, honey, ginger, starch, green citron, citron-juice, oranges, cacao-straw, gum-guiacum, cassia, pistachio, raw hides, tortoise-shell, ox-horns, and linen rags; and, among the precious woods, mahogany — which is divided into the following kinds, viz., the waved, the spotted, and the ordinary; — logwood, of which the best is that of St. Mark; — lignumvitæ, fustic, and brazil-wood. Other kinds, quite as remarkable, might be advantageously used in other countries, — such as cedar, manchineel, yellow sandal-wood, marble-wood, white-wood, cochon-wood, white

and red iron-wood, everlasting, and the almond-wood.

The working of our salt-pits would also be highly advantageous for the export trade; they are very abundant, the principal being the Grand Saline and the Coridon at Artibonite, and those of La Beâte, at present unworked. Some others are remarkable as curiosities; as, for instance, the marshes of Port-de-Paix, which, at certain seasons, are covered with salt.

Our monetary system differs also from that of other countries, consisting exclusively of paper money. Gold and silver money of a standard currency is with us only an article of brokerage. Down even to 1807, the commencement of our intestine dissensions, gold and silver circulated abundantly in the country. That was the result of the forced labor of the *old regime*. But the territorial resources of the country having gradually diminished, through the loss of the labor of a large portion of the people become soldiers, its metallic

wealth diminished also, to that extent that the government, with a view to arrest the going away of the little silver which yet remained, caused little pieces to be cut out from the *gourdes*, leaving them worth a hundred centimes, [about twenty cents,] and the value of the piece extracted was reckoned at eighteen centimes. About sixty thousand piastres underwent this operation. In less than a year, all the pierced *gourdes*, and even the little pieces which were cut out, had disappeared from circulation by exportation abroad. Then, to meet their urgent wants, they issued money of lead, pewter, or copper, called Hayti money, and which the soldiers themselves coined publicly on the ramparts, in sight of the enemy, and in spite of the efforts of the authorities. To get rid of this inconvenience, a new money was decreed — the *serpent money* — two-thirds alloy, to the amount of one million one hundred thousand *gourdes*, which lasted until 1817. From that time dates the *effigy money* of five-twelfths intrinsic value,

to the amount of one hundred thousand *gourdes*, which gradually increased until 1824, when it was one million three hundred thousand *gourdes*; and from that time to 1834, when it ceased to be made, there had been two million five hundred and ninety-five thousand five hundred and fifteen *gourdes*, metallic value, in circulation. The imperial necessities also required, in 1826, the emission of treasury bills, and these together with the alloyed money form the current money of the country to this day, without counting the copper money called *billon* [base money.] In 1843, at the downfall of President Boyer, the amount of treasury bills had risen to three millions of *gourdes*, and since then the number has still farther increased. The *billons* now bear the effigy of the Emperor. The piastre is worth about fifteen *gourdes* of our money.

Such is a tolerably correct view of the Commerce of Hayti, and of its monetary system.

Gonaives, 16th September, 1852.

Nan's Lot in Life.

A TALE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Nan was a workhouse girl, — born in a workhouse, and reared there. Nobody could tell her what her other name was; for nobody knew. Her mother was brought to the workhouse gate an hour before Nan's birth; and the tinker with whom she had travelled trudged on, saying he would come back when she should be sufficiently recovered to travel with him again. He did return; but, hearing that the poor creature had died, the same day that he left her, and thinking, no doubt, that the child would be a great inconvenience to him, he

vanished, and was never seen there again. He had not said what his name was; and the poor woman was too ill to be asked any questions; and thus it was that the child had no other name than NAN, — which was given her in baptism, because everybody must have a name; and this was the first that occurred. She grew up at the time when parishes were in the habit of shifting their paupers from one to another by bribing the men of one settlement to marry the women of another; and when she was eighteen, she found herself married to a country lout who was as ignorant as herself, (which is saying everything,) and not much inclined to hedge and ditch for five shillings a week, when he could live more comfortably in a workhouse. As their family came on, they became burdensome. Times were bad for the farmers; and it was thought as well to try the experiment of shipping off families to the colonies, where they could maintain themselves. BILL and NAN grumbled: they did not want to move: they did not

know what a colony was: they did not know what the sea was. But they were obliged to go.

In a very short time a change came over them. Ignorant as they were, they were human. They had found that out when they were married; and yet more, when their first child was born. They found what it was to love; and love, with them as with a superior order of people, opened their minds wonderfully. So, when they travelled to London by the stage-wagon, (there were no railroads in those days,) they saw more things than they would have noticed in their youth. They stared at the towns; and, as they walked up the hills behind the slow wagon, they gathered flowers out of the hedges for the children; and, when they were taken through London, they agreed that they had never seen such a place before. By the time they got to sea, they were wide awake; and when their seasickness was over, they became quite merry. They played with the children: they helped little BILL to climb: they made a rag doll for MEG out

of an old cotton handkerchief: they looked for great leaping fishes, when they had once seen a fish leap; and even learned the names of a porpoise and a black fish: and they talked for an hour together about how there could be so many little brown birds in a place so watery, where there were no hedges for miles and miles for the creatures to roost in. They had a good many companions on board, going on the same errand, — some wiser than themselves, and some very silly, and even brutish. From the wiser they heard a little about the country they were going to, and found it was really true that, if they chose to work hard, they might in time have a cottage and a bit of land of their own. This new hope brightened their minds again; and the brutish behaviour of the worst of their companions bound their hearts together more than before; so that the voyage was quite an education to them; and they would have landed in the colony very different people from what they were when they left their parish, if they

had ever landed in the colony at all. But they never did.

One night, when they had all got to sleep, in spite of the heat, they were awakened by a great shock and crash. The ship had struck upon a coral reef. The water came in so that the captain said they could not go on. Moreover, others said, though he did not, that most likely everybody would go to the bottom; that it was doubtful whether the ship would hold together till daylight. It just did that, and no more. When the blazing sun came up out of the sea, there was not much of the vessel above water, and only a few of the passengers were to be seen. BILL and NAN and their three children were there — looking sometimes at each other, and sometimes at the land, which was so near that they thought it would be the hardest thing that ever was if they could not get to it. The captain was drowned, the mate said, and they must shift for themselves, the best way they could. While they were staring at the land, (a curious

land, with wonderfully tall grass, and trees with the oddest boughs, like green fans,) they saw something moving among the woods on the ridge; and in another minute, a great number of people came running down the hill.

"*Are* they people?" asked NAN. "Yes, — no, — yes; but their clothes fit them so tight!"

"And they have all got black faces!" exclaimed BILL. "Why — that they have! and, as I live, they have got no clothes at all, — only, just a little about their waists. Well! I never see such a sight!"

The mate said they were dark-skinned savages; and he wished they might be safe to deal with; but he doubted it.

It was necessary, however, to put this to the proof. The ship broke up, and before the planks all floated away, the family must save themselves, if at all. BILL was cleverer about this sort of thing than about some others; for certain night-poachings in a river at home had familiarized him

with being up to the armpits in rushing water, and now and then popping over head. He now used his strong limbs to the best advantage, and placed his family safely on the beach. The dark-skinned people came about them, stared, stroked their skins, laughed, and seemed highly amused. They did not kill, nor even hurt anybody; but they were, NAN declared, the most uncivil folks she had ever seen. There was one person, a woman, who had some gay feathers in her hair, who was quieter than the rest. Everybody made way for her; and NAN found afterwards that this was the Queen of the island.

These people killed nobody; but NAN often said in her heart that she almost wished they had. Some fish was brought; and she was compelled to lay her infant on the ground, and make a fire on the beach, and cook, not only for her own family, but for as many of the savages as were hungry, from morning till night. More and more came, — some pouring over the hills, some in boats from

distant islands. More than once she dropped from fatigue. If they permitted her husband to lift her up, they allowed him little time to comfort her: — he was to bring the wood for the fire; and they would not let him be idle. It was a weary and dreary day; but the morrow was worse. Early in the morning, when NAN was at last asleep on the sands, she was aroused by a cry from her husband. She knew it was his voice, before she was well awake. Half a dozen of the dark men were forcing him away, and into a boat. There were plenty more to hold her back when she would have sprung after him. The boat was rowed away; and she never saw BILL again.

The people evidently meant not to be cruel. They showed by signs that she should have plenty to eat and drink: they gave her gay feathers to put in her hair: they played with the children: and they showed her that she was to have a husband, though BILL was gone. She resisted, as long as she could; but, to keep her children with

her, she was compelled to yield. As soon as she got to understand their language at all, she found that they considered her to be in a position of peculiar favor. She was in the service of the Queen herself; and the Queen's Slave was secure from being treated with any unusual violence. When her new husband could make himself understood, he asked her what she would have. He would not allow anybody to knock out her brains: she had food enough to eat; she might sing if she chose; and he liked to see her with a string of shells around her neck. What would she have more? — She would like a little time, to sit on the rocks, and look for a sail at sea. — No; that would not be good for her. If she saw a sail, it would be of no use to her: and, even if she could go away, it would be the worst possible thing for her; for this island was the best country in the world; and it was foolish for any one who could live there to wish to be anywhere else; — very silly and ungrateful. She must go and bring some wood,

and boil some fish, and think no more of watching for a sail. One of her bitterest thoughts was about whether BILL had been compelled to take a black wife. If he had, she feared he might forget her in time, though she felt sure she should never forget him. Her new husband, through jealousy, divined her thoughts. But for his jealousy, he could never, he told her, have conceived so horrid an idea. If any woman of the dark race had the slightest reason to suppose that BILL ever dreamed of such a thing, she would have him burned alive. Why, — the devil was of her pale complexion: and did she suppose any woman with a dark skin would marry with a white man? And the man, and all to whom he whispered it, were so shocked as to be speechless. Poor NAN had a double burden of work after that hour. Worse still, — little BILL, who caught up the new language with a child's quickness, let out that he knew that the devil was black. He paid dearly for his opinion. He was too dangerous to be left by his mother's

side: and he was carried off to another island. Little MEG was early put in training to be one of the twenty-five wives to whom the Queen's son had a customary right. NAN could not, for a long while, comprehend this, seeing how shocking had been her notion that her husband might marry again: and she never did get to understand it. She was told she was stupid; she was asked whether she herself was not the wife of a man of the superior race. She never understood the mystery. And it was not the only puzzle that distracted her poor brain.

One day in the year was appointed for a great festival. On that day the natives celebrated their deliverance from the domination of a tribe whom they had driven from the island. When all the cooking was done, and when the drum was heard afar off, and the laughter of the people dancing, the Queen, with one or two attendants, walked away along the beach, looking at the moonbeams on the rippling water. She came upon NAN, who

was sitting with her two children under a palm tree, — the mother weeping bitterly, — one child asleep, the other wondering.

The Queen inquired into her regrets, and found that, in her country, it was so different from what it was here! There, one's life was safe; and she could never feel sure of her children's lives here. There, people belonged to themselves, and could make themselves happy, or try to do so, in their own way.

"So it is here," replied the Queen. "If you understood our language better, you would know that that is what we have been rejoicing about to-day. Everybody now has — what everybody ought to have, — security as to life, — and liberty, — and to be happy."

"And I," — cried NAN, starting up, "I and my children . . . . ?"

"You and your children are out of the question, of course," replied the Queen. "Look at your skins, — how disgustingly pale they are! They

are darker, however, than when you arrived, and that shows how good it is for you to be here. But you know, you are of an inferior race; and I have undertaken to arrange your happiness for you. You may be as happy here as your nature allows, if you only think so. Why do you sigh? You like your own ways better than my arrangements! That shows how you need my care. But, — it now occurs to me, — were you a princess in your own country? — You were not? — Then, there is *no* excuse for these tears. Your Fetish made your skin pale. Mine allowed me the privilege of a dark one. I must know what is good for you, therefore, better than you can yourself: and, after explaining the case to you, I shall have you punished if I see you again sullen. For this time, I forgive you."

"Mother," said MEG, when the Queen was out of hearing, "what is there so bad in our skins being pale?"

"The people here do n't like them. They treat us as if we were cattle on that account."

"But why?—'cause I like ours best."

"To be sure; so do I. But these people know no better, because they are savages."

"O dear!" sighed MEG. "I wonder what we ever are to do."

"Indeed I do n't know, my child; unless it is to keep remembering home, all we can, and pray God to take us out of our bondage, one day or other."

If NAN still lives, she is no doubt striving after this. If she has died, there can be no doubt that, in her gladness to get away any how, this was her last thought. As for her children, they have probably sunk to be the inferior race that they are constantly desired to consider themselves.

July 4th, 1852.

The Young Sailor.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

It was in the enlightened city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, some years ago, that I once listened to a mass of argument against the abolition of Slavery, that the dark ages and the dark places of the earth might well be ashamed of. It would put a stop to agriculture, ruin commerce, impoverish the master, distress the Slave, *turn* back civilization, *bring* back barbarism, and thus destroy the prospects of liberty in the United States, and consequently throughout the world.

It seemed absurd, indeed, to offer a refutation to all this contradictory nonsense from the lips of an American professing to be a Republican and a

Christian: his nation, his politics, and his religion being a guarantee that what he said was dictated by hypocrisy, from the inspiration of selfishness; and could he have been suddenly transported to the palace of Truth, he must have confessed as much. Being a college professor, he would necessarily have added, "I am afraid the agitation of the subject will offend the oligarchy at the South, and that the University may lose students, and I my place."

It is worse than useless to indulge men of this stamp with a reply; I meekly inquired whether, if the three millions of blacks could be suddenly turned white, he would venture to present a single one of these considerations for keeping them in Slavery. An ignorant, unthinking, vulgar prejudice is, in fact, the American's only ally in the war which his mistaken notions of political and pecuniary interest lead him to wage against Liberty: how uncertain a one a single fact will show, which fell under my own observation.

It was the year when the failing health of a friend demanded a warmer climate than that of New England. The physician recommended that of Virginia or Carolina; but the name and character of an Abolitionist would be certain to expose the invalid to popular violence, and thus defeat the purpose of the journey. It was therefore reluctantly decided to visit Haïti instead of our own Southern States. It afterwards appeared, by observations, four times carefully repeated during successive voyages, of the improved health of the patient in thirty-nine degrees north latitude, that the climate of our own District of Columbia was the one which might perhaps have saved that most valuable life to his country, his family, and the cause. But this is foreign to my present purpose. I am not now to show the worthlessness of the Union to a Christian and a gentleman.

It was with a cheerful and a hopeful spirit that we went on board the little schooner of a hundred and twenty tons, bound to the City of the Cape.

The shallow craft glided so level with the waves, that one could gather the gulf-weed with one's hand from amidships. The weather was generally good, and the opportunity for making acquaintance with the sea and the little world on board, was much better than is afforded by larger accommodations, during the passage to Europe by steam. Decidedly the most interesting of our ship's company was the mate, a native of the State of Maine: — a handsome boy — one could hardly call him more — notwithstanding his high dignity on the little quarter deck. He was, to be sure, like most youths of eighteen, "wiser than seven men that can render a reason;" but then it is by no means the worst quality in the world, — this superior wisdom of youth; since but for it the world would stand still in the paths of the past. Whenever his duties would permit, we fell into conversation upon all things under the sun; above all, upon those especially American things, politics and religion. Of course, we soon stumbled upon the Anti-Slavery

question, so eminently religious and political. The youth had not yet learned our names, and so we had the benefit of his undisguised opinion of ourselves and our enterprise.

"A set of fools!" he said. "Nothing can be made of *niggers*. They are the descendants of Cain, and their color is God's mark, set upon them that they may be avoided, wherever they go. The Bible says they shall be accursed, and the servants of servants, and Christ says that every jot and tittle of the old law shall be fulfilled. They are an inferior race, and there is a natural repugnance between them and us: it is an ordination of Providence. And yet those crazy Abolitionists have repealed the intermarriage law, and are insulting our Southern brethren by trying to make our Government receive a black Ambassador from the island we 're going to! If the same time and money they 've wasted had been spent properly, they might, by this time, have bought up all the niggers at the South, and shipped them home to

Africa, where they came from. Our minister is an agent of the Colonization Society, and he thinks that, upon the most moderate calculation, these violent proceedings of the Abolitionists, few as they are, have put back Emancipation at least two hundred years. The State of Massachusetts, where they first started, ought to take the law of them. Gov. Everett said it might be done, a long time ago. The State of Georgia *has* offered five thousand dollars for the head of their ringleader, Garrison." Here he laughed a superb laugh of satisfaction and contempt, for he felt that he was on the strong side; — that one and only side which the discriminating faculties of Jonathan are exercised from infancy to discover.

I did not ask him what the South would do, deprived of three millions of laborers; nor whether the navies of the world would suffice for their transportation; nor what resources the fatal Liberian coast offered for their subsistence; nor whether they would consent to go; nor whether the rule

that made Africa their home, would not make Europe ours, and leave the United States to the red men ; nor whether the Slaveholders would not cry in chorus, (as one of them, Latrobe, President too of a Colonization Society, more recently did to Victor Hugo ;) "Speak of colonizing our *Slaves*, if you dare!" Neither did it seem advisable to meet the other arguments, — historical, theological, physiological, arithmetical, or dystogistical ; — to inquire what need there was of a legal prohibition of intermarriage, if such an intense repugnance existed between the races ; or how color could be the mark of Cain, seeing that his posterity perished in Noah's flood ; or whether the remarkable two hundred years problem with which Slaveholders amuse Abolitionists, did not equal, in its lucid profusion of data, the celebrated one with which the cabin boy proposed to puzzle the lords of the admiralty : — "If half a pound of tobacco cost sixpence, what will a cartload of turnips amount to?" I omitted, too, to ask what violence there

was in petitioning for the repeal of a law we did n't like, or for the reception of an ambassador we did; as the rest of the world do; whether the negroes were not human, and, therefore, they too, our Southern brethren, without consulting Moses; or what was gained for Christ, by representing his teachings to be in opposition to every sentiment of honor, and justice, and humanity; — every dictate of benevolence, and common sense, and religion. I contented myself with asking whether "Steward," (the black cook and functionary-of-all-work,) was not quite a clever fellow, and a great comfort to the ship's company; — Bible-commentary, ordination of providence, natural repugnance, New England ministry, and the Colonization Society, notwithstanding. Taste and choice, I admitted, were rights, in all questions of Color, while they became the deadliest wrongs in the question of Justice. I left him the last word, which was, that it was useless to talk — a white man could not help hating the whole colored race, and that, like the

hatred of God against the wicked, it must be visited upon them even to the third and fourth generation.

We were here interrupted by the cry of land, and soon saw the breakers beating upon the well known shoal of the *Mouchoir Carré*, and felt our way through that splendid tropical sea of which the bright transparent colors make one fancy that it was after seeing such, that lapidaries first called their most precious stones, jewels of the first *water*. The land was no less beautiful than the sea, and the gentle and spirited people worthy of their clime.

Among the families whose acquaintance we made, was that of Mr. Bird, the excellent protestant missionary from the island of Jersey. He was a minister of the Methodist persuasion, and though at that time unsuccessful in making converts to his sect, it was not for lack of zeal or of excellence of character. Whenever I attended his chapel, I was greatly struck by the

singing of a young girl in the choir, the practised strength and sweetness of whose voice reminded me of the tones of the Garcia family, which had dwelt in my memory from early youth. In that small chapel the notes were even more effective than theirs in the great opera-houses; and the inspiration of the singing was the same. I often left the imposing cathedral service of the chanted Mass, at which all the rank and fashion of the city assisted, with martial and religious pomp, to listen to the singer of the little Methodist chapel, putting her soul into a strain which I could fancy tradition to have handed down through the ranks of French protestantism, from the Albigenses, and the Vaudois, the Calvinists, and the Huguenots; though it may quite as probably be of Catholic origin, being so eminently human in its passion and its power, as to satisfy the universal cry of the human heart for self-devotedness worthy of adoration: —

JESUS LE CRUCIFIE.

Walking one day along the shore between the city of the Cape and fort Picolet, I heard the same voice in the open air long before we reached the spot from which it seemed to come, — where, through a gap in the line of roofless palaces, you see a single palm relieved against the purple mountains and the amethyst and emerald sea. We drew nearer and nearer, the voice still rising and falling at intervals, till we were nigh enough to hear the showery rustle of the Palmiste leaves, which, mingled with the gentle shock of the waves upon the pebbles, came in like a symphony between. Our approach disturbed the music, and, as it afterwards appeared, interrupted an interview; for we heard the sounds of rapidly retreating steps, and found the little singer alone. "Pray tell me," earnestly exclaimed our companion, Mrs. Bird, "what you know about that young man who has just left her? He is the mate of the vessel that brought you here; and this girl being a domestic in my family, her beauty, her color, (Mrs. Bird

was an Englishwoman, and did not comprehend the prejudice,) and her friendlessness, make me feel a sort of maternal responsibility for her. She has a wonderful capacity for all accomplishments, — music, dancing, languages, all seeming natural to her. She speaks some equally well, though she is ignorant of abundance of things that no English child could help knowing. She can do whatever she chooses, to a miracle almost, and what she does not like, she does altogether as ill. It is the true artistic organization, — flexible, graceful, ardent, eloquent. Your young New Englander is very much in love with her. He urges her to marry him immediately. She says she is too young and too ignorant. He tells her he will wait a year or two, and in the meanwhile she shall live in his father's family, in the State of Maine, and go to school."

I never knew the conclusion of this little romance of real life; — whether the father's prejudices were as vincible as the son's; — whether the

village schoolmaster and his pupils were receptive in their feelings, or whether they contented themselves with invectives against the ignorance and degradation of a race their prejudices excluded from instruction. One should not expect of them more delicacy and humanity, more independence and Christian principle, nor less vulgarity and servility, than characterize the "Corinthian capital of polished society," — the University Government of Cambridge, Massachusetts, of which the medical department, only three years ago, refused to a worthy young colored man the privilege of continuing his studies under such advantages as it possessed, after having had a demand as to their intentions respecting him served upon them by some of the students. That the young colored man was worthy appears from the letter of recommendation given him by Mr. Everett to the American Minister at Paris, Mr. Rives, asking any services he might require in the prosecution of the course of study

requisite to fit him for the practice of the medical profession in *Liberia*.

This much could be safely asked of a Slave-holder, since it was not for a Slave, who is wanted at home, but for a free man of color, who must be got rid of lest his presence should make Slaves discontented. What matters it to the United States what the climate of Liberia is? It is not necessary, as the ancient said, that the free man of color should *live*, — "il n'est pas payé pour ça," — it is only important that he should *go*.

I never knew what the village schoolmaster did in the case of the colored girl, but I can hardly dare to suppose him less ignorant or more free from cowardly submission to a corrupt public opinion, than the men who control the educational arrangements of that "Athens of the New World," Boston.

The climate proving too intense for the purpose which induced us to seek it, we lost sight, in leav-

ing it, of our interesting young couple at the most interesting crisis of their affairs; but I cherish them in my recollection as adding one more to the hundreds and thousands of proofs that prejudice against color is like ice, — subject to too many accidents to build the institutions of a nation upon. As surely as the sun and southern wind unlocks the rivers, so surely must prejudice yield to love and justice, and Slavery consequently disappear.

Paris, October 6, 1852.

Russia and the Russians.

[An admirable work bearing the above title on the condition and prospects of Russia, was published in Paris, in 1847, by Monsieur TOURGUENEFF. This accomplished gentleman is a Russian Noble, (exiled and under sentence of death since 1825,) for having cast in his lot with the Serfs by advocating their emancipation while minister of Finance and member of the Imperial Council of State. He is one of those truly wise and good men whose opinions cannot fail to have great influence wherever they are known. With him Freedom is a question of fundamental right as well as of national policy. After reading certain copies of the Liberator, and Standard, and Uncle Tom's Cabin, which I had sent him, he addressed to me the following Letter, which I entreated permission to publish here. I am convinced that a body of good men, of all countries, who should be at the same time great enough to create for themselves a sphere of moral action higher than that of national policy and founded on the deepest principles of universal and absolute right, would soon be able to change the moral aspect of the world and abolish such institutions as Serfdom and Slavery. It is to make such men acquainted with each other for such a purpose, that the "LIBERTY BELL" is published. — M. W. C.]

Lettre.

Je vous remercie, Madame, de la communication que vous avez bien voulu me faire de quelques journaux contenant les comptes rendus de différentes réunions où des discours ont été prononcés en faveur de l'esclavage, et surtout contre ceux qui s'efforcent de le faire disparaître de votre pays. Quelle lecture, grand Dieu ! Je n'aurais jamais pensé que la perversité de l'entendement et du cœur humain pût aller aussi loin. En effet, plusieurs des orateurs qui ont pris la parole dans ces discussions, non contens d'accabler de toutes sortes d'argumens de leur façon les adversaires de l'esclavage, se sont efforcés, — les malheureux, — de prouver que la possession de l'homme par l'homme est conforme à l'Ecriture Sainte ! Quelques uns ont poussé la démence jusqu' à proclamer que s'opposer à l'existence de l'esclavage c'était s'opposer à la volonté de Dieu, et

que les Abolitionnistes étaient tout bonnement des athées.

La possibilité d'une telle argumentation à été pour moi une véritable découverte ; et jamais, non jamais, je n'avais ressenti une impression pareille à celle que m'a causée la lecture de ces discours. D'abord je ne voulais pas en croire mes yeux ; puis, je crus que ma propre raison se troublait et que je comprenais mal les paroles et les imprécations furibondes de ces maniaques. En tous cas, si le doute était encore possible, j'aurais été complètement édifié en lisant le rapport fait par un ministre presbytérien dans un de vos Etats du Nord, et qui, au nom d'un Synode, conclut à la conformité de l'esclavage avec la Bible.

Je suis toujours confondu quand je vois les défenseurs de l'esclavage s'efforcer de s'appuyer sur le texte sacré. Ils vous citent un passage de la Bible qui, selon eux, admet l'esclavage, un autre qui le justifie et le consacre. Le rapporteur du Synode fait preuve, à cet égard, d'une érudi-

tion très méritoire. Il ajoute, — soit dit en passant, — que l'Eglise n'a pas le droit et encore moins l'obligation de sortir de la Bible et de suivre les systèmes politiques ou philosophiques qui, dans le cours des temps, se produisent parmi les hommes. Le pieux rapporteur compte évidemment, dans le nombre de ces systèmes politiques ou philosophiques, l'opinion sur la nécessité de l'émancipation. La Bible, dit-il en résumé, admet l'esclavage ; l'Eglise doit se renfermer dans la Bible, et, par conséquent admettre aussi l'esclavage ; elle doit s'abstenir de le combattre, et — la logique est impitoyable — elle doit le défendre, et, en le défendant, persécuter ceux qui veulent l'émancipation. Hors de la Bible, et par conséquent hors de l'esclavage, point de salut.

Quelle aberration ! Quelle confusion ! Et après avoir tant étudié la Bible, tant tourmenté ses textes, pourquoi donc laissent-ils tout-à-fait de côté ces paroles de l'Evangile qui ordonnent d'aimer son prochain comme soi-même ?

Moi qui, dans mon pays, passais ma vie à combattre l'esclavage, à discuter sans cesse cette question avec les partisans de cette odieuse institution, je croyais connaître à fond tous les argumens, tous les sophismes, toutes les hypocrisies, toutes les absurdités que des hommes égoïstes et pervers accumulent d'ordinaire contre l'émancipation. Tantôt c'est le bien de l'Etat, de la communauté en général, que l'on met en avant, et l'on dit que la commotion inséparable de l'émancipation d'un nombre considérable de serfs ou d'esclaves occasionnerait des préjudices sérieux au bien-être, à la prospérite, à la sécurité publiques. Tantôt c'est le droit de propriété que l'on invoque, et l'on prétend que le possesseur d'esclaves ne saurait être exproprié sans une indemnité préalable et amplement suffisante. Tantôt c'est le bien de ces pauvres esclaves eux-mêmes qui vient défrayer l'argumentation de ces philosophes d'une nouvelle espèce, qui tâchent de vous persuader que le sort de l'esclave n'est pas du tout aussi malheureux que

des hommes ignorans et superficiels le croient en général ; que le maître en retour du travail, assure la subsistance de l'esclave, le protège dans le besoin, le soigne dans les maladies, etc., etc. La simplicité, l'ignorance, l'abrutissement même de ce pauvre être humain, privé de l'attribut le plus essentiel de l'humanité, sont produits par ces horribles hypocrites comme des preuves de la nécessité, de l'utilité, et, par conséquent, de la justice de l'esclavage.

" Que ferez-vous, disent-ils, de tous ces gens habitués à une contrainte perpétuelle, à l'obéissance passive, élevés sous le fouët, dans la plus complète ignorance, si vous les rendez à la liberté, si vous faîtes appel à leur libre arbitre, à leurs obligations civiles et morales comme hommes ? Qu'en feront-ils eux-mêmes, de cette liberté dont ils n'ont pas appris à jouir, dont ils ont pu désirer les avantages, mais dont les conditions sévères de travail, de prévoyance, de probité, restent complètement cachées à leurs yeux ? Affranchis

d'hier, ils viendront demain, poussés par la faim, redemander leurs chaînes pour avoir un morceau de pain. C'est donc dans l'intérêt bien entendu des esclaves eux-mêmes que l'esclavage doit être maintenu."

Toutes ces déclamations, ridicules quand elles ne sont pas odieuses, sont basées, comme vous le voyez, Madame, plutôt sur le principe de la *convenance* (expediency) que sur le principe du droit. Les défenseurs de l'esclavage, en Russie, ne vont pas, en général, plus loin ; et si, par aventure, ils se hasardent à s'appuyer sur le texte de la Bible, ils ne font que citer son autorité, pour prouver que chez les peuples dont il y est question il y a eu aussi des esclaves. Une fois seulement, j'ai entendu un individu proférer, pour prouver la sainteté de l'institution, ce blasphême odieusement vulgaire, que les descendans de Cham étaient prédestinés par Dieu même à rester à tout jamais dans l'esclavage. Mais cette atroce bêtise fut

couverte de risées par ceux-mêmes qui approuvaient le principe défendu de cette manière.

Amené à parler, dans mon ouvrage sur la Russie, des difficultés que la discussion sur l'esclavage et l'émancipation rencontre à chaque pas, par suite de l'ordre de choses établi dans ce pays, je n'ai pu m'empêcher de jeter un coup d'œil de douloureuse envie sur les Etats-Unis, où la parole est libre, où la presse est libre, et où, disais-je, si l'esclavage sévit dans le sud, la liberté humaine trouve des défenseurs dans le Nord ; où le crime légal, triomphant dans une partie du pays, trouve dans le reste des voix éloquentes, comme celle d'un Channing, pour le flétrir ; où enfin de saints missionnaires — vrais chrétiens, ceux-là — prêchent la modération aux maîtres et la patience aux infortunés esclaves.

La lecture de vos journaux, Madame, m'a fait réfléchir à ces paroles écrites il y a bien des années. Pour l'honneur de l'espèce humaine, me suis-je dit, sinon pour le succès spécial de la sainte cause

de l'émancipation, le silence qui règne en Russie n'est-il pas préférable à ces horribles blasphêmes que se permettent, protégés par le principe de la libre discussion, ces hommes qui font de Dieu même un complice de l'abominable crime de l'esclavage ?

Mais non, la liberté de la discussion ne saurait nuire à aucune cause juste et sainte. Je croirais même volontiers que les stupides extravagances des défenseurs *quand même* de l'esclavage ne sauraient aboutir qu' à porter un coup de plus, et des plus formidables, à la cause qu'ils défendent. Et, en effet, quelle doit être une cause défendue par de tels argumens ? Tous ceux qui possèdent encore dans le cœur une étincelle du sentiment, de l'instinct du bien, du juste, ne peuvent qu'être révoltés de pareilles argumentations, et doivent nécessairement finir par condamner et les plaideurs et la cause qu'ils plaident.

Ce n'est pas surtout dans ce moment que l'on pourrait douter des bienfaits de la libre discussion,

quand nous avons vu paraître ce chef-d'œuvre d'art, d'esprit, de sentiment et d'éloquence, qui vient d'honorer votre pays et votre sexe, Madame ; cet admirable volume : Uncle Tom's Cabin, que j'ai lu en versant des larmes qui n'étaient pas toutes de douleur et de tristesse.

Juste ciel ! Pourquoi faut-il donc que le même pays qui produit des femmes telles que l'auteur de ce livre immortel, des hommes tels que Channing et tant d'autres, porte en même temps dans son sein de ces fouëtteurs d'hommes et de femmes, qui insultent tout ce qu'il y a de plus sacré dans l'homme ; de ces ministres soi-disant protestans, qui abritent les plus grandes infamies sous leur science théologique, aussi fausse qu'elle est hypocrite.

Ah ! C'est que peut-être le peuple Américain aurait trop de justes motifs de s'énorgueillir si, à côté de son admirable organisation politique, qui surpasse tout ce que les hommes ont pu voir et même rêver depuis la création du monde, il n'y

avait pas une ombre — ombre bien noire, hélas ! — qui doit nécessairement modérer et même humilier son orgueil ; si dans la splendeur de ce soleil radieux il n'y avait pas une tache qui l'obscurit.

Raison de plus, aux hommes et aux femmes de cœur, de persévérer dans leurs efforts héroïquement honnêtes, pour ôter cette ombre, pour oblitérer cette tache néfaste. Ce n'est pas en vain que les triomphateurs de l'antiquité étaient suivis, dans leur triomphe, par des insulteurs publics ; c'était un avertissement que la gloire, pour être grande, doit être pure, que l'ivresse de la félicité ne doit pas faire oublier à l'homme heureux ses devoirs les plus rigoureux, ses obligations les plus sacrées. Que le peuple de l'Amérique se souvienne aussi, dans sa gloire, dans sa prospérité sans exemple, qu'il y a des devoirs et des obligations pour les peuples comme pour les individus. Qu'il cesse de déshonorer cette gloire et cette prospérité par cet odieux et infâme esclavage ; qu'il jette loin de lui le fouët dont est armée la main de quelques

uns de ses enfans, et que cette main se tende pour relever leurs frères désormais libres, et pour les étreindre dans un embrassement chrétien. L'acte qui affranchira les quelques millions de nègres sera salué avec bonheur par des dizaines de millions de blancs qui souffrent dans d'autres pays à esclaves, et qui verront dans cette glorieuse émancipation le prélude de leur propre délivrance. Et à tout cela se joindront les bénédictions silencieuses de tous ceux qui, sur la surface de la terre, ont un sentiment au cœur et une pensée dans la tête.

Vous serez peut-être surprisé, Madame, comme tant d'autres, de me voir appliquer indistinctement le mot esclavage à la Russie et aux Etats du sud de l'Amérique. La vérité est que, malgré toute la différence qui existe de fait entre le serf russe et l'esclave noir de l'Amérique, tous les deux sont *hors la loi* du pays. J'ai dit et prouvé autrefois que le serf russe est moins protégé par la loi russe que les animaux ne le sont en Angleterre par la loi de M. Martin. Et je trouve, dans un

voyage récemment publié en Angleterre, que l'auteur en racontant un exemple de révoltante cruauté exercé sur un esclave par son maître, fait l'observation suivante : "It is only a particular instance of cruelty which might, I have no doubt, be multiplied a dozen times, and which must continually take place when there is no law (not even a Martin's act) to protect the negro from the passion and spite of his owner." *

Il reste donc complètement inutile et superflu d'entrer dans des discussions sans fin sur la différence de position de l'esclave russe et de celui de l'Amérique ; la cruelle parenthèse de l'auteur que je viens de citer : "*Not even a Martin's act,*" s'applique à tous les deux, et tout-à-fait au même degré. La similitude est donc assez prouvée. Le noble russe et le propriétaire des Etats du sud peuvent se donner cordialement la main, en tenant, l'un son fouët, l'autre le Knout.

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* Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America. By Edward Sullivan, Jr. Examiner, Oct. 23, 1852.

Not even a Martin's act ! Je voudrais voir ces mots gravés sur le bureau de l'Empereur de Russie, l'unique legislateur de son empire.

J'ajouterai, Madame, pour votre édification en ce qui concerne la Russie dans cette question, qu'en lisant Uncle Tom's Cabin, j'ai été plus d'une fois tristement saisi par l'applicabilité des récits de M^me^ Stowe à ce que j'ai connu d'horreurs pareilles, non seulement par des récits, mais par des procés authentiques qui ont passé par mes mains au Conseil de l'Empire. Plusieurs des scènes décrites dans ce livre semblent la peinture exacte d'événemens tout aussi affreux arrivés en Russie. Il n'y à pas jusques dans les traits comiques de ce roman, qui n'en est pas un, où je n'aie reconnu des traits pareils que l'on rencontre dans les comédies russes. Cette dame délicate (la femme du niais St. Clair) qui regrette que la faiblesse de sa santé l'empêche d'infliger, comme elle le voudrait, des coups de nerf de bœuf à ses esclaves, m'a rappelé cette autre dame d'une com-

édie russe, qui gourmande sa femme de chambre pour la douleur qu'elle a ressentie en lui administrant sur la figure une correction manuelle. L'homme est le même partout ; ôtez lui le frein de la loi, il devient pire que la bête féroce.

L'intérêt sérieux, patriotique et chrétien, que vous prenez, Madame, à la destinée des pauvres esclaves, m'est un sûr garant que vous voudrez bien prendre en bonne part ce que j'ai été porté à vous dire après la lecture des différens écrits dont j'ai fait mention plus haut. Un quart de siècle s'est écoulé depuis que j'ai été proscrit de mon pays, proscrit précisément parce que j'avais consacré ma vie à combattre l'esclavage. Le temps et l'éloignement n'ont altéré ou amoindri ni mon horreur pour cette infâme institution, ni mon désir de la voir disparaître, ni surtout mon affection profonde, mon amour de cœur pour ces pauvres esclaves, que je considérais et que je considère encore comme mes frères. Vous comprendrez qu'attaché ainsi aux esclaves de mon pays, je ne

puis rester indifférent au sort des autres esclaves, dans quelque pays qu'ils souffrent, pas plus qu'aux efforts nobles et désintéressés de ceux et de celles qui se dévouent chrétiennement à faire cesser ces souffrances. L'amour des esclaves est inséparable, dans mon cœur, de la reconnaissance, du respect et de l'admiration pour leurs amis, leurs avocats, leurs protecteurs. Ce sont ces sentimens dont je vous prie, Madame, de vouloir bien agréer ici la sincère expression.

N. TOURGUENEFF.

Paris, 30 Octobre, 1852.

"A more excellent Way."

BY SAMUEL MAY, JR.

We have just witnessed another Presidential election, and the result is known. Franklin Pierce, the candidate of the Democratic party, has received the votes of twenty-seven States, — all but four; which four have given their votes to Winfield Scott, the candidate of the Whig party. Neither of these men were supposed to have any qualification for the office, beyond the fact that both had been generals of the army in the Slave-holders' war upon Mexico.

Into this presidential contest our brethren of the Free Soil party — earnest Anti-Slavery men for the most part — entered, not only with as much

zeal and activity as the other parties, but with far more. They knew that they alone had a good cause. They knew that both the other parties had pledged and bound themselves to maintain and enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, and the other compromises which had been entered into with the Slaveholders; compromises which gave Freedom nothing, and Slavery everything.

In the presidential election of 1848, the Free Soil party, with Martin Van Buren for its nominee, polled about three hundred thousand votes. A section of the Democratic party, dissatisfied with the nomination of Lewis Cass, contributed largely to that result. We had it mathematically and morally demonstrated to us that, in 1852, the vote of the Free Soil Party would be tripled or quadrupled; and, in 1856, would be so large and formidable as probably to control and decide the election of that year. The elections of 1852 are over, and the Free Soil strength, instead of being largely augmented, is now less than a half of what

it was when the prediction was made. The highest estimate of the Free Soil vote of the present year, which we have seen, does not make it higher than one hundred and forty thousand.

This is certainly the more remarkable, as it might reasonably have been expected that the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, two years since, and the prosecutions and trials, the slave-hunts and kidnappings, with other barbarities and villainies which followed in its train, would have stimulated and goaded Northern voters to make an overwhelming demonstration against it. The odiousness of that law is beyond controversy; in the face of their own case and present interests, individuals, and towns, and whole communities, have set themselves against it, defeated its operation, and defied the men who would enforce it. The people of the Northern States — leaving out of view the office-seekers, the corrupt party-hacks, and the sleek preachers of a religion which has no higher idea than worldly ease and profit — hate

the Fugitive Slave Law, and most cordially despise it as the concentration of all meanness and cruelty. Who could have supposed that the voting portion of these same Northern people would have cast nearly or quite two millions of votes in favor of men who had pledged themselves beforehand to make this detestable Law the FINAL and IRREPEALABLE Law of the Land! The Whig and Democratic parties did this very thing; vieing with each other in servility to Slaveholding dictation; and their candidates have together received nearly or quite two millions of votes in the so-called Free States, while the candidates of the Free Soil or Free Democratic party, as they would now be called, have received less than one hundred and fifty thousand.

If ever a distinct Anti-Slavery political party could exist in this country with good reason, could demonstrate with overwhelming proof a necessity for its existence, and could confidently count on the support of every honest voter, it was in the

year of our Lord 1852. Its cause was excellent; its opponents had gone to the last extremes of pro-slavery subserviency and profligacy; its own leaders and orators were numerous, and among the ablest in the land. They courted discussion with their Whig and Democratic opponents, who dared not risk the encounter. No political party in the country can show men of integrity and ability to compare with Joshua R. Giddings, Horace Mann, John P. Hale, Charles Sumner, Gerrit Smith, John G. Palfrey, Salmon P. Chase, and many others. And yet, instead of increasing in geometrical ratio, as they predicted, they have dwindled from three hundred thousand to less than one hundred and fifty thousand votes. With every condition of growth, with every element of success in their favor, they have — in a political point of view — met with a most signal and complete overthrow.

Many causes have been assigned, and explanations given, for this decline; some of which are

probable enough. Into these it is not now necessary to inquire. It is with the *fact* that we have to do, and with its moral bearings and inevitable lessons.

And with respect to this *fact* — extraordinary in many points of view as it is — we do not believe that it is attributable to any remissness on the part of our Free Soil brethren, or to any want of merit in their cause. Their cause, everyone knows, was good; and their labors, *for at least six weeks before election*, were unremitting. Their defeat is not ascribable to them, but is, we believe, an inevitable consequence of their position, the result of laws more powerful than any men.

And, in saying this, we do not mean to allude to the false and inconsistent position of the Free Democratic party, as sworn supporters of a Constitution, *whose foundations rest on the right of property in Man*, and of a Union *which is cemented together by the blood of three millions of slaves.* For we know that, with subtle (and to us sophis-

tical) reasoning, many of them have persuaded themselves that they are not bound, by their oath to the Constitution, to any pro-slavery measure. We refer rather to an inherent impossibility of carrying any great moral issue to a triumphant result by means of an organized party and its machinery. We believe that every party no matter how good its cause, which makes an experiment of this kind, will find itself defeated. We think the Free Democratic party has committed the great error of relying upon human arrangements and party machinery to accomplish what can be accomplished only by the most implicit reliance upon the *moral* strength of their cause, and by a concurrent, steady, and never-ceasing course of action.

The Free Soil party has sought, and labored for *numbers;* for in such a contest as theirs, numbers are essential to success. Therefore they desired *numbers* as the greatest good, and they worked to gain them with all the weapons which the times put so abundantly into their hands. We

are sorry to add, moreover, that they resorted to very questionable means, — means which many of their most sagacious and upright men disapproved, — to obtain these numbers. For the sake of the desired party success, in some States they allied themselves with the known enemies of their own highest principles. They refused to believe that "Satan cannot cast out Satan," — thought they had grown wiser and had discovered a way to make Satan out-general himself. It was strange infatuation to suppose that a pro-slavery man, or the adhering members of a pro-slavery party, will work for the destruction of their own party interests and schemes! However, the Free Soil party went into such an alliance, and after a time they find that it was themselves who have been out-generaled; and they retire from the connection, neither with reputation so fair, nor hands so clean, as they went into it. So in regard to 1848. They have since discovered that their three hundred thousand votes were not honest,

right-principled, Anti-Slavery votes; but given, more than half of them, by Democrats who wished to avenge the party slight and treachery practised upon a favorite political leader, and to defeat the ends of his rival. This object accomplished, that entire body of Democrats walked straight back into the ranks of their old party, and with new-born zeal became the loudest and busiest in the service of those men who had publicly declared their determination to resist all Anti-Slavery agitation, and to make the Fugitive Slave Law a "finality,"—more sacred and unchangeable than the Constitution itself, or any of the safeguards of popular liberty. Alas! for those who allow themselves to become blind followers in the ranks of a political party. Conscience, humanity, moral independence, and freedom of action are trampled under foot.

In this struggle, and inevitable compromise of principle, to obtain numbers, there is involved, as we view it, a *practical distrust of* GOD, and of the omnipotent power of His truth, in its direct

action upon the individual mind and heart of man. There is a forgetting of the great truth that the weapons of the moral contest are not "carnal," not those in which the pride of man delights, and yet are the only ones which can prevail, the only ones which are "mighty through GOD to the pulling down of strong holds." The faithful proclamation and preaching of the truth, as the one great and all-sufficient instrument of Anti-Slavery victory, is deemed as "foolish" now, as the preaching of the cross was deemed in apostolic days. Men doubt this moral power — disown it — want to see, they say, practical and definite results; want to elect a Governor now and then, or do some like thing; they want to have large numbers, and make use of many doubtful expedients to gain them, and do not gain them after all. Even by such palpable failures, they grow no wiser; but are as ready again to expend time, strength, and money, and to exhaust themselves and their

means, on this same struggle for numbers, as ever before.

There is "a more excellent way." It is not by numbers, not by majorities, that the Anti-Slavery cause is to be wrought out. In this controversy it has been declared thousands of times, but it needs to be repeated thousands of times more, that it is not by physical power, not by an array of numbers, not by caucusings and ballot-boxes, that Right is to prevail over Wrong. It was not by numbers, but against numbers, and in defiance of the might and wealth of a world, that Christianity planted itself, by its own inherent force, deep in the consciences and souls of men, and became a living, ineradicable power. It was not by numbers, but in spite of numbers, that the Protestant Reformation was established. So we believe it can be shown of every cause of a moral nature. But put Christianity to the *vote*, in any nation of the world to-day, and, if voting could do it, it would be extirpated. We do not mean that

Popery would be voted down in Spain or in Ireland, nor the Anglican Church in England, (though it might be,) nor that that American Church, (composed of almost innumerable sects,) which has been demonstrated to be the Chief Bulwark of American Slavery, would be voted out of existence. But, let any clear, unquestionable principle of the Religion of Christ, as exemplified in his own words and life, be put to vote, in America or Europe, and it would meet the fate which the doctrine of the Higher Law has met in this country the past two years, — Herod and Pilate being made friends to crucify it. It is well for the world that GOD cannot be *voted* off His throne, nor His Laws *voted* out of existence.

We do not deny or doubt the value of numbers. We wish the entire land were converted to Anti-Slavery, to Christianity, and to GOD. It is far enough from all three now. But desirable as numbers are, they are never to be made an *end*. They must come as the result of a personal con-

viction of the righteousness and paramount importance of the cause. No anxiety must be felt about them; not one finger lifted to procure them, for their own sake. But the truth — and the whole truth — must be spoken, in the love of it, and in a most entire absence of that spirit which would qualify or dilute it one particle, to please the most powerful party, to accommodate the most influential sect, or to win the support of the most gifted individual. God will take care of the question of numbers, — and will not fail to *give the increase*, if the planting and the watering are diligently done. We will not undertake to compute the results which might have been secured by our Free Soil brethren, had they labored steadfastly and unceasingly in the *moral* field as they have, with occasional intensity, in the *political*. But when we see what one feeble woman can accomplish — feeble in physical strength, and in worldly resources, but strong in the simplicity and majesty of truth, with an utterance kindled by the very

inspiration of God's own spirit, — when we see her swaying the thoughts of men, and moving the hearts alike of Whig, and Democrat, and Free Soiler, and causing them to loathe the hypocrisy, cruelty, and crime of the Nation, we recognise what worth there is in the faithful preaching of Anti-Slavery Truth, and Righteousness; and we are sure that, if our Free Soil men would enter this same field with zeal and with perseverance, a mighty and indestructible power would be rapidly generated, which would wield both parties, and all the sects, for the overthrow of that foulest enormity — American Slavery.

The Anti-Slavery men of this country must cease to rely upon human devices and deep-laid schemes. They may as well surrender, first as last, the expectation of triumphing over the Slave Power of this land by means of a distinct political party. If they would have a living majority in the Nation against Slavery, let them betake themselves to a holy crusade against it, and suffer no

long pauses to elapse between their assaults. Let them trust solely to the *moral power* inherent in their cause. They may be assured they can go no further and no faster than that moral power pervades and controls the conscience of the Nation. Let them not seek to gather up that conscience into any one party. It cannot be done. The effort to do it will involve an absolute throwing away, and an entire loss of power over, all that conscience which refuses to array itself in their separate party ranks. Ten thousand reasons exist to keep men from deserting old connections and alliances, to form new ones. These reasons may seem very unsatisfactory to us, and may be very poor; but they prevail still. To the conscience of the whole people, to the sense of Right and Justice in every man's bosom, we must make our appeal. In doing that, we rely no longer upon man's strength and wisdom; but our reliance is upon the Arm and the Omnipotence of GOD. We approach our fellow men, too, under circumstances the most

favorable to a candid hearing and construction. We expose ourselves to no suspicion of selfish motives in building up a political party for our own aggrandizement and glory. We hold up GOD'S law alone — what every man, in his individual soul, *knows to be God's law, and his own duty;* and we do, as it were, erect a tribunal in every man's soul, before which shall be brought every measure and every nomination, which his party or his sect may call upon him to support; and the more clear and unbiased we can keep that moral tribunal, and the more completely we can free it from the untoward and malign influences of party ambition and sectarian zeal, the more sure may we be of the correctness of its decisions and the weight of its influence, in whatever affects the great cause of Human Liberty. But we shall not awaken every soul; we shall find indeed the amount of living conscience small, if we still judge by numbers. But, judging as GOD judges, and acting as He commands, we shall find that

truth and right are mighty, though in but a single human heart. We shall learn how it is that "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Without this faith, Anti-Slavery men can do little: with it, all things. Party organization, drill, and machinery are worthless. God's truth is to be their shield, their helmet, their whole armor. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Leicester, Mass., November, 1852.

The Voice of Freedom.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

I.

The spirit of the Pilgrims
Is spreading o'er the earth,
And millions now point to the land
Where Freedom had her birth: —
Hark! — hear ye not the earnest cry
That peals o'er every wave?
God above,
In thy love,
O liberate the Slave!

II.

Ye heard of trampled Poland,
And of her sons in chains,
And noble thoughts flashed through your minds,
And fire flowed through your veins!
Then wherefore hear ye not the cry,
That breaks o'er land and sea?
On each plain,
Rend each chain,
And set the captive free!

III.

O think ye that our Fathers,
(That noble Patriot band,)
Could now look down with kindling joy,
And smile upon the land?
Or would a trumpet-tone go forth,
And ring from shore to shore,
All who stand,
In this land,
Shall be free forever more!

IV.

Great God, inspire thy children,
And make thy creatures just,
That every galling chain may fall,
And crumble into dust!
That not one soul, throughout the land
Our Fathers died to save,
May again
By fellow-men
Be branded as a Slave!

The Sculptor of the Torrid Zone.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

I WAS so much struck, at the exhibition of 1851, with the beauty and grace of a statuette of bronze in the French department, that I prevailed on many persons to visit it for the sake of witnessing their surprise and admiration.

It was a woman carrying water; her beautiful arm drawn downward, and displayed at its full length by the weight of the vase, and her dress and attitude chosen so as to show to the best advantage the fine African features, where nothing was exaggerated or extenuated. The sculptor had denied her no advantage of drapery or position, which a European subject might claim; and the

result was such that a single glance could not fail to break the associations of ugliness and repulsiveness which Slavery has connected with the name of Africa. I promised myself the pleasure of studying the works of this artist after my return to Paris. Month after month passed away, but I was unable to procure any information about him, except that his name was Cumberworth, a Frenchman of English extraction, and son of one of the preceptors of the princes of the house of Orleans.

France is not in any eminent degree a commercial country. One proof of this is the difficulty with which one can wring the name of a workman from his employer, or the address of an artist from a wholesale dealer in the productions of art.

I at length bethought me of a means which, here, proved as effectual to promote my object as it would have done in the United States to defeat it. I told a dealer in bronzes, in whose window the statuette was displayed, that I was an American Abolitionist, and wished, for the

sake of my colored countrymen, to see Monsieur Cumberworth, that I might suggest to him the idea of sending some of his beautiful works to the Northern States; where the majority of the inhabitants so seldom see a negro, out of whom they have not trampled the beauty and the grace of life, that they forget how differently the very same being would appear to them under different circumstances. It has been well said, that there is *one* circumstance, the effect of which we can remark upon nobody: the circumstance of our own absence. As long, therefore, as we are selfish tyrants, we can see nothing upon the face of the negro but ugliness and debasement. It is the shadow of ourselves. But this metal had been shaped in a different mould. It afforded the nearest possible approach to a miraculous sight of the race we vilify, behind our own backs: and my interlocutor's narrow notions of commercial policy yielded immediately to his feelings of humanity.

"You will find Monsieur Cumberworth," he

said, "at No. 2, Passage *Cendrier;*" — this at least I thought, from the pronunciation, must be the orthography: but no such passage could I find, and had begun to despair of my object, when, searching in the neighborhood of the Rue Basse du Rempart, I saw, above my head, IMPASSE SANDRIE, as I had seen it a dozen times before. *Now*, for the first time, it struck my prejudiced mind, — prejudiced by a notion of cinder-sifting that had got into it, that *Sandrié* was as likely to meet my wishes as his more comprehensible brother, the ashes dealer. And so it proved, — here were Cumberworth's lodgings at last. And now I half regretted that I had found him; so ungracious, so almost dishonest did it seem to enjoy the creations and listen to the conversation of genius, without doing something to nourish the brilliant flame. I felt, momentarily, glad that he was not at home; but I left my address, with a request that he would call on me the next day. The next day arrived, but an affair of some urgency unexpectedly

calling me from home, Cumberworth (of course!) came in my absence. Again I felt a sensation of relief, — one by no means unimportant, since I was not prepared to meet him. I had already spent for the Anti-Slavery Bazaar all the money I could spare, and more too; and the price of one only of these charming statuettes would be three hundred francs. Besides, it would not be a good pecuniary investment. So far from it, that I could hardly hope it would be purchased at all. Much as this man's works had interested me, I felt, on the whole, glad that the interview might be postponed to a more convenient season.

A short time afterwards, my eye was drawn by his name to the following paragraph in the newspaper: —

"We regret to announce to our readers, the death of Monsieur Charles Cumberworth, perhaps the most distinguished of all the pupils of Pradier, whom he follows so speedily to the tomb. His mind was eminently original, and having chosen a

field of art which gave him the opportunity to be as original in execution as in design, he was most successful in its cultivation. He had passed three years within the tropics, in studying the races and the plants that those regions include; and his Negro Woman at the fountain, his Indian Mother and her Infant, with a multitude of similar subjects, attest with what admirable results. He died a few days since, at Versailles, of consumption, aged 45."

Now, when I see these admirable works, as I do constantly, in every fine collection of bronzes in Paris, it is with a continually recurring regret that, having one moment disobeyed, in thought only, the watchword "immediately," I can never on earth see and know Cumberworth, nor thank him for what his genius has done to reinstate a race, by sanctifying art to the service of humanity.

Paris, October, 1852.

La Religion de l'Abolition.

PAR M. ERNEST LEGOUVE.

La sainteté d'une cause peut se mesurer à la grandeur des héroïsmes qu'elle inspire. Voulez vous une preuve irréfutable de la divinité du Christianisme ? comptez ses martyrs. De jeunes filles descendant sans palir dans le cirque, les plus grandes dames Romaines se dépouillant de leurs biens en faveur des pauvres et se faisant garde malades, ou fondatrices d'hopitaux, des soldats se laissant égorger sans se défendre plutôt que de violer la loi nouvelle, voilà des arguments plus décisifs que les épîtres de St. Paul ou les traités de St. Augustin. Ce qui-donne à l'âme une pureté divine ne peut venir que de Dieu.

Il en est de l'indépendance comme de la religion.

On a beaucoup écrit, O Américains, pour et contre la légitimité de votre guerre d'émancipation. Une chose démontre mieux votre droit que tous les écrits, ce sont vos vertus dans cette lutte. Qui pourrait lire tous vos actes de courage, de patience, d'abnégation, de bon-sens, d'héroïsme, sans se dire : ces hommes-là avaient la justice pour eux ; là où est la vertu, là est le droit.

Eh bien, mettez vous à ce point de vue pour juger la question d'abolition, de quel coté est la modération, de quel coté est la fureur ? de quel coté est le désintéressement et de quel coté l'egoïsme ! De quel coté le courage héroique et de quel coté la barbarie lâche ? Vous, vous ! le peuple le plus sensé, le plus juste, le plus ami de la liberté, vous devenez des qu'il s'agit de cette terrible question, vous devenez oppresseurs, iniques, insensés.

Comment une telle ruine de vos plus solides

vertus ne vous effraie-t-elle pas ? d'autant plus, remarquez le bien, que vos adversaires semblent s'enrichir de tout ce que vous perdez ; la grandeur d'âme que vous montriez jadis contre les Anglais, vos oppresseurs, ce sont les abolitionistes qui la montrent aujourd'hui contre vous, possesseurs d'esclaves ! Ce n'est pas là une vaine phrase, ce sont des faits, des faits qui frappent chaque jour trop cruellement vos yeux pour que vous puissiez les nier. " Que de missionnaires riches et pauvres, obscurs et illustres, consacrent, à cet apostolat leurs forces, leur fortune ; leur santé, leur vie ! Vous entassez contre eux lois sur lois, n'importe ! Ils marchent toujours. Les noyades, le supplice par le feu, des tortures inconnus aux sauvages eux-mêmes, vous armez tout contre les saints apôtres, n'importe ! leur nombre augmente sans cesse !

Ce n'est pas tout ! Etendez votre pensée au delà de votre continent, en Europe, et voyez que de dévouemens inspire la religion de l'abolition, car ce n'est pas une cause, c'est une religion !

Il y a un homme en France qui a eu la gloire de faire proclamer et de proclamer lui-même comme sous secretaire d'état, l'abolition de l'esclavage dans nos possessions coloniales ; cet homme c'est M. Schœlcher. Eh bien, ce droit, il l'avait acheté, conquis par vingt ans de travaux, de sacrifices, de dangers, ... plus que cela, par les souffrances les plus amères que puisse subir un homme de cœur, celle de se voir calumnié jusque dans ses sentiments de fils ! L'idée de l'abolition est une idée si purifiante qu'elle éteint dans les cœurs où elle pénétre, jusqu'aux haines les plus implacables, les haines politiques ! Oui, dans notre pays de France, où la haine de partis devient si vîte une haine de personnes, si un Montagnard et un réactionnaire apprennent qu'ils sont tous deux abolitionistes, ils ne se mepriseront plus, ils ne se détèsteront plus, ils se sentiront frères. Croyez le bien, Américains, une cause qui produit de tels prodiges, est une cause sainte.

Paris, Juillet, 1851.

Daniel Webster.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Daniel Webster is dead. If the Fugitive Slave Law could have died with him, he would indeed have slept in blessings. But the evil that men do lives after them; when it does not, we will speak nothing but praise of the dead.

We have nothing to do with him here as a jurist or an orator; nothing with his private character. Were we to pause a moment at that saddest of all sights, his death bed, it would be only to remark the pitiful flattery with which it has been described and dwelt on, in a tone which reveals the emptiness of our spiritual life. One would think our Priests

awe-struck, or beside themselves with gratitude, that the Great Man condescended to die a Christian!

The two Whig Chiefs have gone, and we find we have had Oberlins and Fenelons grinding in the mill of the Cabinet and the Senate House, and never knew it! Strange that he, one of the great trio, whose public and private life would best bear the closest scrutiny, with the added merit of actual Slaveholding beside, has alone escaped Canonization! Compared with such Protestantism, there was dignity, self-respect, and a true emblem in the Pope with an Emperor holding his stirrup.

Perhaps it does not concern us here whether he was a great man. The slightest analysis, however, of most that has been said of him, even by those who begin by emphatically pronouncing him great, will show how utterly unworthy he was of the epithet. It is acknowledged by most that his life was, as a whole, a failure — that he failed to impress any great or original idea upon his times: that he not only failed to carry any great measure, but never

conceived or originated one: that he so far mistook either himself or his times, that of most national questions he has stood, at different periods, on both sides, and that his last opinion was always the erroneous and the losing one. He talked against Slavery constantly up to 1850, but never exerted a tittle of Anti-Slavery influence, or stirred one heart against the system. Giving the lie, in that disastrous year, to all his empty rhetoric, this great light in falling drew not after it one of heaven's host. If the elephant turned from the van, he neither carried any away with him, nor crushed any in his retreat. Kidnappers at heart, who would have been silent, though not converted, had he spoken for Liberty, may have given him thanks when he descended to lead their ranks. They were the men whom his Anti-Slavery rhetoric of thirty years had neither convinced of his sincerity nor of his ideas. Had he spoken then for Liberty, he might, probably, have prevented the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, and turned back the

tide of Southern aggression: not, however, by any greatness or influence of his own. It would have been because other men — Adams, Giddings, and their followers, on whom the MASTER STATESMAN of the Anti-Slavery Movement, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, had impressed his great idea, — because these men had elaborated for him a policy, prepared for him a public, created for him a North, built for him and showed him a way, and asked of him only the easy virtue of walking on it.

The two years that followed this change are allowed, on all hands, to have been the most laborious, active, and able of his whole career. Tried by the tone of the public press, or by any other test, his influence was as great as ever; and this so called great man talked every day and everywhere, wrote to everybody, and on all occasions; his vigor of thought, his energy were marvellous; instead of seventy years, it seemed the "May of youth and bloom of lustihood." Yet what did he effect? Horace Mann, whose hum-

blest friends Mr. Webster stooped to persecute with the pettiest malignity, was reëlected by increased majorities. A Free Soil Senator succeeded to his own chair: Massachusetts recoiled from the party that had owned her for fifty years: Syracuse laughed him to special scorn: no single vote, south of Mason and Dixon's line, could be begged to do him even the empty honor of a nomination: while, for political adherents, he fell into hands which have linked his name only with ridicule.

What is greatness in statesmanship? It is, in one form, by instinctive sympathy or preëminent ability, to understand and guide your own times: in another form, it is to outrun your own age, and mould the future. Had Webster either of these? Did *he* understand or guide his own age, who was always only first among the laggards? whose friends boast for him, as proof of "practical statesmanship," that he so often sacrificed his convictions to popular opinion? and yet who, strangely awkward, always contrived to make the sacrifice

just when the people were coming round to his own opinion?

Did he foresee or mould the future, who was never John the Baptist, but always Caiaphas, with timid counsel that this man — ever some bearer of a new gospel — should die, lest the whole nation perish? who dropped from the revised edition of his works his best Anti-Slavery speeches, at the very moment when looming on the horizon was that great movement against Slavery, so momentous that before it all American History since the Revolution is destined to pale and fade away?

To be a great American, one must have a glad, sublime, and fearless faith in the people, in the safety of trusting them with their own Government and Institutions. None of Mr. Webster's speeches are hopeful, but of late years he seems to have had no faith at all.

He was, without doubt, a great Jurist. But how much of his constitutional lore he owed to Story, we shall never know till his friends are

more just than he, and allow the Judge's letters to him to be published. He was certainly an eloquent and able advocate: too much so, even in the Senate, where it marred whatever claim he had to the character of a statesman.

If he were not an orator, our age has not produced one: though it would be difficult to name the burning phrase or proverbial sentence which, like Chatham and Mirabeau, he has lent to literature, or given to the people as household words.

In simple intellect, no American has ever equalled him. But that massive brain contented itself with saying common things uncommonly well. It never went sounding on and on, to pilot the people into broader and deeper life. The great heart was fretting about broken toys, while the nation girded itself for great duties, and found its way onward alone. But mind does not govern, it is oftener will. It is not intellect that makes heroes, but character. This man made great speeches; and there is an unconscious confession

of the real truth in the very form of expression so many of his eulogists adopt. He will be read, it has been said a hundred times, as long as the English language endures. Perhaps so. He may live in print. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Garrison, will live as long as the American nation is remembered, print or no print.

God gave us three able men in this age. CALHOUN, the pure, manly, uncompromising advocate of Slavery; the Hector of a Troy fated to fall. CLAY, the secret, facile, and therefore more dangerous ally of Calhoun; the graceful Belial of politics, who

> Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
> Not peace:

In the third, the ablest intellect of all, we looked to find the King of Men, one who should be the Voice of the Spirit of the Age. In place of this, lo! a mocking bird! His song, at one time, the Constitutional system of Marshall; at another, the

tariff policy of Clay; and he was a double thief from Calhoun — first of the Free Trade principle, which he abandoned just when all else saw it about to triumph, and second, of the Slave policy, for which he died. The great statesman sinks to be the mere Swiss of politics, without even the usual shrewdness of his race at a bargain.

We argue greatness from a man's aims. This man aimed to be President; and died, as his most intimate friends say, broken-hearted because he failed. Had he followed his instincts and led the van of American ideas, he had been tenfold more than President. Was it great to miss seeing this? Was it great to sacrifice one's whole past, one's deepest convictions, to lust of office? Did it show an able statesman to do all this in vain? Great men never die broken-hearted. That disease killed Wolsey, not Milton or Columbus.

Still, in justice to Mr. Webster, it should be said that no single mind, however able, can exert as much influence in this country as it has been

the custom to ascribe to such in other lands. Ideas rule a thinking people like ours, and it is only by incarnating some great popular idea that any intellect, or even any will, can govern America. Baptised into the spirit of the age, which no single mind can greatly influence here, much less control, a great man may become the people's idol: his self-forgetful consecration shall give him tenfold manhood, and even tenfold m and from his position he shall gain an influence tentimes greater than manhood or mind could together bestow. After all, the only leadership possible with us is best expressed in the war-cry of La Roche Jacquelin, the Vendean chief: —

Si j'avance, suivez moi;
Si je recule, tuez moi;
Si je tombe, vengez moi.

If I ADVANCE, FOLLOW me. If I RETREAT, be true to your idea, and sacrifice EVEN ME.

How sad the wreck of such a life! Consum-

mate Jurist! Your last great essay was to flout at a "Higher Law"! Most able and eloquent Advocate! Could you find no other cause to plead than that of our lowest instincts against our highest and holiest sentiments? Alas! that your latest and ablest argument was the duty and rightfulness of Slave-catching! was urged to make men smother their humanity! Sagacious Statesman! Fated to die not very old, yet to live long enough to see all the plans of his manhood become obsolete ideas, except just those he had abandoned! Surely he was a great party leader, who found the Whig party strong, spent life in its service, and died prophesying its annihilation: found it decent, at least in profession; left it despicable in utter shamelessness: found it the natural and well-disposed ally of free labor and free speech; stirred it to a contest with its rival in servile bidding for Southern fellowship, and left it despicable for the attempt, and still more despicable and ridiculous for the failure!

No thoughtful man should forget, in any estimate of Mr. Webster, his impudent attempt to smother freedom of discussion. *Impudent* is none too strong a word, when any man, however conspicuous for ability or position, sets himself to fetter free speech. Neither is the gravity of the wrong to be measured by the failure or success of the attempt. Such things grow by precedent. What is impudent and only ridiculous to-day, may become of weight and fearful to-morrow. The Abolitionists are sometimes blamed for their severe judgments of men whose general characters are good. The examples of bad men are of little importance. It is the faults of good men, of popular idols, that are dangerous; and precedents set by such need special protest. What weapons they become in the hands of unscrupulous imitators! Tacitus told us long ago — *Non timemus Vespasianum; ea Principis ætas, ea moderatio. Sed diutius durant exempla, quam mores.* Precedents are longer lived than character. We have a

right, then, to demand even of those who think best of Mr. Webster, that they, with us, record their protest against this his most serious treason to the cause of liberty and progress.

Mr. Webster once pointed to the character of Washington as sufficient proof of the excellence of American institutions. It is this view of his own career that is saddest of all. As Washington in 1776, so Webster in 1850, were each the natural result of the institutions of their day. Our State taught him to barter justice for expediency: taught him that it was allowable to sacrifice one race to the prosperity of another. Our Church taught him to make religion a stalking-horse for ambition. Our party politics tempted him, burdened with great abilities, some character, awkward recollections, and the possibility of future fame, to throw off every high thought, and the cause that did most nobly become him, run a race with men, who, unknown yesterday and to be forgotten tomorrow, could dare any depth of meanness to reach

their ends. The heaviest brain God lent this age sunk beneath the lesson, and he died broken-hearted. Accursed be the institutions of which such is the natural product!

"His voice of wisdom and power, which was at home among us, has penetrated wherever there was an oppressor to be rebuked, or a victim to be cheered. Everywhere it has brought hope to the struggling and the down-trodden, and confusion to the wrong-doer."

These words a young man had the hardihood to utter in Faneuil Hall, which echoed so lately to the grounded muskets of men watching, while Sims lay in the chained Court House, lest, moved by such a sight, some should be unable to obey Mr. Webster, and "conquer their prejudices!" These words a young man, reputed to possess the common feelings of humanity, had the heartless effrontery to utter in the presence of men who still trembled for the safety of father and mother, wife and child, because of a public sentiment which

Mr. Webster (unnecessarily, as most are now willing to confess,) had whetted and steeled against them! They could not have been intended as sober irony. That were a cruel and mocking insult, of which Mr. Hillard must be deemed incapable. To suppose he believed them true were to degrade his intelligence to the level of the Hubbard Winslows and Hale Smiths. It is now very generally admitted that Mr. Webster's course on the Fugitive Slave Law was dictated by personal ambition, and shaped by regard to private ends. His predecessor, in the office of Secretary, has declared that the grounds he alleged were mere pretences. But whether this be so or not, if he really acted from noble motives, or at the call of inevitable necessity — still, Mr. Hillard's assertion is false. All even then that Mr. Webster's friends could plead would be, that patriotism and necessity *excused* him for "withholding the poor from their desire, and causing the eyes of the widow to fail; in lifting up his hand against the fatherless when

he saw help in the gate." Mr. Hillard is famed as a rhetorician. An old adage, "not to name halters," &c., should have warned him, when giving a false gloss to ugly facts, to avoid language too suggestive of the truth. *Il y a des louanges qui médisent.*

The curses of the poor have blighted his laurels. He is mourned in ceiled houses and the marts of trade. But the dwellers in Slave huts and fugitives along the highways thank God they have one enemy the less. What a terrible record will History make up against him! The friendless and the hunted cannot help rejoicing at his death! Grant all his merits. Put against them, that the Slave knew him only as an enemy: knew of his logic, only to fear it: of his influence, only to wear chains heavier for its weight, and to pray to God against it. Wherever that terrible face turned, it carried gloom to the Slave's hovel. On how many a hearth, since 1850, has it required the utmost Christian principle not to call down curses on his

head! He bore all this, and died because he was not nominated! And this was the "grandest growth of our soil and institutions," this the noblest heart that our Christian republic can offer to the world for a place beside the Phocions and the Hampdens, the Jays and the Fayettes!

Pericles consoled his death-bed with the thought that he never caused a Greek to wear mourning. Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world could have medicined our Pericles to that sweet sleep, — he who clung with so much tenacity to birthplace and homestead, and bowed in such agony over a daughter's death-bed, — had he remembered the many homes one ruthless act of his selfish ambition had made desolate, and the hundreds of children it had made orphans.

Northampton, November 10, 1852.

Lines

WRITTEN AFTER A WINTER OF SEVERE STORMS.

We shrink before the rushing storm,
And dread its giant powers,
And tremble at the fearful form,
As on our path it lowers.

We start, to hear appalling tales,
Repeated o'er and o'er,
Of the disastrous wintry gales,
Which strew with wrecks our shore.

Yet safe within our quiet homes,
We catch but a faint breath,
As o'er the wild, dark wave, there comes,
The stormy voice of death.

And yet upon this earth, where we
Live, without want or fear,
More threatening tempests than the sea
E'er felt, surround us here.

The storms of passion, loud and deep,
The dark abyss of woe,
And the cold icy gales, which sweep
Where the waves of death do flow,

Cast wrecks upon time's wasting shore,
For which we well might weep;
And voices 'mid that tempest's roar,
Should wake us out of sleep.

Then swift the life-boat man and send,
Oh thou, who e'er thou art
Called by one trusting voice, a friend, —
Thou hast a human heart, —

Fling out a cable to the lost,
The sinking ones around,

And if amid the tempest tossed,
But one, one, saved be found;

That ransomed soul, shall bear to thee,
A crown of life and light,
In that great day when all shall be
Judged by their deeds aright.

Boston, February, 1852.

L'Inconsequence Republicaine.

PAR M. REMUSAT,

Membre de l'Institut.

Si l'Europe connaissait depuis plusieurs siècles l'art d'extraire le sucre des végétaux qu'elle cultive, et si pour la première fois le nouveau monde apprenait aujourd'hui à faire rendre le même produit au roseau précieux qui ne prospère qu'en s'approchant des tropiques, pensez vous que, de la Caroline au Brésil, il vint à l'ideé de personne de proposer l'etablissement de l'esclavage des Noirs, pour cette raison ou sous ce prétexte que, sans les noirs et sans l'esclavage, la culture de la canne et la fabrication du sucre qu'on en retire sont ruineuses ou impossibles? Supposez qu'une telle proposition fût faite, comment l'accueillerait

l'opinion de l'Univers ? Quel cri d'étonnement et d'indignation s'élèverait des deux côtés de l'Atlantique ! Et pourtant ce qu'on n'oserait établîr on le maintient, on fait ce qu'on n'oserait proposer. L'esclavage subsiste chez des nations civilisées. Il est exploité comme utile, défendu comme nécessaire, consacré comme légitime chez un peuple libre. L'homme est traité comme s'il n'était qu'un corps, par des chrétiens qui croient qu'il a une âme. Il est conduit comme une bête de somme par des républicains qui pensent qu'il a des droits. Il est une chose parmi des citoyens. Combien de tems durera-t-elle encore cette étrange institution de l'esclavage, criant témoignage de l'inconséquence humaine, au milieu des lumières et des passions de notre siècle ? Le moment, ne viendra-t-il pas bientôt où la raison, la justice, et l'humanité feront entendre leur voix d'un grand peuple que l'Europe contemple avec surprise et qu'elle enviera peut-être un jour ? . . . .

Paris, 2 Mai, 1851.

Fetichism.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

"Never did Art so well with Nature strive,
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive:
So like a man, so golden to the sight; —
So base within, so counterfeit and light."—DRYDEN.

THE genesis of idolatry is a curious study. That men should select such ungainly, clumsy, frightful objects of worship, and invest them with such cruel, bloody, filthy attributes, does seem, at first, passing strange, and as if it must spring from some idiosyncrasy of barbarous nations. When at a Missionary Meeting some uncouth shape, before which the islands of the sea bow down and worship, is displayed by the Apostle on furlough, and the assembled multitude of Saints are told of the fierce

and licentious qualities it embodies, the whole company is moved to astonishment, if not to tears, the strings of their purses are unloosed, and fresh offerings are laid on the altar for the deliverance of Heathendom from such a woe. And yet it may be that, in their own way, these very evangelizing Doctors in Divinity, and Deacons and Church-members, have just been doing what is quite as revolting in the eye of Pure Reason as this Monster-worship, and what would seem as barbarous and inexplicable to those very worshippers they are pleased to call barbarous, should the facts be laid before them. Idols are not, by any means, carved out of wood and stone only. They are, sometimes, incarnated in very substantial flesh and blood.

The Philosophy of all Idolatry is not hard to understand. Men make their gods in their own image, and then adore them for their resemblance to themselves. Their deities must necessarily bear a strong family resemblance to the worshippers, at least in mental and moral characteristics. The

external form they may fashion into such shape as they think terrible or amiable; but the qualities shadowed forth are those they most prize in themselves. The Olympian Jove, the Phidian Venus, the Praxitelian Apollo, and the host of other deities of the elder world, were all but projections of the inner life of their worshippers. Odin did not drink blood out of the skulls of his enemies in the Valhalla, because he liked it; but because the Scandinavians did. So with all other false gods. No Iconoclasm can put down idolatry. It is only by the regeneration of the heart and mind, that the fierce and gloomy shadows that brood over the hearts of so many nations can be put to flight. The inner necessity ceasing, the external symbol of it will disappear at the same time. The guilt of Idolatry consists not so much in the mere bowing down to stocks and stones, as in the identifying with those graven images all that is worst in ourselves, and making that our god. The dishonor we do to the True God consists mainly in the deification of

our own vices and bad qualities, and putting them upon His throne.

So with the Idols of Christendom. That worship is governed by the same laws as any other kind of Fetichism. Only our Fetiches are usually men of like passions with ourselves, and the worship we give them is thus divested of all *prestige* of imagination or antiquity. But a man represents us, and we deify him. Napoleon expressed the France of his day, and he still "rules her from his urn." Washington incarnated the Idea of Colonial Independence, and he has taken his place among the gods. Wellington gathered up the average of English feelings and ideas, and the great mass of the nation has accepted him as its Exponent. The idol reflects the features of the men that set him up, and they are thus bound to defend his godhead. An assault on their god is an attack upon themselves, and it is not merely piety, but self-defence, to repel it. They must prove his vices to be no vices, but the best of vir-

tues, or he goes to the wall. Even if it be merely a senseless cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" that they can raise to drown inquiry into his pretensions, they must keep it up for more than the space of two hours, or their crafts may be endangered; and not only their crafts, but their own pretence at self-respect — for that grim and ugly image is but their own, a little enlarged and improved. They made him, and they must stand by him or desert themselves.

This nation, very lately, set up a false god, and insists upon his divinity being recognized by all the inhabitants thereof. He had walked among us for more than forty years, but the country did not discover that he was of celestial mould until very lately. His godlike proportions and attributes did not develop themselves and announce the present god until about two years and a half ago. Then he looked upon the American People, and, lo! they saw their strengthened image in his face. He spoke, and they cried aloud, "It is the voice of a

god, and not of a man!"—for it was the mere echo of their own sweet voices. To be sure, with one ·nsent they refused to invest him with any gift of power; but, then, they tried to make amends by a universal chorus of praise. Hymns and hallelujahs resounded on all sides; and if he could have been content with breath, he had enough of it and to spare. Priests as well as people joined in this liturgy, and, since his death, as well as while he lived, if the voice of flattery could soothe that "dull cold ear," he would indeed rest in peace. And this was not confined to one part of the country. Grief for his death, embodied in words of hyperbolic adulation, was felt, or feigned, everywhere. Like himself, it knew "no North, no South, no East, no West!"

Now, there was a reason for this unanimity. Why did Charleston wring her hands and New Orleans rend her hair, when the news of his death reached them? They did not use to love him so.

Why did Richmond and Boston weep upon one another's necks? Why did Nullifiers of the South take up the wail of the Cottonocracy at the North, and bear it on over the land? Whence this sudden opening of eyes which could before see no good thing coming forth from the New England Nazareth? The reason is plain enough. The South lived, and the North thrived, upon the sacrifice of every sixth man, woman, and child in the land. They had agreed to do it, they liked it, they called it Liberalism, National Spirit, and Enlightened Patriotism. Daniel Webster embodied this Spirit in his Speech of the Seventh of March. He incarnated the Surrender of the North to the South. There once had been some false pretences of a Northern Spirit, which would sometimes threaten to rouse and resist the outrages of Slavery. But Slavery had been ever predominant, nay, omnipotent, in the affairs of the Nation. Men were tired of a show of virtue when they had it not; and when Mr. Webster, as their fugleman, gave the

signal, they were all ready and eager to obey it, and follow him whithersoever he went. They hoped, poor fools, that he and they would receive the gift of power and place and preëminence, as the reward of this confession of their meanness of spirit. They have had empty praise enough; but the promotion was reserved for older and better soldiers. Their mouths are filled with ashes, and all they have to do is to prove that it is the fruit of Paradise. In their own defence, they are obliged to maintain his impeccable character and his infallible wisdom, or they themselves must share the disgrace of their dishonored divinity. If he be not divine, why, what are they? If the idol be pulled down, it must fall on the heads of its worshippers. As they will not forsake it, they must uphold it.

But Time, the Iconoclast, sweeps silently onward, and with the very winnowing of his wings overturns Idol and Idol Temple. His path is strewed with the fragments of names once worshipped, of creeds once adored, of opinions once

idolized, of reputations once omnipotent. Superstition, Despotic Power, more potent Poetry, Popular Acclamation, have all been interposed between the Avenger and their Idols, in vain. What he spares and seals, survives. It is he that is the true Fountain of Honor, — the real Source of Fame. At his command monarchs bow, and give precedence to their subjects. Ferdinand and Isabella are scarcely seen in the august presence of Columbus, and only as his servants and train-bearers. Elizabeth is but the handmaid of Shakspeare's Royalty. Milton sends Charles the Second anew into exile, and eclipses the glory of even Oliver himself. George, of the Name the Third, sneaks out of sight before the sublime shadows of Howard and of Clarkson. So ephemeral are the distinctions made by men, and so eternal those made by Genius and Goodness. They who enlighten and bless mankind take their place

"Among th' enthroned gods on sainted seats;"

while the idols made by Kings or Mobs in their own image, to typify their vices or their crimes, totter and fall by the weight of their own weakness, shaming their worshippers, and are ground into dust by the hastening feet of thick-coming generations.

Dedham, Massachusetts, December 10, 1852.

To Louis Kossuth.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

FAR better for thyself, O Magyar Chief!
And better for thy fallen country's sake,
Hadst thou remained in exile, and constraint
Of thine own freedom, on the Turkish shore,
Or perished in some Austrian dungeon drear, —
Thy love of liberty sealed with thy blood,
Thy spirit proof against tyrannic power,
Thy fame without a blemish and world-wide, —
Than thine enfranchisement to have obtained,
Through mediation of a Government,
A thousand fold more bloody in its sway
Over three millions of its populace,
Than Austrian rule o'er subject Hungary; —

Then to have hastened to this guilty land,
Traversed its broad domains an honored guest,
Feasted and toasted and bepraised by those
Whose traffic is "in slaves and souls of men,"
Despisers of the image of their God,
Forgers of fetters, wielders of the lash,
Whose cruelties make Haynau's venial seem,
The vilest hypocrites beneath the sun,
Most hostile to the equal rights of man; —
And in return to deal out compliment
And flattery in such measure as to throw
All trimming sycophants into the shade,
And sicken e'en our national vanity, —
And gaining thereby nothing but contempt!

Thou dost disdain to wear an Austrian yoke —
This to thy credit, though it is not much;
For who, with aught of manhood in him left,
Aspires not to be master of his limbs?
Thy country, crushed and bleeding in the dust,
Inflames thy sympathies, inspires thy soul

To do and dare for her deliverance,
All that a mother of her son can claim!
And nobly hast thou suffered in her cause,
Unselfishly concerning sordid gain,
With no ambitious purpose to subserve,
And with heroic fortitude and pride.
For this, still greater credit and applause:
But love of country is not love of man,
Is not the noblest attribute of mind,
Is limited in feeling and design,
Not comprehensive of the human race;
As martyr zeal for Pagan Juggernaut
Is not the worship of the living God,
Though not without a pious element
Mixed with a low and dark idolatry.

Thou art a mere Hungarian — nothing more;
Intensely selfish for thy native land;
A man of impulse, not of steady power —
Ardent in feeling, chivalric in aim,
But swayed by worldly policy too oft,

Trusting the end will sanctify the means,
The good to be achieved atonement make
For any evil winked at — showing thus,
Distrust of God and lack of principle : —
Witness thy truckling course while on these shores.

Thy rhetoric wears an oriental glow,
And in thy myriad speeches much is found
To stir the pulse and magnetize the heart :
But wherefore this great deluge of fine talk ?
It is to prove that, by the Golden Rule,
The glorious gospel of the blessed God,
The law and bond of human brotherhood,
Ill-fated Hungary may rightly claim
Our warmest sympathies and active aid,
At any sacrifice, at every risk,
Which may not be withheld for any cause.

But who are we, that thou dost thus invoke
Our intervention, and red-hot rebuke
Of Austrian usurpation ? Is our soil

Unstained by blood? upon it treads no Slave,
Clanking his fetters? Read thy words, and blush!

"Happy art thou, O free America!
Thy house is based on solid liberty!
Thou hast no tyrants in thee to enslave!
Thy shores are an asylum to th' oppressed!
Thy glorious flag is fluttering o'er my head,
Ensign of mankind's heavenly origin!
Making glad revelation of thy will
And purpose, henceforth, come what may to thee,
Not to allow the despots of the earth
To trample on oppressed humanity,
Banded as one in sacrilegious league,
To make their thrones eternal as the hills!
For I, an exiled Magyar — fugitive
And wanderer o'er the earth — present no claim
Upon thy charity, aside from that
Which the down-trodden in all lands may urge;
For God, the Almighty, has selected me
To be their faithful representative!
And here I stand humbly to advocate
The solidarity of human rights!

America! great, glorious, and free!
On bended knee I seek thy generous aid,
Not for myself, but for my bleeding land!
For all enthralled on European soil!
Thou hast the power, O have the will to help,
And thus achieve the freedom of the world!" *

Such was the language of thy flattering lips,
A thousand times repeated in the ear
Of this vain-glorious and rapacious land;
Uttered as flippantly on Southern ground †

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* See Kossuth's speeches in the United States, *passim*.

† "As to the Southern States, I must confess myself entirely sure that they would warmly support my principles, because they are entirely identical with your own principles (!) *You cannot abandon me without abandoning your own principles*, and without letting be established *a precedent dangerous to your own security* (!) * * * Some kind friends encouraged me to go to the South, promising me that I would find it *open to plain truth, faithful to great republican principles, enlightened in its intelligence, and high-minded, warm and generous in its sentiments* (!) * * * One of the brightest moments of my sorrowful life was when I came to *Alabama*, not long ago. When I asked, who is my inexorable enemy, I was told it was *Alabama*. *O, my God, I thank thee that I have seen this supposed enemy of mine!* I WILL CHERISH THAT NAME IN THE VERY HEART OF MY HEART, WITH INFINITE PLEASURE AND GRATITUDE."—[*Kossuth's speech before the Slave-holders and Slave-breeders in Montgomery, Ala.*]

"The capitol of old yet stands, a mournful monument of the fragility of human things; *yours as a sanctuary of eternal rights* (!)

As Northern, — by the hateful auction-block,
Whereon are daily sold God's children dear,
In lots to suit the venal purchasers!
Ay, in the presence of three million Slaves,
Whose chains would fall beneath an Austrian flag; †
Compared with whom, thy countrymen are free,
And unto heaven, in point of privilege,

The old beamed with the red lustre of conquest, now darkened by oppression's gloomy night; *yours beams with freedom's bright ray* (!) At the view of the old, nations trembled; *at the view of yours, humanity hopes* (!) In the old, the terrible *væ victis* was the rule; *in yours, protection to the oppressed, malediction to ambitious oppressors, and consolation to the vanquished in a just cause* (!) There sat men, boasting their will to be the sovereigns of the world; *here sit men, whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of Nature and of Nature's God*" (!!) — [*Speech at the Congressional Banquet at Washington, before the enactors and upholders of the world-abhorred Fugitive Slave Law, the atrocious Slave Code in the District of Columbia, at the central seat of Slavery and the Slave Trade.*]

"I am sure that the sympathy of Baltimore (!) will be such as to respect the cause of Hungary, for the people and the authorities act in perfect harmony together in this FREE country. * * * I am not egotistical for myself, but for the great principles of liberty, which make your country so great, so glorious, and so free, and also *the land of protection for the persecuted sons of freedom* among the great brotherhood of nations." — [*Speech at Baltimore, Maryland.*]

† "Every man, by right of nature, sanctioned by reason, must be considered a free person. *Every Slave becomes free from the moment he touches the Austrian soil, or an Austrian ship.*" — [*Austrian Decree.*]

Exalted, and no sympathy can crave;
Whose groans and cries, commingling with thy
words,
All eulogistic of their merciless lords,
As sterling friends of suffering liberty —
And of this land as without stain of crime —
Turned them to mockery, and thee to shame!

Yes, shame upon thee, Kossuth! — Thine own land
No longer should regard thee as her chief;
For being false to freedom here, alas!
And pandering to the worst of tyrants' lust,
Thou hast been false to her; henceforth, be dumb!
Some other voice must plead her sacred cause;
Some other hand must bear her standard up;
Some other leader to the rescue come,
Of loftier principle and stronger mould,
Whose brows shall wear the wreath of victory!

Say not — let not thy blind admirers say —
In vindication of thy tortuous course —

Thou hadst thy one great mission to discharge,
Requiring all thy time, and strength, and skill;
And to have turned aside therefrom, and made
Black Slavery in America thy theme, —
The Abolitionists thy chosen friends, —
Would have been suicidal to thy plans,
And driven thee from the country in hot haste!
Thy mission? 'T is a total failure now,
And worse could not have been in any case —
A splendid bubble, filled with rainbow tints,
Long since evanished, ne'er to re-appear!

Keep to the issue, Kossuth! It is not
That from thy mission thou wouldst not be drawn
By party politics or local strife;
That thou didst not, on all occasions, bear
A manly testimony against Slavery,
As our great sin and national disgrace;
But that on no occasion didst thou breathe
A syllable against this dreadful crime,
Nor with its fettered victims sympathize,

Nor dare to mingle with their advocates ;
And yet could give the hand of fellowship
To a Slave-holding and Slave-driving crew,
Equipped with whips, revolvers, bowie-knives,
To scourge the Slave and massacre his friends !
A fugitive thyself, thou couldst behold
The father, mother, husband, wife, and child,
Escaping from the Southern hell of woe,
Hunted with bloodhounds, and run down at last,
And be as dumb as any marble block !

Even if thou wert justified, Kossuth !
In keeping mute upon our nation's guilt, —
Having the cause of Hungary to subserve, —
As falsely argue thy short-sighted friends ;
Surely, 't is not within the utmost scope
Of Christian charity, — judge ye, mankind !
To vindicate thy parasitic praise
Of " the free ground of free America,"
When over it the Slave Power rules supreme ; —
Or thy preposterous compliment of us

"There is a hope for freedom on the earth,
Because there is a people like yourselves,
To feel its worth and to subserve its cause,"—
When the one "institution" of our land,
Most cherished, guarded, as divinely given,
Never to be abolished or impaired,
Is chattel Slavery, unparalleled
In hate of man and blasphemy of God,
"Sum of all villanies," exceeding far
All other tyrannies of earth combined;—
Or thy endorsement of our fiendish war,
Waged wantonly, a hellish end in view,
'Gainst weak and unoffending Mexico,*
Whose soil was coveted, because it gave

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* "The glorious struggle you had not long ago with Mexico, in which General Scott drove out the President of that republic from his capital."—[*Kossuth's Speech at Staten Island.*]

"I am aware that your war with Mexico was carried on chiefly by volunteers. . . . It is a duty to confess, that those who fought in that war have high claims to an acknowledgment of their brilliant achievements. . . . I know what distinguished part the volunteers of New York took in that war—in the siege of Vera Cruz, in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Molino del Ray, Cherubusco, and Chepultepec, and how they partook in the immense glory of entering—a handful of gallant men—the metropolis of Mexico."

[*Speech at New York.*]

Protection to all fugitives from bonds,
And conquered and dismembered by our arms,
Solely to plant therein our Upas tree, —
That on the limbs of millions yet unborn,
The galling fetters may be made secure,
And a vast market opened for the trade
In human flesh, now limited and dull.

This is not all, O wise and prudent man !
Thou couldst not utter even one poor word
For the down-trodden here, because, forsooth !
Thou art a foreigner; and thy creed is,
" That every nation has the sovereign right
To shape and regulate its own concerns,
Unquestioned, unrebuked, by foreign tongues " ! *

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* "My principle is, that every nation has the sovereign right to dispose of its own domestic affairs, without any foreign interference. I, therefore, shall not meddle with any domestic concerns of the United States." — [*Kossuth's Address to the People of the U. States.*]

"I avail myself of this opportunity to declare once more, that I never did or will do anything, which, *in the remotest way*, could interfere with the matter alluded to, [American Slavery.] I have declared it openly several times, and on all and every opportunity, and I have proved to be as good as my word." — [*Speech at the Citizens' Banquet at Philadelphia.*]

Strange doctrine this, and criminal as strange!
Or art thou but a quibbler with thy words,
Making a man of straw to knock it down?
The sovereignty of nations! Well, what then?
May not their acts be questioned or denounced,
By all on earth who deem them infamous?
May only Britons censure British crimes?
If Patagonians feed on human flesh,
Have we no right to shudder at the deed?
What of the sovereignty of free-born souls —
Their innate rights and just prerogatives?
What sea or shore puts limits to their sway?
By every law of Nature and of God,
Each one may circumnavigate the globe,
Visit all lands, and, wheresoe'er it finds
System or practice, statute or command,
Or form of government however called,
Whether hereditary or elect,
That it in conscience judges to be wrong,
Unjust, tyrannical, may raise its voice
In solemn protest, — though in strange attire,

Of foreign birth, in broken dialect,
And boldly advocate "THE HIGHER LAW"!
Whatever earthly power, combined in one
Or many, nullifies this sacred right,
Or makes its exercise a felony,
Is in its spirit cowardly and base,
Stands self-convicted as most tyrannous.
The land that cannot tolerate free speech
In every soul that treads upon its soil;
That for its institutions and its laws,
Exemption claims from foreign scrutiny,
Branding it as impertinent and rude,
Not only makes disclosure of its shame,
But indicates its conscious guiltiness.
That land is ours, the guiltiest of all lands,
And therefore the most sensitive and sore!
Most needing bold arraignment and reproof,
Not fulsome praise and sickening flattery.

The climax of thy abjectness was reached,
When he who shared thy exile hither came,

Without a mask, the noble GYURMAN,
Whose pen and press in Hungary inspired
Thy countrymen to strike for liberty.
True to himself and freedom, here as there,
Once more a public journalist, he declared
His spirit never could be reconciled
To Slavery and Slave-hunting in our land ! *
And for this manly act he was denounced
By thee, as injuring his country's cause,
Thy craven dumbness told to imitate,
Thy non-committal policy adopt,
And leave the flying bondman to his fate !

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*Mr. ADOLPH GYURMAN, editor of a German newspaper in New York, entitled "DEMOKRATISCHER VOELKERBUND," having in his journal avowed his purpose to seek the abrogation of the Fugitive Slave Law, KOSSUTH caused a letter to be published, through his Secretary, reprobating the course of M. GYURMAN as "injurious to the interest of his own country, and in diametric opposition to Governor KOSSUTH'S decidedly expressed opinion, as to the duty and policy of NON-INTERFERENCE IN SUCH QUESTIONS" (!!!)

These were M. GYURMAN'S words, as given in the first number of his Journal: "The Slavery question. With regard to it, we consider the Compromise no settled solution, but a provisional law, for the abrogation of which, at least *so far as the extradition of Slaves is concerned*, we will employ all the means which a public organ can employ."

For this, most justly hast thou forfeited
The confidence of Freedom's faithful friends,
And blighted all the laurels on thy brow.

My painful task is ended, Magyar Chief!
Now God decide between my soul and thine,
Whether this sad impeachment be not just,
And called for by a stern necessity.
If I have wronged thee, pardon do I crave
Of Him and thee, — intending only good,
And ever vigilant lest the holy cause
Of Liberty should detriment receive,
Through sinful compromise or selfish aim;
Endeavoring to obey the high command,
"*Remember those in bonds as bound with them*,"
Which whoso keeps in its integrity,
Shall never falter in the trial-hour.

Boston, December 10, 1852.

The Bell.

BY J. P. LESLEY.

"Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbatha pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, *paco cruentos*."

It is idle to date the origin of the Bell from Italy, in A. D. 400. That was but the date of its introduction upon classic ground. The antiquity of nothing is more venerable. In the beginnings of ante-historic time, in the magic circle of Central Asia, among Arimaspian ironworkers, the Bell was born. It was symbolically holy in its birth, for it lay hardening for weeks in the womb of the mould its mother, and its sire was the sacred flame, worshipped by all the shivering children of the North. In itself, it was the holiest symbol known

to primeval man; they baptised it and blessed it; it became a living mountain in their eyes; they hung it in towers that its voice might come down from above, chiming of celestial visitations; it showered benedictions upon every newborn babe, calling them also from their seething moulds to a baptism of blessed life; it followed with valedictions the departed to glory. It covered every church with a shekinah of music, in the light of which no evil wing could wave; and to this day the pagodas of Burmah are buried in an old perpetual symphony of bells rung out by the winds whichever way they blow.

The sound of the Bell is connected with every form of traditional worship. It tinkled at the hem of Aaron's robe when he went in to stand before Jehovah, breaking there the awful silence of the Holy of Holies. It still tinkles before the altar in the churches of Christendom both Protestant and Catholic; and is heard throughout all the regions of Northern and Central Asia, in every

Lamaserie. It is only in the extreme West that it has been banished from the churches and made a child's toy and degraded, like other and inferior symbols of the faith of the past, from its original honors, into a mere slave of the shop and the dining-room.

It does us good to freshen the imagination with a glance at the original use and meaning of familiar things. The bells that still swing from the necks of our cattle, were once powerful amulets to protect the scattered herd from mischievous spirits. Men cursed the robber, and drove out the devil "with candle, book, and bell." The camels of Sheba and Dedan were under the protection of bells; and the long hair oxen that carry merchandise from Lassa to Pekin, and the caravans that cross the steppes of Tartary still wear bells. I have listened with ecstacy afar off to the great musical bells of herds descending in the autumn from the Alps. There is that left still unquenched in the hearts of men, which answers with deep emotion to this divine

sound. It is as if the race, grown old and practical, retains a memory of its earliest days, when some great Buddha first conceived the symbol of the bell and taught it to the wondering ears of men. The immensity of some existing bells, and records of the casting of others, show with what enthusiasm the idea was taken up by one race after another. The wealthy and the poor alike threw in their offerings, silver and gold and jewels, into the furnace, and kings and queens stood sponsors at the baptism. It is called a kirk or church, by the Germanic nations (glocke;) and divine service is actually performed on holy days in the great bell at Moscow.

In fact, the idea of the Bell is purely ecclesiastical, Tartarian, or Druidic. The Druid was the man of the Tor, and worshipped the oak, because it was a living tumulus or mountain, under which, as under his Celtic barrow, he could dwell in venerable solitude. For the same reason has the whole Druid or Tartar section of the human race

ever worshipped the bell. It is a mountain of metal full of life, a tumulus concealing a perpetual oracle. The clapper is the Druid himself, imprisoned in his Dolmen, like God in Heaven, like Law in Nature, warning, pleading, inviting, predicting, judging, ruling all things. Hence the significant ringings of bells adapted themselves to death also and burial. The bells could *toll* as well as chime, when the tumulus became for the bard and the baron a tomb. For the word Tor, a mountain, became in other dialects Tel, and also Tom, and every bell was once called a Tom. The English villagers still speak of the "Tom o' York," and the great "Tom o' Lincoln." The same idea gave birth to the architectural Dome, with the sacred Cupola upon its summit. As for the name *bell*, it bears a similar etymological relation to such words as *pole* and *pile* in English, *ball* and *bale*, and many such in foreign tongues used to express a single isolated mass or heap of substance, a miniature solitary mountain.

This ancientest of mountains, which so filled the imagination of the inventors of the Bardic element, in all known languages, was neither Sinai nor Sion, nor Athos nor Olympus, nor any Mount Tom in Europe or America, nor the awful Abu of India, nor surely the Mount Massis of Armenia, nor Mont Blanc, nor the great pinnacle of the Caucasus; but that which each and every isolated Gibraltar, and every Druid barrow and Egyptian pyramid, and every Ba-Bel and Tem-Pel of the world was understood by ancient priesthoods to typify; namely, that first and great original Ararat of Noah, reared in Thibet or elsewhere, surrounded in that day of wrath by the element of ruin the typhonic water, and surmounted by its tiny *protégé* the ark. Upon this primeval rock did universal worship build the ancient church, and all high places received their representative shrines. Hence spake the voice of God in History both warnings and blessings to the descendants of the prophet. The Bell became a symbol both of

the mount and of the voice; sacred to the memory of the great woe and the great salvation, and therefore vocal both of praise and of prayer. Its solemn tones still call the weary and heavy laded crowds up from field and workshop, into the cathedral *navis* to confess their sins, receive absolution, and be comforted with the promises of Heaven. Dear to the heart of man is the voice of the mystic Bell.

Men of Reform are but a chime of bells. The advocates of Liberty are the Bells of the Future. Let them ring on. The tower rocks, cracks, and crumbles, but there is an immutability in the Bell. States, like walls built of imperfect and innumerable pieces, are ever rebuilding and improving, but the chime of holy voices rings out from the baptised oracular souls whom God has placed like bells in their high midst, unalterable tones, suggestive of the good old Past in the better Future; tones like God, immutable, immortal, and invisible; tones responsive to all events, public and private, of joy or sorrow, of praise or blame; tones threatening

judgment, pleading for mercy; hailing the birth of newborn heroes, and the death of martyrs; bewailing the apostacy of the almost glorified; appealing to the crowds in behalf of God and mankind and themselves.

Let the Bells ring on. And among them all your Liberty Bell. It was in virtue of a true Noachian or Druidic initiation into the original meaning of the Bell, as well as in the divinest poetry of love, that it was made to protect sailors from sunken reefs along lee shores:

"The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothock
Floated the Bell on the Inch Cape rock;
When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell
The mariners heard the warning Bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock
And blessed the Priests of Aberbrothock."

Let the Bell toll so long as the fog lasts, so long as the storm blows, so long as the fire rages, so long as the invaders of home and rights and life remain,

so long as patriots sleep and bad men rule and the cries of the oppressed ascend to God, — however long. And then let all Bells ring for joy that the State is safe, that men are free, that God has saved the world and the kingdom of Heaven has appeared.

This is the age of Iron it is true, but it is also the age of Bells. Never were so many cast, hot from the furnace of God's Love to Man, with great voices, sweetened with Gospel silver. Silver? — Yes, that also is a mystic word. It is the reverse of Iron, which in the language of the Jews is called Versil. Silver? Pity that our Liberty Bell were not all Silver! Not yet. No: in an iron age the bell to ring the tocsin for the world must be strong iron or rude brass, yet sweetened with Silver, prophetic of a silver age.

There is often violence in love; there is even a look of rudeness, sometimes, in the perfect Christ; it is but the strain of the muscles in flight or fight. We must not be over careful of elegance when

there is more work to do than workmen to do it. Diomede and Glaucus exchange panoplies without thinking which is iron and which is gold. Thunder does not select its trees. There are ways on which it becomes antichrist to salute a man. Silver bells are for tea-tables. It is the bell that sounds loudest and fullest, not just that which is most musical, that is most useful in a London. Better be stunned than not hear, when the world is on fire.

I passed one evening, in my rambles years ago, the ancient Abbey of Jumièges, a solemn ruin, in an angle of the river Seine. Two gigantic Roman towers comfort each other still with mutual love and holy contemplations above a wide-spread wreck of choir walls and broken corridors. Trees have grown up in the aisles. Nature like Eternity is swallowing up the remnants of Art; but those two wondrous towers stand like the angels of two milleniums, revolving the ways of God, neither sad nor rebellous, but venerable and wiser than the present.

Not far off men of the present have built a little church upon a hill, and a church tower, and in it hung a bell.

From a distant hill-side, I looked back, and saw the ancient towers. It was sunset. A cloud went over above and sprinkled a shower on the earth, at which there went up a rich smell gratefully to God. The green fields and darkening woods smiled suddenly; and the sky blushed its rosy pleasure. Men and women driving cows and goats, and carrying firewood, and spinning, greeted one another.

At that moment, it was six o'clock, and from afar through the air came the sound of the Bell. What magic was in the tone. At the first pulsation the world dissolved into an Elysium. The present past away; the ancient ages opened their mellowed atmosphere and shades of priests and heroes flitted through the near shadows and the distant rain streaks. The voice of the Bell was

the omnipresent spirit of the scene, the only all-pervading reality.

Such is the Voice of Truth. Through the arts and arms of life, through the atmosphere of civilization occasionally washed by the showers of Nature, through the perspective of one-sided knowledge, it fills all places instantly and all souls unutterably with its thrill, realising the forgotten past and the uncredited future, avouching immortality and immutability for itself and for the men of God, announcing the impotence of destiny, the beauty of ruin, the security of goodness forever. Like the first brooding spirit on the waters, it murmurs to itself at every new creation from the hand of God or God's vicegerent Man, a musical Bon ! Bon ! Beau ! Bel ! Good, very Good ! and Beautiful ! This is the true Bell sound.

Philadelphia, November, 1852.

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan greet tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. —*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

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A Curse for a Nation.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

PROLOGUE.

I heard an angel speak last night,
And he said, "Write!
Write a nation's curse for me,
And send it over the western sea."

I faltered, taking up the word —
"Not so, my lord!
If curses must be, choose another
To send thy curse against my brother.

"For I am bound by gratitude,
In love and blood,
To brothers of mine across the sea,
Who have stretched out kindly hands to me."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write
My curse to-night!
From the summits of love a curse is driven,
As lightning from the tops of heaven."

"Not so!" I answered. "Evermore
My heart is sore
For my own land's sins! for the little feet
Of children bleeding along the street.

"For parked-up honours, that gainsay
The right of way!
For almsgiving through a door that is
Not open enough for two friends to kiss.

"For an oligarchic parliament,
And classes rent.
What curse to another land assign,
When heavy-souled for the sins of mine?"

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write
My curse to-night!
Because thou hast strength to see and hate
An ill thing done within thy gate."

"Not so!" I answered once again—
"To curse, choose men;
For I, a woman, have only known
How the heart melts and the tears run down."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write
My curse to-night!
There are women who weep and curse, I say,
(And no one marvels) night and day.

"And thou shalt take their part to-night —
Weep and write!
A curse from the depths of womanhood,
Is very salt, and bitter, and good."

So thus I wrote, and mourned indeed,
What all may read;
And thus, as was enjoined on me,
I send it over the western sea.

—

The Curse.

I.

Because ye have broken your own chain
With the strain
Of brave men climbing a nation's height,
Yet thence bear down with chain and thong
On the souls of others, — for this wrong
This is the curse — write!

Because yourselves are standing straight
In the state
Of Freedom's foremost acolyte,
Yet keep calm footing all the time
On writhing bondslaves, — for this crime
This is the curse — write!

Because ye prosper in God's name,
With a claim
To honour in the whole world's sight,

Yet do the fiend's work perfectly
On babes and women — for this lie
This is the curse — write!

II.

Ye shall watch while kings conspire
Round the people's smouldering fire,
And, warm for your part,
Shall never dare — O shame!
To utter the thought into flame
Which burns at your heart.
This is the curse — write!

Ye shall watch while nation's strive
With the bloodhounds — die or survive, —
Drop faint from their jaws,
Or throttle them backward to death,
And only under your breath
Shall ye bless the cause.
This is the curse — write!

Ye shall watch while strong men draw
The nets of feudal law
To strangle the weak;
Ye shall count the sin for a sin,
But your soul shall be sadder within
Than the word which ye speak.
This is the curse — write!

Ye shall watch while rich men dine,
And poor men hunger and pine
For one crust in seven;
But shall quail from the signs which present
God's judgment as imminent
To make it all even.
This is the curse — write!

When good men are praying erect
That Christ may avenge his elect
And deliver the earth,
The prayer in your ears, said low,

Shall sound like the tramp of a foe
That's driving you forth.
This is the curse — write!

When wise men give you their praise,
They shall pause in the heat of the phrase,
And sicken afar;
When ye boast your own charters kept true,
Ye shall blush! — for the thing which ye do
Derides what ye are.
This is the curse — write!

When fools write taunts on your gate,
Your scorn ye shall somewhat abate
As ye look o'er the wall;
For your conscience, tradition, and name
Strike back with a deadlier blame
Than the worst of them all.
This is the curse — write!

Go! while ill deeds shall be done,
Plant on your flag in the sun
  Beside the ill-doers;
And shrink from clenching the curse
Of the witnessing universe,
  With a curse of yours!
    This is the curse — write!

Florence, Italy, 1854.

State Rights of Massachusetts.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

When the immortal hundred of the Pilgrim band had set foot on the soil where they sought "freedom to worship God," they found their lives doleful for a time. "For it snowed and did blow all the day and night, and froze withal." The explorers "were tired with marching up and down the steep hills and deep valleys, which lay half a foot thick with snow." They found after a while, "no more corn nor anything else but graves." Yet who now wishes the deed undone? Who believes that any one of them, inspired to view the whole enterprise, from the sailing of the Mayflower to the promulgation

of the Declaration of Independence, would have wished the deed undone?

Once more is old Massachusetts a refuge for the hopes of such as prize freedom and honour more than a sloth and ease ruinous to the community. Massachusetts now stands alone among the States in her adherence to her own good law, — involving as that adherence does, defiance to the central power. She is to the Capitol and the South what the pilgrim band was to the King and High Church of two centuries ago: — two centuries ago and no more; the time when the first adventurers were handing down their power to such a company of citizens as were able "to foil the Long Parliament." They took no notice of the Protector's bribes and despised the threats of his Parliament and declared their government to be "the wisest and best in the world."

The first Abolitionists were the immortal Pilgrims who dared to tread the untracked soil of the greatest of modern enterprises; and drearily have

they for twenty years pressed on, though all the while "it snowed and did blow day and night, and froze withal," and well might they be "tired with marching up and down the steep hills and deep valleys" of social scorn and popular contempt. "They no more found corn, nor anything but graves," — no more plenty and prosperity, but death to their fortunes. Yet have they made the new territory of freedom and duty habitable for those who have come after them; and which of them wishes the deed undone?

Their community has now to "foil the Long Parliament;" — to baffle the long congressional tyranny and corruption of the Slave Power. The Slave Power, too long accepted as Dictator of the Republic, offers them, in the new annexations and their trade, bribes, not unlike the Irish forfeitures held out by Cromwell to their fathers; and the Long Parliament may bluster and conspire; but it can do nothing that the men of Massachusetts may not "foil." Other States will come up to

her side, if she chooses to stand up for a government "the wisest and best in the world;" and her children will be as honourably conspicuous before men's eyes as the Patriots of 1776. If she wavers, let her ask what would have been the lot of the Pilgrims if they had yielded their ground, and accepted plantations in Ireland, and the control of the Long Parliament. In that alternative fate she may read her own.

Ambleside, September 21, 1855.

The Ruined Temples.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT.

DORCHESTER, in South Carolina, was originally settled by Episcopalian fugitives from Puritan persecution, and was, at one time, quite a flourishing place.

When I visited it, a few years ago, the crumbling walls of the fort and of the church alone were standing in a wilderness of luxuriant growth. The hearthstones of the village and the headstones of the graveyard were alike concealed in the long rank grass, which had obliterated the lines of the streets, and reigned over the American town as absolutely as the wild rose and the acanthus over Grecian Pœstum.

A sentinel snake, the only garrison of the fortress, hissed defiance from among the brambles, and birds were singing in tall trees that grew along the aisles of the church.

I stood within the forest,
The forest rank and wild,
Where the dusky cypress murmured,
And the fair azalia smiled.

There were oaks, like Druids, praying,
With the misty mosses hung,
And solemnly the magnolia
Her silver censers swung.

I stood within the forest,
But the green, impetuous world
Of leaves and flowers about me,
Like waves of ocean, curled

In a bright, disdainful beauty,
O'er the desolate decay
Of homes where men were happy,
And of graves in which they lay.

The Indian creeper flaunted
Its trumpet's scarlet wrath
Where the white man's walls embattled,
Had barred the red man's path.

And the feathered Pagans warbled
Their careless lays of love,
In the courts where Christians waited
For the descending Dove.

I paced the aisles deserted,
And my soul within me stirred
For the change come on the temple
Of the unchanging Word.

"Here were saintly benedictions
By the bishop breathed in vain;
Vain the people's supplications,
And the anthem's stately strain;

"Oh! the idle hands that slumber
In the spell of thankless hearts,
While day by day the glory
From the House of God departs!"

Then the North wind through the forest
With a deeper whisper sighed,
" Dost thou weep the crumbling altars
While the Christ is crucified?

" Dost thou sorrow, that the Bethel
Built of wood and stone should fall,
While the Father's living temples
In the dust are made to crawl?

" Where the priests are loudest praying
And the Churches fairest stand,
There His all-defiled Temples
Call His curse upon the land.

" Leave the forest to its pleasure!
Let the wild grass wave and twine,
With its threnody of flowers,
Round about the falling shrine.

"Oh, a wilder shroud and sadder,
HIS avenging hand shall roll
Round the trampled fanes and altars
Of the sounding human soul!"

Thisselwood, Beverly, August, 1854.

The Historic Point of View.

LETTERS.

BY MICHELET.

LETTER I.

MADAME: — To treat the great subject of which we spoke when I last had the honour of meeting you, would require not merely a letter, but a volume — many volumes. Still, allow me to submit a few ideas which have struck me.

FIRST. Can Religion, as popularly taught, do anything to abolish Slavery?

Very little, judging from the past. The master finds and quotes abundance of texts to justify himself. The resignation of the Slave

is precisely what sustains and fortifies Slavery. That charming book, *Uncle Tom*, defeats the author's intention.

SECOND. Economy — the science of political Economy. Can it effect anything for this cause?

Much. Experience proves it. The slavery of the ancients ceased when it was found that serfdom was more productive to the master; and it is for this reason that the tenant replaces the serf. Meanwhile, as you so justly observe, the masters find political and moral (or rather immoral) reasons for desiring the continuance of Slavery, even though convinced that, pecuniarily speaking, they are losers by it.

THIRD. The appeal to the sentiment of right, by preaching and by the press, may doubtless do somewhat. Still it irritates the masters more than it convinces them. You do but prove to them continually what is already perfectly clear, and of which, in the bottom of their hearts, they are as convinced as you are.

What then can change the opinions of the masters, and of all the rest of the world? How is the question to be placed upon an entirely new footing?

A new power — an art of which no one yet seems to be aware, on which, I venture to say, nothing has yet been written but vague and absolutely uninstructive generalities, — EDUCATION.

As long as the free negro is not raised by a skilful, persevering method of education, so as to be the equal of the white in some respects, and his superior in others, public opinion, and consequently the lot of the negro, will remain unchanged.

Here, madame, opens an immense field, which I can in this short space, hardly indicate; the infinitely diversified arts of education, according to the race, the people, the times, etc., etc.

One example, at least, will illustrate my idea. I draw it from an unfortunate race, which has

been almost morally annihilated, nay, even physically, also, (by excessive severity, the use of spirituous liquors, etc.) I speak of the Russian race.

If the amelioration of this race were in question, it should not be begun by imposing upon it the routine of a forced imitation of foreign arts. Its own peculiar capacities should be considered. The Russian is a *born carpenter*, and an admirable one. He should be taken as he is, instructed in drawing and geometry, taught to become a house and boat builder, and employed in other analogous occupations. The second or third generation of Russians would thus yield architects and artists of various kinds. The scholastic and literary culture of Europe ought, at least in the beginning, to be entirely excluded from this education.

Thus it is, also, with the negro. *He* is a born dancer and musician; very capable of the

concrete arts, but little so of the abstract ones. He will attain to them only in course of time.

The first generation should receive musical advantages. I believe that the negro slave would live longer if music were mingled with his toils, and if the introduction of musical games gave an interest to his sad life. No remedy against despair like music.

The second generation should pass to the notation of music. Here, our children learn it in three months, by the new methods.

In the third generation there would doubtless arise composers, and others would excel in the arts of design.

Not until after drawing, should come reading, writing, and book studies; travels, history, novels, above all, poetry. No philosophy, little or no grammar. The Greeks finished their studies with grammar, as one of the most difficult of all.

After this, progress will be rapid. We may

be lavish of the powers of the succeeding generation. If the work of the sixth be exacted of the first, the result will be mere idiocy, or, at least, mediocrity — a race very inferior to the white. Hence the nullity of so many Haïtians.

As they improve, they should become public functionaries, and wield a proportionate influence.

We may be sure that every degree of elevation of the free negro, in public esteem, will be followed by a corresponding amelioration in the lot of the slave. Public opinion will not fail to overcome the master.

It will be the negroes, become magistrates, and seated in Congress by the side of the whites, who will be the most able and successful emancipators of the negroes.

In glancing back over this letter, I feel that its extreme brevity renders it very obscure and feeble. To be otherwise, it should have presented a crowd of logical and historical proofs, which I have been obliged to suppress.

Receive, madame, my cordial salutations; and may God bless the labours of so many heroic and saintly souls!

Paris, July 8.

To Mrs. Henry Grafton Chapman.

LETTER II.

Madame: — The time will come when the most profoundly interesting questions will spring from combat and contention, and will be solved by indirect and unforeseen methods.

The terrible Russian and Polish question, for example, will appear what it is; the struggle of the two sundered halves of the Sclavonic Soul, carrying on a work of extermination as long as they are unable to unite.

In order that white and black humanity should embrace, the latter must present itself in all the

fulness of its energies, and prove that without it the world suffers a serious loss.

Human happiness demands that the primary, instructive, and especial qualities of the dark race should lead it immediately to the culture of the great modern art, which, during the last century, has cast all other arts into the shade. I mean music, — the music of the drama.

The negro being born musical, doubtless also with the dramatic talent, let him on one hand be an artist, while on the other he takes that respectability of position which is demanded by good sense and serious reflection. Let these two points be attained, and prejudice is doomed.

Let him not enter upon the career of disputation and argument. It will but embitter the question. The negro, occupied with letters and criticism, may sometimes serve the cause, but he will be liable to injure it too. This kind of superiority may come to him later, when he shall

have succeeded as an artist, musician, painter, poet.

The more I reflect on it, the more I think that the theatre, sanctified by great hearts, and applied to the highest moral and religious education, will become, in the future, the all-powerful agent of reform.

Receive, madame, the assurance of my affectionate respect.

Paris, 1855.

Testimony against Slavery.

BY THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

. . . . I hesitate not to affirm it — the most consoling spectacle, the happiest revolution that the nineteenth century as yet presents to the world, is the substitution of the teachings of the

missionary for the whip of the slave driver, in the regulation of the coloured race. I am humbled and afflicted at the thought that this great revolution has taken place under another flag than that of France, and under other influence than that of the Catholic clergy. This confession costs me dear, but I owe it to the unchanging worship I have sworn to the truth. .... Let us not take vengeance for the real or imaginary wrongs of England, by remaining below and behind her in the way of humanity, civilization, and Christianity. — [*Speech in the Chamber of Peers of France, on Colonial Slavery. Session of the 7th of April*, 1845.]

Paris, 1855.

Testimony against Slavery.

BY ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

I do not think it is for me, a foreigner, to indicate to the United States the time, the measures, or the men by whom Slavery shall be abolished.

Still, as the persevering enemy of despotism everywhere, and under all its forms, I am pained and astonished by the fact that the freest people in the world is, at the present time, almost the only one among civilized and Christian nations which yet maintains personal servitude; and this while serfdom itself is about disappearing, where it has not already disappeared, from the most degraded nations of Europe.

An old and sincere friend of America, I am uneasy at seeing Slavery retard her progress, tarnish her glory, furnish arms to her detractors, compromise the future career of the Union which

is the guaranty of her safety and greatness, and point out beforehand to her, to all her enemies, the spot where they are to strike. As a man, too, I am moved at the spectacle of man's degradation by man, and I hope to see the day when the law will grant equal civil liberty to all the inhabitants of the same empire, as God accords the freedom of the will, without distinction, to the dwellers upon earth.

France, 1855.

Testimony against Slavery.

BY EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

I seize the occasion now offered me to accuse myself of having too long believed, on the faith of American citizens and French travellers, that the slavery of the blacks neither could nor ought, for their own sakes, to be abolished, without a

previous initiation to Liberty, by labour, instruction, economy, and redemption — an individual purchase of each one by himself.

But this belief I end by classing among those inveterate errors, which are like the rings of a chain, that even the freest of men drag after them, and even the strongest find it difficult to break.

What I once believed, I believe no longer.

Of all the existing proofs that Liberty is to be conquered or gained, not given, or dealt out by halves, the strongest proof is, that, in the United States, the freest of all countries, the maintenance of Slavery is not made a question of time, but of race. Now if the reasons there alleged for the perpetuating and the legalizing of Slavery are true, they will be no less true a thousand years hence than to-day; if they are false, they have no right to impose themselves for a day, for an hour, for a moment. Error has no right against truth; iniquity has no right against equity, for

the same reason that the dying have no right against death.

I hold, then, as false — incontestably and absolutely false, all that blind self-interest and limping common-place are continually repeating, in order to perpetuate and legalize Slavery in the United States; just as I hold as false all that was said and printed before 1789, to perpetuate and legitimate serfdom; and all that is still said in Russia, in favour of the same outrage of men against the nature of man. The slavery of the blacks is the opprobrium of the whites. Thus every wrong brings its own chastisement.

The punishment of the American people is to be the last of the nations, while it is also the first. It is the first, by that Liberty of which it has rolled back the limits, and it is the last by that Slavery whose inconsistency it tolerates; for there are no Slaves, without tyrants. What matter whether the tyrant be *regal* or *legal!*

Paris, (Office of La Presse,) 1855.

Testimony against Slavery.

BY CARNOT.

THE question of Slavery is intimately connected with questions of general policy.

The Pagan republics had Slavery for their basis. They were so organized that they could not subsist without it; and so when Slavery was shaken down, they perished. Liberty for the few, on condition of keeping the many in servitude — such was the principle of the ancient societies.

Christianity bids another morality triumph, — that of human brotherhood. Modern societies recognize the principle that each citizen increases the domain of his own liberty by sharing it with his fellows. Republican France put this principle in practice; at her two great epochs of emancipation, she hastened to send Liberty to her colonial possessions.

North America presents a sad anomaly — a contradiction to the general rule with which we have prefaced these reflections, and thence the enemies of Liberty try to justify their departure from it.

They pretend to believe that the Republic of the United States rests on a basis analogous to that of the Pagan republics; and that the application of the new morality will be dangerous to it. But it is not so. Liberty in the United States is founded on reason, on custom, on patriotism, and on experience already old. She can but gain by diffusion even to prodigality. In the United States, Slavery is more than elsewhere a monstrosity, protected only by private interests. It is a source of corruption and barbarism which delays America in the path of European civilization. It is a fatal example that she presents to Europe, to turn her from the pursuit of American independence.

Paris, 1855.

Testimony against Slavery.

BY H. PASSY.

HUMANITY is governed by laws which continually impel it to extend without ceasing, the sphere of its knowledge. There is no discovery which does not conduct it to new discoveries; each generation adds its own to the mass which it has received from the past, and thus from age to age are the strength and riches of civilization augmented.

Now it is one of the numerous proofs of the benevolent purposes of the Creator, that every step of mental progress strengthens the ideas of duty and justice, of which humanity makes application in its acts. Human society, as it gains light, does not merely learn thereby the better to profit by its labours. It gains at the same time, clearer and surer notions of moral order. It discerns evil where it did not at first suspect its

existence; and no sooner does it perceive the evil than it seeks the means to suppress it.

This is what, in our day, has awakened so much opposition to Slavery. Thanks to the flood of light already received, society begins to comprehend, not only its iniquity in principle, but all the degradation and suffering it scatters in the lands where it exists. A cry of reprobation arises, and associations are formed to hasten its abolition.

We may, without fear, assert that it will be with Slavery as with all the other remnants of ignorance and original barbarism. The day will come when it must disappear, with the rest of the institutions which have been found inconsistent with the moral feelings to which the development of human reason gives the mastery.

Let those reflect who, at this day, constitute themselves the defenders of Slavery. They have against them the most irresistible of all powers — that of moral truth becoming more and more

distinct — that of human conceptions necessarily rising with the growth in knowledge of the divine will. Their defeat is, sooner or later, inevitable.

How much wiser would they be, did they resign themselves to the preparation for a reform, the necessity for which presents itself with such inflexible urgency. It is, doubtless, a work of difficulty. Freemen require other conditions than those to which they were subjected by the lash; but the requisite changes may be effected. Wise precautions and temporary arrangements, united with the injunctions of authority will not fail of success. Proprietors who dread emancipation! show to your people a little of that benevolence which so promptly subdues those who are unaccustomed to it, and you will find them docile and industrious as freemen. It is Slavery which corrupts and deteriorates the faculties which God has given to all for the amelioration of their destinies and the enjoyment of existence. Liberty,

on the contrary, animates and developes them. Human activity rises to extend its conquests, more ingenious and energetic at her reviving breath.

May such assertions as these, conformable as they are to the experience of all ages, no longer meet in America the contradictions which are long extinct in Europe. May those States of the Union where Slavery still counts its partisans, hasten to prepare for its abolition. Storms are gathering over the seat of injustice. Prosperity, gained at the expense of humanity, flows from a source which time will necessarily dry up. There can exist no durable prosperity on earth, but in consistency with the laws of God; and his laws command men to love and serve each other as brethren.

Nice, January 28, 1855.

Lines.

BY E. L. FOLLEN.

Standing at my open door, in the country, I hear distinctly the bells of Boston, in the stillness of early morning — "most musical, most melancholy."

How mournful sound the Boston bells,
As, floating on the morning air,
Their silvery music sadly tells
Of what, in early days, was there!

How, swelling high, they call to mind
Our Boston, in the days of yore;
And now come, sighing on the wind,
The falling tones — no more, no more.

There, freemen raised an altar stone;
There, first their blood was freely shed;
Those grand, historic days are gone,
Those heroes and their sons are dead.

The spirit of the olden time
No more in humbled Boston dwells;
And I could weep, to hear the chime
Of those faint, distant, morning bells.

Brookline, September, 1855.

Jan and Zaida.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

FOUNDED on circumstances which actually occurred at Grésik, on the island of Java, in 1854.

A native of the island of Celebes, who had been captured by slave-traders, was sold to Mr. Philip Van der Hooft, of Surabaya, in the north-eastern part of Java. A Hindoo slave was given to the captive for a wife; and she died, leaving a son two years old. This child Mr. Van der Hooft gave to his sister Maria, a girl of fifteen, who had taken a great fancy to him when he was a babe. She was amused at the idea of receiving little Jan among her birthday presents, but he pleased her, perhaps, as much as any of

them; not as an article of property, but as a pretty plaything. He was, in fact, a child of singular beauty. His features were small, his limbs finely formed, and his large, dark Hindoo eyes were, even at that age, tender and almost sad in expression. His sense of sound was exceedingly acute. Maria was musical; and the moment he heard her piano or guitar, he would drop his playthings and run into the parlour. There, he would creep under the table, to be out of the way, and sit listening, with all his soul shining through the varying expression of his countenance. Sometimes he was so excited that he would quiver all over, and end by clapping his hands with a loud crow of delight; but more frequently he was moved to tears. Being a general favourite, and the especial pet of his young mistress, he was seldom ejected from the parlour, when he chose to wander there. When Maria was busy at her embroidery frame, if she raised her eyes she would often see his little

dark head peeping in, watching for her to take notice of him; and as soon as she said, "Ah, here comes my little brownie!" he would run to her with a jump and a bound, and stand gazing at the bright colours she was weaving into her work. If she was singing or playing when he entered, she would give him a nod and a smile; and not unfrequently she seated him in her lap, and allowed him to play on the piano. His fingers were too short to reach an octave, but he would touch thirds continually; smiling, and laughing, and wriggling all over with delight. Sometimes she amused herself by touching the first and seventh note of the gamut together, and then he would cringe as if she had put her finger in his eye.

He was but three years old when his mistress married Lambert Van der Veen, and removed with him to a country seat near the neighbouring city of Grésik. Little Jan did not thoroughly like that gentleman, because he was often sent

out of the parlour when he came; and Maria was so engrossed with her lover, that she sometimes forgot to nod and smile when "little brownie" peeped into the room. He was very exclusive in his affections. He wanted to have those he loved all to himself. Therefore, though the young man spoke kindly to him, and often gave him sugar-plums, a shadow always passed over his expressive face when, running eagerly at the sound of the piano, he looked into the parlour and saw his rival there.

But after Maria was married, he became, if possible, more of a petted plaything than ever; for her husband was engaged in commercial pursuits, which often took him far from home, and their house, being two miles from the city, was more quiet than her father's place of residence had been. She occupied many of her lonely hours in teaching Jan various infantile accomplishments, and especially in developing his remarkable powers of imitation. The birds

greatly attracted his attention; and in a few months he could mock them so perfectly that they mistook his voice for their own. He soon did the same with the buzz and whirr of every insect, and laughed to hear how all the little creatures answered him. Nature had made him almost as sensitive to colours as to sounds; and whenever his mistress went into the garden, he would run after her to beg for a flower. She liked the sound of his little padding feet, and often smiled to watch his pliant motions and graceful form, clothed only with a large party-coloured bamboo hat, and a girdle of broad fringe about his loins. When the master was at home he was obliged to find his entertainment more among the slaves. They generally liked to sing or whistle to him, and would laugh merrily at his eager attempts to imitate. But some, who had children of their own, envied the high favour he enjoyed, and consequently bore no good will toward him. They did not dare to strike him,

but they devised many ways of making him uncomfortable. Decidedly he liked the parlour better than the slaves' quarters. He preferred it, in the first place, because he was more attended to there; and in the next place, because he could hear so many pleasant sounds, and see so many pretty things. He liked the cool straw carpet, and the pale green walls. The big china jars were an object of perpetual delight. He was never weary of putting his little fingers on the brilliant flowers and butterflies, with which they were plentifully adorned. But what excited his wonder more than anything else, was a folding screen of oriental workmanship, which separated the parlour from the dining-room; for there were gilded pagodas, Chinese mandarins with peacock's feathers in their caps, and two birds-of-paradise, as large as life; a great deal larger, in fact, than the mandarins or the pagodas. Then it was so plea ant to peep out into the garden, through the vine-embowered lattice-work of the verandah; to

see the blooming roses, and the small fountain's silvery veil; to inhale the fragrance of the orange blossoms, and listen to the cool trickling of the tiny water drops. All this was in reality his, for he knew not that he was a little slave; and it is the privilege of unconscious childhood to own whatsoever it delights in. In this point of view it all belonged to little Jan more truly than it did to Mr. Van der Veen. No wonder he sighed when the master returned, since it condemned him, for a time, to a degree of exile from his paradise. Perhaps there was some slight jealousy on the other side, also; for though the gentleman was always kind to his wife's favourite, he sometimes hinted at the danger of spoiling him, and the intercourse between them was never very familiar. At first, little Jan was afraid to approach the parlour at all, when he was at home. But on one occasion, when his stay was unusually prolonged, his patience became exhausted waiting for his departure.

He began by peeping in slyly through the folding screen. Seeing himself observed, he ran away; but soon came again and peeped, and receiving a smile from his mistress, he came in timidly, and offering his master a geranium blossom, said, "*May* little Jan stay?" Maria immediately said, "Oh yes, let him stay; he is so happy here." But there was no occasion to plead his cause; for there was no resisting his pretty looks and his graceful offering. Mr. Van der Veen patted his head, and he crept under the table to listen to the piano. After that, he never avoided his master, though he still continued to come in timidly, and if not encouraged by a smile, would run off to bring a flower as an admission fee.

When he was about four years old, a more dangerous rival than a husband appeared. Maria had an infant son, which of course greatly engrossed her attention, and little Jan eyed it as a petted kitten does a new lap-dog. His face

assumed an exceedingly grieved expression, the first time he saw her caressing the babe. He did not cry aloud, for he was a very gentle child; but he silently crept away under the table with the flowers he had brought in for his mistress, and as he sat there in a very disconsolate attitude, tears dropped on the blossoms. Some of the servants made the matter much worse, by saying, in his hearing, "Now missis has a young one of her own, she won't make such a fool of that little monkey." His heart swelled very much; and he ran with all haste to ask Madame Van der Veen if she loved little Jan. When he entered the parlour the fond mother happened to be showing her son to visitors; and as she turned, she held him toward the petted slave, saying, "Look at him, Janniken! Isn't he a little beauty?" "No," replied he, louder than any one had ever heard him speak, "*ugly* baby!" and he gave his rival a thrust with his little fist. He was of course sent away in disgrace; and

the slave-mothers, seeing him in trouble, greeted him with the exclamation, "Ha, ha, little whistler! I thought *your* nose would be put out of joint."

A clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church, who witnessed this manifestation of hostility toward the baby, adduced it as a proof of the inherent depravity of the human heart. But time showed that the depravity was not very deep. Jan felt the bitter pang of being superseded where he loved, but he had a disposition too kindly to retain ill-will. His heart soon adopted the infant, and they became friends and playmates. When little Lambert grew old enough to toddle about, it was the prettiest of all imaginable sights to see them together among the vine-leaves that crept through the green lattice-work of the verandah. The blue-eyed baby, plump and fair, draped in white muslin, formed a beautiful contrast to his brown companion. They looked like two cupids at play;

one in marble, the other in bronze. But though they were almost inseparable companions, and extremely fond of each other, it came to pass through a process of painful weaning, on the part of little Jan. Many a time he "sighed among his playthings," when he saw Maria caressing her babe, without noticing that he was in the room. Many a time tears fell on his neglected offering of flowers.

He was, however, far more fortunate than most slaves who happen to be petted playthings in their childhood; for he only passed out of an atmosphere of love into an atmosphere of considerate kindness. His quick ear for all variations of sound continued to be a great source of gratification to himself and his indulgent mistress. His voice was small, like himself, but it had a bird-like sweetness; and its very imperfections, resulting as they did from weakness and inexperience, imparted an infantine charm to his performances, like the lisping of

childish prattle, or the broken utterance of a foreigner. When he could sing two or three simple melodies, Madame Van der Veen gave him a little guitar, and taught him to accompany his voice. The population of Java is an assemblage of various nations: and as he listened intently to whatever he heard hummed, whistled, or played, in the parlour or in the slave-quarters, he knew snatches of a great variety of tunes when he was six years old. It was his pleasure to twine Hindoo, Arab, Javanese, English, and Dutch melodies into improvised fantasias, which resembled grotesque drawings, representing birds and monkeys, flowers, fruit, and human faces, bound together in a graceful tangle of vines. At eight years old, he was often trusted to go to Grésik on errands. Following his usual habits of listening and observing, during these visits to the city, he added greatly to his stock of popular airs, and soon learned to imitate all manner of instruments, as he had formerly imitated the

birds, Hindoo lullabies, Arab dances, the boat songs of the Javanese as they passed up and down the river, English marches, Dutch drinking songs, and Chinese jingle-jangles, he could give a lively version of them all; and he was frequently called into the parlour to repeat them for the entertainment of company.

His master said it was time he was taught to labour. Maria assented, but made an arrangement by which duty and inclination were enabled to go hand in hand. She knew that his acutely sensuous nature reveled in perfumes and bright colours; therefore she told the old Dutch gardener to take him for an assistant, and teach him all the mysteries of his art. It is never a toilsome employment to rear flowers and train vines; and in that sunny, fertile region of the earth, light labour is repaid by a lavish tribute of fragrant blossoms and delicious fruit all the year round. Jan had an instinctive sense which taught him what colours harmonized, and what forms were

graceful. His mistress often praised his bouquets and garlands, and affection for her stimulated him to attain as much perfection as possible in the flowery decorations of her room, her table, and her dress. Little Lambert had a great desire to be helpful, also, in the garden, but the exercise heated him, and he so often pulled up flowers instead of weeds, that his mother deemed it necessary to retain him in the house. This arrangement made him so restless and unhappy that Jan undertook the responsibility of supplying him with flowers in the cool arbours, and keeping strict watch upon his movements. He often decorated him with a multitude of small bouquets, and twined garlands round his broad palm-leaf hat, till he looked like a dwarf May-pole, and then sent him into the house to show himself to his fond mother, who was always ready to feign ignorance, and inquire what little boy that could be; a manœuvre invariably rewarded by an infantile laugh. In the course of one of these

floral exhibitions, two humming-birds followed him in the garden walks. His mother, who was watching him through the verandah lattice, saw the brilliant creatures circling round her darling's head, thrusting their long bills into the blossoms with which he was decorated; and she clapped her hands in an ecstacy of delight. After that, it was a favourite amusement with Jan to attract the humming-birds and butterflies round little master's hat. The next greatest entertainment was to teach him to imitate the birds, and to make him laugh or look solemn while he listened to merry or dolorous music.

Thus bound together by the pleasant links of love, and flowers, and song, they stood together on the threshold of life, unable as yet to conceive the idea of master and slave. But when little Lam, as they called him, was six years old, he was attacked by one of the violent fevers incident to the climate, and all the care unbounded affection could lavish upon him, failed to save his life.

During his illness he was unwilling to lose sight of Jan, who strewed his pillow with flowers, and sang soothing lullabies with unwearied patience. If the invalid dozed under the influence of his drowsy monotonous tones, he was still unable to leave his post; for the little hand clasped his, as if fearful he would go away. When the spirit of the dear child departed, and the lovely form that once contained it was consigned to the earth, no one but the father and mother mourned like Jan. The first time they visited the grave they found it covered with flowers he had planted there. In the house, in the garden, everywhere, he missed the noise of the little feet, which seemed like an echo of his own, so constantly they followed him. For a while, all music was saddened to him, because every air he whistled or sung reminded him of some incident connected with the departed playmate. Months afterward, when he found among the shrubbery a wooden toy he had made for him, he sobbed aloud, and

all day long the earth seemed darkened to his vision. This tender bond between him and the lost one revived all the affectionate interest Madame Van der Veen had ever felt for the "little brownie;" but the playfulness of their intercourse was gone, being alike unsuited to the sadness of her spirit, and the increasing stature of her favourite.

The young mother drooped under the blow like flowers stricken by a black frost, never to revive again. The healing hand of time rendered her placid and resigned, but her former cheerfulness never returned. She became very devout, and all her music was an utterance of prayer. Looking on this life with the eye of one weary of its illusions, she stedfastly fixed her thoughts on that world whither her darling had gone. From the youthful soul of Jan the shadow was more easily lifted. Again he reveled in the bright colours, the pungent perfumes, and the varied sounds of that luxuriant region of the

earth. Again he began to mock the birds and the boatmen, and to mingle in dances with the other young slaves. About two years after he lost his best beloved playmate, he met with a companion who more than supplied his place, and who imparted to his existence a greater degree of vivacity and joyfulness than he had ever known. Walking toward Grésik, one morning, to execute some commission for his mistress, he heard a pleasant voice in the distance, singing a merry tune. The sounds approached nearer and nearer, and they were so lively, that involuntarily his feet moved faster. Presently, a young girl emerged from a clump of tamarind trees, with a basket of fruit on her head; and the tune stopped abruptly. The expression of her countenance was extremely innocent and modest, and though her complexion was of a deeper brown than his own, a blush shone through it, like the glow of wine through a dark bottle in the sunshine. Jan noticed this

as she passed; and something, he knew not what, made him remember her face very distinctly, and wish to see it again. He never went to Grésik without thinking of the merry voice in the distance, and never passed the clump of tamarind trees without recalling the bright vision he met there. Many weeks elapsed before he obtained another glimpse of her; but at last he overtook her with her basket on the way to Grésik; and this time they did not meet to pass each other, for their path lay in the same direction. With mutual bashfulness they spoke and answered; and each thought the other handsomer than they had at first supposed. The acquaintance thus begun rapidly ripened into intimacy. He was not yet thirteen years old, and she was not eleven. But in that precocious clime, Cupid shoots at children with a bow of sugar-cane; and this little maiden carried a store of his arrows in her large lustrous eyes. After that, Jan was seized with redoubled zeal to do all

the errands to Grésik; and it so happened that he often overtook her on the way, or found her resting herself among the tamarind trees. Then her road homeward was, for a mile, the same as his own. Thus they travelled back and forth with their baskets, making the air musical as they went; as happy as the birds, and as thoughtless of the coming years. During these frequent interviews, he learned that she was a slave; that her mother was from the island of Bali; and that her Arab father had given her the name of Zaida. Before many months elapsed, Madame Van der Veen heard, from the other servants, that Jan was in love with a pretty girl, whose master lived not far from Grésik; and when she questioned him, he bashfully confessed the fact. Then she spoke very seriously to him, and told him how sorry she should be to see him doing as many did around him. She said if Zaida was a good girl, and wished to marry him, she would try to buy her; and if they would

promise to be faithful and kind to each other, they should have a handsome wedding at her house, and a bamboo hut to live in. This almost maternal kindness excited his sensitive soul to tears. She seized that impressible moment to talk to him concerning his duties to God, and to explain how He had made man for a higher destiny than to mate, like the birds, for a season.

The negotiation for the purchase of Zaida was somewhat prolonged, and she was at last obtained at an unusually high price; for her master took advantage of Madame Van der Veen's well-known character for generosity and indulgence to the inmates of her household. Meanwhile the gentle lady allowed her slave frequent opportunities of seeing his beloved. Once a week he took his guitar and spent two or three hours with his singing-bird. Every errand to Grésik was intrusted to him, and Zaida found many occasions for going thither at the same hour. Very beautiful were the scenes through which

they passed in those happy days. South of them was a range of mountains, blue and softened in the distance. On the north, was the bright sea, with the island of Madura lying like an emerald gem on its bosom. Bamboo cottages, shaded by a mass of luxuriant vegetation, dotted the level landscape, as it were, with little islands, whose deep verdure formed a lovely contrast with the rich yellow of the ripened rice fields. Here, the large scarlet blossoms of a pomegranite, beautiful above all other trees, filled the air with fragrance; and there, a tall cocoa-palm reared its great feathery head high above the light elegant foliage of a tamarind grove. Arum lilies held up their large white cups among the luxuriant vines that lay tangled by the wayside; wild peacocks and other gorgeous birds flitted across their path, glittering in the sunlight, like jewels from fairy land. The warbling of birds, the buzzing of bees, the whiz and the whirr of numerous insects, all the swarming sounds of

tropical life, mingled with the monotonous tones of boatmen coming down the river Solo with their merchandise, singing with measured cadence,

"Pull and row, brothers! pull and row!"

Only one discordant note disturbed the chorus which nature sang to love. Near the house where Zaida's master dwelt, there lived a Dutchman and his wife, who were notoriously cruel to their slaves. Zaida recounted some shocking instances of severity, and especially expressed pity for a girl little older than herself, who had formerly belonged to a very kind master and mistress. When they died, she was sold at auction, and had the misfortune to pass into the hands of their inhuman neighbour, whose wife was jealous, and lost no opportunity of tormenting her. When Jan was singing some of the plaintive melodies to which his own taste always inclined him, or when, to amuse the merry Zaida, he imitated Chinese jingle jangles, sometimes

the sound of the lash, accompanied with shrieks, would break in upon the music or the merriment, and put their spirits out of tune. Nature had made Jan more sensitive than reflective; and he had been brought up so like a humming-bird among flowers, that he had never thought anything about his own liabilities as a slave. Now, for the first time, it occurred to him, "What if *my* master and mistress should die, and *I* should be sold?"

An English family lived very near Madame Van der Veen's, and as both were musical, an intimacy had grown up between them. The father and mother of this family were very strongly opposed to slavery, and not unfrequently discussed the subject. Jan, as he passed in and out of the parlour, waiting upon the guests, had been accustomed to hear these conversations as though he heard them not. In fact, he often wished the old Englishman would stop talking, and give his son an opportunity to accompany

Madame Van der Veen's piano with his flute. But after those lashes and shrieks had waked up his mind to the possibility of auction and transfer, he listened more attentively, and carried with him into riper years the memory of many things he heard.

When he was fourteen years old, and Zaida was twelve, they were married. Madame Van der Veen furnished cake and lemonade for the wedding, and gave gay dresses to the juvenile bride and bridegroom, who looked extremely well in their new finery. Jan had lost something of his childish beauty, but he was still handsome. His yellow complexion was rendered paler by the contrast of his jet black hair and the bright turban that surmounted it. His limbs were slender and flexible, his features small and well proportioned, and his large antelope eyes had a floating, plaintive expression, as if there was always a tear in his soul. Zaida was rounder, and browner, and ruddier. Her dark hair was

combed entirely back, and twisted into a knot, ornamented with scarlet flowers. The short downy hairs about the forehead curled themselves into a little wavy fringe. From her small ears were suspended two large gilded hoops, a bridal present from the old Englishman. From her Arab father she inherited eyes more beautifully formed than belonged to her mother's race. The long dark lashes curled upward, and imparted a smiling expression, even in her most serious moments; and when she was amused, her eyes laughed outright. There was a harmonized contrast between her and her bridegroom, which was extremely agreeable. The young Englishman compared them to the major and minor mode; and Madame Van der Veen said they looked like hope and memory. Personal comeliness is rare among the natives of those islands. Little Zaida was like a ruby among pudding-stones.

A bamboo hut, raised two feet from the

ground, and consisting of two apartments, without windows, was their bridal home. It was all they needed in a climate where, more than half the year, all household occupations could be most conveniently performed out of doors. There was a broad verandah in front, sheltered from rain and sun by the projecting roof. In front was a grove of orange and lemon trees, and in the rear was a group of plantains, whose immensely long broad leaves, and yellow spikes of nodding flowers cast refreshing shadows.

A grass mat, of Jan's own weaving, and pillows filled with a kind of silky down from a wild plant, answered for a bed. Gourd shells, a few earthern dishes, and a wooden waiter from which they ate their meals, seated on the floor, constituted their simple furniture. The rooms, which received light from the open door, were used only for eating and sleeping. The verandah was the place where all their sedentary occupations were pursued. There, Zaida might be

seen busy at her spinning wheel and loom; there, Jan wove mats and baskets for his master's household; and there, stood his gambang, a musical instrument, with wooden bars of graduated lengths, which he struck with a mallet to accompany the simple Javanese melodies that he and Zaida were accustomed to sing together.

Years passed over their heads without any more serious variations than slight dissensions with the other slaves, occasional illness, and the frequent birth of children. Some of them resembled the father, others the mother; and some had their eyes obliquely set, like the island ancestry from whom they descended. Some were bright, some dull, some merry, and some pensive; but Madame Van der Veen pronounced them all very good children; and they certainly were trained to be devotedly attentive to her. During their first years, it cost nothing to clothe them, for they ran about naked; and it required almost as little expense to furnish

them with food, where rice was so easily cultivated, and plantains, cocoas, and oranges grew wild. The warmth of the climate, the lavish bounty of the soil, the improvident habits which every human being must necessarily form, who acquires no property by economy, and the extreme indulgence with which he had always been treated by his gentle-hearted mistress, all conspired to render Jan forgetful of the precarious tenure by which he held the external blessings of his mere animal existence. Sometimes, when he went to Grésik, he passed by a slave auction, and the sight always gave him a pang; for it brought up a picture of Zaida and her children standing there amid the indecent jests and rude handling of a crowd of men. Sometimes he witnessed despotic and cruel treatment of slaves, and still more frequently he heard of such instances. Then came recollections of the lashes and shrieks that used to interrupt his music and merriment in the days

of courtship; and always they brought with them the question, "What if Zaida and our daughters should ever be sold to such people as that cruel Dutchman and his jealous wife?" While any such instances were fresh in his mind, he listened attentively to whatever was said about slavery by his master and the English family. From them he learned how the English, during their brief possession of Java, had interdicted slave traffic with the neighbouring islands; had passed laws forbidding slaves to be sold, except with their own consent; and had allowed them to hold, as their own, any property they were able to acquire. Mr. Van der Veen tried to excuse the Dutch for renewing the slave trade, by urging that it was a necessity imposed upon them, because there was no other method of procuring servants. The Englishman denied any such necessity. He maintained that the natives of Java were intelligent, teachable, and honest, and very willing to render services for

money. He highly commended the native princes for never permitting any of their own people to be slaves. He told of one of these princes, who had inherited fifty slaves; but when the British government declared that all should become free, unless publicly registered by their masters, within a specified time, he said, "Then I will *not* register my slaves. They shall be free. I have kept them hitherto, because it was the custom, and because the Dutch liked to be attended by slaves when they visited the palace. But as that is not the case with the British, they shall cease to be slaves; for I have long felt shame, and my blood has run cold, when I have reflected on what I once saw at Batavia and Semarang, where human beings were exposed at public sale, placed on a table, and examined like sheep and oxen." The Englishman declared that he lost no opportunity of talking with all classes of people on the subject, and of circulating publications, translated into Dutch,

and sent to him from England for that purpose; and he expressed a strong belief that the Dutch would soon abolish slavery. In these conversations, nothing interested Jan so much as his master's statement, that, according to existing laws, slaves might purchase themselves. He resolved to save all the small coins he might receive; and visions flitted through his brain, of mats and baskets to be made, when his daily tasks were completed. But when he received this information, he already had a brood of children; he despaired of ever being able to collect money enough to buy *them;* and his anxious thoughts were far more on their account, than on his own. He always solaced himself with the thought that his mistress would not allow them to be sold while she lived, and that she would certainly make provision for them before she died.

Sixteen years of his married life had passed away, and during all that time such forecasting

thoughts had been mere transient clouds fleeting across the sunshine of contentment. But the time came when Mr. Van der Veen was summoned to Batavia, on account of some entanglement in his commercial affairs; and three weeks afterward, tidings were brought that he had died suddenly in that unhealthy city. Again Jan saw his mistress bowed to the earth with sorrow; and it was beautiful to witness the delicate expressions of sympathy which nature taught him. He moved noiselessly, and spoke softly. He and Zaida sang only religious hymns and soothing tunes, such as she loved to hear after her little Lam was taken away. His prettiest child, then nearly three years old, was sent every morning with a fresh bouquet of the flowers she loved best. He would never lie down for the night until he believed she was sleeping; and his first waking thoughts were devoted to her. It soon became known that Mr. Van der Veen had died in debt, and that a large portion of his property

must be assigned to creditors. In this assignment were included many slaves, in various cities, and some belonging to his domestic establishment. Quite a small fortune for the widow was saved from the wreck of his wealth; and in that she expressly stipulated that Jan and all his family should be included, together with the estate on which she had always lived since her marriage. By this unexpected turn of affairs, the remote contingency, which had sometimes created temporary uneasiness in Jan's mind, was brought frightfully near. He never again forgot, for a single day, scarcely for a single hour, that he was merely a favoured slave, and that all the lives intertwined with his held their privileges by the same precarious tenure. He never hinted his anxiety to any one but Zaida; but Madame Van der Veen had the thoughtful kindness to assure him that she would dispossess herself of everything, rather than part with him and his family; saying, at the same time, that there was

no danger of her being called upon to make any such sacrifice, as there was enough property left to enable them all to live comfortably. He deeply and gratefully felt her kindness; but the shadow of her death fell darkly across the consolation it imparted. Not for the world would he have told her so, lest the suggestion should increase her melancholy, by making her suppose that even the most attached of her servants, and the only ones she had left, wanted to be free to quit her service.

Their English neighbour, being involved in the same commercial difficulties that had deranged Mr. Van der Veen's affairs, concluded to sell all his property in Java, and remove to Calcutta. He and his family spent their last evening with the widow of their deceased friend. While Jan was arranging fruit for their refreshment in the adjoining room, he heard his own name and that of Zaida uttered in low tones, accompanied with the disjointed words, "So much petted"—

"the more hard"—"make provision." In her usual soft tones, but so clearly that he heard every word, Madame Van der Veen replied, "I have thought of all that, my good friend. I will never part with any of them while I live; and when I die, I will leave them all free." "Why not now?" urged the importunate Englishman. She answered, "My heart is heavy to-night, and business oppresses me; but I assure you, most solemnly, that I will attend to it very soon." She never knew what a heavy load those words removed from the soul of her favourite slave. After he heard them, he seemed to step on air. Zaida, to whom the important discovery was forthwith imparted, was even more elated. They hugged and kissed their little ones that night, with a feeling they had never known before; and zeal in the service of their good mistress was thenceforth redoubled. At the departure of the English family, they gave some gay calico dresses to Zaida and the children, and a violin to Jan.

The old gentleman put a golden ducat in his hand, saying, "I thank you, my good fellow, for all your attentions to me and mine. There is a trifling keepsake. May the blessing of heaven go with it, as mine does. I shall remember you all in my prayers. Farewell, Jan! Always continue to be faithful and honest." The poor slave had never possessed a piece of gold before, and small as it was, it seemed to him a Golconda mine. First, he buried it in the ground, and put a stone over it. Then he was afraid some creature might dig it up in the night. So he sewed it into a pouch, which he fastened securely within the girdle he constantly wore. The cares and anxieties of wealth had come upon him.

While the carriage was waiting to convey the Englishman away, he walked over to Madame Van der Veen's, to bid a final farewell. His last words were, "My dear Madame, don't forget the talks we have had together; especially what we said last night. Since I have lived in Java, I

have done my utmost to sow good seed on this subject, and I trust it will spring up and bring forth a harvest, sooner or later. From time to time, I shall send the magistrates publications, that will prevent their forgetting what I have so often urged upon them. A blessing will rest upon this beautiful island in proportion as they attend to this. Remember it in your prayers, my dear friend, and use your influence aright. Do n't say it is small. You have seen in your garden how great a growth comes from one little seed. My friend, there are responsibilities in human society, for which we shall have to answer unto our God. And now, farewell. The voice of the old man will never urge you more. May the blessing of heaven be with you all."

The tender-hearted widow wept freely; for he had been her husband's friend, and the words he spoke were solemn. She resolved to make her will, and have it duly witnessed, that very day. But a visitor came, and after her departure,

she felt a degree of lassitude, which unfitted her for exertion. The next day, sh looked over some letters from her husband, and brought on headache by inordinate weeping. She was indolent by temperament and by habit, and she was oppressed with melancholy. Weeks passed on, without any more definite result than a frequent resolution to make her will. She had gone to bed with a mind much impressed with what her English friend said at parting, and troubled with self-accusation that she had neglected it so long, when Zaida was summoned to her bedside at midnight, and found her head hot, and her pulse throbbing. In the morning, she was delirious, and looked wildly upon her faithful attendants without recognizing them. With her incoherent ravings, during the day, were frequently mixed the words, "Jan — Zaida — children — free." The slaves listened tearfully to these broken sentences, and felt fresh assurance that she had provided for them. The

physician thought otherwise; but he merely said that something disturbed her mind, and if her life was not spared, he hoped she would have an interval of reason before she died. At the sound of that dreadful "*if*," Jan rushed out of the room, rolled himself on the floor, and sobbed convulsively. There was no selfishness in his sorrow; for he had not the slightest doubt that she, who never broke a promise, had cared thoughtfully for the future welfare of himself and his family. It was simply the agony of parting from his earliest and best friend. She lingered four days, but reason never returned. Into that brief period was compressed more misery than Jan had experienced during his whole life. Gloomy forebodings brought all the superstitions of the island in their train. The first night his mistress was taken ill, he shook his head, and said, "Ah, Zaida, do n't you remember she went to Surabaya to dine, the very day we heard of master's death? I told you then it was a very bad sign to go

abroad the same day that you hear of the death of a friend." The next night he was startled by an unusual noise, attributed to explosions among the distant volcanic mountains; and that was regarded as a certain prognostic of impending disaster. The following day was unusually sultry, and in the evening he saw phosphoric light quivering over the nasturtiums in the garden. He had never witnessed the phenomenon before, and he was not aware that such a peculiarity had been previously observed in that glowing plant. He had no doubt that the light came from Spirits, who were waiting for Madame Van der Veen's soul. On the fourth morning, he saw two crows fighting in the air; and thenceforth he had no hope.

The spirit of his beloved mistress departed from her body at midnight. The rainy season was then approaching, attended by the usual characteristic of violent storms. The house trembled with the rolling thunder, and flashes of

intensely vivid lightning illumined the bed where the corpse lay, imparting, for a moment, an appalling glare to its ghastly paleness. Jan and Zaida were familiar with such storms, but never before had they seemed so awful, as amid the death-loneliness of that deserted house. A friendly neighbour pitied their grief and terror, and offered to remain with them until after the funeral. It was like tearing Jan's heart out, to see that dear face carried away, where he could behold it no more. Exquisitely sensitive by nature, his whole being was now all nerve and feeling, lacerated to the extremest degree of suffering. She was placed by the side of her little Lam, and there he planted the flowers she had best loved. He laid himself down on the ground, and moaned like a faithful dog, on his master's grave. He thought of the stories others had told him concerning his petted childhood; he remembered her sympathy and good advice when he was first in love with Zaida; he recalled

a thousand instances of her indulgent kindness; the whole crowned by the precious gift of freedom. He *could* not reconcile himself to the thought that he should never again have her to rely upon. He had no heart for anything but to tend the flowers on those graves.

When this storm of grief began to subside, he consoled himself with the thought, "Whatever happens now, I can never again suffer as I *have* suffered." More than a week passed before he heard that Madame Van der Veen had left no will; that she had survived all her immediate relatives; and that the nearest heir to the property resided at Manilla. This was a stunning blow. Zaida reminded him how their good mistress had instructed them to pray to God when they were in trouble; and many a fervent, imploring supplication ascended from their humble hut. Jan resolved to plead earnestly with the heir, and he comforted himself with the idea that the physician would tell him how their kind

mistress had spoken of their freedom during her illness. But even if his entreaties should prevail with the stranger, where could they live? Could they be sure of finding employment? He spent every leisure moment in weaving mats and baskets for sale, and the children were kept busy gathering wild fruits for the market. Those things sold for a very low price, and it would be a long time indeed before he could acquire a piece of land and a hut by that process. But the gold piece! He felt of his girdle to ascertain if it was safe. Yes, it was there; a nest egg, from which his imagination hatched a large brood of chickens. Hope struggled with anxiety for a few weeks, and Zaida, who always looked on the bright side, continually repeated her belief that everything would turn out well. But, at last, news arrived that the heir did not intend to visit Java; that he had intrusted the business to an agent, with instructions to sell all the property, of every

description, and remit the proceeds to him. Poor Jan thought he could never again suffer as he had suffered; but he was mistaken. This last blow broke him down entirely. A vision of the auction stand, with his children bid off to different purchasers, was always before him. The lashes and shrieks which had so much impressed his youthful mind, forever resounded in his imagination; but now the shrieks came from Zaida and their little ones.

During the three weeks that preceded the sale, he could scarcely eat or sleep. He became emaciated and haggard, to such a degree that all who knew him felt pity for him. The sympathizing feeling was, however, soon quieted by saying to themselves, "It is a hard case, but it cannot be helped. Poor fellow! I hope they will find kind masters." The physician spoke to many people in Grésik and its neighbourhood, declaring there could be no manner of doubt that Madame Van der Veen had fully intended they

should all be free. He told the agent how her mind was troubled upon the subject during her delirium. He replied that he was very sorry the lady had left no will, but it was no affair of his; he must obey the instructions he had received. The case excited a good deal of interest. Many of the Dutch residents shook their heads when they heard of it, and said, "The English are in the right; this system is a disgrace and a blight upon our island."

All the day preceding the auction, Jan lay moaning at the grave of his mistress. All night he wandered round, looking at the flowers in the moonlight. He had tended them so long they seemed to know him, and to nod a sorrowful farewell. Sadder still it was to look upon the bamboo hut and its enclosure, connected with the garden by a little open-work gate. That bridal home, which his kind mistress had provided for them, and which was consecrated to his memory by so many years of humble happi-

ness, never had it seemed so dear to him as now. There stood the loom, where he had so often seen Zaida at work. There was the gambang he had made for himself, the sounds of which his departed master and mistress used to love to hear mingled with their voices, softened by the evening air on which they floated across the garden. There hung the old guitar she had given him in boyhood; and by its side was the violin, a parting present from the young Englishman. Even if he was allowed to retain these, would they ever sound again, as they had sounded there? As the dawning light revealed each familiar object, a stifling pain swelled more and more within his heart. When he saw his children eating what would, perhaps, be their last breakfast together, every gourd shell that contained their little mess of rice seemed more valuable, in his eyes, than crown jewels to a dethroned monarch. Overcome with the struggle, he laid himself down on the mat and sobbed.

Zaida, always hopeful, had borne up tolerably well till now; but now she yielded to despair, and rocked backward and forward violently, groaning aloud. Eight children, the oldest a lad of fourteen, the youngest a girl of three years old, sat on the floor weeping, or hiding their heads in their mother's lap. Thus they were found by the man who came to take them to the auction at Grésik. Poor Jan! how often, in the latter years, had vague presentiments of this flitted across his mind, when he passed that dreadful place! He too well remembered the heartless jokes and the familiar handling which had made him shrink from the possibility of such a fate for his wife and children. Zaida, indeed, was no longer an object of jealousy for any cruel master's wife. She was not hideously ugly, like most slaves of her age, in that withering climate; but her girlish beauty had all departed, except a ghost of it still lingering in her large dark eyes. Their light was no longer mirthful, but they were

still beautiful in colour, and expressed, as it were, the faint echo of a laugh, in their peculiar outline and long curling lashes. By her side stood a daughter, twelve years old, quite as handsome as she was at that age; and another, of ten, with her father's gazelle eyes, and the golden yellow complexion, which Javanese poets are accustomed to praise as the perfection of loveliness. The wretched aspect of the father and mother struck all beholders. When Jan mounted the stand, he cast one despairing glance around him, and lingered longest on the smallest lamb of his flock, who was crying with terror, and clinging fast to her mother's skirts. He tossed his arms wildly upward, gave one loud groan, then bowed his head and wept in silence. Poor Zaida hid her face on his shoulder, and the whole group trembled like leaves in a storm. The auctioneer called out, "Here 's a valuable lot, gentlemen. Eight healthy, good-looking children. The father and mother still young enough to do a good deal of

work, and both of excellent character. Whoever will bid six thousand florins [$2,333] for them may have them; and it will be a great bargain." It was no comfort to the poor victims to be offered in a lot; for they might be bought by speculators, who would separate them. Jan listened, with all his soul in his ears. Not a voice was heard. The auctioneer waited a moment before he called out, "Will you say four thousand florins, gentlemen?" No one spoke. "Shall I have two thousand florins? That is really too cheap." Still all remained silent.

Jan had never forgotten that his master had said the law allowed slaves to buy themselves. His poverty had hitherto prevented his deriving any consolation from that thought. But now a ray of hope darted through his soul. He raised his drooping head suddenly, and a gleam, like the rising sun, passed over his pale, haggard countenance, as he said, eagerly, "I will give a

golden ducat." Then dropping on his knees, he exclaimed, in imploring tones, which intense emotion rendered thrilling, "Oh, gentlemen, *do n't* bid over me. It is all I have in the world. Oh, good gentlemen, *do n't* bid over me!" Tears dropped from the eyes of many young people; the agent swallowed hard; and even the auctioneer was conscious of a choking feeling in his throat. There was dead silence for more than a minute. Then was heard the sound of the heavy hammer, followed by these words: "The whole lot is going for a ducat. [$2 20 cents.] Going! going! *gone!* to Jan Van der Veen!"

It was one of humanity's inspired moments; when men are raised above the base influences of this earth, and see things as Spirits see them in the light of heaven. Hats, turbans, and handkerchiefs waved, and a cheerful "hurra!" met the ears of the redeemed captives. Jan belonged to himself, and owned all his family! Verily, the blessing of heaven did go with the

Englishman's golden ducat, to a degree far beyond what he dreamed of when he gave it. Jan could hardly credit his own senses. The reaction from despair to such overwhelming joy was too much for him. His brain was dizzy, and his limbs trembled. When he tried to rise, he tottered, and would have fallen if Zaida had not caught him in her arms. "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" murmured some of the spectators. A man took off his hat, dropped a florin into it, and passing it round, said, "Give him a trifle, gentlemen, to set himself up with. He has always been a good, industrious fellow, and his mistress meant to provide for him. Give him a trifle, gentlemen!" There was a noise of falling coin. Zaida pulled her husband by the sleeve, and whispered in his ear, "Thank the gentlemen." He seemed like one half awake; but he made an effort, and said, "Thank you, good gentlemen! May God bless you and your ——" He would have added children; but his eye

happened to rest on his own smallest darling, and the thought that nobody could take her from him now choked his utterance. He covered his face with his thin hands, and wept.

Was the golden ducat *all* that poor despairing slave owed to the good Englishman? No; that was the smallest part of the debt; for to the moral influence of his conversation, and the books and papers he scattered in the neighbourhood, might mainly be attributed the changing public sentiment, which rendered the crowd silent at that mournful scene, and thus enabled the auctioneer to exclaim, "The whole lot going for a ducat! Going! *gone!* to Jan Van der Veen! Hurra!"

Wayland, Mass., 1855.

The Ballad of Edward Davis.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Beneath the guard, 'mid tumult wild, the Freedom-seeker clung, half drowned,
Beaten and drenched, as each black wave in deafening horror roared around.

Mothers and children, just above, in warm and lighted state-rooms lay,
Yet trembled at the rising gale, and in their terror wished for day.

As each vast wave comes rolling up, the steamer's shining prow emerges,
Then plunges forward, diving down, and rolls amid the boiling surges.

Poor wretch! did then thy courage fail? didst
thou for Egypt's flesh-pots sigh?
Better to live a fattened slave, than in this night
of horror die.

Better the bacon and the corn, the rude night-
license of the slave,
Though dread of whips still seasons mirth, than
this remorseless freezing wave.

Not so — not backward turns his thought, but
forward each emotion strains
Toward the dear city of his youth, while one
controlling hope sustains.

City of boyhood — where his friends his coming
still with trust await,
And now, perchance, by midnight fire, discuss
his absence and his fate.

City where still the State House stands wherein
the solemn words were said,
Words, whose deep meaning stirred the world,
for whose great sense our fathers bled.

City where now our little men the fathers' liberal
thought disown,
Where Kane and Grier mock at right — dogs,
yelping for their master's bone.

City whose peaceful streets to-night the brilliant
gas serenely laves,
The while its more than Spartan son black death
at every moment braves.

Though every moment seems an age, for long,
long hours he braves it still,
"Come Death or Freedom" — faint the voice,
but steadfast the unconquered will.

"Come Death or Freedom." Death draws near;
but overhead the sailors stand,
They bend below to heave the lead — swing out
the plummet from their hand.

They hear the cry — they haste to help — kind
hearts within each roughened form.
They lift the dying man aloft — they feed him,
clothe him, tend and warm.

So! stands he safe, escaped at last, freed from
the dread plantation fate,
The steamer, on whose deck he treads, comes
from his native town and state.

Alas! not so — for he is *black!* The negro's
rights are easy spoil,
For him no shelter in our homes, for him no
freedom on our soil.

Free-born, and by heroic act his stolen freedom
won again,
The helpless man is seized and bound, once more
to bear the master's chain.

The Captain stoutly swears; the Judge mouths
law with face composed and grave;
That Southern merchants may be pleased, once
more a man becomes a slave.

Alas! how cruel and how cold our common
human heart may grow,
When coward fear or selfish hope the lazy
conscience overflow!

But freeze the conscience in its depths by formal
precedents and rules,
The low expediency of states, the hollow maxims
of the schools,

And not in Indian jungle wild has fiercest tiger
ever ran,
As unrelenting and as hard *as such a conscience*
renders man.

Go ye, who seek in Plutarch's page romantic acts
and lives sublime,
Go to these martyr slaves and learn the Romance
of our Land and Time.

Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, 1855.

Letter.

PARIS, September 29, 1855.

MADAME,

Seeing you on the point of departing for America, I cannot forbear entreating you to be the bearer of my tribute of respect and admiration to one of your compatriots. Need I add that I have in view our holy cause of human Freedom, and one of its most eminent defenders, Mr. Garrison? Every word he utters is dictated by the deepest sense of justice; but his recent discourse on the anniversary of British Colonial Emancipation, is distinguished not only by its profound feeling of sympathy for the emancipated, but by that rigourously just reason-

ing, and that clear, firm, and above all, moral logic which leads him to prefer the separation of the States to the continuance of Slavery. It is by this trait that I recognize the true Abolitionist, and the truly worthy man. It was with the truest joy that I read those strong and noble words, each going straight to its end, acknowledging no law superior to the sentiment of right engraven in the human conscience by its divine Creator, and disdaining all the common place sophistry of weakness and hypocrisy that is so often employed in these discussions.

Deeply touched by this discourse of Mr. Garrison, I feel that a Cause so holy, defended by such advocates, could not fail to triumph, if urged forward without delay. Every action, every word, which brings nearer the time of this triumph, is a blessing to millions of unfortunate beings.

May Almighty God crown with success the generous labours of all these noble men, who,

after all, are but following the commands and walking in the ways traced by his holy will!

May I entreat of you, Madame, the kindness of presenting to Mr. Garrison the accompanying copy of my work, by which he will see that a co-labourer in another hemisphere has long wrought in the same vineyard of the Lord; if not with the same renown, I may, at least, venture to say with the same disinterestedness, with the same self abnegation, with the same love for the oppressed. Even the efforts I made in their behalf they could never directly know, for exile and proscription have compelled me to live far from my own land, and to plead the cause of human rights in a language which is neither theirs nor mine. I am thoroughly persuaded that all success obtained in America in the cause of the coloured race will be eminently serviceable to my poor countrymen in Russia. It is then, first, as a man, and secondly as a Russian, that I hail the efforts of

Mr. Garrison and his fellow-labourers for the deliverance of their Country from the hideous plague-spot of Slavery.

Receive, Madame, my earnest good wishes for your voyage. May Heaven grant that in again beholding your native Country, you may there find new consolations and fresh encouragements to persevere in the great Cause which you have made the principal object of your life.

Accept, at the same time, the expression of my high respect.

N. TOURGUENEFF.

To Mrs. HENRY GRAFTON CHAPMAN.

Lay of the Mountaineer.

BY HARRIET WINSLOW LIST.

WHO would come and live with me
Must nor slave, nor tyrant be;
Self-reliant, free, and bold,
With resources manifold,
Must he be who here would find
Food for body and for mind,
Yet no rude advantage seek
O'er the ignorant and weak.

Learning from the city brought,
Friend, will here avail thee naught;
Manners which refined they call,
Here were false and fawning all;

Morals there considered nice,
Would be here but artifice;
Freedom, such as they revere,
Laughs to scorn the mountaineer.
True, her name is shouted loud,
To and by the thoughtless crowd;
And her banners float and fall
Over temple, tower, and hall;
And with well becoming pride
Are her heroes deified;
Yet let some poor pilgrim bring,
After weary wandering,
All with fear and suffering faint,
To those halls his piteous plaint,
Asking only leave to be
As his Maker made him — free;
Though for freedom he has dared
More than those same heroes had;
Though their wrongs, compared to his,
Were but trivial grievances;

Yet the Nation's grave decree
Is — perpetual Slavery.
Haply many there may be
Who protest indignantly,
And for justice boldly call,
Shouting "Liberty for *all*;"
Yet that word, so vast, I find,
Only means with them, mankind;
Deeming, with conceit perverse,
Mankind the whole universe.
Lowlier creatures may be used,
Worked, and driven, and abused,
Yet their wrongs few sorrowing heed;
For their Rights what champions plead?
Their inferiority,
Which one might suppose would be
Surest safeguard from abuse,
Is their tyrants' sole excuse;
Mute, defenceless, they may be
Injured with impunity.

What but the old law of might,
Makes such domination right?
For authority, I know
Some will to the Bible go;
For what system of abuse
Finds not therein its excuse?
And the devil laughs to see
What the saints so sanguinely,
As their surest fortress mount,
Telling to his own account.

But if thou wouldst gladly see
All God's creatures truly free,
Come then to the hills with me.

Come where Nature is depicted
  In her wildest, loveliest moods,
Where her voices, unrestricted,
  Fill the leafy solitudes.
Timorous creatures, here forgetting
  All their old timidity,

Trust in man without regretting,
Come, then, to the hills with me.

Canst thou from the mountain streamlet
Draw a sweeter draught than wine,
And no heavy hardship deem it
On its simple fruits to dine?
In the voices of the wildwood
Wouldst thou hear a symphony
That brings back the hours of childhood?
Come, then, to the hills with me.

Freedom into music gushes
Joyously among the hills,
Where the mountain torrent rushes,
Aided by a thousand rills.
Winds, and woods, and waters meeting
In one choral harmony,
Here unite to give thee greeting;
Come, then, to the hills with me.

Thou wilt hear no note of mourning,
Hear no rude, discordant jars,
From the flowers their base adorning,
Till their summits greet the stars.
Of thy thraldom art thou weary,
Longing nearer heaven to be?
Here the eagle builds his eyrie,
Come, then, to the hills with me.

Melrose, 1855.

Nemesis.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

THE ancients painted the Avenging Nemesis, winged with a rudder and a wheel, emblems of the swiftness of her speed in overtaking the wicked, so that there is no escape from her inevitable hand, either by sea or land. Thus did the Mythologists of old typify the Divine Justice, which has never slumbered nor slept from the beginning; but, soon or slow, has ever overtaken the transgressor of the Divine Laws. There is a Nemesis for the Nations, too. The Goddess

> "——— who never yet of human wrong,
> Lost the unbalanced scale,"

permits not the offender to shelter himself in the multitude of his confederates. She suffers not the punishment of a crime to be evaded because its perpetrator is an Empire. The ancient Nemesis had for her especial office the vindication of the insulted majesty of the Gods. Impiety and blasphemy were crimes which she never forgot to visit upon the heads of the offenders. But what more gross form of blasphemy and impiety can there be than that which tramples under foot the living image of the Living God? If the Nemesis of old never spared those that had insulted the graven images of the Gods of Olympus, can she now pass by the desecrated temples of immortal minds, and the broken altars of human hearts?

The Mythologic Nemesis is but the personification of the great Law of Inevitable Penalty. From the earliest dawn of civilization, and long before it, in the thick midnight of primeval barbarism, the great truth had forced itself upon

men's minds, that pain and suffering were the appointed expiation of guilt, the necessary penalty of violated law. This dispensation of suffering they learned to attribute to supernatural agencies. And hence arose their liturgies and rituals, from the simplest offerings of the savage to the gorgeous ceremonials, the smoking hecatombs, the splendid shows and games of the Greeks and Romans. But neither in the older world, nor yet in these latter days, has the great truth been properly evolved, that the laws of the Divine Justice apply with equal force to the misdeeds of nations as to those of individuals,—to the crimes of empires as of men; and that there is no escape from the appointed penalty for the many, any more than for the one. Some dim perceptions, indeed, if the great truth of national accountability have been reached, both in ancient and modern times; but it has always been hindered of its appropriate work by the fond belief that the Divine Justice could be

averted by incantations, or sacrifices, or outward humiliations and long prayers — forgetting, or ignorant, that reparation to the wronged, and a forsaking of wickedness, is the only repentance, of men or nations, that needeth not to be repented of.

The whole history of the world is full of proofs of this truth. From the days of "the nations that died before the sight" downwards, the seeds of national decay will always be found to have been planted by the nation's own hands. Disregard of human rights may be always found to lie at the foundation of every revolution, to be the cause, proximate or remote, of all the ruins of empires. The slavish abjectness of the subjects of the Great King enabled "the rapid Greek" to fly in conquering career over Asia. The petty ambitions and giant treacheries of the States of Greece, each striving to overreach the other, and with the injustice of domestic servitude undermining them all, prepared the way, first for the aggres-

sions of Macedonia, and then for the triumphs of Rome. And Rome, herself, her history one agglomeration of cruelty and wrong, unjust in her conquests, faithless in her policy, bloody in her factions, cruel in her sports, and hideous in her vices, Rome is a signal proof that Nemesis never sleeps, but sooner or later overtakes the mightiest empire as well as the obscurest criminal. Her long ages of imperial grandeur were only so many reprieves from her appointed doom. Her constitution, invigorated by the hardships of her youth, and grown up gradually to its giant strength and overshadowing vastness, long resisted the attacks from without, and the distempers from within, to which it at last yielded. But the tireless wings of Nemesis kept pace with the flight of her ages, and her avenging hand freed the earth from the baleful shadow of the Eternal City.

Modern history is full of "modern instances" to the same effect. Two centuries ago, and

Spain was the terror of the Protestant world,—and "now none so poor as to do her reverence." And why? Let her inquisition at home, and her colonial policy abroad, answer. At the beginning of the last century, what seemed more firmly established than the dynasty of Louis XIV? Though shorn of some of the beams of its earlier glories, and of its hopes of universal empire, still, at home, it looked as settled as the steadfast earth itself. A despotism seemed to be consolidated that would endure for ages, and all the people seemed to love to have it so. And yet in about seventy-five years from the death of Louis, a quantity of encyclopædists and pamphleteers had sneered and scoffed the fabric all to pieces. But whence had these men the power that enabled them to breathe upon the institutions of centuries, and they were not? It was the tyrannic contempt politically annihilating the millions for the aggrandisement of the thousands, that had eaten out the life of those

institutions, and exposed them to be overthrown by a breath.

And in the clouds which overhang England herself, what do we see but the consequences of her lust of conquest, her passion for war, her selfish policy, her class legislation? Her case is indeed widely different from that of France or Spain. The popular element in her government, the elasticity of her Constitution, the moral qualities of her middling classes, her great resources, and their dispersion in comparatively many hands, are among her safeguards from the sudden destruction of elder empires. But her salvation is to be worked out solely by her struggles to regain a more normal condition, to bring her policy and government into a greater conformity to the Divine Laws. The revolutions which have illustrated the last twenty-five years of her history, ominous of more illustrious ones yet to come, are most hopeful symptoms of a better state of things. It is a herculean task,

indeed, to unclog the wheels of the public prosperity from the effete institutions, the hereditary habits of thought and action, the overshadowing debt, the hosts of crime and the armies of pauperism, which threaten to check their progress forever. But there is yet power, if there be yet wisdom and virtue enough, in the British people, to surmount these evils, and to place their freedom and prosperity on a stronger and more enduring basis than any empire of past or present times. The experiment of popular institutions, in trial there, is the most interesting, because the most hopeful, of any now to be beheld.

Very different from this in the interest which hope imparts, is the experiment, as it is falsely called, which is in progress in this country. Falsely called so, because the experiment has been tried and failed. More evil and more full of shame is our estate than that of the monarchies of the Old World. For they have grown and struggled up to their present condition through

much tribulation. Their institutions date far back in the night of the mediæval period, and they have the interests, the prejudices, and the habitudes of centuries to contend with, when they make an effort at progress. They cannot move without disturbing institutions and customs, which seem to be intertwined with the very heart-strings of their national existence. Reformation, with them, in some sort, implies Destruction. Something has to be removed to make way for the desired change. The lever must be applied to the foundation of the mass, and multitudes can see nothing but ruin in the radical changes which only can be effectual. The experience of our country has been the very opposite of this. We had taken our portion and gone into a far country. We had "all the world before us to choose," and we might have had Providence for our guide, too; at any rate, we had the whole past experience of the world for our warning. And yet we refused to be profited by it. Severing our bond

of union with England under a pretence of Liberty, we made the most odious form of Slavery the bond of union among ourselves. Escaping from an aristocratic form of government, we established another of which the supreme element was the compactest of oligarchies, resting upon ownership in human flesh. And we so contrived our institutions as to give this Oligarchy a voice potential in all our public affairs; to constitute it, in fact, the *only* Estate of the Realm. Under this tyranny have the millions of the Free States, and millions of the Slave States, suffered for more than sixty years. And we have so contrived our machinery of State, that there is positively and possibly no escape from it, except by a Revolution in the Government. We have been plunged into wars, hampered with enormous debts, the policy of the country made the mere plaything of the dominant power; and yet we have so tied our own hands that we can make no effectual resistance while the present Constitution and Union endure.

Now why does this state of things exist? For precisely the same reason that other republics and empires have been dragged down to the dust. Because we have set the Eternal Laws of Justice at defiance for our own imagined advantage. Because we have tried to offer up a sacrifice of the rights of other men to the idol of our own prosperity. Because we have been content to hold the chain of men as good as ourselves, for the hope (bitterly disappointed) of being permitted to share in their spoils. But this could not be. Nemesis was neither dead nor sleeping. Her wings were swift to pursue us. Close behind us have we heard on the land the roar of her wheel, and on the waves the creaking of her rudder. The prosperity for which we thought to barter away the soul of the nation, has not been ours. It has been an intermittent, a feverish, a deceptive prosperity, at the best — a prosperity enjoyed in spite, and not because of our Nationality. We are held to the strictest letter

of our compact with Slavery, and forced to lay our hospitality, our humanity, our honour on its altar, while Slavery is held to no promises made to us. Kansas and Nebraska are to be left to its tender mercies, we must catch and send back its escaping victims forever, and must submit forever to be driven onward by the crack of its cart-whip. At least, until we can summon spirit enough to do justice at once to ourselves, and to the Slaves we help to keep in chains. It is to urge us to do this justice and this mercy, that Nemesis never forsakes us. Sometimes we flatter ourselves, for a season, that we have escaped from her. But anon we hear the thunder of her wings behind us. Even now they overshadow us as with the gloom of destiny. It is in our choice whether she shall be an avenging or a guardian angel.

Dedham, Mass., 1855.

Hymn.

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

O God, in whom we live and move!
Whose Love is Law, whose Law is Love;
Whose present spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do Thy will;

Unto Thy children's spirits teach
Thy Love, beyond the power of speech,
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of Thy Law!

That Law doth give to Truth and Right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And makes each fondly-worshipped Lie
And boasting Wrong to cower and die.

Its patient working doth fulfill
Man's hope and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought,
Or deed of love to come to nought.

Such faith, O God, our spirits fill
That we may work in patience still,
And, through the struggling Present, see
The nobler Future that shall be!

Brooklyn, New York.

The Consequences of Royal Piety.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

It is well for us, poor mortals, that there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, for in rough-hewing them it must be confessed that the wisest often make enormous mistakes. Neither is it to the fourth generation only that posterity suffers from them, for there have been cases in which the penalty has been extending over a surface thus far ever increasing. Happy were it, if men clothed with authority however brief, could be so impressed with the sense of this truth as to be more deliberate in forming their judgments, even from purest motives, than they commonly appear to be. It is not always that which looks

like the wisest course that turns out the best. On the contrary, the case is not uncommon in which objects the most valued in the pursuit prove, when gained, to be the least desirable. And so on the other side, results the most apprehended sometimes bring with them the most unlooked-for good. Such is life. These observations are somewhat trite, it is true, but they are now called forth by a singular illustration of them, which cannot be too strongly kept before our attention at this time. It comes in this wise.

Good, honest, loyal John Evelyn was not averse in his day, to going up now and then, from his retreat at Wotton, to witness the fashions and listen to the gossip of great people at court. He had served his sovereign at the critical moment of the restoration, so that he had some claims upon the gratitude of the royal family, which they were not altogether indisposed to acknowledge. Hence the worthy man had

opportunities to record in his diary, from time to time, remarks which he heard from the lips of his king. Their absolute importance is indeed seldom great, neither could it be expected to be when such men as Charles the Second, or his brother James filled the throne — but it is not always otherwise. One instance, in particular, may be cited, where some material for speculation, perhaps for improvement, may be gathered. Let us examine the chronicler's edifying report of what the piety of James, the last of the Stuart kings, effected.

"I may not forget," he says, "a resolution which his Majesty made, and had a little before entered upon it at the Council Board at Windsor or Whitehall, that the negroes in the plantations should all be baptized, exceedingly declaiming against that impiety of their masters prohibiting it, out of a mistaken opinion that they would be *ipso facto* free. But his Majesty persists in his

resolution to have them christened, which piety the Bishop blessed him for."

From this exposition it would seem that the planters in America had some notions of their own, touching the effect of Christian baptism upon their rights of ownership over human beings. So long as these could be kept in darkness as outside heathen, without a glimpse of the true faith, they might be safely ranked among brute beasts, and bought and sold like them. But if their brows were once touched with the symbol of Christian humanity, that act of itself placed them on the footing of brethren of the same faith, and therefore gave them a right to claim the application to themselves of all the principles which lay at the foundation of the Christian doctrine. The rule of that faith was love, and the injunction reciprocal good will. As a consequence, the being once acknowledged as having a soul to be saved, was entitled to the unrestrained exercise of all his faculties of mind

and body, in order to work out that salvation. There was nothing unnatural in all this. The planters felt it and saw it. One word from King James, which would have upheld that doctrine, might have had important consequences to the futurity of America. He did not say it. Because his faith was bigotry and not Christianity. And the result is partly developed in one hundred and seventy-five years, by the presence of three millions of slaves.

It seems that James thought the master impious in prohibiting baptism, to save his property. But whatever might be said of the master's motives, his impiety, had he been permitted to continue his attempts, could scarcely have proved so fatal as was the piety of the sovereign. No community, pretending to be Christian, could have long continued to nurse in its bosom multitudes of persons deprived of all notions of religion, without feeling the blight which it spread over them. No social system could have

resisted the strain created by holding within its borders a moiety not cognisant of a single moral obligation. The effort must have failed; and with the failure would have come in a better ordered dispensation, which in raising the slave to the state of a freeman, would at the same time create in his mind an everlasting association of temporal blessings conferred, with the obligations imposed, by a recognition of the divine mercy. The planter would have consented to lose his slave rather than persevere in the effort to control him as a pagan. He would have distrusted the permanency of any curb which was not welded out of some elements drawn from religious belief. Hence though the first consequence of permitting him to prosecute his impiety would have been evil, its later effects would have been likely to be good. The failure to preserve a race of pagans in the heart of Christian civilization would have ended in making them all both Christians and free.

But his Majesty James the Second saw the thing differently. He thought the more his theory of Christianity could be disseminated among the negroes, the more firmly would slavery be fixed upon them forever. And in this he was not mistaken. His religion was his politics, and his politics were his religion. They both meant the same thing — Absolutism. He would have had the Catholic faith prevail in Great Britain, because it is in essence a theocracy, assuming for one man the exclusive right of representing the absolute power of the Creator, and subjecting all the human race to implicit trust in his decrees. No such obedience could be hoped for where a mere creature stood out alone to exact it. His weakness, his imperfection, his vices, would too soon make an opening for contempt and consequent insubordination. It could be permanently founded only on the fears of a higher class of penalties imposed by a superior being, from whose decrees there was no

appeal. The piety of James was therefore founded on his admiration of the absolute power of God as wielded by his representative on earth. And his interest in the slave was not so much the desire for his welfare in this world, as for the establishment in his mind, of a state of feeling which would reconcile him to "fardels bear" here, by threatening him with the dread "something after death" hereafter. It was then not the servitude of the body which awakened in him any uneasiness, but it was the freedom of the mind he sought to control. So he persisted in his pious resolution to have the negroes christened, and thought he was doing God service by dispelling the fantastic notion that such an act could have any effect in loosening the temporal bonds under which they groaned.

And there was a crowd around the monarch of persons who were edified by this display of his piety, that gave to men the name of Christians without giving them the responsibility which

alone could impart virtue to it — and the Bishop blessed him aloud. Who was this Bishop? It was Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, represented to us, in spite of the detraction of Burnet, as a good man and a lover of liberty. He was one of the seven who afterwards made the memorable stand against this very sovereign he was now commending, in defence of the liberties of the Anglican Church. But in this act of James he doubtless saw nothing but an earnest effort to make proselytes to the true faith, and to save souls. Probably there was no one at that time, who would have gainsayed the idea, neither would it fail to find admirers even now. Yet some of the practical results have been scarcely such as to deserve the admiration of any truly Christian Bishop. They are visible in the establishment of an outward show of religious forms connected with a perpetual violation of its substance — in an attempt, on the part of some of the enslaved, to practise upon the precepts of

Christianity, subject to the will of the master to compel a violation of them. In the slave system the power to observe the seventh commandment is not provided for. Neither is it practicable for the slave to set up his will against that of his master, should the latter command him to break every other command in the Scriptures. The good Bishop then, in blessing his king for his piety, blessed him for teaching men their duty and denying them the means to perform it; for creating a responsibility to God without supplying the freedom necessary to redeem it. But is this piety in any legitimate sense of the word? Is it true Christian benevolence?

Without going into any nice casuistry on this subject, it is sufficient for the present purpose to have shown in this instance the mischiefs which follow mistakes of judgment committed by men in authority. Neither is it requisite, in so doing, to imply any other than good intentions in King

James. He has enough to answer for in other ways, without charging him with malice aforethought here. But even good intentions are sometimes scarcely innocent, when they prompt to action without requisite foresight, and when that action results in incalculable injuries to generations yet unborn. Had James seen the true connection between the maxims of Jesus Christ and the relation of master and slave in the plantations, Christianity would in time have gained the mastery over slavery in America as it did in Europe. He mistook it, and the consequence has been that slavery has gained the mastery over Christianity in one half of the Union. Religion is the handmaid of oppression, and Liberty is wounded in the house of her friends.

The incident carries its moral with it to those ingenious statesmen of America, who have been ever cherishing the same great evil in their

actions, the spread of which, in their doubtless sincere profession, they so earnestly deprecate. Their patriotism grows on the same tree with King James's piety, and both bear fruit of fair seeming, but to the taste only bitter ashes.

Boston, 1855.

A Psalm of Life.

(BY A BOSTON DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.)

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Slavery 's bad as people deem,
For I 've learned it, (in my slumbers,)
That things are not what they seem.

All the Southern coast I 've run by,
And believe, since I came back,
"Do to man as you 'd be done by,"
Was not spoken of the black.

To eat, and sleep, and laugh at sorrow,
Is the negro's end and way,
And to live, that each to-morrow
Find him where he was to-day.

Cotton's great and conscience fleeting,
Why this pity for the slave?
Sold, and starved, with moderate beating,
He's better fitted for the grave.

Trust not in "Uncle Tom," though pleasant,
Believe not naughty Mrs. Stowe,
For I've been South, and am, at present,
Inclined to think she does not know.

The master's sorrows should remind us
How we should feel, some summer day,
Should we, departing, leave behind us
Our favourite coachman run away;

A coachman, whom, perhaps another
Preaching in a solemn strain,
Some grave D. D., or Reverend brother
Catching, might send back again.

Slavery's triumphs still pursuing,
Triumphs which exalt our State,
While the South is up and doing,
Let the North submit and wait.

The "Infidelity" of Abolitionism.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

EVERY great reformatory movement, in every age, has been subjected alike to popular violence and to religious opprobrium. The history of one, is essentially that of every other. Its origin is ever in obscurity; its earliest supporters are destitute of resources, uninfluential in position, without reputation; it is denounced as fanatical, insane, destructive, treasonable, infidel. The tactics resorted to for its suppression are ever the same, whether it be inaugurated by the prophets, by Jesus and his apostles, by Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, Fox, or any of their successors. Its opponents have scornfully asked, as touching

its pedigree, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" They have patriotically pronounced it a seditious attempt to play into the hands of the Romans, to the subversion of the state and nation. They have piously exclaimed against it as open blasphemy. They have branded it as incomparably more to be feared and abhorred than robbery and murder.

No other result has been possible, under the circumstances. The wrong assailed has grown to a colossal size: its existence not only implies, but demonstrates, universal corruption. It has become organic — a part of the habits and customs of the times. It is incorporated into the State; it is nourished by the Church. Its support is the test of loyalty, patriotism, piety. It holds the reins of government with absolute mastery — rewarding the venal, stimulating the ambitious, terrifying the weak, inflaming the brutal, satisfying the pharisaical, ostracizing the incorruptible. It has its temple, its ritual, its

priesthood, its divine paternity, in the prevailing religion, no matter what may be the title or pretension thereof.

Now, to attack such a wrong, without fear or compromise, — to strip off the mask, and exhibit it in all its naked deformity, — to demand its immediate suppression, at whatever cost to reputation or worldly interest, — must, of necessity, put the reformer seemingly in antagonism to public quietude and good order, and make the whole social, political, and religious structure tremble to its foundations. He cannot be a good citizen; for he refuses to be law-abiding, and treads public opinion, legislative enactment, and governmental edict, alike under his feet. He cannot be sane; for he arraigns, tries and condemns, as the greatest sinners and the worst criminals, the most reputable, elevated, revered and powerful members of the body politic. He cannot love his country; for he declares it to be "laden with iniquity," and liable to the retribu-

tive judgments of Heaven. He cannot possess humility; for he pays no regard to usage, precedent, authority, or public sentiment, but defies them all. He cannot be disinterested; for it is not supposable that he is actuated by any higher motive than the love of notoriety, a disposition to be factious, or the consummation of some ulterior design. He cannot be virtuous; for he is seen in the company of publicans and sinners, and is shunned by the chief priests, scribes and pharisees. He cannot be religiously sound in the faith; for he impeaches whatever is popularly accounted piety as but an empty observance, a lifeless tradition, a sanctified villany, or a miserable delusion. He ought not to live; for "it is better that one man should die, than that a whole nation should perish."

Every nation has its "peculiar institution," its vested interest, its organized despotism, its overmastering sin, distinct from every other nation. The conflict of reform is ever geographical as an

issue, because the evil assailed is never world-wide: it may be universal in its tendencies, but it is local in its immediate results. It is easy to denounce Monarchy in America, Slavery in Europe, Protestantism in Italy, Democracy in Russia, Judaism in Turkey; because it is to take the popular side, in every such case. An iniquitous system, which, if vigorously assailed in one country, may excite a bloody persecution, and cause the whole land to tremble with consternation and fury, in another country may be denounced not only with impunity, but to general acceptance; for the special abomination thus opposed not existing therein, it is seen in its true character. Hence, what may serve to reveal the exact moral condition of one people, may not be applicable in any other case. Kossuth found that pleading for "material aid" in America, was quite a different thing from contending with Austrian despotism in Hungary.

The one great, distinctive, all-conquering sin in America is its system of chattel slavery — co-existent with the settlement of the country — for a considerable time universally diffused — at first, tolerated as a necessary evil — subsequently, deplored as a calamity — now, defended in every slave State as a most beneficent institution, upheld by natural and revealed religion — in its feebleness, able to dictate terms in the formation of the Constitution — in its strength, controlling parties and sects, courts and legislative assemblies, the army and navy, Congress, the national Executive, the Supreme Court — and having at its disposal all the offices, honors and revenues of the government, wherewith to defy all opposition, and to extend its dominion indefinitely. Gradually abolished in six of the thirteen States which formed the Union, it has concentrated itself in the southern and south-western portion of the Republic, covering more than one-half of

the national territory, and aiming at universal empire.

The victims of this terrible system being of African extraction, it has engendered and established a complexional caste, unknown to European civilization; pervading all parts of the United States like a malaria-tainted atmosphere; in its development more malignant at the North than at the South; poisoning the life-blood of the most refined, and the most depraved, alike; and making the remotest connection with the coloured race a leprous taint. Its spirit is as brutal as it is unnatural; as mean as it is wicked; as relentless as it is monstrous. It is capable of committing any outrage upon the person, mind or estate of the negro, whether bond or free. It carries with it the venom of the rattlesnake, the rapacity of the wolf, the fury of the tiger. It is "set on fire of hell," and the flame is never quenched. No religious creed, no form of worship, no evangelical discipline, no heretical liber-

ality, either mitigates or restrains it. Christian and Infidel, Calvinist and Universalist, Trinitarian and Unitarian, Episcopalian and Methodist, Baptist and Swedenborgian, Old School and New School Presbyterian, Orthodox and Hicksite Quaker, all are infected by it, and equally ready to make an innocent natural distinction the badge of eternal infamy, and a warrant for the most cruel proscription. As a nation sows, so shall it also reap. The retributive justice of God was never more strikingly manifested than in this all-prevailing negro-phobia, the dreadful consequence of chattel slavery.

The vitality, the strength, the invulnerability of slavery are found in the prevailing religious sentiment and teaching of the people. While it has been pronounced an evil, a calamity, wrong in the abstract, as a system to be deplored, and gradually to be exterminated, — the act of individual and general slaveholding, the right to have property in man, has been universally recognized

as compatible with Christian faith and fellowship, and sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures. More than half a million of slaves at the South are owned by . aisters, office-bearers, and church members, who buy, sell, bequeath, inherit, mortgage, divide, and barter slave property as they do any other portion of their personal or real estate. At the North, every sect, desirous of national extension, can secure it only by acknowledging slaveholders as brethren in Christ. All the great, controlling ecclesiastical bodies and religious denominations in the land, — constituting the American Church, comprehensively speaking, — are one in sentiment on the subject. All the leading Bishops, Doctors of Divinity, Theological Professors, ministers, and religious journalists, find ample justification for slaveholding at the South. Professor Stuart, of Andover, found it in the Decalogue — Bishop Hedding, in the Golden Rule! Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, finds it in natural and revealed religion — Rev.

Dr. Nehemiah Adams, in the beneficent workings of slavery, suppressing pauperism, preventing mobocratic violence, upholding law and order, nourishing affection, cultivating the religious sentiment, and extending the kingdom of God on earth! Rev. Dr. Spring avows that if, by offering up a single prayer, he could emancipate every slave in America, he would deem it a rash and censurable act!

Such, then, was the system, — so buttressed and defended, — to be assailed and conquered by the Abolitionists. And who were they? In point of numbers, as drops to the ocean; without station or influence; equally obscure and destitute of resources. Originally, they were generally members of the various religious bodies, tenacious of their theological views, full of veneration for the organized church and ministry, but ignorant of the position in which these stood to "the sum of all villanies." What would ultimately be required of them, by a faithful adher-

ence to the cause of the slave, in their church relations, their political connections, their social ties, their worldly interest and reputation, they knew not. Instead of seeking a controversy with the pulpit and the church, they confidently looked to both for efficient aid to their cause. Instead of suddenly withdrawing from the pro-slavery religious and political organizations with which they were connected, they lingered long and labored hard to bring them to repentance. They were earnest, but well-balanced; intrepid, but circumspect; importunate, but long-suffering. Their controversy was neither personal nor sectional; their object, neither to arraign any sect nor to assail any party, primarily. They sought to liberate the slave, by every righteous instrumentality — and nothing more. But to their grief and amazement, they were gradually led to perceive, by the terrible revelations of the hour, that the religious forces on which they had relied were all arrayed on the side of the oppressor;

that the North was as hostile to emancipation as the South; that the spirit of slavery was omnipresent, invading every sanctuary, infecting every pulpit, controlling every press, corrupting every household, and blinding every vision; that no other alternative was presented to them, except to wage war with "principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places," and to separate themselves from every slaveholding alliance, or else to daub with untempered mortar, substitute compromise for principle, and thus betray the rights and liberties of the millions in thraldom, at a fearful cost to their own souls. If some of them faltered and perished by the way; if others deserted the cause, and became its bitterest enemies; if others still, withdrew from the ranks, their sectarian attachment overmastering their love of humanity, and leading them basely to misrepresent and revile their old associates; the main body proved fearless and incorruptible, and, through the American Anti-

Slavery Society and its auxiliaries, have remained steadfast to the present hour. Either by way of distinction or of opprobrium, they are technically styled "Garrisonian Abolitionists." The Southern flesh-mongers brand them as an "infidel" party; the Northern pulpits and religious bodies join in the same outcry. Those who have treacherously seceded, but yet wear an Anti-Slavery mask, sedulously propagate the calumny; and they have resorted to every device that malice could suggest, or bigotry execute, at home and abroad, to cripple their resources and destroy their influence. In England and Scotland especially, extraordinary pains have been taken, in public and in private, by an artful appeal to sectarian narrowness, to hold up the American Anti-Slavery Society as unworthy of aid or countenance in any degree, on account of its "infidel" character. Contributions designed for the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar have been withheld, or directed into hostile channels; and

the most devoted advocates of the slave treated with coldness, suspicion, or contempt.

In all this, no strange thing has happened. It is an old device to divert attention from the true issue. It is a malicious fabrication — a "mad-dog" outcry, to effect the death of the hated object.

Religion is, in every land, precisely and only what is popularly recognized as such. To pronounce it corrupt, spurious, oppressive, and especially to demonstrate it to be so, is ever a proof of "infidelity" — whether among Pagans or Mahommedans, Jews or Christians, Catholics or Protestants. In the United States, it is the bulwark of slavery — the untiring enemy of Abolitionism. How, then, has it been possible for the Abolitionists to establish a religious character, or to avoid the imputation of infidelity, while in necessary and direct conflict with such a religion? To say that they ought not to assail it, is to denounce them for refusing to go with the multitude to do evil, for being governed by the standard of eternal justice, for adhering to the Golden Rule.

To what, or to whom, have they been infidel? If to the cause of the enslaved, let it be shown. But this is not pretended; and yet this is the only test by which they are to be tried. They have but one bond of agreement — the inherent sinfulness of slavery, and, consequently, the duty of immediate emancipation. As *individuals*, they are of all theological and political opinions; having an undeniable right to advocate those opinions, and to make as many converts to them as possible. As an *organization*, they meet for a common object in which they are agreed, to endorse nothing but the right of the slave to himself as paramount to every other claim, and to apply no other principle as a rule whereby to measure sects, parties, institutions and men. No sectarian, no party exaction can be made, without destroying unity of spirit and general coöperation. The Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist, the "Infidel," surrender not one jot or tittle of their right to be such, by uniting

together for the abolition of slavery. No sectarian or party object can be sought, without a breach of good faith, and a perversion of the object ostensibly aimed at. No member can justly complain of any other member, or seek to weaken his testimony against slavery and its abettors, on account of any opinions held or promulgated by him on his individual responsibility.

Whence, then, this outcry of "infidelity" against the American Anti-Slavery Society? It has never proceeded from a manly spirit; it has never been raised by any one truly remembering the slave as bound with him; unless, indeed, it be true, that that Society has perfidiously turned aside from its original object, to accomplish some ulterior purpose, still assuming to be unchanged and undeviating. But it is not true: — though the charge has been repeated ten thousand times, at home and abroad, it is ten thousand times a calumny, uttered either through ignorance, sectarian enmity, personal jealousy, or pro-slavery

malice. The Society has never arraigned or criticised any religious body, on account of its peculiar creed; it has never taken any action on theological matters; it has never discussed, never attempted to settle the question, whether the Bible is plenarily inspired, or whether the first day of the week is the Sabbath, or any other question foreign to its avowed purpose. Of the Sabbath it has declared, as Jesus did, that it is as lawful and obligatory to heal the sick, release the bound, and plead for the oppressed, on that day, as it is to succour cattle in distress. Of the Bible, as an anti-slavery instrumentality, it has made a constant and most powerful use against the pro-slavery interpretations of a time-serving clergy; though not deriving the rights of man from any book, but from his own nature. Of the true Church it has ever spoken with veneration, and vindicated it as animated and controlled by the spirit of impartial liberty, to the exclusion of all tyrants. Of the Gospel it has proclaimed, that in all its doctrines, teachings and examples,

it is utterly at war with slavery, and for universal freedom. Of Jesus it has affirmed, that he is ever with the down-trodden and oppressed, whose case he has literally made his own,* and that he has gloriously vindicated the brotherhood of the human race, to the confusion of all who desecrate the image of God. Its appeals have been unceasingly to the conscience and the heart; it has called to repentance a guilty nation, as the only condition of salvation; it has refused to compromise with sin.

If, therefore, it be an infidel Society, it is so only in the sense in which Jesus was a blasphemer, and the Apostles were "pestilent and seditious fellows, seeking to turn the world upside down." It is infidel to Satan, the enslaver; it is loyal to Christ, the redeemer. It is infidel to a Gospel which makes man the property of man; it is bound up with the Gospel which requires us to love our neighbours as our-

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* See Matthew, Chapter XXV.

selves, and to call no man master. It is infidel to a Church which receives to its communion the "traffickers in slaves and the souls of men;" it is loyal to the Church which is not stained with blood, nor polluted by oppression. It is infidel to the Bible as a pro-slavery interpreted volume; it is faithful to it as construed on the side of justice and humanity. It is infidel to the Sabbath, on which it is hypocritically pronounced unlawful to extricate the millions which lie bound and bleeding in the pit of slavery; it is true to the Sabbath, on which it is well-pleasing to God to bind up the broken hearted, and to let the oppressed go free. It is infidel to all blood-stained compromises, sinful concessions, unholy compacts, respecting the system of slavery; it is devotedly attached to whatever is honest, straightforward, invincible for the right. No Society has ever erected a higher moral standard, or more disinterestedly pursued its object, or more unfalteringly walked by faith, or more confidingly

trusted in the living God for succour in every extremity, and a glorious victory at last. At the jubilee, its vindication shall be triumphant and universal.

In view of the treatment of the Reformer in all ages, and of the ultimate success of his cause, the Scottish poet, MACKAY, well says:—

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last;
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Boston, 1855.

Lines.

SUGGESTED BY A LOCK OF HAIR FROM OUR DEPARTED FRIEND, CATHERINE SARGENT.

BY L. M. CHILD.

THAT little lock of silvery hair
Reminds me of what friendly care!
And gratefully my memory pays
Its tribute to departed days.
Thou good old friend, so kind and true!
Thy worth was known to very few.
Not in the glare of noon-day sun,
Thy kind and gentle deeds were done;
And silently thy prayers did rise,
With offerings of self-sacrifice.

Not for thy goodness unto me
Do I revere thy memory;
But for the love that never failed,
The courage, too, that never quailed,
When the poor orphan breathed a sigh,
Or slaves required thy sympathy.
While statesmen argued day and night,
To settle whether wrong was right,
Thou hadst no need of subtle art,
Seeing truth with thy honest heart;
Religion was not unto thee
Any recondite mystery.
God loves all, was the simple creed,
Which served thee in each hour of need.
Guileless thy life, serene thy death;
And when had passed thy latest breath,
From thy attendant angel's glance
A light fell on thy countenance;
A gleam of bright celestial love,
Touching this earth from realms above.

Wayland, Mass., 1855.

Testimony against Slavery.

BY EDWARD BAINES.

SURELY the love of liberty is one of the noblest instincts of man, and he who would quench it does much to degrade the man into the brute. The very existence of that instinct proclaims aloud the iniquity of slavery. It is true, there is also in man a principle of submission to chiefs and leaders; and the love of power has made use of that submissiveness to reduce nations to bondage. But in the annals of mankind the most inspiring portions are those which record the liberation of a people from the yoke of foreign or domestic tyrants. How did the deliverance of Israel from "the house of bond-

age," in Egypt, tune the harps of inspired bards to their highest strains, and form the subject, in every age, of gratitude to the Almighty Deliverer! How constantly is servitude represented in Scripture as a calamity and a disgrace! To what source shall we trace the heroic deeds and immortal productions of the ancient Greeks, but to the fount of Liberty? In what mould were those men cast who made Rome the mistress of Italy, and the world but the mould of Liberty? Among whom did art, letters, and commerce revive, after the sleep of the dark ages, but among the citizens of free republics? Where was the Reformation cradled, but among the sons of Liberty? What passages of the history of England are held in the fondest remembrance, if not Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the charters and statutes which secure civil and religious freedom? In the history of the United States, what event yet awakens the proud enthusiasm of a whole people, in comparison with the

Declaration of Independence? Among the colonies of England what Act aroused a joy the deepest and most universal but that of Slave Emancipation? Does not every oppressed nation groan in its bondage? Does not every free nation exult in its freedom? Would not every slave leap to break his chains?

If these truths are trite, it is because they are felt and acknowledged by universal man; and it is this universal sense which affords a solid ground for the argument, that to destroy freedom is to outrage human nature.

If there is a vice condemned in every page of Holy Writ, it is the vice of selfishness; and if there is one form of selfishness more gross and odious than all others, it is that of which man is guilty when he appropriates his fellow man as his own absolute property — body and soul, life and limbs, time and talents, labour and offspring. Thus to act is to set at naught the second branch

of God's moral law, and to reverse the golden rule.

If in any nation, slavery is the most monstrous of inconsistencies, it is in a free republic; and if in any community it is the most flagrant of sins, it is in a Christian community.

Nothing is more notorious than the tendency of self-interest to blind the judgment; and it is, therefore, the part of wisdom for those who are interested, to ask in any question of difficulty the judgment of those who are disinterested. If American Christians will accept the opinion of English Christians, they will learn that it is unanimously and unhesitatingly adverse to slavery. Without distinction of party or sect, Englishmen condemn the system of slaveholding; but if any are more earnest than others in expressing this condemnation, it is those who rejoice in the establishment of American Independence, and who have most sympathy with free institutions. It is not assumed that all masters are cruel, or all slaves

miserable. But it is known that masters may be cruel with impunity, and that slaves are, to the last hour of life, devoid of security for person, property, home, wife, or children. To reflect on these things shocks the understanding and heart of all English Christians. They feel deeply for their Christian brethren and sisters in bondage, and it is difficult for them to believe that other Christian brethren can be the means of so great an injustice. A Christian inflicting the lash, as it is inflicted in the Slave States of America, or selling his fellow man for money, seems to them an incomprehensible thing. Be it remembered, there is no national or political prejudice in this. English Christians felt the same when the slave owners were their own countrymen, and so strongly did they feel it as to buy the freedom of the slaves at a great price. May they not, then, appeal to the Christians of the United States, to declare uncompromising hostility against the slave system? Let slavery be abol-

ished, and the United States would rise higher in the estimation of the Old World, than if all the New World were embraced in their Union, and all were one golden California.

Leeds Mercury Office, Nov. 9, 1855.

A Charade.

(SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY SLAVE-HUNTERS IN BOSTON.)

SEND for my first — aye, send!
For a coloured man is nigh —
Here we 've no friend, a blood-hound to lend,
But we 'll catch him before he fly.
If no Boston dog will stir
To help us in our need,
Send for the "SIMS' COMMISSIONER,"
So! *now* we must succeed.

Speak ye my second — speak!
In a gruff and pompous tone;
With unblushing cheek, while we crush the weak,
And for proof, *assertion* alone.

Here helps neither reason nor right,
Let us bully, brow-beat, and frown —
While we put wrong for right, and make Truth
yield to Might,
Assertion will still go down.

Call ye my whole — aye, call!
The most famous man — for a day;
For "the Little Defender" will come at our call,
Since the Great One has passed away.
Though to call him by his name,
He may justly a libel deem,
Yet to do a slaveholder's dirty work,
There's never a man like him.

Necrology.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

THE unworthy course of this brilliantly endowed, but feeble-souled man is run. Statesman, as he thought himself, he failed to perceive the only safe or statesman-like course, regarding a question of such deep import to the nation as the Anti-Slavery question. Astute politician as he would be thought, he was the latest of the laggards in the reception of the ordinary political axioms of an advancing age. He was deluded and degraded by his ambition. That sin begins now to be rightly considered; — not "god-like guilt," as in the seventeenth century, but "a

mean chimney-sweeping vice, which cares not through what defilement it creeps, so that it can but thrust its head out at the chimney-top." His selfish aspirations were his ruin. They blinded him to the fact, that he who would have honour and office of the people, must lead the advance. He must not suffer himself to be floated backward and forward with the popular tide, against the onward and ever-strengthening current of the times.

It were well for a statesman to have an inflexible sense of right and justice; — to be possessed by the inspired idea, "Whoso loseth his life shall find it" — with little care though the promise prove to be less of life temporal, than life eternal. Perhaps this is too much to expect from a soul voluntarily seeking temptation, and stretch ing itself out of its just proportions in efforts to become "available." Torn asunder, like the robber of the Isthmus between the tree-tops, by the opposite demands of state government and

general government, as the petty statesman in our country will ever find himself, he is not so much the state's *man*, as its slave.

But avoiding every imputation of Fanaticism or Utopianism, it is at least necessary to the statesman that he should be bold and patient, having a Stoic constancy, if not a Christian one. He must be able to see the fires of his hopes going out in darkness for a season, or no fulfilment can rise gloriously from their ashes. We have said, also, that he must be bold;—but *not only* must he be able "to dare—dare and evermore dare:"—a far higher ability is indispensable. He must be able to mark out his course on principles and considerations as high as the pole-star above the world; or even its mere selfish partisan multitude will discern in him the infirmity and uncertainty of purpose which is its scorn. He must be able to stand immovable against calumny, exile from power and place, and apparently impending oblivion.

No late-extorted concession should shame his constancy — no vascillation should stimulate the stifled derision of those who profit by his weakness. He should stand in the midst of his age, earnest and calm — resolute and ready — seeing that concealment is folly, and compromise, weakness.

It is no clever shuffling or shallow diplomacy which can fit the strong man into his place as the helmsman of a nation like this. To practice them, is so to weaken himself in reaching it, as to be unable to fill it. Nothing can effect it but a clear perception, (with vigour of soul to act upon it,) that freedom only, freedom for the slave as for the master — the triumph of Liberty in the present struggle, can preserve the United States from anarchy and blood. *Peace*, till this struggle is decided in favour of Liberty, there can be none. The only alternative is the one which is so madly kept out of view by the incumbents and the aspirants for office in church and state — national reform, or national ruin.

Unholy quiet has been hitherto preserved only as long as the church could hold up her shield before the state; — so long, that is, as the people might justify themselves in holding slaves, by their religion. But deny that shield to be the true shield of faith, and the state, that is, the people, will rage as only the conscience-stricken can, when exposed to the sharp assaults of truth.

This denial has been uttered. It is the heart's conviction of thousands, but its might is in its truth. Though one only had uttered it, it is of power to rouse a land. Some have pronounced it who lack courage to face the foes it evokes! At such a moment, the opening one of an hour unparalleled in this world's history, had DANIEL WEBSTER been equal to its grandeur and sublimity, "'t were worth ten years of *creeping* life," even to his political fame and success. But he was weighed and found wanting. Now, as in all past and in all future time, the course a statesman shall take in a conflict between Liberty and

Slavery, marks him as fit to destroy or to save his nation. Let DANIEL WEBSTER be remembered as one whose selfish and vicious feebleness was fit only to destroy it. Mark him, fellow citizens! all you who would fain be its saviours, mark him as he stood in the streets of Alexandria, "hailed by an immense assemblage," "ladies in carriages," "with reiterated shouts," as of triumph at his degradation; crouching, bondman-like, as he called upon distinguished slaveholders to "witness for him whether he entertained on *this subject* different sentiments from their own!" How does manhood sicken at his abjectness!

What was Mr. WEBSTER'S general principle?

"As far as experience may show errors in our establishments, we are bound to correct them; and if any practices exist, contrary to the principles of justice and humanity, within the reach of our laws or our influence, we are inexcusable if we do not exert ourselves to restrain and abolish them."

Most powerfully was this general principle illustrated:—

"I hear the sound of the hammer—I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

This was DANIEL WEBSTER, in 1820, with his foot on Plymouth Rock. Next look at DANIEL WEBSTER in the District of Columbia, yielding up "life, honour, soul and all," if so he might establish slaveholding communion between New England and the South! Submitting to become the herald of Harrison's shame, for the more com-

plete proclamation of his own! We have seen him heretofore stand trembling in the Senate, hesitating and yielding principle after principle, for the preservation of which our institutions were framed, as the South went on to bid higher and higher for his integrity. He shakes — he hides himself — he is "sick at Harrisburg!" ("'T is very like! he hath the *falling sickness!*") Another bid! going — but not gone. The scene changes from the Senate house to the open slave market of Alexandria. WEBSTER stands for ignominious examination "on a platform, erected for convenience," before his purchasers. He understands from the whole presence that he shall put on the presidential crown at the end of four years, if he will assume the badge of Slavery. It is a trying moment for a New Englander born. A bitter thought — the one that rushes on a man's soul with the memories of "his birth-place, his home, and his dead" — that he is about to disgrace and betray them all.

It must be this thought that half-suffocates his meaning and makes him insinuate rather than declare it. No distinct word of Slavery, or Freedom, or Abolition, passes his lips. He dwells darkly upon "*this*" subject — utters enigmatically something about defending the Constitution, and "your institutions." He dares not frankly cry, "Done! — 't is a bargain!" like a bold villain; but he crouchingly *conveys* away his own freedom of soul, and independence of thought and action — his country's safety and honour — his future hopes of renown — as far as in him lies, the best interests of universal humanity, — all involved in the great choice which now lies before him. But he signifies himself ready to sign, seal, and deliver, and with a voice quivering with consternation, counterfeiting joviality, he calls for the witnesses!

CRITTENDEN crowds forward, with triumph, yet with haste, lest the purchased victim retract, and brands him in the presence of the multitude,

with the mark of the slaveholder. PRESTON, rope in hand, bristles up to the auction-block. "Hang" or bind, is his alternative; and he is content to do the last, only when bribes and threats remove the necessity of the first.

The sale is over — but WEBSTER has sold himself in vain! With a brain yet reeling under the stupefaction of the Pro-Slavery festival, he neither saw the consequences of his blunder, nor felt remorse for his crime. But recent events have shown us that the very shallowest statesmanship — that of political cunning — must condemn his day's work on the 11th of June, 1840, at Alexandria, as "pire qu'un crime — c'est une faute."

His bankrupt masters then established themselves his owners, but they never paid the price; and after twelve years of degrading menial drudgery, he died their slave, at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in 1852.

Boston, 1856.

Elisabeth of the Wartburg.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The tomb of this distinguished princess is still shown. She was the daughter of the King of Hungary, and wife of Louis of Thuringia. From her childhood she developed an unworldly purity of character and spent all her energies in works of benevolence. Many legends are related of her charities, on one of which the following ballad is founded.

Down from the lordly Wartburg
Came Elisabeth the fair,
All girt with lords and ladies
In silk and jewels rare.

All girt with lords and ladies
In pomp of courtly glee,
And 'mid them all was none so plain,
Yet none so fair as she.

With twinkling gems and braided hair
With plumage waving gay,
With broidered vest and tasseled robe,
Were all her court array.

With simple robe of long dark fold,
With simply parted hair,
One moon-lit pearl upon her brow,
Came she, their lady fair.

Oh not of earth the beauty
That lay upon her face;
A twilight sweetness, like the brow
Of Mary, full of grace.

For she, though wedded to a prince,
And daughter of a king,
Was called of Heaven, and wore unseen
Its mystic marriage ring.

And 'mid the follies and the noise
Of that vain court so gay,
Her heart was quiet as a shrine,
Whence prayer ascends alway.

Now in the path, as on they come,
A Jewish infant lies
Outcast and foul with leprous stain
It moans with piteous cries.

"Out and alack! what Jewish hound
Hath dared pollute the road?
Where Wartburg's princess sets her foot,
Where kings so oft have trod!"

So spake the angry seneschal,
The courtly minions stare;
"A Jewish leper! Mary save!
Satan hath placed it there.

"Who dares pollute a Christian hand
To touch the cursed thing,
Set the hounds on it — else its touch
A deadly curse may bring!"

As the moon walks through stormy clouds,
That royal lady, mild
Walked through the angry band, and raised
In her own arms, the child.

Her dark eye flashed, her bosom heaved,
She spoke with noble scorn,
"Christians, are ye? and dare profane
The form your lord hath worn?

"Was Jesus not a Jewish babe,
Outcast — of man reviled?
Jesus! thy image I revere
In this forsaken child!"

The queen has trod her lordly halls
With firm, unshrinking tread,
And bore the babe unto her bower,
And laid it on her bed.

* * * * * *

The prince came in from hunting,
And the busy courtiers said,
"Go up! go up, thou prince, and see
What thy wife hath in her bed.

"A lothly, leprous, Jewish child,
Accursed by church and king,
She to thy royal castle bears,
And to her bed doth bring!"

The Langrave's brow grew hot with shame,
And not a word spake he,
But up the sculptured stair he trode
The mystery to see.

He strode along the corridor,
He reached his lady's bower;
Sweet Mary's grace! how strange a sight
Befel him in that hour!

With hands and eyes to heaven upraised,
As in a trance she stood;
And glory from the opening skies
Streamed round her like a flood.

The bed was whiter than the light,
And gemmed with lilies fair,
And fairer, purer, 'mid them all,
A wondrous child was there!

Around his brow a starry crown,
And in his deep soft eyes
There beamed the loveliness of God,
The peace of Paradise.

And from above in sounds as sweet
As dying saint ere heard,
Came down the echo of that chant,
Ere while in Bethlehem poured.

All blinded, dazzled, and amazed,
The prince and court kneeled down,
And did obeisance to the babe
That wears the heavenly crown.

They raised their heads and all was gone,
The light, the flowers, the child,
Alone she stood, with hands upraised,
That saintly woman mild.

But floating downward from the skies
An echo seemed to be,
"Who scorns the outcast and the poor,
He is ashamed of ME."

Andover, Mass., 1855.

Letter of an Evangelical Pastor.

PARIS, November, 1854.

JE n'aime pas, chère Madame, â donner mon nom pour un recueil d' autographes, surtout un recueil destiné au public. Mais comment refuser l' occasion qui m' est offerte de montrer ma profonde sympathie pour la cause en faveur de laquelle cette publication est entreprise? Cette cause, poursuivie dans l'esprit que vous m' avez expliqué récemment, sans désordre ni violence, par la puissance paisible du principe chrétien, est la cause de la charité, de la justice, de la vérité, de Jésus-Christ même; et le succès en est aussi désirable, et aussi assuré, que le progrès de l' Evangile dans la monde. Quant à moi, les esclaves ont leur place marquée dans

cette partie de mes prières journalières où je recommande aux compassions de notre Pere Céleste tous les affligés et tous les opprimés de la terre. Pour ce qui regade les esclaves des Etats Unis en particulier, le jour où leurs chaînes tomberont sera un jour bienvenu de moi entre tous, non seulement pour la gloire de Dieu et pour la consolation de millions de ses créatures, mais encore pour l' honneur des Eglises Protestantes, et pour celui du nom Américain.

ADOLPHE MONOD.

A MADAME HENRY GRAFTON CHAPMAN.

Extract from a Speech on the Boston Mob Anniversary.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I never open the Statute Book of Massachusetts without thanking ELLIS GRAY LORING and SAMUEL J. MAY, CHARLES FOLLEN and SAMUEL E. SEWALL, and those around me who stood with them, for preventing EDWARD EVERETT from blackening it with a law making free speech an indictable offence. And we owe it to fifty or sixty women, and to a dozen or two of men, that free speech was saved, in 1835, in the City of Boston. Indeed, we owe it to one man. If there is one here who loves Boston, who loves her honour, who rejoices to know that, however

thin the tread, there *is* a thread that bridges over that dark and troubled wave, and connects us by a living nerve with the freemen of the Revolution, and that Boston, though betrayed by her magistrates, her wealth, her press, and her pulpits, never utterly bowed her neck, let him remember that we owe it to you, sir, (Mr. FRANCIS JACKSON,) who offered to the women who were not allowed to meet here, even though the Mayor was in this hall, the use of your house; and your letter deserves to be read whenever Boston men are met together to celebrate the preservation of the right of free speech in the city of ADAMS and OTIS. History, that always loves courage, will write it a page whiter than marble and more incorruptible than gold. You said, sir, in answer to a letter of thanks for the use of your house:—

"If a large majority of this community choose to turn a deaf ear to the wrongs which are inflicted upon their countrymen in other portions

of the land — if they are content to turn away from the sight of oppression and 'pass by on the other side' — so it must be.

"But when they undertake in any way to impair or annul my right to speak, write, and publish upon any subject, and more especially upon enormities, which are the common concern of every lover of his country and his kind — so it must not be — so it shall not be, if I, for one, can prevent it. Upon this great right let us hold on at all hazards. And should we, in its exercise, be driven from public halls to private dwellings, one house, at least, shall be consecrated to its preservation. And if, in defence of this sacred privilege which man did not give me, and shall not (if I can help it) take from me, this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth, let them fall if they must; they cannot crumble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value to me, after their owner shall have been whipped into silence.

"Mobs and gag laws, and the other contrivances by which fraud or force would stifle inquiry, will not long work well in this community. They betray the essential rottenness of the cause they are meant to strengthen. These outrages are doing their work with the reflecting.

"Happily, one point seems already to be gaining universal assent, that slavery cannot long survive free discussion. Hence the efforts of the friends and apologists of slavery to break down this right. And hence the immense stake, which the enemies of slavery hold, in behalf of freedom and mankind, in its preservation. The contest is, therefore, substantially between Liberty and Slavery.

"As Slavery cannot exist with free discussion — so neither can Liberty breathe without it. Losing this, we, too, shall not be freemen, indeed but little, if at all, superior to the millions we now seek to emancipate."

This was only thirty days after the mob. We owe it to one man that a public meeting was

held, within a month, by these same women, in the City of Boston. But to their honour be it remembered, also,—a fact which Mr. GARRISON omitted to state,—that when Mayor LYMAN urged them to go home, they left this hall in public procession, and went "home" to the house of Mrs. M. W. CHAPMAN, in West Street, to organize and finish their meeting that very afternoon. To Mrs. CHAPMAN'S pen we owe the most living picture of that whole scene, and her able, graphic, and eloquent reports of the proceedings of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and specially of this day, have hung up to everlasting contempt the "men of property and standing"—the "respectable" men of Boston.

Let us open, for a moment, the doors of the hall which stood here, and listen to the Mayor receiving his lesson in civil duty from the noble women of this Society:—

Mayor. "Go home, ladies, go home."

President. "What renders it necessary we should go home?"

Mayor. "I am the Mayor of the City, and I cannot now explain; but will call upon you this evening."

President. "If the ladies will be seated, we will take the sense of the meeting."

Mayor. "Do n't stop, ladies, go home."

President. "Will the ladies listen to a letter addressed to the Society, by FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq.?"

Mayor. "Ladies, do you wish to see a scene of bloodshed and confusion? If you do not, go home."

One of the Ladies. "Mr. LYMAN, your personal friends are the instigators of this mob; have you ever used your personal influence with them?"

Mayor. "I know no personal friends; I am merely an official. Indeed, ladies, you must retire. It is dangerous to remain."

Lady. "If this is the last bulwark of Freedom, we may as well die here as anywhere."

There is nothing braver than that in the history of the Long Parliament, or of the Roman Senate.

At that Faneuil Hall meeting, one of "the family" was present; one of that family that was never absent when a deed of infamy was to be committed against the Slave,—a family made up mostly of upstart attorneys, who fancy themselves statesmen, because able to draw a writ, or pick holes in an indictment. Mr. THOMAS B. CURTIS read the resolutions; and then followed three speeches, by HARRISON GRAY OTIS, RICHARD FLETCHER, and PELEG SPRAGUE, unmatched for the adroit, ingenious, suggestive argument and exhortation to put down, legally or violently, each hearer could choose for himself, all public meetings on the subject of Slavery, in the City of Boston. Everything influential in this City was arrayed against this Society of a few women. I could not but reflect, as I sat here, how immortal principle is. Rev. HENRY

WARE, Jr., read the notice of this Society's meeting from Dr. CHANNING's pulpit, and almost every press in the City woke barking at him next morning, for what was called his "imprudence" and this "downright insult." He is gone to his honoured grave; many of those who met in this hall, in pursuance of that notice, are gone likewise. They died, as WHITTIER so well says,—

——"Their brave hearts breaking slow,
But, self-forgetful to the last,
In words of cheer and bugle glow,
Their breath upon the darkness passed."

In those days, as we gathered round their graves, and resolved that the "narrower the circle became, we would draw the closer together," we envied the dead their rest. Men ceased to slander them in the sanctuary of the grave; and as we look through the desolate vista of calamity and toil before us, and thought of the temptations which beset us on either side from worldly

prosperity which a slight sacrifice of principle might secure, or social ease so close at hand by only a little turning aside, we envied the dead the quiet sleep to which we left them, the harvest reaped, and the seal set beyond the power of change.

And of those who assaulted them, many are gone. The Mayor, so recreant to his duty, or so lacking in knowledge of his office, is gone; the Judge, before whom Mr. GARRISON was arraigned the next day after the mob, at the jail, is gone; the Sheriff, who rode with him to the jail, is gone; the city journals have changed hands, being more than once *openly* bought and sold. The editor of the *Atlas*, whose zeal in the cause of mob violence earned it the honour of giving its name to the day—"the *Atlas* mob" many called it—is gone; many of the prominent actors in that scene, twenty years ago, have passed away; the most eloquent of those whose voices cried "havoc," at Faneuil Hall, has gone, —Mr. OTIS has his wish, that the grave might

close over him before it closed over the Union, which God speed in his good time; — but the same principle fills these same halls, as fresh and vital to-day, as self-fixed and resolute to struggle against pulpit and press, against wealth and majorities, against denunciation and unpopularity, and certain in the end to set its triumphant foot alike on man and everything that man has made.

Here stands, to-day, the man whom Boston wealth and Boston respectability went home, twenty years ago this night, and gloried in having crushed. The loudest boasters are gone. He stands to-day among us, these very walls, these ideas which breathe and burn around us, saying for him, "I still live." If, twenty or twice twenty years hence, he too shall have passed away, may it not be till his glad ear has caught the jubilee of the emancipated millions whom his life has been given to save!

Boston, October, 1855.

Sonnets.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN BISHOP ESTLIN.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

I.

YEARS come and go, but our appointed task
Still lies before us — at our progress slow
We would not murmur, nor impatient ask
How long the way through which our steps must go?
Whither it leads and what its flowers we know,
And on we would in patient courage move,
While round us shines the bright and rosy glow
Reflected from the guiding lights above!

But as we fain would ring a joyous chime
In Freedom's honour, as in by gone time,
Alas! the notes in silence die away,
Or mournful on the ear their echoes swell,
As tones that should have pealed, clear, full, and gay,
Sink to the sadness of a funeral knell!

II.

The just man perisheth, but oh, say not
None layeth it to heart, a mighty crowd
Gather in spirit round the hallow'd spot
Where sleep his ashes; there together bowed
The Slave, the Blind, the Poor lament aloud
A friend and brother — men of differing creeds
Grieve over one so graciously endowed,
And the remembrance of his life-long deeds
Of Love and Mercy rise, as perfume strown,
In lands wherein his face was never known.

I, too, could weep, but for the trembling words
His own hand traced, courage and hope they give;
This the example his whole life affords,
"Resign'd to die, or resolute to live!" *

Weymouth, September 9, 1855.

---

* In the last letter I ever received from Mr. ESTLIN, written with the left hand, after the first attack of the disease of which he died, this line was quoted as expressive of his state of mind.

THE

Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan greet tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee.—*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

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The Liberty Bell.

BY AURELIA F. RAYMOND.

RING out the peals of the Liberty Bell!
Let the tones be loud and clear,
Till, borne on the floating breeze's swell,
The weary slave shall hear,
And the booming sound of its ringing knell
Shall reach the oppressor's ear —
And drown the shout of the auctioneer!

Ring out the peals of the Liberty Bell!
Ay, ring the call for the jubilee
Afar over land and sea,
Till woman's voice shall the chorus swell,
And childhood shall clap its hands in glee,
And the echoing chimes come back and tell
That every slave is free!

SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts.

The First and the Last of Slavery in Massachusetts.

BY JOHN G. PALFREY.

In 1620 a Dutch ship brought some kidnapped Africans into James River. From that time the importation of slaves into Virginia went on rapidly, and the crazy social fabric of the planting Colonies was reared. After a quarter of a century the same experiment was made in New England, where it did not meet with the same favor. In 1645, one Keyser brought two negroes from the Slave Coast to Massachusetts. The General Court immediately resolved to "send them back," and wrote to Portsmouth for one who had been conveyed to that place.* The

* Colony Records, III. 49.

business was finished by the passing of the following order.* "The General Court, conceiving themselves bound by the first opportunity to bear witness against the heinous and crying sin of man-stealing, as also to prescribe such timely redress for what is past, and such a law for the future, as may sufficiently deter all others belonging to us to have to do in such vile and odious courses, justly abhorred of all good and just men, do order that the negro interpreter, with others unlawfully taken, be, by the first opportunity, at the charge of the country for present, sent to his native country of Guinea, and a letter with him, of the indignation of the Court thereabouts, and justice thereof. The prosecuting of this order is left to the care of our honored Governor for present. By both Houses."

But after the abrogation of the Colonial Charter in the time of Charles the Second, the people of Massachusetts had not the same control of

* Colony Records, III, 84

their own affairs as before; and Slavery crept in, as it will do into every community where it is not prohibited by law. Nothing is more preposterous than to speak of geographical limits to Slavery. In the present low state of morals, slaves for domestic service will be carried everywhere, except where law bars the path; not into all families — far from it — but into some families in all communities. Give a legal right to hold a slave, and a month would not pass before cooks, coachmen, waiters, and hair dressers, would be bought in Boston. In the last century, while Slavery was unchallenged in the jurisdiction of Great Britain, it worked its way into Massachusetts, to a large extent. In 1763, the year of our first census, to 235,810 whites, in Massachusetts, there were 5,214 blacks. Dr. Belknap says,* that they "served either in families or at mechanical employments, and in either case they

* Massachusetts Historical Collections, IV, 200.

fared no worse than other persons of the same class; in the country, they lived as well as their masters, and often sat down at the same table, in the true style of republican equality."

In 1780, having waded half through the sorrows of the war of Independence, the people of Massachusetts framed a Constitution of government, according to their own ideas of what such a Constitution ought to be. It was a time of honest and stern reality. They intended to set down in that instrument nothing but what they verily believed and meant, and what, in the fear of God and the love of man, they designed to carry out in corresponding action. Into their Bill of Rights they put the following words: "All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and unalienable rights, among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties." The Declaration of the Independence of the United States, four years before, had said very

much the same thing: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

On the part of the United States, all this, according to a recent expositor, was but "glittering generality," and the course of the Federal legislation and judicial administration but too well confirms his judgment. But the plain-spoken people who lived in Massachusetts at that time, were innocent of all conception of such glitter, as their magistrates unequivocally proved on the first opportunity. In 1781, Nathaniel Jenison, a citizen of Worcester, assaulted and beat with a whip, another citizen, named Quork Walker, Walker made a complaint to the Grand Jury, and the Grand Jury found a true bill against Jenison. At his trial before the Superior Court, his counsel set up the defence that Walker was his slave, and subject to his chastisement. But the

Court said that they knew nothing about masters and slaves in Massachusetts, inasmuch as the highest expression of the mind and will of Massachusetts had declared all men to be born free and equal, and to have a natural, essential, and unalienable right to liberty. The convict considered himself fortunate to escape with a fine of forty shillings, and since that day no one resident of the Commonwealth has ventured to claim the ownership of another. That is a privilege which we keep exclusively for visitors.

"The Beginning and the Ending."

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

In one of the pilgrim cities of America, some six or seven generations after the emigration from Delft Haven for religious liberty, and two generations after the war with England for political liberty, a number of the gay young successors of those who devoted all for Freedom, in the olden time, sat thoughtfully together on the brink of the tide of life, to which they were about to commit themselves.

They were all, according to the standard of their country and their time, well born and well nurtured; and looked forward to leading the van of society in their native city as their natural inheritance. They thought themselves born

to be its jurists, its legislators, its executive officers, its merchant princes; and they dreaded but one thing — lest the tide of successful life they were about to take, should weaken the close bond of happy friendship growing out of the ties of family and neighborhood, school and college, which made them all the world to each other. "This association, in which we have all been so happy, has been our first; let it also be our last," they said; and they chose for their little society the most significant possible cypher and name in these two Greek letters:

A Ω.

For they felt that not death itself should sunder those whom every tie of youth, and hope, and life, had so firmly joined, and therefore they adopted as their own, the symbol of the Eternity of God.

Time went on, and all were successfully

launched in their respective careers, the rising hope of their families and the place of their nativity; and every little festive reunion at which each recounted to the rest his projects for the future and his present success, did but strengthen their cherished friendship.

One by one they married, and this new bond made the knot the firmer. Every successive bride admitted to the little society felt the sacredness of the earlier union; and, as each after each listened to the rare music always sent by her husband's friends to welcome her first entrance to her new home, profoundly moved by an act so touchingly emblematical, she earnestly resolved, on her part, to leave no deed undone which might strengthen so precious an influence.

In due time children were born in the families composing this fraternal band, and their first thought was how best to bind to their own the advancing generation; and again they

evoked the potent spell that had made their own union of friendship sacred.

"*A Ω*,"

they said once more; and they caused the mystic letters to be engraved on vase and goblet, inscribing it thus, as each fresh occasion arrived: —

A Ω.

FROM THE FRIENDS OF THY FATHER TO THEE,
FIRST BORN.

This hour of their most perfect friendship was coincident with the time that gave birth, in the United States of America, to the idea of abolishing slavery. The power of that disgraceful remnant of barbarism had been on the increase since the adoption of a constitution in the latter part of the eighteenth century, whereby slaves seeking their liberty by flight were to be thrust back, by all its might of laws

and arms, into bondage — by a people whose own independence was but that instant won through the outcry, "Give me liberty or give me death," under declaration of that freedom as the inalienable right of man, in obedience to a religion whose first founders, to explain its value to the pagan world, proclaimed it Liberty — "The glorious Liberty of the sons of God."

The shame of this surrender of their religious and political principles kept the leaders of the land silent; and the slaveholding interest had now, by bribes to individuals of the leading class, of important official stations, with commercial and manufacturing advantages and social privileges, quietly but completely obtained the reins of every political and religious movement without exciting suspicion in the body of the people. This guilty complicity of the leading influences, in both the free and the slave States of the American Union, had thus made it their

policy, during the whole preceding generation, to hide this question of freedom and slavery in silence and darkness.

But voices of protest, of explanation, of argument, of appeal, of sublime awakening, began to be heard in the land; and they broke into the festive circle of unaccustomed and careless hearts whose friendship was to last forever. All their lower interests were wrapped up with slavery, in the manufacturing and railroad stocks, the mortgages of plantations, the legal and political prospects, the social expectations, all dependent on the pleasure of slaveholders.

The alternative came clear before this seventh generation from pilgrim, and third from revolutionary times. With rare exceptions they obeyed the orders issued from the plantations, denied their religious and political principles, silenced the sense of duty and the voice of conscience.

Among the precious things they unhesita-

tingly sacrificed to the demand of slavery was the cherished shrine of that youthful friendship to which they had just renewed their vow, as the "alpha and omega" of their lives — the first and the last — the beginning and the ending. Those of their number who did not become the slaves of slavery, they ostracised; the children, whose first and last friends they had vowed to be, they never saw after.

This is the beginning. And thus in every city in America have the foundations of the Anti-Slavery cause been laid. The ending is not yet — nor can be. According to their nature of blessing or of curse, must such things and such deeds go on as cause and effect, forever.

Boston, 20 Chauncy Place. 6th October, 1857.

Letter to Mrs. Chapman.

BY JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

JEFFERSON, Ohio, August 20, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I was pleased to hear from you. I find that age brings with it many interesting recollections of the past. The soft and mellow light of life's setting sun is quite as congenial as the more dazzling brilliancy of its early rising. The commencement of life is full of hopes and expectations; these become enlarged, strengthened, and confirmed, in old age, while to them is added all the actual enjoyment of the past.

You and I live at a most fortunate period. We have witnessed great and important changes since we met in the Marlboro' Chapel. We were then striving to awake the public mind to the

evils of Slavery. It was a momentous work. Many conflicts lay before us; but the cause advanced, as rapidly as we had reason to expect, and now we have no doubt of success. The storms of life have been severe on some, and many friends who were then with us, have passed on to their reward; but others have gathered around us, and cheered us on to effort, until I am nearly borne down with toil, and am beginning to claim the privilege of exemption from the more active duties of the service.

But at this precise time my services are no longer needed; other agents and agencies are carrying forward our cause more rapidly than it has progressed at any former period. The enemy has been stopped in his march. His troops are giving way in all our free States — in Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland.

Your Liberty Bell will soon ring out its peal. Hundreds of annuals, periodicals, and news-

papers are agitating the public mind; hundreds of lecturers, and stump speakers, and ministers, are proclaiming the gospel of Freedom; historians are recording the important events which are transpiring around us, and the cause moves onward with increased velocity.

With these things before us we forget our toil, our age, and think only of success; of the glorious victory which lies before us.

I would have written an article for your Liberty Bell, but I felt no inspiration, and therefore I enclose a short extract from my speech made on the 10th December. It is the last speech I have made, and I have taken the most radical paragraph, as the best in the speech. Though short, it is as long as I am willing to see inserted in a work which must be principally devoted to written contributions.

With great respect and esteem,

Very truly, your Friend,

J. R. GIDDINGS.

MRS. CHAPMAN.

Extract from a Speech in Congress.

By Joshua R. Giddings.

Gentlemen will bear with me when I assure them and the President that I have seen as many as nine fugitives dining at one time in my own house — fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, parents, and children. When they came to my door, hungry and faint, cold and but partially clad, I did not turn round to consult the Fugitive Law, nor to ask the President what I should do. I obeyed the Divine mandate, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. I fed them, I clothed them, gave them money for their journey, and sent them on their way rejoicing. I obeyed God rather than the President. I obeyed my conscience, the dictates of my heart, the law of my moral being, the commands of heaven, and I will add, of the Constitution of my country; for no man of intelligence ever believed that the framers of that instrument intended to involve

their descendants of the free States in any act that should violate the teachings of the Most High, by seizing a fellow being, and returning him to the hell of Slavery. If that be treason, make the most of it.

Mr. BENNETT, of Mississippi. I want to know if the gentleman would not have gone one step further?

Mr. GIDDINGS. Yes, sir; I would have gone one step further. I would have driven the slave-catcher who dared pursue them, from my premises. I would have kicked him from my door-yard, if he had made his appearance there; or, had he attempted to enter my dwelling, I would have stricken him down upon the threshold.

What hinders us?

AN ITEM OF EXPERIENCE.

BY ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

One of my earliest visits during the first summer of my public labor was to Litchfield County, Connecticut. At a meeting of the County Anti-Slavery Society two men and their wives, who were present from the town of Washington, invited me to return with them to hold meetings in their place. Their invitation was accepted, and late in the evening we arrived in their pleasant village.

The next morning extensive notice was given that a woman would give an address on American Slavery.

As the friends who had brought me there were all members of the Orthodox Congregational Church — which was a very numerous

body, being the only religious society in the village—and were in good repute, and one of them was the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, the church, as well as the world, was largely represented at the first meeting, which filled the hall.

At the close of this meeting the audience requested another address for the following evening. It was granted, and an increased audience was in attendance. Then another was requested, and still another, till four meetings had been held, the last with a crowded house.

And yet the people were not satisfied, but called for more. Other engagements forbidding me to remain at that time, I consented to return after two weeks.

During my sojourn here I was treated with marked attention and respect by people of the village. The more intelligent and better class sought my society, especially the women, who earnestly inquired what they could do to deliver

the slave and their country from its most direful curse. Their hearts were touched and their understandings convinced; for in those days, before the false reasoning of priest and politician had confused the moral vision, it required no subtle logician or eloquent declaimer to present the simple story of the slave's wrongs, to show the complicity of the entire North in the guilt of its support, and also to show that, if that support were withdrawn, Slavery must fall.

When I left, it was with the blessings of the people, and my return was anticipated with much interest.

At the time appointed I returned but found my friends, the family of the Sabbath School Superintendent, very sad. The cause was soon explained.

The Sunday after my departure, their minister, Rev. Mr. Hayes, had preached from Revelations, ii. 20: "I have a few things against thee because thou sufferest that woman, Jezebel,

who calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication."

He was a man of ability and hence set forth the high pretensions to piety, the great talents and remarkably artful and deceptive character which he ascribed to Jezebel, with much power. Also the manner in which she had insinuated herself into the confidence of the saints, and finally led them down to death and hell. And this dreadful result, he said, was owing, in great measure, to the neglect of the minister. This neglect may have arisen from fear of offending his people, and consequently of losing his salary, or he may himself have been a victim of the fatal delusion. But whatever the cause of the neglect, he was wholly inexcusable. No matter how fair the character of Jezebel in the eye of the world, or how high her professions of piety, or how winning her demeanor; the fact that she assumed *to teach* which was distinctly forbidden to woman, was incontrovertible evi-

dence that she was of Satan, and not of God. No considerations, therefore, should have induced him to spare her, but he should have exposed her essential criminality and put her down at once.

In a similar strain he preached to describe more fully the character and conduct of this artful person, and that of the minister and Church of Thyatira, with the terrible calamities which befel them, and then turning the attention of his hearers to the woman who had visited their usually quiet, orderly, and moral village, a few days previous, he drew a parallel between her character and that which he had portrayed as belonging to Jezebel, and closed by warning the people in general, and his church in particular, against her wily and seductive influence.

Some of his hearers were ready to fall on their knees in gratitude that he had warned them before it was too late, many were silent, while very few were sufficiently independent and clear-

sighted to discover the real motive of this malignant attack.

Under these circumstances what was to be done? We decided that a straight-forward course was the only one to be pursued. An appointment, as by previous arrangement, had been made for an address from me that evening, and must be fulfilled. In the afternoon was the stated weekly Conference of the Church. I decided to attend it, in company with my friends, and there meet my traducer face to face. But throughout the entire hour and a half of the meeting he affected not to observe me, and no allusion whatever was made to the subject of my mission. There were many women present who, only two weeks before, had thanked God that he had sent me among them, and several of whom had kindly and hospitably entertained me. Now their faces were averted, and not one of them all either greeted or recognized me.

Our meeting in the evening, as we anticipa-

ted, was small indeed. Here and there was a church member, with a few outsiders, and from the village no women were present except the two who had invited me there.

My address was short, and heavy with grief, caused by this unexpected obstacle which was thrown between me and those through whom I expected to reach the slave.

I retired to my chamber that night, but not to sleep. My cry was that of the prophet: "O, that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

It may be asked, "Where are the people of that place, to-day?" When last I heard of them they were essentially where they stood on this question in 1839, the time of my visit. The minister had succeeded, by his insidious attacks on the Abolitionists, and by his professions of Anti-Slavery, with an occasional mention of the

oppressed in his prayers and in his sermons, in keeping the consciences of the masses quiet, while yet their entire religious, moral, and political sanction, through the church, their social relations and their parties, was given to this sin of sins. And this experience is not exceptional. With variations to suit circumstances it has been constantly recurring, not only in my own case but in that of every other person in this country who has called on the people to take an uncompromising position against Slavery.

Do we need to inquire farther, "What hinders us?"

WORCESTER, Massachusetts.

Fugitive Slaves.

BY FRANCIS JACKSON.

LARGE numbers of fugitive slaves had, from time to time, fled from the slave States of this Union, and had become quiet and peaceable citizens of Boston and vicinity.

Upon the promulgation of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, in 1850, a very large public meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, at which the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, (son of the late President John Quincy Adams) presided.

One of the principal speakers at that great meeting described the condition of those poor fugitives that had taken refuge among us, as frightened, trembling, and bereft men, women, and children, hiding in garrets and cellars, not

yet claimed, but living in a state of mind bordering on distraction. He put this question to the vast multitude that stood before him.

Will you protect the fugitive slaves that are here among us, and trample the Fugitive Slave Bill in the dust? When instantly, one loud shout of "Aye," rang through the hall without a dissenting voice.

A large committee of vigilance was chosen, at that meeting, to aid and assist fugitive slaves: that committee have assisted large numbers of those innocent sufferers to reach Canada, and in various other ways. The object of this paper is to state the facts of a single case, among hundreds of others, as a sample of the labors of the committee.

The case we here present is that of Edinbur Randall, a mulatto man, who secreted himself on board of the barque Franklin, of Portland, Captain Cooke, lying at Jacksonville, Florida, in September, 1854, bound for Bath, Maine.

On her passage she put into Holmes' Hole, where he made his escape. Randall's own statement of facts was written down by a member of the committee, as the words fell from his lips, as follows: —

I was born in Limestone County, Alabama. My mother was of Indian, and my father was of negro descent, and *neither of them were slaves;* my nearest neighbors, James Benson, and William Benson, and several others, have often told me that my father and mother were both free persons; both of them died when I was about four years old; when I was taken by one Gable or Gabriel Smith, where I grew up. When I was about eighteen years old, Mr. Smith died, and I continued to live with his daughter Martha; she soon married John Erskine, an Irishman, then recently from Ireland, who lived in Jacksonville, Devoll County, Florida. Erskine proved to be a hard and cruel master; he hired me out to one John Fernandez; my

days' works with Fernandez were done at six o'clock in the afternoon; when I went home, Erskine would set me to work evenings; I did not like that, and I was tardy in coming home; he threatened to whip me, if I did not come home to his work more promptly. The next day I did not get home so soon as he told me to; he became enraged, seized a pair of small iron tongs, and beat me over the head most unmercifully. I bled profusely, and marks of the tongs remained upon my body for a long time; he was a passionate man, and I was afraid he would kill me outright; I fled into the woods, and lived there several months, living on berries, the stem or pith of Palmetto leaves, and other vegetable substances. At length my clothes were nearly all scratched off by the brush and briars; my torn shirt and coarse blanket were the only pieces of clothing I had left, and as the wet season was approaching, I thought I must either die in the woods, or come out and

make a desperate attempt to get free; it was some time before I could make up my mind which to do; at length I concluded to leave the woods, and on coming out I saw a ship's masts in the distance; as I neared her, I saw that she was lying at the saw-mill wharf, near Jacksonville-port, and was loading with hard pine lumber; I watched her some days, and as soon as I thought she was loaded, I got upon her deck, at midnight; found a small hatchway near the bow of the ship, lifted off the cover, jumped down, and crawled under the deck as far as I could, and covered my almost naked body with an old sail, taking with me an armful of green corn in the ear, a jack-knife, and a gimblet. I found a cask of water near my hiding-place, bored a hole therein with my gimblet, made a spigot with my knife, and so got as much water as I wanted. I lay there two days before the ship was got under way, and three days more after she

sailed; on the third after she sailed, it became very hot and unbearable, and I was nearly suffocated, when I made it known that I was there by rapping upon the cover of the hatchway; the mate of the ship heard me, and called out, "Who's there?" I replied, let me out; he lifted off the hatch door, and glared his eyes at me with astonishment! and no wonder, for I had nothing upon me but a ragged and almost rotten shirt.

The mate called to the captain to come forward and see a pretty sight. Captain Cooke soon made his appearance, and belched out, "A damn runaway nigger — throw him overboard!" The captain swore a volley of oaths at me, and uttered this threat, "I will put you on board the first vessel I meet, that is bound for the South."

As soon as the captain had blown his blast at me, the cook of the ship brought me some water, a sea biscuit, and a salt herring, and

gave me some clothes; I soon found out that the sailors were all friendly to me; the captain, and the mate, (who was the son of the captain,) and Frazier, the second mate, were the only enemies I had on board of the ship. I soon took my turn with the sailors, and made myself as useful as I could; soon after, the captain came and asked me several questions, and whether I would go with him on another voyage if he would give me wages. I told him I would think about his offer; I was shy of him; I feared that he wanted to entrap me; I soon learned from the sailors that he was going back to the South for another cargo of hard pine lumber. He put the ship into Holmes' Hole, at the Vineyard, under the pretence that she needed repairs; but really, as I believe, for the purpose of finding some vessel, or to send some telegraphic message to take me back to the South. I could not forget his threat of sending me back to the

South, which I dreaded much more than his other threat of throwing me overboard.

The sailors told me that if I went to the south-westerly part of the Island, I should find friends among the Indians. I took their advice, borrowed the ship's boat at midnight, and rowed myself to the east chop of Holmes' Hole, drew the boat upon the beach, rammed one of the oars down into the sand as far as I could, and made the boat fast to it; and then made towards Gay Head, where I found the Indians, who readily took me in, and kindly ministered to my necessities.

The next day a young Indian, William Francis, came into the house where I was, and said that the deputy sheriff, Thomas H. Lambert, was up on Gay Head, with a warrant to arrest a colored sailor, who stole the boat from the ship Franklin, and offered a large reward to the Indians to find him.

I told them that I thought the sheriff was after me, whereupon the Indians told me to go into a swamp near by. I took their advice, and went into the thickest bushes about one hundred yards, and remained there some time; at length Beulah Vanderhoff, the Indian woman who took me in to her house, came to the swamp, called me out, and put a gown, shawl, and bonnet upon me, and took me some distance to the house of her grandmother, Mrs. Peters, hid me in the garret, and then went to engage a boat to take me from the Island. This aged woman, Mrs. Peters, entered into their plans for my escape, with a will; she declared that she would have a large kettle of hot water ready to scald the sheriff, or any of his understrappers, who crossed her threshold.

Beulah Vanderhoff soon engaged two Indian boatmen, Samuel Peters and Zaccheus Cooper, who were expert at both sails and oars, and I

was accompanied to their boat by a number of the Indians, whose kind efforts for my escape I can never forget. The boat left the Island with a favorable wind, and I was soon put ashore upon the main land, among other friends of the slave.

The fact of this fugitive so hotly pursued by Captain Cooke, and rescued by a woman, was published in the newspapers at the time, but was disbelieved by many. One of the members of the Boston Vigilance Committee went to the Vineyard on purpose to ascertain the facts of this case, had an interview with that heroic woman, Beulah Vanderhoff, with one of the boatmen who took the slave from the Island, and with several of the most intelligent persons upon the Island, fully confirmed the account of what happened, after the ship arrived at Holmes' Hole.

The Anti-Slavery friends there, on learning

that a fugitive slave had arrived in their harbor, in the barque Franklin, bound for Bath, immediately notified the Vigilance Committee of New Bedford, who telegraphed that fact to the Vigilance Committee of Boston. The Boston Committee sent one of their most efficient members, Mr. ——, to Bath, who promptly organized a Vigilance Committee there, who were all ready, three days before the Franklin arrived at Bath, to board the ship, and take the slave, and put him on the rails for Canada. Mr. —— states that two days before the ship arrived at Bath, the United States Revenue Cutter, "Caleb Cushing," dropt anchor at the mouth of the Kennebec River, near the Fort, ordered there, it is believed, by the President of the United States, with instructions to take the fugitive slave from the barque Franklin, and send him back to the South.

As soon as the Franklin arrived, the Cutter

weighed anchor, and went to sea. No doubt the Cutter spoke the Franklin as she passed her, and was told that the slave made his escape at Holmes' Hole. Another circumstance confirms this; the day before the Franklin arrived at the mouth of the Kennebec River, there was a severe gale on that coast, and disasters to vessels were expected to occur. It was the legitimate business of the Cutter, to render aid in such cases; she ought to have gone to sea early the next morning, to look out and give assistance to vessels in distress; but no! the slaveholder's business, as usual, was first attended to; the Cutter lay in the river nearly all the next day, and until the Franklin had passed her, before she left her anchorage.

Congress was in session, when the slave arrived at Holmes' Hole; which fact went over the wires to Washington, and it is believed, that the Southern members told President Pierce

to order a United States vessel alongside of the Franklin, and send the slave back to the South; of course the President would obey, as quick as any farmer's dog would drive a cow out of the mowing.

The Vigilance Committee, at Bath, were organized, and on the alert; they boarded the Franklin half a mile before she reached her destination, when they were made glad to hear that the slave had already obtained his long-lost freedom.

Captain Cooke was surprised at the prompt action of the friends of Freedom. The Vigilance Committees of Bath, Boston, and New Bedford on the one hand, and Captain Cooke, the slaveholders, and the Government on the other, were in the field, and over the wires together; while the brave woman at Gay Head, quietly bore off the prize under her own gown, bonnet, and shawl; and a noble man

he is, robust, and powerful; equal to handling half a dozen slaveholders on free soil. Such men could never be kept in Slavery, if the arm of the North was withdrawn.

Similar cases to this, are perpetually transpiring in our country, and in view of them, we ask the reader, we ask the North, to reflect upon the conduct of the parties engaged therein. See the acts of the common sailors before the mast; the remnants of the Gay Head tribe of Indians, nominal heathen, it may be, without professions; spurning the sheriff's bribe, risking the fine and imprisonment of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and kindly ministering to the necessities of the man who had fallen among thieves, robbers, and their abettors.

On the other hand, see the acts of John Erskine, the pretended owner of the man; of Captain Cooke, and his abettors, and of Franklin Pierce, and his retainers, professing Chris-

tians; all conspiring to send a free born man back to the hell of Southern Slavery, from which he had, through great suffering and tribulation, escaped!

Which of these actors are Infidels, and which are Christians! judge ye?

Boston, Hollis Street.

The Cathedral at Arrezzo.

MAY 31, 1857.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

I.

THE symbols of a Faith, unlike mine own,
Were all around me — strait before my eyes
Stood the high altar; many colored dyes,
Fell through the lancet windows on the stone
Where slept Donato, then the rays were thrown
On tomb of Priest, or Pontiff, who had died,
Fighting Christ's battles in the ages gone,
And still wheree'er my glances wandered wide,
The same suggestive beauty; Mary's face
As ever lovely; still in her embrace

That child, who, mid this strange world's rest-
less din,
Said of the life ineffable, unseen,
" Only as children can ye enter in."
My heart asked vaguely, what all this should
mean.

II.

To me, the alien of a colder clime,
This wealth of beauty — incense, flowers, and
shows,
These breathing forms, this coloring that
glows,
With tints that mock the potent hand of time,
They speak to me in tones profound, sublime,
But not Divine ; Art, Poetry, and Song,
With all their tales of sorrow, love, and crime,
Cluster around me, and their spell is strong.
But when for more, for God, Himself, I seek,
How, in a moment, the strong spell grows
weak !

I say not that the painter's magic touch,
The sculptor's cunning, houses, made with hands,
May not to other human hearts say much, —
They speak not what my inmost soul demands.

III.

And yet, I would not judge another's creed,
Or turn mine eyes in careless scorn away;
Better in reverent charity to say,
The ritual worship that I do not need,
May wake to life in other hearts, the seed
Of pious effort, or heroic thought;
May unto tasks of noblest duty lead
And be with gracious consolations fraught.
So mercy give not place to sacrifice,
Peace to all altars, wheresoe'er they rise.
What shall it matter, as the ages flow,
To the unnumbered multitude above,
The rites and rituals that they learned below?
The real worship was their life of love!

The Romance of History.

IN 1850.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

[THE romance of American history will, of course, be found by posterity, in the lives of fugitive slaves. And if ever there were two lives which seemed fated to be a piece of acted poetry, it was in the case of the fugitives of 1850 — William and Ellen Craft. Their romantic escape from Georgia, by means of her masculine disguise, rang through the nation. They were preserved from recapture, in Boston, simply by his personal courage, which kept his pursuers at bay. He refused to leave his own house, armed himself, locked the door, went quietly on with his carpenter's work, and dared his pursuers to take him. This, also, was well known. But there was one little incident of their heroic lives, during that siege, which I have always intended to see com-

memorated, for it involved an action, on their part, worthy of Greek or Roman fame.

I shall give it not in my own words, but in those of an eye-witness; transcribing, without permission, a part of the spirited and graceful narrative of the brave-hearted maiden, who, at the time described, gave shelter to the hunted. No farther explanation is necessary, save to say, that the narrator was at that time staying with her relatives, in a town near Boston, and in a house of which the other half was temporarily occupied by Mr. and Mrs. L.— Abolitionists true and tried.

WORCESTER, Massachusetts. T. W. H.]

BUT to come to the point of my letter, did you imagine where Ellen Craft was, when the newspapers so wisely said she was "safe in the country?" Would you have supposed her safe if you had known that I was taking care of her, and did you suppose a woman could keep a secret for three days?

To begin at the beginning, Uncle told us, one day, that there had been some trouble in Boston about a fugitive slave, and he knew

nothing more. I walked on the piazza at dusk, that evening, with a gray mist all around, and wished I could hear anything about the affair, and remembered how they used to come every evening, in the Latimer times, and tell me the news; when a chaise drove rapidly up and stopped, and a gentleman came to the L.'s front door. As they were all out of town, I spoke to him, and discovered him to be Dr. ——. I suggested that the L.'s would be at home in a day or two, and I would take any message for them; on which he said that "to speak frankly," (as if he ever could do anything else!) he had brought Ellen Craft out with him, as there was a warrant against her, and Mrs. L. had offered her protection at any time. So I begged her to come in, at once, and after a little consultation as to concealment and profound secrecy, (not very good subjects for these things, the Doctor and I, you probably think,) Mrs. Ellen came under *my* protection!

This was Friday night, and we sat together all day Saturday, and I liked her ever so much; and she helped me make a new dress, (which has been rather trying to a person of my communicative disposition, as everybody has remarked how well it looked, and insisted on knowing who made it!) But I watched her with perfect admiration, she showed such great self-control, such perfect sweetness of temper and grace of manner. She could hear nothing from her husband all day, and of course might suppose him in every danger, but she kept back her tears, and kept up her sweet looks, till late in the afternoon, when a messenger came with news of her husband and messages directly from him. And Sunday night, most unexpectedly, Dr. —— appeared again, and brought her husband in person, to leave him for a night's rest, saying that he was worn out and exhausted, and absolutely needed some respite; so the Doctor shut them up in one of the L.'s

chambers and left them, with great instructions not to stir from the room, nor let any one see him.

In a few moments, however, Ellen sent to ask my aunt, (who had appeared as patroness on this last occasion,) to come to their room; and she went accordingly. She had never seen William Craft before, and said she was wholly astonished at his really noble appearance; he looked so calm, and erect, and strong, in all his danger. He said to her, "Ellen has just told me that Mr. L. is absent, and does not know we are here; I cannot stay here without his knowledge, for I am subjecting him to a heavy fine and imprisonment, and I must go at once to look for some other shelter." My aunt assured him that she could answer for Mr. L., and that he would be distressed at having them leave his house; that he was one of the best and kindest of men, and as they knew, their friend; but he only repeated that he must go at once.

Then she said that Mr. L. did not own the house, and that, his family being absent, he could not be held responsible. "That is not the question," said he, "I am not willing to take such an advantage of any man, as to conceal myself in his house without his knowledge; if he is good and kind, I must not try his kindness too far, *and I cannot feel satisfied unless I go at once.*" My aunt said she was really awed and overcome by his clear and decided manner; she saw there was no appeal, and gave them a guide to Mr. ——'s house, where she hoped they would find a welcome. Of course we did not know but pursuers might be watching for them, at our very doors; but they got there safe.

They went back into Boston the next day, as it somehow became known that they were in this vicinity. I saw them again before they went, and thought his appearance very impressive. It was partly, perhaps, as contrasted

with the excited and distressed look of all their white friends; but I think he would be remarked anywhere for that quiet dignity of manner. He maintained it, all through those hard days in Boston, and though they all thought he would kill the first man who tried to arrest him, he yet kept about his usual work, and was cooler than any one around him. I thought you would like to think of him in that little chamber, deciding so calmly to go out into the dark night and ask another shelter; Ellen crying, in spite of herself, at leaving the home she had just found; but he so clear in his conviction of a moral distinction which most men would have overlooked at any time, and put quite aside in a case of danger.

We could not say anything about them, for some time, but now that they are safe on their way to Europe, I may tell you the whole story.

Home.

BY EDWIN CHAPMAN.

WHERE is the spot on earth most deeply blest,
The haven where the weary sweetly rest,
Where come not in the tumults of the world,
Its friends betrayed, its foes to ruin hurled;
Where meek religion, wit, philosophy,
Flow from the open founts in which they lie,
Soothing the anxious brow, the mourning heart,
Wiping away the tear-drops as they start?
Is it not Home?

There doth affection light her holy fire,
Fed with immortal hopes, Supreme desire;
Brightly it burns 'mid pleasure's flowery way,
And turns the night of sorrow into day;

Gilds with its heavenly rays the sordid cares
Born of the earth, mingles with faith's pure
prayers,
Warms every thought which rises in the soul,
And every feeling owns its soft control.
Love dwells at Home.

There woman's gentle, sacred influence,
Her deep, enduring faith, her quickened sense
Of what is true, and beautiful and good,
Her ardor for the right, well understood,
The mild persuasions of her modest tongue
Forever eloquent against all wrong.
The kindling graces round her steps that play,
Charming the hoary sage, the young, the gay,
There find their Home.

There infant cries first strike the mother's ear,
The presage sure of cares and pleasures near;
There pours parental influence o'er the mind,
Prompts to firm steadfastness, to actions kind;

And leads the loved ones on through child-
hood's years,
Soothes all their sorrows and allays their fears;
Thence sends them forth to learn, to act, to
prove
Themselves not all unworthy of such love.

Sacred is Home.

There spring to birth all noble thoughts and
deeds;
There baffled aims a higher aim succeeds;
There is the trusted arm, the one dear heart,
Nerved to fulfil, through worldly strife, its part;
There is oppression doomed to yield or die;
That there the slave may lift a freeman's eye;
There are the wretched cared for, thence the
light
Of knowledge beams on regions dark as night.

Holy is Home.

There age reposes, free from carping cares;
Its wrinkled brow a tranquil aspect wears:

There gently creeps to its last silent bed,
With thousand blessings on its hoary head:
There sickness looks, with tearful, grateful eye,
And whispers softly to the angel nigh,
Smiles its last thanks, its slackening pressure gives,
And then, in realms eternal, brightly lives.
Heaven is our Home.

BRISTOL, England, August 10, 1857.

Thoughts on the Theory of Anti-Slavery.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN.

To-DAY, as in the thirty years gone by, stand the Abolitionists like travellers in the winter night. As far as we can see, the prospect is only darkness and ice. We tread no beaten path. We cannot estimate the difficulties and dangers which lie before us. As to the poor fugitive, it is all important to make quite sure of the North Star, so to us is it of chief moment to clearly see the principle which is our guiding light.

To understand the object which we pursue, consider the peculiar nature of what we oppose. "Slavery is the sum of all villanies." Cease

to traffic in men, and they become serfs. Cease to profit by their labor, and they become prisoners. Subtract one sinful element of the system, and we have no longer the "sum" — Slavery. Anti-Slavery is then the opposite of all sin. A consistent Anti-Slavery course must be the Pilgrim's Progress complete. In attacking Slavery in root and branch, we must do battle with every vice. Our enterprise covers the whole field of moral action viewed negatively. The effect of such action must be, by exercise, to develop in the actor the moral faculty; and, by example and precept, to instruct and persuade other men. Hence is the Anti-Slavery cause the true church, and the best school in our land.

All this was seen from the outset by a few clear-sighted men. Many others, however, came into the ranks with ideas false and vague. Instead of finding vital religion and morals in

the cause, they made the idea emancipation auxiliary to their religious or political career. The schism which followed was inevitable, and was as wide as their error was deep and fundamental. That which superficial criticism has carelessly called a bitter quarrel about little questions, was the stern combat of mutually exclusive ideas; one to uphold, the other to betray the cause.

The great political parties which have grown up around the Anti-Slavery nucleus have owed their short-comings and their failure to deviating from the true object, and losing sight of the principle. Genuine Anti-Slavery is worth waiting, fighting, and dying for; not so their limited divided measures, bearing on their face the sure prophecy of defeat. The slave-power well knows what it has to deal with. It cries out, "We will have, and hold, and foster, and advance our system always, and everywhere;"

and the Republican remonstrates, "let the territories be white slave-hunting ground, not black!"

Now why are the measures poor and feeble? Because American politics are a game so contrived that the better side must not only be beaten, but also lose its own integrity. As each man comes of age, he is met by the alternatives — Slavery or Disloyalty. The Abolitionist sees that the choice is inevitable; and, solemnly resolved to reject the first, he is compelled to embrace the second. Accordingly we are in a state of moral resistance to the government of the United States, and are outside its politics.

The majority of Americans choose, without compunction, the first alternative. Perhaps more than half of the Republican party do not propose, as a present or as an ultimate object, to interfere with Slavery in the States, by any means. These men even parade their loyalty

to the National institution (which enslaves four millions) to excuse their declamation about Slavery in Kansas (which injures a few thousands.) This is like swallowing the camel to enable one to make large mouths at the gnat.

There are, however, many men of deep Anti-Slavery feeling, who embark in politics under the Constitution. They reject the second alternative, and try to escape the first — with what success we shall proceed to examine. A few of them find the Constitution not Pro-Slavery; or, at least, self-contradictory; and take the oath thereto, as they understand it, though nearly the whole nation understands it otherwise, and the very nature of an oath requires that it should be similarly understood by the parties thereto. The others accept the usual interpretation of the Constitution, but contend that, by simply taking the oath, and taking part in the government, they give, in ordinary times, very little support to Slavery. The question, whether they

would give the direct aid which, on certain occasions the oath requires, they try to avoid; while an antagonist has it ever in his power to taunt them with the shame of holding their solemn promise good only under certain circumstances. They go on to say that we cannot live without aiding some sin; and that, in this case, the intentional good will far outweigh the incidental evil.

Now the facts are these. The Union was cemented by the condition, Slavery. The very life-blood of the government — the suffrage, is tainted by Slavery. The Constitution pledges the whole body politic to maintain the political institutions of the several States, hence to maintain Slavery; and, if needful, to crush slave-insurrections: and a special clause requires the giving up of fugitives. In fine, the Constitution expressly provides for itself an interpreter — the Supreme Court — which settles every question in favor of Slavery. On this basis has

arisen the United States government — "one great conspiracy against Freedom." This Constitution does the politician swear to support. In this conspiracy must he, with whatever intentions, take his place. Standing as a pillar in the foundation, he must support the red stones as much as the white, in this blood-stained edifice. Again, it is doubtless true, that we cannot separate ourselves from sin. It is, however, the consenting thereto which constitutes sin in us; and the American politician must consent, not only to one sin but to all; that is, to Slavery. Further, admitting the philosophical conclusion, that no real evil can come of right doing, and no real good of wrong, if it should appear that the result of this political action were overwhelmingly good, we might be led to doubt even a well-founded, *a priori* conclusion. Seventy years of results are now before us. They are a record of the steady advance of Slavery, and of the constant retreat of Freedom. And this is

not all — the general decay of political honor is only too noticeable, — the natural result from politics involving the humiliating condition of an oath so bad, that to break it is a virtue.

Now how came our Constitution to be a snare and a curse? It was founded on the sacrifice of moral principle. The statesman said to himself, "I will form a mighty State;" and it was formed such, that its increase in power measures its decline in morality. Had he said, "I will cling to the idea, Justice, let states and worlds pass;" then, even if the unjust compact had been made, in spite of him, his memory would have burned a beacon-fire forever. Who shall estimate the light that would have been shed on our dark pathway, were such fires burning in the night of our past. Of all the patriots and statesmen who moulded our nation, not one had the faith and courage to sacrifice Union to save Liberty; and, therefore, great as these men

were, must they be to us more of a warning than an example.

To the Abolitionist, a review of our political condition affords a melancholy consolation. It demonstrates the correctness of his position. The wretched failure of all compromises with Slavery point to the true mode of attack — "without concealment, without compromise." Assured that our enemy is the arch-fiend, let us attack him wherever he takes refuge! Church and State shelter him. Then must we war against both. This is no fanaticism, but a settled determination, the result of deliberate conviction. We are guided, not by the sharp flash of one idea, but by the light of all the moral rays brought to a focus.

Sure of the true object, let us have faith to pursue it steadily. Let him who has given his life to the cause, when "weary and old with service," he sees only Slavery ever advancing,

timid politicians ever yielding, and the faithful few scarcely increased in number, rest assured that the good seed he has sown cannot be lost; that some hard, sharp event shall point the moral of his tale, and cause his words to be remembered and acted out. When, with grief, he sees how a Webster can avail to leave the world a legacy of political immorality, let him learn the enduring power of word and deed, — how our influence outlasts our life; if for evil, then assuredly for good.

Let us, just entering the battle, have a steady faith in the cause. Let us not, because we (very rightly) sympathize with a party, consume our time and means at elections. Our own cause demands that time and means. Above all, let not our votes be drawn from us. Our position as non-voters is not inaction. It is an active protest, every day better understood. It is saying to the slave-power, North and South, "We will not for an instant recognize you. We

are resolved to overthrow you." It is saying to the so-called Anti-Slavery politicians, "We will not send you to swear allegiance to what we are determined to destroy." By adhering to this high and honorable position, we draw some men to us, many around us. By sacrificing it, we lower the standard of Freedom throughout the community, and strike a blow at all Anti-Slavery action.

On the other hand, while we are ever watchful to yield not a hair's breadth in vital matters, let us not be disturbed by trifles. It is of small importance, in our enterprise, whether a man writes or speaks according to our taste, and whether he holds our opinions on other subjects. Fastidiousness, wearing the semblance of solicitude for the credit of the cause, springs too often from want of faith in the worth and power of truth.

Let us not be dismayed because we are few. Remember that, considering the number of

laborers, their influence is wonderful. Let us not, however, depend on observing progress; but rather rest assured that our cause is the very right; hence the result must be permanently good. To understand this, is our philosophy. To have faith in this, is our religion.

BOSTON, Massachusetts.

Say You Will.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

At my home, in the country, was an old well; once its water was so clear and sparkling that it refreshed soul and body to drink of it. Many a thirsty pilgrim had gathered new strength and spirits from its living spring.

This was the true character of the water, but an old pump which must have been originally of some imperfect wood so injured the nature and taste of the water, that though we could not help having a sort of natural affection for the old pump, our whole family came to the conclusion that it was better for the general health and safety that it should be taken up and a nice wooden bucket put in its place, so that we

might all enjoy the pleasure and security of drinking pure healthful water, just as mother earth gives it to her children, in its crystal beauty and freshness, from the bottom of the well.

This decision did not please our neighbors, who were in the habit of coming to the well for water. They said that the pump saved them a great deal of trouble, that it did not hurt the water much; the taste was very slight, and did not injure any body; that all water had a slight taste, and they did not see that any one was the worse for it; that pumps were thought well of by every one. In short, they added, if we took it up we should never have anything so good in its place, and they seriously doubted whether we could get the water at all without the pump.

"But," said my eldest brother, Moses, "the old pump is rotten, and so the water is hurtful."

"All pumps get rotten after awhile," said one man.

"It is n't all rotten," said another.

"I tell you what," said an old woman, who had been filling her bucket while this conversation went on, "the smartest and the best man in all our village, and that was your own grandpa, Master Moses, put down that 'ere pump when I was a gal, and that 's going on seventy years ago. And I tell you now, if you take it up, the water 'll all dry away, and you 'll see his face in the bottom of the well, see if you don't."

One day, soon after, a number of the villagers assembled around the old pump, in solemn conclave, to discuss the question of its removal. Brother Moses went out and joined them. Some of them looked very angrily at him; no one spoke a civil word to him. One very red-faced man, in particular, seem'd full of spite towards him.

"I say," cried he, "you Moses, I guess if you're such a madman as to go to taking up that 'ere pump, you'll get the worst on't before you're done; that good old pump, that's stood there ever since I knowed anything. It would be a good thing to put you under its nose a little while, and see if that would n't cool your hot head a little. Why, the old pump has more sense in it than you and your whole family, with your new-fangled notions. The next thing you'll go to doing will be to try to set folks agin all pumps, and what shall we come to then? Did n't the same man that wrote that beautiful life of Gineral Pierce, write down the history of an old pump? He would respect pumps, if you cant. He knew what they were worth."

Another man, after examining the pump carefully, said, in a more respectful tone, "Don't you think, friend Moses, if we were to put a new handle and a new nose to the old pump,

and have it cleaned a little, it would answer very well? and I am quite sure open wells are dangerous."

Brother Moses quietly heard them both, and simply replied, "I believe, friends, you are both engaged in different branches of the pump-making business, so you are prejudiced."

While they were all talking together the minister came along. "Let's ask Dr. Treadwell what he thinks," said two or three of the villagers.

The minister listened to the question, but seemed unwilling to make any reply. At last he said, "Do you know what Deacon Poor thinks?" "O, he's agin moving it." "And what says Deacon Little?" "O, he's agin all open wells."

"I should like," said Dr. Treadwell, "to know what Squire Toploft thinks."

"Why, he's got three pumps of his own, that shows what he thinks," cried the red-faced man."

"These men," said Dr. Treadwell, "must know better than I about such things; I should think the pump had better remain where it is."

"But," said brother Moses, "it is rotten, and the water is poisonous."

"My good friend," said the minister, "our fathers knew what they were about when they put down pumps. They are, in fact, now a time-honored institution. I cannot, therefore, believe that they are hurtful to the water. To take one up might be a dangerous precedent. And you see how the agitation of this question has set all the villagers against you; they talk of nothing else. Is it not wiser and safer to let the pump remain just as your grandfather placed it? However, this is not a question for me to decide."

"Do you not know," said Moses, "that rotten wood poisons the water?"

"That is a question that it does not belong

to my calling to answer," replied Dr. Tread-well. "I wish you all well; good evening; my blessing attend you." And he passed on.

The villagers, of course, claimed Dr. Tread-well as on their side, and redoubled their threats and insolent advice. Brother Moses gave no heed to either. "As I am a living man," said he, "I'll haul up this old rotten pump, and we'll have pure water to drink!"

No one would lend him a derrick, so poor as he was, he had to buy one. Ere long I saw Moses climb down the icy cold well, and fasten the chain round the old rotten pump. And now he and his brothers begin to pull the ropes. The rotten thing had so settled down into the clay that it did not seem to move a hair's breadth. Again brother Moses descends the well, he winds another rope round the pump and adjusts anew the first one. Now he comes up again, his face all in a glow with hope and confidence, and seizes the rope with

new courage. O, he is a brave fellow; see how he strains every nerve, and throws all his force into his arms, and now hear him singing out at the top of his voice, "Say you will, boys; say you will!"

Slowly, very slowly, I saw the old pump move; but it did move, while Moses and his companions still sang the heart-cheering song, "Say you will, boys; say you will!"

At last the old rotten pump was lifted up, and laid on the ground, and soon after it was sawed up and put away for fire-wood. And now a pretty but strong railing is put round the well, and a wheel and nice iron-bound wooden bucket brings us up pure water from the open well, in which we can see the blue sky by day, and the stars by night. The villagers are reconciled, for they are refreshed by its sparkling waters. The minister says nothing, but I think he wishes he had advised it.

A pretty drinking vessel, suspended at the

well, invites the wayfarer to stop to drink, and he goes on his way blessing the healthful, invigorating draught.

Is there not a truth for us lying at the bottom of this old well? Is not the vital spring of our national life poisoned by rotten, political machinery? Is it not the selfish interests of truckling politicians, the timidity of an unfaithful clergy, the servility of so-called law and order men, that stand in the way of a reform of these abuses? And have we not a brother Moses, who has said they shall be removed? Has he not out of his own brave heart, and at his own cost, set a great moral derrick at work? and shall we not take hold with him? And, though the heavy burthen does not seem to move, let us not despair? but rather put out new energy, and with fresh courage and a stronger resolution, join in his inspiring song, "Say you will, boys; say you will!"

September, 1857.

La Notte Di Michelangiolo.*

SONNETS.

BY HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

I.

Pale Dawn that struggles with a dream of Day,
And beaming Day that, crowned with golden light,
Seems glorying in his own radiance bright,

* The Chapel of Michael Angelo, in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, at Florence, contains four master-pieces of that great sculptor, one group representing Day and Night, and another, opposite to this, the Morning and Evening Twilight; while in a niche above the latter, is a statue of Lorenzo d'Urbino, and in a second, on another side of the Chapel, a Virgin Mother bending over the Christ-child. In reply to Alfonso Strozzi, the artist thus obscurely hints the idea embodied in the inimitable figure of the "Night," into whose mouth he puts the following words: —

Giovami il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso,
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura;
Non udir, non veder mi è gran ventura:
Però non mi svegliar, deh! parla basso!

And Twilight fading into Night away, —
Those Forms that o'er the fleeting Hours hold
sway, —
And o'er the changeful lives of men have
might,
And long have ruled the nations in their
flight, —
What in thy heavy swoon to thee are they?
There is an infinite sorrow in thy mien;
A sorrow wearied into endless sleep, —
As thou hadst drained in thy despair serene,
Of poppy or mandragora, some deep
And sluggish draught, and thus had drowséd
been,
And the dead silence of thy woes didst keep.

II.

In San Lorenzo's Chapel, gray and dim,
Hath the old master wrought this thought in
stone,
And toiling there in silence and alone,
Hath for all ages left this dream of him.

The tyrant, too, in armor clad and grim,
Looks down in sullen gloom from off his throne;
And Mary, mother, o'er her child doth moan;
And over all steals the cathedral-hymn.
While ever in the throbbing city round,
Life is one scene of wide and stifled woe, —
The mournful-eyed Italian aye hath found
The fate so drear, embodied long ago,
For his sad land, sunk in her heavy swound,
By the great, sorrowing soul of Angelo.

III.

Columbia! steering through these stranger-seas,
To thee, oh, could the Italian pilot bring
No eastern tidings of the young day-spring,
Nor golden day, but only such as these?
Let not this heaviness thine eyelids seize,
And o'er thy heart a death-cold slumber fling,
Leaving thee in an endless slumbering,
Thy draught dull drainéd to the drowsy lees!

Ah! though the morn is beaming gloriously,—
The night with all its dusky shadows past,—
Of all the sleepers thou alone shalt lie
Sunk in thy sluggish dream when, at the last,
The Angel bright of Freedom hurrying by,
Shall rouse all nations with his trumpet-blast.

CHESTER COUNTY, Pennsylvania,
March, 1857.

The Inalienable Love.

BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

"The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment;
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment."

J. R. LOWELL.

IT is humiliating to confess it, but one morning I felt desperately out of humor. Crouched upon my front door-steps for the fourth or fifth time, I had found a half-idiotic fugitive girl, with twin babies in her arms. I was always helping her, and it never did any good. My slender purse was well nigh empty, and she still resolutely refused to go to the poor house. She was such a contrast to the majority of bright,

active, colored people, whom I never saw but once, that I felt it insufferably provoking.

"What in the world have she and her two babies to do with freedom?" I half muttered to myself.

I spoke these words in the City of Toronto, as I stood at my study window, looking out upon my bower of guelder roses, whose white blossoms did nothing to appease my unrest. Far beyond, a gleaming silvery line, showed me the broad bosom of Ontario. Over it, bent the glad blue sky, and on each side of my bower, ran a line of arched wood-sheds. From under one of these arches, the steady grating of a saw kept time to my thoughts.

All at once it ceased, and an old colored man, with snow-white hair and a back somewhat bent by rheumatism, came out and crossed the yard, followed by a crippled child, who begged peevishly for a mug of cold water. That bent and broken form, reader, had once been as

stalwart and graceful as God ever gave to man, and as I gazed after him, my heart softened, my unrest seemed to vanish, and tears suffused my eyes. At the moment a thought struck me. "James," I said, (and the old man hobbled towards me, uncovering his silver hairs as he waited,) "James, what did you come over for? What was it that tempted *you*, a whole century old, to take this last weary journey?" He looked very sober, but answered presently; "I'se told it many a time, missis. It was the love of freedom, and nothing else."

"But Jim, you are so old and weak. Remember how sick you were last winter; what difference could it make to you?"

"Ah, missis," answered the old man, his features brightening. "Ah, missis! I'd like *to die free!*"

I paused, touched by the evident reverence with which he regarded his own ideal; but I resumed, alluding to the woman who had just

left the yard. "And Cecilia, Jim, did that poor creature want to die free?"

"I don't know," he answered, with a puzzled air, "leastways she 'd like the piccaninnies to!" I let James turn away. "They call it the Inalienable Right," I said to myself, "but it is more. It is the Inalienable Love, or this miserable idiot and poor Jim, would still be in Louisiana."

During many following months, I occupied myself, from time to time, in writing old Jim's story. I could only get it scrap by scrap, for once started on the theme, his memory cut all sorts of antics, and gave me everything but what I wanted. Though I never got the whole in regular detail, yet I shall give the sketch so far as it goes, to the public. We often wonder at the freshness and strength of our Anti-Slavery orators, but if a man felt his power flag, after thirty years of service, he need only read one such story as that of James Robinson, to

feel himself reinforced for another half century. I could not write the story as he told it. If I were to use the English tongue with the nervous strength that he did, when he told the bitterest portion of his tale, all the women in the land would tear the pages out of the fair volume; yet, alas! if we but knew it, when we mention the word Slavery, we sum up all possible indecencies as well as all possible villainies. In the cover of its consonants and vowels lie hid all manner of evils, that woman dare not name, even though to name were to avert them from half their sex.

James Robinson was born near Snow Hill, on the eastern shore of Maryland, between Princess Ann and Salisbury, in 1751. His parents were free negroes. His father was the son of a man who had been manumitted by will, in Minerva, Virginia, and his mother was born on Macomacs River, near Green Hill church. They were devout Methodists, and it

is strange to think, that James can still remember how, one hundred years ago, his mother held his hands, and taught him to say at her knee, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. They lived on a farm of eight or ten acres, which had been given to Robinson by John W. Loring, of Snow Hill. Mr. Loring was himself a Virginian, and had known the value of Robinson's services in his youth. A son of Mr. Loring married the only daughter of Billy Francis Laselle, just as the will of his master manumitted Robinson. This marriage brought young Loring a large farm on the eastern shore, on which he placed about thirty slaves, and the old man told Robinson, if he would go to the new place with his son, he would give him a piece of land of his own, and pay him good wages. Robinson consented. He built himself a house on Mr. Loring's farm, received a deed of the land, and lived on it to the day of his death. Just opposite Mr. Lor-

ing's farm was old Billy Laselle's. He was a good Abolitionist. James always spoke this word with a great deal of pride, — as if it made a great deal of difference to him whether he began life in the service of a freeman or not. As soon as he was old enough to drive a carriage, Mr. Laselle took him, and finally employed him as "table-man" and "body-servant." His freedom was recorded at the Court House, in Annapolis, when he first entered Mr. Laselle's service. Laselle was a lawyer, travelling often to Annapolis, Frederickton, or Baltimore. James always accompanied him on these journeys, and if his master was not satisfied with the bed provided for him, he made him share his, saying, what James cannot now repeat with dry eyes, "I want my boy to sleep and feed as well as I do." Laselle's son Robert was James's foster brother, and when they were both about twenty-one, Jim went with his master to Annapolis. The latter had been at one

time a member of the Colonial House, or, as James would have it, a member of Congress to Annapolis; but he thinks he was pleading before a court when he was seized with his last illness. Poor James stood beside him ready to fill his glass with water, or otherwise wait on him while he spoke. He had urged the subject of Emancipation, for he was pleading in behalf of a slave, and he spoke solemn words to heedless ears. "I am pleading my last cause," he said, "unless I am once more permitted to plead for myself, before my heavenly Father's throne." As the last words struggled from between his thin, pale lips, there oozed out, also, the bright red stream of his life-blood; and lifted in the strong arms of his servant, he was borne, for the last time, to his room. He had been long in a slow decline, and, strange as it may seem, in those days, James never knew him to take a glass of wine. He often quoted the Bible to sustain his plan of Emancipation,

saying it was written, that "*Every* man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his brow." He now repeated these things to the brother and cousin, who stood beside his bed, reading to him from the English Prayer Book. He desired to make his will, and his friends proposed that Jim should leave the room.

"No!" said his kind master, "Jim's freedom has been secured these many years. I have only to put that fact into the will."

So James staid in the room, and saw the will signed and witnessed by these two gentlemen. The sick man refused to send word to his son and daughter of his illness, but desired to be buried where he died. He had just given this direction when his gray head fell back among the pillows, and Benjamin Laselle said, "Jim, your old father is dead!"

Poor Mr. Laselle! he was rich, but he could not secure the honor of his family. He went down to the grave loving and beloved; but his

son was yet to bear his honored name, till it became an execration and a by-word. Jim closed his eyes, and as soon as the funeral was over, took charge of his master's papers and returned to Snow Hill. He drove home his master's sulky, by the side of which it had been his custom to ride on horseback. Under the seat was a box, which contained the papers he had in charge. There was in it a letter to an attorney, Josiah Daily, concerning the freedom of Mr. Lasclle's people. It had been dictated by his dying master, but was written by Mr. Benjamin Laselle. When Jim reached Snow Hill, he found the attorney and a certain Judge Doane with Mr. Robert, and in their presence he gave him the box and the key that opened it. In a fortnight the will was registered, and Robert and Miss Loring entered on the possession of an immense and well-stocked estate. But there were no laborers. The slaves were all freed, and no one of them cared to trust

his newly-acquired liberty to the honor of Mr. Robert Laselle. Probably this occasioned the man a good deal of inconvenience. He was reckless, and it was soon rumored that the property was going.

James appears to have been the only negro that lingered in the neighborhood. His father's freedom was so well known, that he seems to have thought himself safe while at work on the old man's farm. It was not long, however, before he heard that Mr. Robert said, "Jim lived too much like a white man," and threatened that he should soon feel the yoke again.

Still James did not fly. A stupid sort of trust in the Laselle honor he certainly must have felt, but he began to be sorry that he had never been to school. Ever since he could remember, there had been a good school at Snow Hill. About fifty children came together daily, under two teachers, the head man, a certain

Englishman, named Cornish, being his especial horror.

James could not tell how this school was supported, but old Mr. Cornish knew how to use the whip, and neither coaxing nor scolding could prevail upon Jim to come within reach of the lash. There was so little prejudice against color along the eastern shore, at this time, that some fifteen mulatto children, and half as many free born blacks, went to this school, with the white children of the neighborhood.

James had been at home working on his father's farm only six months, when he went to the sea-side for a load of oysters. The old man rode on horseback, and James drove a team, for they were now very well to do in the world. As they drew near Snow Hill, on their return, old Robinson rode on ahead. He was hardly out of sight, when Jim saw five or six men come out of the woods. Saw it with-

out any wholesome dread; for how should he know that these pale faces were his bitterest foes? He was almost instantly struck on the back of the head, losing all consciousness.

The chivalrous kidnapper, like a certain deceased representative, knew the value of blood, and bone, and muscle, and looking on Robinson's tall, athletic frame, determined to bring it to his own level.

When the poor fellow came to himself, he found a gag in his mouth, and perceived that he was in a carriage, moving rapidly. The gag was a piece of wood, which lay firmly over the tongue, and was buckled by straps behind the head.

They drove directly to the sea shore, where the men put off in a boat, and Jim soon found himself on board a regular slave ship. The vessel and its cargo belonged to a trader, named David L. Lord, whose history James knew well. His father was a Snow Hill farmer, and David

had had a good education; he was on board, and helped the men up the side. "Jim," said he, "you are my property, I've paid for you."

"You have never bought me," answered Jim, "for I am a free man. I know my father could not sell me!"

"I've paid for you, and that is enough for me," answered Lord, and Jim afterwards discovered that he had paid Robert Laselle for leave to kidnap him.

There were three hundred men, women, and children on board the slave ship, and the men were chained together in gangs of from ten to twenty. They went on board the vessel on Saturday, and made for Dam Quarter, at the mouth of the bay, where Lord had a slave prison. Here they arrived on Sunday morning, and taking forty men on board, again put to sea.

On Tuesday, they reached another small seaport on the western shore. Here the children

were put into wagons with the old and feeble, while in mournful procession the able-bodied were marched towards Baltimore.

They left Baltimore on Wednesday morning, taking the high roads in a south-westerly direction. Travelling all day, they came, about sunset, to a Quaker village. Some white men, who knew Lord, came running out of this village, and said, "Turn back!" This was Lord's first land journey with slaves, and trembling like a leaf, he asked, "Which way?" The question was answered, and the gangs were turned right about, and ran at full speed till about eleven o'clock, that night. They took a branch road, which led them into the woods, where they kindled fires to cook their food, and encamped about them for the night. It was in the spring, quite warm enough to lie on the leaves, but it was hard, that when one lay down the whole gang must do the same. A dozen armed men attended them, and Jim remembers all their

names, and can describe their faces. He was so constantly seeking for opportunities to elude their vigilance, that the lapse of seventy years has not effaced the picture on his brain.

Every day some of these men were sent forward to provide food. They went over Spencer's Hill and crossed the Blue Ridge, in Virginia, going thence to Parkersburg, on the Ohio. Here they were put upon two flat boats, lashed together. At Duck Creek, Lord left them with fifty children, whom he intended to employ in a rope-walk, in that neighborhood. They finally reached Louisville, where Robinson and his company were marched into the suburbs, to "Mann's lick," where David Lord's half brother boiled salt. Here the gang worked for a whole year, but the next spring they were again packed on to flat boats, and sent to Louisiana. These boats were loaded with beans, flour, pork, salt, cattle, and men. The pilot carried the boats over the Falls, the men walking along the shore.

The boats went down the river with the current, only using the oars to avoid the snags. Somewhere on the journey Jim remembers the Devil's Race-ground, a rapid full of enormous snags, ready to tear the boat in pieces.

They landed at Natchez, where many of the men were sold, but the overseer asked fifteen hundred dollars for Jim more than the people of Natchez were ready to give, so he went, with one hundred picked slaves, to New Orleans. Here he was sold from the block, in front of a slave jail, on the Levee. He, poor fellow, called it the *American* slave jail. I do not know with what authority, except that I have observed that he was fond of conferring a certain sort of national dignity on the institution. His jails were all *American* jails, and when he wished to speak of a lawyer who was specially villainous, he was sure to call him the *United States* Attorney! I told him that I thought he brought a heavy price for those times. He owned, with a shrug, that

he should not have liked to bring less, and added, that his sister, who had been kidnapped near Baltimore, was knocked down, at the same time, for two thousand dollars. The price was paid by a Frenchman, who wanted a wife, and always treated her well. Jim's master was a certain Calvin E. Wyeth, who had a large farm in the suburbs. At this farm, Jim was welcomed with thirty-nine lashes on his bare back, the first he had ever received in his life.

"Why do you beat me?" he asked, innocently enough.

"When we buy a mule, we break him," was the brutal answer, "and when we buy a slave, we break him, too."

All his clothes were taken away, and for six months he had only a cloth about his loins. He was not allowed to wash it, and when it became too stiff to wear, he again asked for his clothes, and received another. He was afterwards taken to the "Second Creek Farm." It

was not the fashion to talk about "plantations" then.

This was many miles above New Orleans, near Natchez. He staid there seven years, and was finally carried to a "sugar farm," between New Orleans and Baton Rouge, and remained there a still longer time. He does not know how long, but until 1814, the year in which he defended New Orleans. Here he built himself a cabin. It was of logs, chinked with mud, and had only one room. He was obliged to build it on the Sabbath Day. All who did not, Wyeth said, must lie out of doors. In this cabin the bitterest insult that can be offered to a man, was offered to this poor slave. Wyeth was accustomed to draw about fifty women from each of his large farms, to increase his stock. His plans were laid with a sagacity which insured the value of his future property. The parents were chosen for their beauty and vigor,

and the women were not allowed to labor, except at spinning or household service.

A handsome, bright mulatto, had been given to James, soon after he came into Wyeth's possession, and he, poor lonely fellow, did not find it hard to love her. He had become the father of five children, three of them sons, when the eye of the master rested too long on their mother. His own wife was dying, and Wyeth took the mother forcibly from her young children, and carried her to preside over his splendid home. The house was near Springfield, in Louisiana. It was large and stately, built of pure white stone; the handsomest mansion in all those parts. While Nancy, who would gladly have remained faithful, was dragged into the luxurious life, which such a home offered. Poor James was left alone in his cabin, and threatened with death if he ever set foot in Springfield.

"Did you never go?" I asked.

"Ah, missis, life is sweeter than any woman," was his somewhat evasive reply.

Sometimes the overseer came down to the sugar farm, and then Robinson would ask about his wife. The last that he heard of her was, that she had become the mother of five sons by her master, who graciously condescended to send them to school with his legitimate heirs. The poor fellow struggled on with his neglected little ones till they were men and women grown. The overseer of the sugar farm was a kind and merciful man. His name was James Alley, and he came from Virginia. When he took the farm, he made Mr. Wyeth sign a paper, promising to give the slaves plenty to eat, and never to take a man off the farm without his leave. This secured, he promised on his side, to get more work out of his thousand men than had ever been done before. Up to Alley's time, Jim had been the leader of the thousand, and had been compelled by whip, to keep

twenty rods ahead of the rest. I repeat his words. For myself, I cannot guess what significance these twenty rods had. When Alley came to the farm, he called the slaves all round him, and told them what bargain he had made with their master. The poor, simple things broke into shouts of joy.

"Namesake," said he to Robinson, "your master says you're the swiftest hand on the place. He has but one fault to find with you, that you pray too much. I shall never blame you for that, for prayer makes a good workman. You may pray all day, if you don't stop work for it."

"Thank you, sir," said Jim, "I could not live if I did not pray; but I have never lost an hour's work by it."

"It will be a good thing," interrupted Wyeth, "if you can break it up. I have whipped him many a time in vain. He spoils all the men; he spoiled Andrew — ."

Poor Andrew! At the mention of his name Robinson's tears rolled down. Andrew belonged to the cotton farm. He was a fine Virginian, sixty years old, and the best hand on the place. He and Robinson were working in parallel cotton rows. They were very brisk, but they were talking of the "Lord of Glory," and the good time they would have in his fields. There were three black drivers on this farm; one of them came along at the instant, and with the lash of his whip wound round his arm, swung the loaded butt into Andrew's skull. Sinking upon his knees, his hands meekly folded over his breast, the noble spirit passed. His eyes opened only once after he was struck. They fell on Robinson, and his last murmured words were, "Hold out a little longer, brother, *I'm in sight of home.*"

During all the years that Jim worked on the sugar farm, he saw but four men whipped. From this farm he was drawn to serve in the

battle of New Orleans, under Jackson, to fight in defence of the country which had so generously secured his manly rights! The country which kidnapped him when a boy, abused him as a man, outraged him as a husband, insulted him as a father! The country, which, let it be broad as the continent, and long as the earth's axis, offered never a square inch of land or water which he might call his own. The country which broke him like a mule, left him naked like a dog, and rejected him, in his old age, like a worn out steed!

Oh, God of Mercies! what spirit nerved this man to fight the battles of his oppressor! How grew he, in one short hour, to such height of manly virtue, that they dared trust to *his* right hand, their lives, their liberties, their sacred honor?

At this time James was the father of five children, born in Louisiana. His oldest son was forty years old. He had never been willing

to replace poor Nancy, and kind Mr. Alley did not press him. He still wears about his neck, in a little leathern purse, the faded certificate which Jackson wrote for him. It tells how the bearer, an able-bodied man, of about sixty years, fought gallantly at the battle of New Orleans. And by *extra secret services*, made himself especially useful to his General; who pledged himself to do his utmost to secure the freedom he had so nobly earned.

Poor Robinson! that "Hope," which springs "eternal in the human breast," deluded him, for long years. He trusted his General, and worked through fifteen patient seasons more, before, *at eighty years of age*, he took his freedom into his own hands. In this time, he passed through the hands of five masters, in several States, for old Mr. Wyeth died, and his estate was divided. He experienced in these changes, all the evils of the peculiar institution. He was compelled to marry as often as

he changed his residence; so often, that when he reached Toronto, in 1851, he believed himself to be the father of twenty-seven children, of whom only one, a poor little cripple, born in his extreme, but *free* old age, remained to cheer its infirmities. He came last into the hands of a son of his first master. Stephen Wyeth was now an old man. He was as fierce and licentious as his father had been. But old James had not fought the battles of his country in vain. He would not bear from the son, at eighty years, what he had borne from the father, at thirty. On his estate he had married what *he* called a young wife; that is, a woman about forty years old, and the two determined to escape together.

Going into the city with a load for market, he took a little time for himself, and went to see some gentlemen who knew of his secret services at the time of the battle. These gentlemen, whose names he still holds sacred, gave

him some passes up the river, which enabled him to elude the vigilance of the police, while others wrote some certificates of his good character, and signed them with names well known, some twenty-five years ago, the whole length of the Mississippi River. It was always my intention to copy these papers, but it distressed him to part with them for a moment, and so, from time to time, it was put off.

James went on board a river boat, which left him at St. Louis. He had an idea that he should not be safe until he reached Ohio; so weary years were spent in working and walking, walking and working, till he reached Hamilton County. Here his wife went out to service, and he found regular work. Here his first and last child was born, the poor little cripple of whom we have spoken. "My *first* child!" he would say, pathetically; "all the rest belonged to my masters!" Here, in time, he bought a bit of land, erected a little shed,

and raised vegetables for market, as he had been wont to do at Snow Hill; fit occupation for a calm old age.

Here he lived fifteen years, till the news of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill penetrated his bosky home. He had lived too many years in misery to be willing to accept anything less than *certain* freedom now, so he sold his little farm, and crossing Lake Erie at the nearest point, partly paid and partly *begged* his way to Toronto. *Begged his way!* although he left Ohio with the savings of fifteen years in his pocket. There are in Canada, as well as the United States, men who look upon the money of the fugitive as their lawful spoil. His wife was old, and feeble; prematurely worn with anxious cares, his little boy hobbled along at his side, and so, late on an October evening, in 1851, they entered Toronto. I found them the following winter in the course of my visiting. The season proved unusually severe, but they

did not beg. A sick woman, whom I went to see, told me that in the next house, or cabin, if you will, I should find a very old man, dying of the cold. I went in, and found the three. The wife showed me well written certificates of character, from respectable men in Ohio, and in a few days, poor James was put on my pension list. After long nursing he recovered, and some thick flannels kept him more comfortable.

I did not mean to lose sight of him again, but other claims pressed, and one cold evening, towards spring, I was walking out of the city with a friend, when we met old James, with a small bag in his hand, and an axe resting on his bent shoulder. He told us that he was driven for work, and so had consented to cut wood for a man we knew, about four miles out of town. Every morning before light he shouldered his axe, and every evening, at sunset, he walked home. He was not fitly clothed for the walk. We saw it, and asked what was in his bag. It

was empty now, but had held a little parched corn, or "*such like*" for his dinner. "A poor dinner," we suggested. He did not mind that, he said, only there was no hope of its being better for a long time. He was to receive no wages till he had chopped eight cords of wood, and he had only just finished his third. He felt it rather hard not to get his wages every Saturday night. I walked on towards the glowing sunset with a glowing heart. I saw that this was one of the means by which the employer was learning to defend himself against the irregularity of fugitive labor; but I could not be reconciled. I could not talk, and my annoyed companion soon left me to my own musings. I took care that old Jim should not go forth again with a dinner of parched corn, but that did not hinder the natural consequences from following. Before he had finished cutting his fifth cord of wood, he fell sick of rheumatic fever, and though I went

myself to his hard-hearted employer, he never received a farthing for his labor. After a long convalescence, which left him unfit to work, he contrived to get a bit of ground about two miles out of town. Here his friends put up a little cabin, and he once more began to raise vegetables, which his wife carried to his friends for sale. Poor James Robinson! I left him in kind hands, when I came away, and I have never heard of his death. Yet, I cannot help hoping that he is now toiling with the "Lord of Glory," united to his faithful Andrew, permitted once more to behold the wife of his youth, beyond the control of *American* slave jails — beyond the grasp of *United States* attorneys! Surely this story, read by American children, ought to stimulate them to united efforts to wipe off this national disgrace! May God give them strength for all the sacrifices and labors which such efforts involve. May He open the way to an hour, when our Eagle

shall no longer be mistaken for a vulture, tearing out the vitals of men — when its outspread wings may hint at another flight than that of the fugitive — when its voice shall sound a lofty summons to duty, and not an insatiate cry for food.

BOSTON, 49 Bradford Street,
August 20, 1857.

Christ the Agitator.

BY NATHANIEL HALL.

"I CAME not to send peace," said that meek and holy one of Israel, "but a sword." Not, of course, that this was the specific and ultimate purpose of his coming, but an incidental and temporary result of it; to be ascribed not to his religion, but to the resisting hearts that it addresses and rebukes. And so it is, that wherever Christianity has come, as a living voice and embodiment, a vital influence and force, from the beginning onwards, there has been that which the "sword" typifies. What tumult followed in the sacred steps of him, its divinest personation, though scattering blessings, like heavenly flowerets, wherever he passed, —

a tumult culminating in the dread tragedy of Calvary. And when its deathless self had voice again through the person of his followers, again the tumult, extending to the people and other lands. Jew and Gentile were alike its foes, for it exposed alike their superstitions, and rebuked their practises. Through fire and blood, over the ashes and graves of its myriad martyrs, did it make its way; bringing not peace, but destroying what it found; arousing the world from its loved repose, beneath the shade of error, in the embrace of sin; dishonoring its idols; discrowning its heroes; disquieting its sovereigns; glancing unwelcome light into the chambers of the soul; restoring to conscience her awakening trump, and pointing anew her long forceless shafts; enkindling in those who received it an indomitable courage to maintain, and in those who rejected a fiery resolution to oppose; — verifying the prediction that "nation should rise against nation,

and kingdom against kingdom, and a man's foes should be they of his own household."

There was peace, indeed, at last, when Christianity became an institution of the state, and found a friend and disciple on the throne of the Cesars, and edictive prescription and lawful martyrdom were for a time no more. But what a peace was that! — the peace of slumber and indifference — peace, because the religion was no longer a living force; because her divine countenance was veiled, and her free step fettered, and corruption upon corruption had made her distorted semblance but a travesty of her native self. And when the brave spirits of the Reformation, catching glimpses, through her records, of her native self, struck at these corruptions, and gave clarion-like vocality to her eternal Word, then was that peace broken forever. Nor can there be peace, true and worthy, until the work then begun is carried forward to its completion; until the church becomes a

living embodiment of its Lord; its breath his spirit; its creed his word; personal fidelity to him, and thus to one another, its covenant; goodness, purity, love, these as a living experience; a deepening consciousness, its accepted trinity, its realized salvation. Nor can there be peace in the world abroad until Christianity, as a living presence and power, shall be enthroned on its high places, shall rule in its councils, shall decree in its courts, shall expunge from constitution and statute-book whatever militates against its law of justice and of right; until its immortal principles, its golden rule, are practically recognized in all the institutions and usages of society.

Men cry, "Peace! peace!" Upholding iniquity, legalizing injustice, trampling scornfully on human rights, they yet deprecate agitation, they ask for peace. In the very presence of Christianity, in her name even, they ask thus for peace. It cannot be. Not until day consort

with night; not until the light that shone out of heaven, in the person of Jesus, succumbs to the darkness it came to scatter; not until the light itself has kindled, and God's spirit fanned in the souls of Christendom, is extinguished by the shadows of unbelief and sin; not until Christianity itself dies out from the heart, the belief, the memory of the world.

"But this perpetual controversy, this ceaseless agitation, destroying the peace of communities and families, is it not an evil?" That is not the question, but this, rather, — Does it exist by the displacement of a good, or does it take the place of a greater evil? Is indifference to the claims and mission of holiest truth, a good? Is an inapprehension of surrounding evils and wrongs, which affront its spirit and retard its triumphs, a good? Is a lack of interest in the great social problems the age is called upon, in the name of Christ and humanity, to solve, and of the means and instrumentalities

that offer themselves for this, a good? And if the evil named, and which we allow, in itself, to be one, is conditional to the production of a substantial good; if, by the winds and fires of controversy and agitation, society be purified, advanced, redeemed; if Truth and Right obtain thereby a wider realm and surer sway, shall we deprecate them? The demon rent and tore the man as it came out of him. Would we have deprecated the process in view of the result? Nor should we, then, the process whereby that same Divine Exorcist is working to-day, by the influences of his religion, for the expulsion of the demons of modern society. Let controversy and agitation go on. They *will* go on; let them be accepted as means to holiest ends. Only let us see to it, so far as we ourselves engage therein, that a love of Truth and Right animate and lead us; that an uncontentious and forbearing spirit be conjoined with an uncompromising fidelity to the law of justice and of

love. If, with such spirit and motive, we become agitators and peace-breakers, in God's name *be* it so. It was so with Christ and all his martyrs. I know not that we are ever to seek peace as an ultimate and specific end. I *do* know that we are never to seek it by the slightest compromise of Truth and Right.

DORCHESTER, Massachusetts,
September 3, 1857.

The Stars and Stripes.

A MELO-DRAMA.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Scene I.

[*A planter's house, with negro huts in the rear of it. The Fourth of July. On the open lawn, under the shadow of a group of trees, is a picnic table spread with fruit, flowers, decanters of wine, &c. Near by, is an arch made of evergreens, with the word* Liberty *interwoven with flowers. A group of Carolinians, at the table, are singing a verse of "Adams and Liberty." At the close of the verse, they rise, touch glasses, and swinging them triumphantly, sing, "Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves!"*

[*While they are singing, the American Flag is brought in by two negroes, attended by a vulgar-looking overseer, somewhat intoxicated. On the top of the flag-staff is a Liberty Cap, which falls, accidentally, while they are attempting to plant the pole in the ground. William, a genteel-looking light mulatto, the personal attendant of Mr. Masters, picks it up, and, excited by the general exhilaration, he claps it on his head, with a smile. The overseer snatches it off, and gives him a box on the ear.*]

Overseer. Take *that*, you black rascal!

[*William turns upon him quickly, half raises his hand in anger, then lowers it, and walks sullenly away.*]

Overseer. Strike *me*, will you? You'd better *try* striking a white man, and see what you'll *git* by it.

There, take another, you damned nig!

[*He strikes him again. William's breast swells, and his eyes flash, but he remains motionless. A youth at the picnic table exclaims :*]

Served him right! Damn his impudence! That 'll teach him to remember the difference between masters and niggers.

[*While this by-scene has been going on, the flag-staff has been firmly fixed in the ground, and the American Flag surmounted by the Liberty Cap, is floating in the breeze. The gentlemen wave their handkerchiefs toward it, hurra, and sing :*]

" 'T is the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

Mr. Masters. A pleasant scene this, eh?

Mr. North. I never spent a happier Fourth of July; and I consider it a great piece of good luck that I happen to be in this beautiful part

of the country, to witness such a celebration. How I pity the poor, oppressed people in Europe, who have no idea what liberty is!

Masters. Their situation is, indeed, pitiable. If they happen to get any ideas of freedom, by visiting our happy country, and seeing the working of our free and equal institutions, they are obliged to conceal their thoughts when they get home; otherwise, they would soon be silenced by some king, emperor, or pope. The British tried that game with *us;* but they found it was no go. You like the South, do you, sir?

North. I consider it the best and most favored portion of the country, sir. But it's none too good for the true gentlemen and true democrats, that govern it. Here's none of the cursed aristocracy there is in Boston. I've traded round in New England these ten years, and no rich gentleman ever invited me to his house. Here, I find one man's as good as another.

Masters. "And a damned sight better," as the Irishman said. By the way, that Irish patriot, Mitchell, is a fine, sensible fellow, and a first rate democrat.

North. So he is, sir. No sentimental twaddle about *him.* I am of his opinion. There's nothing I should like better than a well-stocked plantation, myself.

Masters, [*slapping him heartily on the shoulder.*] Perhaps you will have it some day. So you don't believe what the Abolitionists tell about us? Eh?

North. Don't I see for myself, that their stories are a cursed pack of lies? I am free to say that I never set eyes on a happier set of fellows than your slaves.

Masters. We always call 'em *boys*, sir. We never say slaves. I feed my boys well, and clothe 'em well, as you see. They're so attached to me and their mistress, that we could n't *whip* 'em away from us, if we *tried.* [*He beckons*

to his mulatto servant, William.] Hallo, Bill! I say, Bill, you don't want your freedom, do you, you dog?

William. Oh, no, massa.

Masters. You would n't thank me for it, if I 'd give it to you. *Would* you?

William. No, indeed, massa. I 'd rather be a stray dog, than a free nigger.

Masters. That's right, Bill! You may go. Mr. North, you can tell that to the bobolitionists, when you get back to Yankee-land. *You* are a competent witness; for you have seen with your own eyes, and heard with your own ears.

North. So I have, sir; and I shall be proud to bear my testimony in favor of your patriarchal institution.

Masters, [*slapping him on the shoulder.*] I see that you are a man of sense. But let us rejoin my guests; they are preparing to give a toast.

[*A guest at the picnic table rises and proposes a toast:*]

Confusion to the Abolitionists! If we catch one of 'em here we 'll give him a suit of tar and feathers, and ride him on a rail.

North. Serve him right, too. I should like to *help* you do it.

Masters. You 're a true patriot, sir. If we catch one of the canting crew here, he 'll run a fair chance of being treated as our brave Brooks served that miserable traitor, Sumner.

[*The tipsy overseer swings his glass, and sings:*]

We 'll feather him,
And ride him on a rail,
Then black his ugly face,
And lock him up in jail.
If he speaks, we 'll pull the trigger,
And shoot him dead as any nigger.

[*The young men join, noisily, in repeating the chorus:*]

If he speaks, we 'll pull the trigger,
And shoot him dead as any nigger.

[*Masters, waving his hand to silence them, says :*]

One of our friends has composed a song for this occasion. Please give the gentleman an opportunity to sing it.

THE FILLIBUSTERS' SONG.

What nation can with us compare,
In brav 'ry, skill, or worth ?
Was ever a people like to us,
Upon the wide, wide earth ?

Chorus.

John Bull ! you 'd better not set bounds
Unto our bold career !
A whipping they will surely get,
That dare to interfere.

We 'll take and keep whate'er we like,
And ask no leave of man ;

"For they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Chorus. John Bull! you 'd better not set bounds, &c.

We 've set our foot on Mexico,
And got her mines of gold,
And land enough for twenty States,
Where niggers may be sold.

Chorus. John Bull! &c.

The isle of Cuba we will wrest
From the weak hand of Spain;
On Hayti, too, we 'll get strong hold,
And rule the Central Main.

Chorus. John Bull! &c.

And if it suits our sov'reign will
T' annex the planet Mars,
What business need it be to *you*,
How we increase our stars?

Chorus. John Bull! &c.

'T is plain that Fate marks us to be
The masters of the world!
O'er Sandwich Isles, and far Niphon,
Our flag shall be unfurled.

Chorus. John Bull! &c.

Masters. That's a capital song.

North. Brim full of patriotism. We *are* a wonderful nation, that's a fact.

[*Guests of the table.*] Encore! Encore!

Scene II.

[*Cotton fields and negro huts two miles from the planter's house. Evening of the Fourth of July. Pine torches stuck in the trees. Slaves dancing about, half tipsy, singing:*]

Hurra fur Dependant Day!
Hurra! de nigger may play!
Ole hoe on de groun he lay,
Ole massa gib rum to day.

Drink, boys, drink! fur we no pay,
Hurra fur Dependent Day!

Old Negro Woman. Stop dat ar! Jim's gwine to sing; and you all know Jim's extr'ornary.

[*Jim, a merry-looking black lad, sings to the accompaniment of his banjo:*]

"Come, broders, let us leave
Dis Buckra lan for Hayti;
And dar we be receive
As gran as Lar-fay-*i*-tee.

"Dar we 'll make a mighty show,
In gran-hus, as you 'll see;
I shall be all the go,
And you like Gub'nor Shootsy.

"Dar no more barrow wheel;
And dat 's a mighty jerkus;
Dar no more 'bliged to steal,
And den be sent to work-hus.

"We 'll dance in great big hall,
Will hole full half a million;
We 'll dance togeder all
What white man call cotillion.

"We 'll lead our partners out,
Forward two, and backy;
Cross hans, an wheel about,
And den go home in hacky."

[*Jim receives great applause. The slaves exclaim,* Dat's fustest rate! *They jump about, laughing and singing:*]

Hurra fur Dependent Day!

[*Jim waves his hand with an air of importance, and says:*]

Now, you niggers, b'have spectable! will yer? I'se done got ready a song, spressly fur dis 'casion.

[*He takes his banjo and sings:*]

I hearn massa tell 'em so!
All de folks born free in dis 'ere country, O!
But when I 'ave ask if Jim born so,
Den my massa tell me no.

Mighty queer some tings I know,
If all folks born free in dis 'ere country, O!
Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!

[*This performance is received with guffaws of laughter, and repetitions of* —]

Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!

[*Jim again waves his hand magisterially, and says:*]

Nuff of dat ar! I'se gwine to sing the great big song dat white folks made spressly fur dis

splendiferous day, when Freedom was dispensed wid throughout dis ere land. Come, broders and sisters, jine wid me!

[*They sing:*]

"Fur ne'er shall de sons of Columby be slaves."

[*White men rush in among them, brandishing whips:*]

Damn your impudence, you black rascals! What are you at? Off with you! Every nigger of you! If one of you is seen out again to-night, he 'll be tied up and get thirty-nine, well laid on. Off with you!

[*The slaves disperse hastily. Jim hides himself with one of his companions. When the white men have gone, they step out on tiptoe, stealthily. Jim nudges his companion, gyrates his finger on his nose, and says with great gravity:*]

Sambo, jus touch de banjo, while I sing —

"Hail Columby! *happy* lan!"

Scene III.

[*Interior of one of the servants huts, in the rear of Mr. Masters's house. The mulatto, William, sits leaning his head thoughtfully on his hand, while Ellen, his wife, clears their frugal supper table. Being favorite personal attendants upon their master and mistress, they have caught the language of genteel white people, and are familiar with the music they have heard in the parlor. Ellen, who might pass for a white woman, has an air of refinement in her dress and motions; and as she glides about the humble little apartment, she now and then sings snatches of favorite operas. From time to time she glances uneasily at her husband, and at last playfully places her hand on his shoulder, while she sings:*]

My love is sad! my love is sad!
What shall I do to please him?

Will he be glad, will he be glad
To have his Ellen tease him?

[*Meeting with no response, she chants slowly, with a kind of mock solemnity:*]

Shall I sing to him of the cold, dim moon,
Sailing through weeping clouds over a tomb?
Shall I sing *so?*

[*She stoops to look up in his troubled face, then springs back, singing gaily and rapidly:*]

No, no, no, no,
I wont sing so;
But like the summer morning,
When streamlets flow,
Bright dew-drops glow,
And birds salute the dawning.

Rich warble and gush!
Quick twitter and trill!

The twirling notes rush
Like drops from a mill.

With trem'lous flow,
The tones shall go,
Like fountains, when they 're filling;
No thought of woe
The heart shall know,
While I, like birds, am trilling.

Rich warble and gush!
Quick twitter and trill!
The twirling notes rush
Like drops from a mill.

[*While she sings, William's countenance gradually relaxes into a smile. He looks up with fond admiration, and says:*]

Really, Jim was in the right, when he said it was extror'nary what yer upter. I believe the music master never gave young missis a les-

son, without your learning it by heart at the very first hearing. And *she!* what a bungling piece of work she makes with a new tune, even when she has been practising a month! What a shame that *she* should have a grand piano, while *you* have n't even an accordion!

Ellen. Never mind, Willie, dear! God has given me an ear and a voice; and *they* can't be *bought*, like a piano.

William, [*with mournful earnestness.*] But they can be *sold*, Ellen! They can be *sold!* I tremble when I hear you sing so sweetly, for fear somebody will buy you for the sake of your ear and voice. If a large price was offered, do you suppose massa would hesitate to sell you? Not *he!* Was n't my handsome sister sold to a New Orleans trader, in order to raise money to buy that cursed piano? I want to smash all the wires whenever I see it.

Ellen, [*caressingly.*] You are sad and cross to-night, Willie. I 'm afraid you 're like the

rest, head-achy with drinking, yesterday, and tired out with hurraing for Independence.

William, [*contemptuously.*] *Independence!* What a mockery! I hurraed with the rest, for fear they would take notice if I did not, and make it a pretext to hang me, on the charge of plotting an insurrection. How I wanted to kick that fellow, that struck me for putting on the Liberty Cap for fun! I didn't think of it when I put on the Cap, but perhaps there was an omen in it. Thoughts have been very busy in my head since yesterday morning; and it isn't the *first* time that the Fourth of July has set me to thinking. I told you what a rage massa was in about a newspaper sent to him from Boston. He said some damned Abolitionist had done it. He tore it into fifty pieces, and ground them under the heel of his boot. I found some of the crumpled pieces among the bottles, under the picnic table. I hid them in my shoes, and I've been reading them, till I've

learned them by heart. Here is a verse that I shall always think of whenever I see the flags flying on Independent day. [*He reads from a scrap of newspaper:*]

"Oppression should not linger
Where starry banners wave;
The swelling shout of Freedom
Should echo for the slave."

Ellen. O pray burn all those scraps of paper, Willie. If they should find out that you picked them up and saved them, it might cost you a dreadful flogging.

William, [*laughing.*] Why should he be afraid to have his slaves read Abolition papers? You know he says he could n't *whip* 'em away from him, if he *tried.* How came massa and missis to take *free* negroes with them, when they started for the North, this morning? Why are you and I to be sent to his brother's, to-morrow, to stay till they come back? Of course, it

is because they are so sure that they could n't *whip* us away from 'em, if they *tried.* Heaven knows there's been whipping enough on the plantation to drive 'em all off, if *whipping* would do it. Yet how coolly he tells the lie before our very faces, and calls upon us to confirm it, because he knows we dare not do otherwise. If the Yankees were half as 'cute as they're cracked up to be, I should think they would see through such shams. How *tired* I am of hearing him repeat to every visitor that he could n't *whip* us away from him, if he *tried.*

Ellen. And so am I, Willie. But there are things worse to bear than *that.* I have been afraid to tell you all my troubles, for fear you would do something rash, and then they would burn you alive, as they did poor Peggy's husband. But now massa has gone away, and you will have time to get cool before he comes back; and so I will tell you all. When I am

at the big house, sewing for missis, as sure as she goes out to ride, he comes into my room and asks me to sing, and tells me how pretty I am. And — and — I know by his ways that he don't mean any good. He gave me this breast-pin, and I was afraid not to take it. You know why poor Peggy's husband was to be sent off to Georgia, and how he tried to poison massa, when he found it out. Now massa says if I make him angry, he will sell *you* to the traders.

William, [*clenching his fist.*] The old villain! and he knows all the while that you are his own daughter!

Ellen. I told him *that*, but he paid no attention to it. My poor, poor mother! I suppose *she* was afraid, too; for I remember she always seemed so modest. Oh, it is a dreadful situation to be in! [*She bursts into tears.*]

William. Don't cry, dear Ellen. It shall never be. *Never!*

Ellen. Oh, how can we help it? We are slaves; and there is no law to protect us. Sometimes, I have thought I would tell missis all about it, and ask *her* to protect me. But I am afraid to do it, for fear they will sell *me* to Georgia traders, and keep you. I think missis begins to mistrust something; for she has been terribly cross to me lately. See how she burned my arm with hot sealing-wax, because I broke a tooth from her comb, when I was dressing her hair for their great ball, Independent night.

[*William stoops to kiss the arm, and says, in a low tone:*] There is but *one* way, dear Ellen. We know the North Star; we have often talked of following it; and we must start to-night, before massa's brother comes for us.

Ellen. Oh, Willie, if I only had courage enough! There seems to be nothing else left for us to do. But how *can* we get away? The patrols are always about. There 's a man, only

a mile off, who keeps blood-hounds to track runaways, and massa's brother will certainly send for him when he finds we are gone.

William. He supposes us to be such contented slaves, that he won't hurry to come for us. Meanwhile, we must escape. Very likely the dogs will be after us; but it is better to *die* by dogs, than live to be *treated* as dogs. To-night is our only chance.

Ellen. But they say there are such deadly snakes in the swamps.

William. That is very true. Snakes may sting your *body*, but they will not sting into the *soul*, like the brutal overseer's lash; and that will be your portion, if you resist your master.

Ellen. Oh, Willie! [*She sobs violently.*]

William. Come, dear Ellen, if you love me, try to be courageous. I know where there is a suit of young massa's clothes, and I have no doubt they will fit you. You can pass for a white lad, and I will be your servant.

Ellen, [*smiling through her tears.*] I will tell them I couldn't *whip* you away from me, if I *tried.* Hark! What's that? Has there been anybody about, listening to what we have said?

William, [*after a moment's silence.*] It's nobody but Jim. I thought it was his whistle. And now don't you hear him singing, "The Blue-Tailed Fly?" I wish I could be as thoughtless as that merry fellow.

Ellen. You can't, Willie, because you know too much.

[*Jim enters, singing:*]

"Jim crack corn — don't care!
Ole massa's gone away."

[*He gives a bobbing bow to Ellen, and says, with a knowing grin:*]

Who's gwine to dress missis har? [*He nudges William, and adds, with a wink:*] I 'se boun dey tink bobolitionists wud talk to yer, if dey tuk yer way to de North. 'Peers like he's

skeery. What's he skeered bout? You tole him, hunder times, you'd ruther be a stray dog nur a free nigger. Could n't *whip* dis ere nigger ray. *Could* he, now? [*Puts his hands on his knees, and laughs aloud.*]

William. Take care, Jim! Don't make so much noise! Those cursed patrols may be prowling about.

Jim. Sound asleep, I 'se be boun for 'em. Tuckered out, and done up wid drinkin.

"Jim crack corn — don't care!
Ole massa's gone away."

Ellen. I 'm afraid some of the rum got into *your* head, Jim.

Jim. Dis 'ere nigger 's sober 's deacon. I 'se gwine to Metodist meetin. I 'se boun to git religion. Now you 'se an extror'nary critter! Up to ebery ting, jus de same as white folks. You know how massa write de pass. Mebbe you 'd write a pass fur Jim?

[*Ellen looks inquiringly at her husband, who nods assent. While she is writing the pass, Jim begins to sing:*]

I hearn massa tell 'em so!
All de folks born free in dis 'ere country, O!

William. Hush! hush! Jim. You will bring us all into trouble with your noisy fun. If you *must* be singing all the time, do sing "Old Dan Tucker," or "The Blue-tailed Fly," or something of that sort. But, tell me, seriously, *is* there a Methodist meeting in the woods, to-night?

Jim. I call dat ar an extror'nary question, when a spectable nigger asks to hab a pass gin to him. Dar's a mighty big meetin tree miles off, in Middleton Woods.

[*Ellen hands him his pass.*]

Jim. Tankee! Tankee! You've allers bin rale kine to dis 'ere nigger. Hope de Lord's got a blessin fur bofe on yer. Good bye.

Ellen. Thoughtless as Jim seems, I reckon he 's going further than Middleton Woods, to-night. Did you notice how he bid us good bye?

William. I had my own thought, as soon as he asked for a pass. If he was n't so noisy, I should like to have him go with us. But it is safest to keep our own counsel, and go alone. I will go and bring young massa's clothes, and you must be thinking how to pass for a white young gentleman, if anybody speaks to us. Our greatest danger is in this county, where so many people know massa, and have seen me with him. But if you can only keep up your courage, Ellen, I trust the Lord will help us to arrive safe in Canada.

Scene IV.

[*A swampy island in the midst of a dense forest, the trees profusely hung with Virginia moss. Twilight is settling into evening, when Wil-*

liam and Ellen creep stealthily toward the borders of the wood. They both look travel-worn and weary.]

Ellen, [*in a low voice.*] How awfully lone-some was the spot where we have been hiding all the day! I expected every minute to be stung by a rattlesnake, or a cotton-mouth. How tired we must have been, to drop asleep in such a place!

William. It was out of the way of white men, Ellen; and we have more cause to dread *them*, than we have to dread the snakes.

Ellen. I know it! I know it! Father of mercies! I seem to hear those blood-hounds yelping now. How close they came upon us! If we had crossed that brook a minute later, they would'nt have lost the track, and we should have been torn to pieces. I tremble all over, when I think of it.

William. I'm afraid they got upon the track

of some other poor fugitive, and so let *us* escape. I was sure I heard a scream.

Ellen. Oh, Willie, *shall* we ever get to Canada?

William. He who knoweth all things, alone can tell. We must put our trust in Him?

Ellen. Before we start on our night-journey, let us kneel and ask his blessing.

THE FUGITIVES' PRAYER.

Father of all! To Thee we bend;
On Thee alone can we depend;
Guiltless of wrong, yet shunning light,
Bewildered trav'lers of the night,
When others to their rest have gone,
We wander through the world alone.
Thou, who created all,
Oh, hear our anxious call,
And guide us right,
Through the dark night.

Weary, and worn, and full of fear,
We travel through the forests drear;
Fierce wolves may seek us for their prey,
And cruel men, more fierce than they.
Help us to put our trust in Thee!
Our efforts bless, and make us free!
On earth we have no friend,
Oh, guide us to the end,
From ev'ry snare,
Hear thou our prayer!

[*They rise and prepare for their journey. Suddenly a light gleams over the foliage, on one side of the forest. Ellen grasps her husband's arm, and points to the light, saying, in low tones:*]

Now Heaven help us! There are men coming with torches.

William. Creep into the bushes, and lie flat on your face.

[*Through the deep stillness voices are heard singing :*]

Trust in Him who blessed the poor !
O, glory, hallelujah !
He 's a friend forever sure !
O, glory, hallelujah !

Broders, sisters, why do ye mourn ?
Sing glory, hallelujah !
He 's got no massa whar he 's gone !
O, glory, hallelujah !

Ellen. Oh, Willie, don't it seem as if God sent that hymn as an answer to our prayer?

William. It does, indeed; and I joyfully accept the omen from my poor brothers in misfortune. They are slaves, secretly holding a meeting in the woods. Some of them have died lately, I suppose; and this is the way they give vent to their feelings. How wild and solemn it sounds, here among the trees, in the starlight.

Ellen. We have been so lonely, all day, that the sound of friendly human voices is pleasant. Let us wait awhile, and listen.

William. Poor fellows! Some of them might be tempted to betray us, in hopes of getting a silver bit, or a red handkerchief. Perhaps, too, there may be patrols lurking round to watch the meeting, and some of them might know me. It 's not safe to stay here. So keep fast hold of me, and creep along through the darkest of the shadows.

[*They disappear, while the unseen chorus are repeating :*]

He's got no massa whar he 's gone!
O, glory, hallelujah!

Scene V.

[*Past midnight. The moon shining on a broad river. No houses in sight. William and El-*

len creep out from a quantity of boards and barrels, piled up near the river.]

Ellen. It seemed frightful to be alone in the woods with wolves and snakes. But I'm more afraid here in the open country. [*She clings to him, and speaks low.*] When I pressed your arm a little while ago, didn't you think you heard something breathing near us?

William. Yes, I did, and it brought my heart up into my throat. But I suppose it must have been some sleeping cat or pig. Try to keep up your courage a little longer. There is the Ohio! the river we have so *longed* to see! If we can only get across it, we shall be in the free States, at last. So far, we have got along very well, thanks to your white face, and passing yourself for a slaveholder. If we hadn't been so unlucky as to meet that acquaintance of massa's down at the tavern yonder, we needn't be skulking now. But he looked hard at me, and

you were a little confused when you answered his questions. Perhaps he suspected something wrong, and perhaps he did n't. But it is safest for us to keep out of the way of the travelled roads. That nigger we overheard talking about taking some barrels across the river, said he was going to take them from such a place as this. We must try to get a passage with him. Your clothes are so worn and dusty, that you can hardly pass for the son of a rich slaveholder; but you may be taken for a poor white, emigrating with his only nigger. We have a little money left, and that may induce him to take us. The worst of it is, if he suspects us, he may inform against us, when he gets back to Kentucky, in hopes of getting more money. But we must run the risk.

Ellen. When will the day dawn? This night seems as long as ten nights. That same moon is shining on our old home, Willie. On the tree, where we used to sit and sing, on Sun-

days, after meeting. I loved that Southern land, where we were born, and where all our friends live. If our situation had n't been so dreadful, I never *could* have left it to seek a home among strangers.

William. I, too, was thinking what a pleasant home Carolina might be, if there was no Slavery there. But I long to breathe free air, if it be the coldest blasts of a Canada winter.

[*Ellen leans on her husband's shoulder, gazing pensively at the moon. After looking furtively round, to see whether any one is stirring, they sing, in a low voice:*]

O, moonlight, deep and tender,
You shone thus silv'ry bright;
Or veiled in misty splendor,
Where first we saw the light.

Those scenes of youth have vanished,
We return to them no more;

For we are aliens, banished
From our own native shore.

O, river, brightly glancing,
How beautiful to see!
Beneath the moonbeams dancing,
So joyfully and free!

And yet to *us* how dreary!
Who see it through our tears;
So lonely, sad, and weary,
And trembling with our fears.

O, river, gently flowing,
Bear us in safety o'er!
The friendly moonlight showing
Our way to Freedom's shore.

[*While they are singing, a black face peeps out from between the boards, and watches them curiously for a minute, and is then lighted up with a broad smile. The head is withdrawn*

behind the boards, and presently, when all is still, a voice is heard singing:]

"Jim crack corn — don't care!
Ole massa 's gone away!"

[*William and Ellen start, and look behind them.*]

William. I could almost swear that was Jim's voice.

Ellen. You know *all* the slaves sing that. It can't be that Jim is here. How my heart beats! What if we should be betrayed!

[*The voice behind the boards sings:*]

I hearn massa tell 'em so!
All de folks born free in dis ere country, O!

William. It *is* Jim! [*He sings in response:*]

"Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves."

[*The voice behind the boards answers:*]

Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!

[*Jim jumps out, grasps their hands, and capers about.*]

Jim. Peers like you 've done clared out, too. Dis 'ere nigger sorter spected so. I say, Bill! massa could n't *whip* us away, *could* he? *Tried* hard nuff, did n't he? Would n't *take* our freedom, if massa *guv* it to us, *would* we? [*He sings:*]

Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!

William. It does me good to hear your merry voice again, Jim; but I think you had better keep more quiet till we get into Canada.

Jim. Skeered, ar ye? Who 's feard? Not dis ere nigger. Cause, ye see, he knows what he 's bout. You member my brudder Dick, dat was sole to Kentuck? Dick all'ers was quick as rat-trap. Extror'nary smart nigger! Dick's massa hires him out, to tote lumber down dis

ere riber. Dick 's got an arrant cross de riber, and he 's gwine to tote dis ere nigger in a bar'l. Dars bar'ls nuff to tote us all. Dick would n't *take* his freedom, if his massa *guv* it to him ; an't green nuff fur *dat*. But dis ere nigger sorter spects to see Dick in Canada. [*He bursts out singing :*]

" And dar we be receive
As gran as Lar-fay-*i*-tee ! "

Ellen. But even if we succeed in crossing the river, we are not sure of reaching Canada. They say our masters have made a law, obliging people in the free States to catch runaway slaves, and send them back.

William, [*bitterly*.] And they *call* themselves *free* States ! But they say that slaves have friends in Ohio, who help 'em on toward Canada, by some kind of underground railroad. I wish I knew how to find them.

Jim. You go way ! You knows a heap,

Bill. Dar an't no manner o' doubt o' dat ar. But dis ere nigger an't jus woke up, nudder. Dick tole all bout dem ere cars. Dick knows a man in Hi-o, dat 'll put us aboard. If massa's car come rattlin arter us, *Ki!*—dey 'll jus put on de steam like house a fire! and way we go!

[*He puffs like a steam engine, imitates the car-whistle, and ends by singing:*]

"Clar de track, ole Dan Tucker!"

Ellen, [*uneasily.*] When *will* your brother come? Every minute seems an hour.

[*From a boat on the river, a bell is heard to ring three times, followed by a voice, singing:*]

"Heigho! de boatmen row!"

Jim. Dat ar's Dick!

[*They all run toward the river, and soon after, receding voices are heard singing:*]

"Heigho! de boatmen row!
Floatin down riber Ohi-o!"

Scene VI.

[*Fields near Detroit. A company of men and women assembled to celebrate the first of August. Picnic tables are spread under an evergreen arch, with the word,* Emancipation, *formed of dahlias. All the women wear veils, that Ellen, who is among them, need not be easily recognized, in case of an emergency. William has a neat new dress, and wears a brown wig.*]

Mr. Freeman, [*shaking hands with Ellen.*] You are welcome here; and you may rest assured that you are among kind friends. I hear you have a voice like a bob-o'-link. Won't you give us a song, on this pleasant occasion?

Ellen. I would most gladly, sir. But is it quite safe? I 'm told the law compels you to give up fugitives.

Freeman. I blush to acknowledge that we *are* disgraced by such a law; but we contrive

many ways to evade it. You are more safe here, than you would be in a city. This is not a public meeting. It is a picnic for Abolitionists only. No Southerner will be likely to intrude upon us. Is your master at the North?

Ellen. When he left home, he intended to travel North, sir.

Freeman. What is his name?

Ellen. Mr. Alfred Masters, of South Carolina.

Freeman. I know of no such name at the hotels; and our friends keep pretty close watch. But, to make your mind perfectly easy, I will tell you a secret. In that ice-house, covered with straw, yonder, there are steps that lead to the underground railroad. You have heard of the underground railroad, perhaps?

Ellen, [*smiling.*] O, yes, sir. We *came* by that road.

Freeman. I shall keep spies on the watch. If any strangers approach, I will begin to sing,

"Get out of the way old Dan Tucker!" Then the women will run for ice, and you and your husband will run with them. There's *one* slave under the ice-house, already. He's so black, that it won't do for *him* to show his face here; but you and your husband are both so light, that you would attract no attention. As for *you*, no one unacquainted with your history would believe that you were not a white woman.

Ellen. I wish it were possible to cross over to Canada soon, sir.

Freeman. I deem it imprudent to attempt it just now. There are some Southerners at the hotel, in search of runaway slaves; and it is possible you might be recognized by some acquaintance of your master's. We will try to have you conveyed over to-morrow morning, before people are stirring. Meanwhile, I wish you would help us to celebrate the emancipa-

tion of your enslaved brethren in the British West Indies.

Ellen. I will try, sir; but I am afraid my voice will tremble; for I am *very* anxious. I will call William, and we will sing together two verses, that a lady taught us last night. She said they were written by an Abolitionist, in Boston.

[*Ellen sings:*]

"Oh, sunny South, the pride of lands,
Whose joyous spring as Eden blooms,
Whose rivers sweep o'er golden sands,
Whose harvests feed a million looms;
Why looks an anxious world on thee,
In sorrow for thy destiny?"

[*William sings in response:*]

"It is, that when the joyous sea
Bore from West Indian Isles the song
Of earth's most glorious jubilee,
Of right, triumphant over wrong, —

Midst a *world's* welcome, thou alone
Answered the tidings with a groan."

Freeman, [*to Ellen.*] You *are* a bob-o'-link! We must hear your voices again, by-and-by. But now let us all join in a chorus, in honor of our mother country.

[*All the guests unite in singing:*]

"Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea!
Britannia hath triumphed, the negro is free!"

[*The women begin to unpack bread, cakes, &c., from the baskets. While they are thus occupied, Mr. Freeman sings:*]

"Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker!"

[*The women exclaim:*]

O, we forgot the ice. Make haste and bring some ice!

[*Many of them run towards the ice-house; William and Ellen with them. While others arrange the tables, two strangers enter.*]

North, [*bowing to Mr. Freeman.*] Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Masters, from South Carolina. He never attended an Abolition meeting, and he was curious to see one.

Masters. Not so much to *see* one, as to listen to the *arguments* that may be brought forward. I am a sincere seeker after light; and, perhaps you will be able to convince me.

Freeman. This is not one of our public meetings for discussing the subject, sir; but you are welcome to the best we have to offer, either for mind or body. Doubtless, we *might* produce two or three arguments that would make some impression on you. But the ladies are preparing the refreshment tables. They can offer you some delicious fruit, refreshingly cool, for we have an ice-house near by.

[*The Abolitionists glance at each other with a significant smile; and one says aside to another:*]

Its contents would n't be very likely to cool *him!*]

Masters. I thank you; but I came here for argument, rather than refreshments. I hear you are great reasoners; but I hope to convince you that you are laboring under a mistake on this subject. I assure you our servants at the South are a very happy set of people. This gentleman, from Connecticut, can vouch for what I say.

North. Yes, sir, I can; and I am most happy to do it. I *know* something about it. I 've *been* at the South; so, *I* am a competent witness. And I 'm free to say, I never saw a happier set of fellows than the niggers there. The poor in England have reason to envy their condition.

Freeman. Why don't you go as a missionary to England? They would n't mob you, as *we*

did George Thompson; and if you have half *his* eloquence, perhaps you might persuade the English people to petition their government for leave to *become* slaves. Such petitions would doubtless find some advocates; for there is a class there, as well as here, who consider Slavery the most suitable condition for the poor.

Masters. You are pleased to be facetious, sir. But I do assure you, that my slaves have not the least *desire* to be free. I have an uncommonly intelligent slave, named William. He is so attached to me, that when I *offered* him his freedom, he would 'nt *take* it. *Would* he, Mr. North?

North. No. He told me, himself, that he 'd rather be a stray dog than a free nigger.

Masters. William is not peculiar in that respect. They all have the greatest contempt for free niggers. I 'm a very kind master; *all* my slaves are so contented with their situation that

I could n't *whip* 'em away, if I *tried*. *Could* I, Mr. North?

North. No, indeed! They know too well on which side their bread is buttered.

[*A voice, not far off, sings:*]

Dis nigger he know *dat tings* no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!

Masters, [*looking round.*] Who was that?

Freeman. Ethiopian melodies are very popular here. Boys are always whistling or singing them. Some lad appears to have put new words to "Dandy Jim."

Masters, [*smiling.*] It was an excellent imitation. It almost made me feel as if I were on the plantation, hearing my own boys singing merrily, at their work. They're a happy set, sir.

[*One of the Abolitionists aside to another.*] Some of them are his *own* boys, in more senses than *one*, I reckon.

[*Meanwhile a man enters and hands Mr. Masters a letter. He glances over it, and takes up his hat hastily.*]

Freeman. You 're not *going*, sir? We have made arrangements to have a *debate* with you, by-and-by. You said you wished to hear our arguments.

Masters. I must decline that pleasure, for the present, sir. I am summoned away on unexpected business.

[*He touches his hat, takes Mr. North by the arm, and turns away. Mr. Freeman turns away in the opposite direction, and joins a knot of the Abolitionists, all of whom are keeping an eye on Mr. Masters and Mr. North, as they stand talking together.*]

Masters. Would you *believe* it? That rascal, Bill, has taken advantage of my absence, to run away! He and his wife Nelly have been seen

near Ohio. The ungrateful wench! When I was willing to do so *much* for her!

North. Is it possible? Now I *am* surprised! What ingratitude!

Masters. The fact is, sir, the niggers are a singular race. They have several diseases, peculiar to themselves. The one which prevails most *generally*, is called by our doctors, drapetomania; and the only way I can account for this strange affair, is by supposing that Bill and Nelly had an attack of that *disease.*

North. Pray what sort of disease may that be, sir?

Masters. Doctors like to show their learning, you know; so they made a word from Greek. It means a mania for *running away.* When niggers appear unusually sulky and dissatisfied, it's a sign that the disease is coming on; and preventive remedies ought to be applied immediately. The learned Dr. Cartwright, of Louisiana University, has written a celebrated book

about nigger diseases. He advises that the whip should be freely applied when the first symptoms of drapetomania appear. He calls it "whipping the devil out of 'em." But the fact is, I never perceived any symptoms of it in Bill. He always seemed healthy. It is a very *singular* disease, that drapetomania! There's no telling who may be seized by it. Some of the planters think it is becoming epidemic.

North. It *is* singular, indeed, sir. Perhaps it's part of the curse that the Lord pronounced upon Canaan.

Masters. I've heard that idea suggested by our divines. The niggers *are* a cursed race, if ever there *was* one; that's a fact.

North. How lucky it is for *them*, that they have kind masters to take care of them!

Masters. You know what good care I took of Bill; the ungrateful dog! Who would have thought of *his* being seized with drapetomania? But what's to be done? Do you know anything

about that infernal underground railroad, they tell of?

North. I dare say the police may know something about it, sir.

Masters. If I could only *see* Bill and Nelly, and *reason* a little with 'em, I dare say they would be persuaded that they have done very wrong. When the disease of drapetomania begins to subside, they soon get tired enough of being free niggers, and would gladly go back, if they were not afraid of punishment.

North. That drapetomania is a very strange disease. I never heard of anybody's having it in New England. It *must* be a part of the curse upon Canaan.

Masters. Come! let us make inquiries of the police.

[*They go out. Mr. Freeman says to the picnic guests:*] Some of you go and caution that merry black Jim, not to be singing any *more* scraps of songs till he gets into Canada. We 've

come to a narrow pass on the precipice, *now*. There can be no doubt what news that *letter* contained. I heard the word, police. How on earth shall we contrive to get them safely away from their hiding-place, and smuggle them over to Victoria's dominions?

One of the Guests. I see how it can be done. There's a store of ready-made coffins near by, and the man who sells them is an Abolitionist. The colored minister, Mr. Dickson, died yesterday, and we can get his family to help us. William and Ellen must be stained black, and go among the mourners. Jim, who *can't* be stained any blacker, must be carried in the coffin. They can all be locked up in a tomb; a place which the police will not think of searching. In the darkness of the night we can bring 'em near the ferry. The police will, doubtless, be on the watch during all the hours that the boat runs; but you know the ferryman is willing enough to oblige us, if he can do it without

being found out. We must be scattered here and there, round the ferry, in numbers sufficient to divert the enemy's forces, if they take it into their heads to be stirring too early.

Freeman. I believe it is the best plan that is left for us; but it 's risky business for all of us. That rogue, Jim, must be cautioned not to sing out from the coffin.

Scene VII.

[*Road near Detroit. On one side of the road Mr. Freeman is passing slowly with a few Abolitionists. On the other side of the road are Police Officers, with brass stars on their coats, and brass bands on their hats, with the word, Police. They pass back and forth, as if on sentinel duty. Rowdy-looking Truckmen, with shirt sleeves rolled up, are armed with clubs and whips, as if ready for a mob. The sound of funeral music is heard approaching. A coffin is borne across the stage, followed by colored*

men and women, and a band of music. After it has passed, Mr. Freeman stops in front of a Police Officer, and says to one of his Abolition companions:]

Whose funeral was that? It is not *common* to have a *band* out on such occasions.

Abolitionist. I presume it is done in honor of Mr. Dickson, the colored minister. I heard he was to be buried to-day, and I noticed his family among the mourners.

[*A Truckman says, in a loud voice, to the Police Officer:*] Damned set of amalgamationists! No doubt they're hob-nob with all the *fust* niggers.

[*Police Officer speaks apart to his companions:*] They must be *expected* on this road, or the *Abolitionists* would not linger about here so.

[*When Mr. Freeman re-appears, talking with a friend, the Police Officer says gruffly to him:*] What are you loitering about *here* for, sir?

Freeman. I will imitate the Yankees, who, they say, answer one question by asking another. Pray what are *you* loitering about here for?

Police Officer. We're watching for two runaway niggers.

Freeman. Only *two*, sir? *Many* pass through this place to Canada.

A Truckman. Yes, and it's all owing to the *cussed* jugglery of you bobolitionists and your friends, the niggers.

Freeman. I am happy to hear that we are so useful.

Police Officer. But you won't catch a weasel asleep *this* time. Mr. Masters, of South Carolina, a very polite gentleman, and a very kind master, has lost two valuable servants. We've got on the track of 'em, and we're determined to catch 'em for him. We've got the *law* on *our* side.

Freeman. As I have no wish to earn blood-

money by turning slave-hunter for *any* of our Southern *masters*, the information does not particularly interest *me*.

[*Several of the Abolitionists, who have been looking on the Police and the rowdies with disgust, break out singing:*]

"No slave-hunt in *our* borders!
No pirates on *our* strand!
No fetters in the *free* States!
No slave upon *our* land!"

[*The Truckmen double their fists, and shake their whips. The Police Officer gets angry, and exclaims:*] I tell you what, you 'd better go about your business, if you know what is good for yourselves.

Freeman. I trust we are at liberty to *choose* our business. Our Southern masters are *kind* masters. They have left us a *few* privileges. I believe citizens of the free States are not *yet*

forbidden by United States law to walk in their own streets; or even to *talk* together in the street, when they think proper. But why so angry, *gentlemen?* You surely are not ashamed of your *employment?* Is it not a *manly* employment? Is it not fitting business for *you*, sir, who bear the illustrious name of John Adams? And for *you*, sir, who are accustomed to boast, at political meetings, that you are a true *democrat*, dyed in the wool? I see you *are* ashamed, notwithstanding all the *brass* you have about you.

[*Some slink away; some shake their fists. One of the Police says:*]

Damn your impudence! If you don't hold your tongue, I'll arrest you for disturbing the peace.

[*The Abolitionists laugh, and go off singing:*]

Bring garlands for the free and brave!
Bold hunters of the flying slave!

Scene VIII.

[*Early morning. The Ferry, at Detroit; half a mile across to the Canada shore. Mr. Freeman appears, and after looking all round carefully, knocks three times at a door, near the water. The Ferryman opens the door.*]

Mr. Freeman. The passengers you agreed to take are here. Please lose no time.

[*Ferryman hastens to the boat; William, Ellen, and Jim jump in. The fastenings are loosened. The boat is an oar's length from the shore, when Mr. Masters and Mr. North come running, out of breath, followed by ten or twelve Abolitionists. Mr. Masters points his pistol at the Ferryman, and calls out:*]

Put back that boat! Those are *my* slaves. Put back that boat, or I'll blow your brains out! Hell! There's Jim, too! Where the devil's the police! Call the police, Mr. North! Put back that boat!

[*For an instant, the Ferryman holds his oars suspended in hesitation. William, in an agony of anxiety, springs upon him, and exclaims :*]

I 'll strangle you, if you do.

Ferryman. If I *must* die, I 'll die doing my *duty.*

[*He pushes off. Some one behind Mr. Masters knocks the pistol from his hand. The Ferryman and William row with all their might. The Abolitionists swing their hats, and hurra. The Police come in time to see the boat half way across. An American vessel is on the stocks near by, with the name of Henry Clay, floating on its banner. The workmen on board catch the contagion of the scene. They wave their caps, and hurra. The noise attracts people on the Canada side. They see a negro in the boat, and guessing the rest, they hurra. In the intervals, Jim's voice comes across the water :*]

"Don't care! *Ole* massa's gone away!"

[*From shore to shore:*]

Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Mr. Freeman to Mr. Masters. Could n't *whip* 'em away from you; *could* you, sir?

Freeman to the Police Officer. Did n't catch a weasel asleep *this* time, did we?

[*From shore to shore:*]

Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Mr. North walking away with Mr. Masters, says. What a very remarkable case of drapetomania!

[*From shore to shore,*]

Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

[*On the Canada side, they strike up*—]

"God save the Queen!"

[*On the other side, the Abolitionists respond :*]

"Blow ye the trumpet aloud o'er the sea!
Freedom hath triumphed! The slaves are
now free!"

N. B. The scene here described did really occur at Detroit, some years ago, while a vessel, named the Henry Clay, was on the stocks; and the Ferryman made the exclamation here attributed to him.

Rudiments.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Must realize his cant, not cast it off.
JOHN STERLING.

THERE is a vulgar belief that our Revolution conquered for our nation its liberties, and that each generation of Americans inherits a free country. Of course revolution can no more conquer Freedom for a people than it can conquer scholarship or regeneration for it. All the Americas cannot make, of inborn serfs, freemen. It becomes us, therefore, to start from the fact that the phraseology of Freedom is as yet Cant; that the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the celebration of the birthdays of our heroic rebels, and the holidays of Radi-

calism, are Cant. By this, I would say, that these, our early traditions, are like the unevoked compositions left by Beethoven, in a score beyond the power of the instruments to which they are necessarily given for rendering. Instead of giving us that great music, our orchestra mingles in it the clank of chains and the yelp of the blood-hound. When, again and again, we hold up the luminous page, and say, "This is the score we gave you to execute," they stammer at first, then, being pressed, honestly say that their instruments cannot perform those "glittering generalities," nor the dancers keep step to them.

I fear that the Reformers are hasty in charging dishonesty and hypocrisy where there is disloyalty to Freedom. There is no denying that the truths which Jefferson and Henry declare to be self-evident, are not self-evident at all; they are the last refinements of civilization; not the world's seed nor stem, but it's

flowers; one, too, whose fragrance is to be inhaled with the flower of the mind. Our fathers had the quick heats of personal oppression and revolution to bring them to this result; but what can we expect of a generation of maggots, the sole ambition of each of which is to be a fatter maggot than the other, and all seeing nothing beyond their special old Stilton? We must begin low enough even with the best. How many of those who fancy themselves friends of Freedom, do we find laying down Wall Street and Kansas land-lots, as the corner-stones of her temple? And surely, to a real freeman, this association with liberty of the advantage of free labor or equal power of the general government, is as low as one who should mingle with vows of love inquiries as to the bulk of his lady's purse, or the extent of the betrothed larder. That brotherhood of freemen, who join hands through all lands and ages, must teach others the RUDIMENTS; look-

ing upon professions of devotion to Freedom as Cant, — yet Cant, in which line for line a real face is masked; Cant to which the people must be held until the flood-tide shall come which make it *real.* For this end we must be content to go far down on the dry beach and foster the faintest, feeblest wave that beats in the right direction in every mind; nor despise it because it is not floating ships stranded up by the high water marks.

It was in the autumn of one of these late years, that I received from an old classmate, the following note.

W——, Virginia, Oct. 20.

Dear C.

Do come over and see us! I hear that you have become a fearful Abolitionist, and my wife says she 's afraid of you; but still, come! That topic shall be sunk in the river Styx.

Yours, as ever,

Philip.

Something moved me to comply. A week after, I entered, by the familiar old stage and the same old driver, (always much "tighter" than the reigns he held,) the threadbare streets of one of the oldest towns of Virginia. I found my friend surrounded by the luxuries of a new, neat cottage, and a happy honeymoon, which were shared by an interesting young wife.

The afternoon had passed pleasantly, and we had seated ourselves comfortably beside the glowing hearth; already deep in memories of old friendships and earlier scenes, forgetful of the charms by which we were separated, and, as it were, grasping hands tightly once more before a parting, which promised to be for many a long sad year, we gave ourselves up to the pleasure of the occasion. Then, suddenly, close to the door a sob was heard, — and then, in quick succession, a sob, a groan, and a low voice said, "O, my poor Tom!"

The young wife, pale as marble, was at the

door in an instant. On opening it a young colored woman stood in view, sobbing violently. She had just heard that her husband, to whom she had been married about two months, had been sold that morning to the far South, by his master, who lived a few miles off. The poor thing was in despair, and sank upon the floor, moaning. My friend's wife knelt down by her, speechless, her arm placed kindly about the neck of the unfortunate. Then came a silence that was mournful, indeed. Presently this young woman, Philip's wife, arose and turned upon us, her face all wet with tears, — strode across with the dignity of Rachel, and gave me her hand, — "Now, sir," she cried, "I am not afraid of you! You see it is all Satan's own! No, no, dear husband, don't speak to me. I hate it! hate, hate, hate Slavery! Go back and tell them all that we are in Sodom! I will go out into the kitchen and tell every servant to go, go, go — where they shall

live in some peace!" And out she rushed, her husband after her. (I think I have preserved the *ipsissima verba* of this Pythoness.)

For a full hour I was left alone with the fire, which burnt without and within, whilst I mused, interrupted only by quick, high voices, which occasionally reached me from another part of the house. At length my friend stepped softly in. He was sorry the scene had occurred; his wife was sorry also; was aware of the weakness she had shown before a stranger; had not been very well, lately; desired to be excused for the rest of the evening. Then followed a pause, broken first by Philip.

"Your Anti-Slavery friends would, I suppose, make much of such an incident as this."

"There are some subjects, it would seem, that the river Styx cannot keep down, Philip," I said, wishing him to open and direct the conversation. "There are, I know there are, a great many evils about the system. Many evils

beset every position, however well defended, (and here I saw the vision of the young wife, with arm encircling the slave's neck, mingling her tears with hers,) which is outside the protection of the holy mother, Liberty." My friend gave an equivocal smile.

"Does that sound to you like Cant?"

"I must say it did, a little."

"And yet for this Cant I have untwined so many arms of affection, unclasped so many warm hands which held mine, that I must ask you to believe it something more, Philip!"

"Forgive me," he answered, with a slight tremor in his voice, "I did not mean to distrust you. But, truly, this idea of Liberty seems to me more or less a phantom. I can feel concerned for special cases of oppression and cruelty, and admire special cases of heroic rebellion against injustice and arbitrary power, but Liberty, in itself, is vague; few persons, on earth, are free, and those by no means happiest

or most furnished with the means of doing good."

"I might reply to this last remark in the lines of the poet, —

> He that feeds men serveth few;
> He serves all who dares be true.

"But pray bear with me whilst I disclose what it is that we mean, and show you that our idea of Liberty is no speculation or enthusiasm, but a positive mathematical necessity."

"That is just what I have never seen."

"Observe, then, that it has become an axiom of natural history, that the higher the organization the greater the freedom. The animals of lowest structure fasten themselves to rocks, or in the river-shallows, for protection; they move about slowly and with difficulty; their lives are at the mercy of external elements, their only escape from which is in the prison of a shell. Each step in the scale of rising

life differs from the first only in greater independence of external things by the growth of stronger self-sustaining apparatus; each higher animal form was simply a revolution for Freedom. Thus you see the idea of Liberty is as ancient as the most conservative could desire, and began with the pulses of nature. Is it wonderful that man should inherit it; that what was in the stem should prevail in the fruit? For the naturalist shows us that man's form is the triumph of physical Freedom.

Now, then, at this point, we enter another sphere; that of man, wherein stratum rises on stratum, with the same old music. Here we find the axiom, *The higher the race, the greater the freedom.* The races of men are classified with regard of their historical efforts toward Freedom, and the false assertion of the ignorant concerning the lowest races, that *they are fit only to be slaves*, reveals that this is the tests of higher and lower. We say of the Sax-

on, he is highest, because he has never submitted to be a slave. The Jew, in Palestine, is a nobler man than the Jew, in Egypt.

Then we pass into a higher formation, — into inward and spiritual life. Thought is thought, by reason of Freedom. The structural bondage of an animal to the earth, is an outer sign of inner trammel to animal instincts; but an animal which should show that it could act as a free agent, from rational and conscientious motives, would be human, though a quadruped, and would be so recognized: and, on the other hand, if any one, apparently human, shows that he is unemancipated from the animal, he cannot be treated as a freeman, — such being the case with animals, &c. Moral, intellectual, and personal Freedom are, then, as essential conditions of any true, upright manhood, as the preservation of the centre of gravity is essential to the upright posture of the body.

And so upward, quite through the universe,

runs the law! All superiority, heroism, genius, are but greater Freedom; that is, they are the results of extreme individuality, which is Freedom. This progress of animal forms, from the imprisonment of a mollusk to the liberty of man, is at the same time a progress from without *inward;* the sun and air were the nerves of the jelly-fish, but the fish has nerves gathered in independent centres; the shell of the oyster is absorbed into the skeleton of the reptile. What else is genius but the latest workings of this law, when the mind *originates* ideas, where lower minds fasten on others as barnacles? What else is character than self-sustaining force, in contrast with servility and conventionality?

For this reason I spoke to you of Liberty as the holy mother of all earthly good. I speak but the refrain of the chorus of all the best men who have lived; for not one great man is known in history who has not, in some form,

borne witness in favor of Freedom. The early Christians had a motto, *Where the spirit of the Lord is there is Liberty:* the old British bards were named, *Those who are free throughout the world:* the mission of America, on earth, is to realize the full glory of these words, *All men are created free and equal!* For of all these, Liberty has been, and is, the miracle-working genius."

* * * * *

A few years have passed since this night. My friend lived on and gave no sign. Recently he died; and the following is the substance of a note received from his wife: "Perhaps it would please you to know that, by his will, Philip has emancipated his slaves. I think the lesson of poor Sally, which occurred during your visit, was never lost upon him. When he was dying, he took the hands of both our little boys and mine, and said, 'Dear Margaret, teach them as I had intended to do had I

lived — *to live for Freedom and hate Slavery, at any cost.*' Those were his last words."

I have concluded that I have been too often impatient of *rudiments* — to which, in this case, I was led by personal feeling. Have you not been so also, brother? I have somewhere read a fine German epigram of the witless man, who, when fortune is near his *right* hand, is sure to thrust out his *left;* perhaps fogyism is not the only folly; and surely God could have created no mind without some handle, which is at the command of whatever grasp of evidence and truth is adapted to it.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, September 22, 1857

Faith and Patience.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

Since the world began, no enterprise has more sternly tested the integrity and virtue of any people, than has the Anti-Slavery movement, in this country; and no gifts or graces are more important to the Abolitionists, than Faith and Patience. With these in full exercise, we may be invincible; without them, we are nothing.

It may not be our work to abolish Slavery. That may be reserved for our children's children. Still our part in the grand achievement is as needful for it in the next century, as it could be were the triumph to be next year.

Ten thousand conditions must be fulfiled to

produce a rose; ten thousand times ten thousand, perhaps, to produce a revolution.

Of these last, are we. And our earnest co-operation is as indispensable as are the south winds and showers of spring, to unlock the icy prisons of winter, before even seed-time can come. But to labor and suffer patiently and manfully, in such a strife as ours, with faint hope that even we or our children shall shout the final victory, demands a degree of confidence in God and his laws, which few, probably, ever reach.

The faith and fortitude of our Revolutionary fathers was surely very unlike that of those who rear their statues and monuments. The tories of that day were better than the patriots of this. And yet the wrongs inflicted by Slavery upon the North, upon labor everywhere, are enough to have almost healed the treason even of Benedict Arnold. Our Southern tyrants and task-

masters should have made patriots of all the Arnold race, and given them statues and honors by the side of Warren and Washington. For the little finger of Slavery is thicker than were the loins of both king and parliament.

It is easy now to magnify the Revolution of 1776. Dancing girls could bring the top stone to Bunker Hill Monument, when all other resources failed. The dulcet eloquence of Everett can be petrified into a pillar to the fame of Washington. But that same Everett declared he would gird on his armor and fight against the slaves, should they catch the spirit of Washington, and imitate his example in a death-struggle for Liberty! Even the moral and religious Anti-Slavery meeting he instructed his legislature to decree, *an unlawful assembly!* Had he been governor, in Boston, in 1775, is there any doubt on which side he would have been found? In behalf of the oppressor, he

would have razced the Old Cradle of Liberty to the ground, and hung every Adams and Otis whose eloquence ever shook its walls!

True, those were times to try men's souls; and results showed, that in those times, men had souls. But those days and their deeds are passed now, and panegyrists and historians, orators and poets, can safely chant their praises.

Not so with us in our own conflict. Now is our hour of trial. Time may come, when to have descended from Garrison, or the humblest of his faithful coadjutors, will be greater honor than to have signed the Declaration of Independence.

Our conflict has no parallel in the past. Never before was mortal hated, as is the slave; to befriend him, is a peril and sacrifice unknown before; he is, most emphatically, the least, the very least, of the brethren of him who hung on Calvary's cross. Ages ago, it was written, "whom we most injure, we most hate."

As a people, we hate the slave, in this country, because we have injured him; we hate him that he is a slave; we hate him for the color his God gave him; we hate him for his crisped hair; we hate him for the form of his features; we hate him for the fancied ill odor of his skin; we hate him for his whole condition, when we have crushed him down into it; we hate him that he is ignorant, when we have made him so; we hate him that he is debased and degraded, while we keep him so.

Our Supreme Court declares the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect. Our Church anticipated the decision, and builded its negro pew in the sanctuary. It set it at the table of the sacrament. It has reared it in the grave yard, and why not also in the kingdom of heaven!

Such are those whose cause we, who are Abolitionists plead, andfor whom we labor and pray. They are not the Greeks; they are not Poland.

They are not Kossuth, Lamartine, nor Mazzini. All these our country could bless; did bless, at least with sympathy, if not with more material aid. They are not Ireland, in famine, or we could send them whole cargoes of corn and commiseration.

Even the shivered fragments of our Aborigines share largely in the popular regard. The Government has its "Indian Bureau," with a whole corps of well-paid commissioners and agents devoted to that department. The Church, too, has her missions to the "Red Men," and counts her schools and converts these with millennial hopes and rejoicings.

But, alas, it is not thus with the American slave! "No man cared for my soul," mourned the minstrel of Israel. No man cares for mine, echoes the despairing bondman.

Here then, is the mission of the Abolitionists. Here are the Faith and Patience of the saints to be made manifest and perfected. Inasmuch

as ye do it unto the hated, hunted, black, and despised slave, ye do it unto the least of my brethren. And so ye do it unto me.

What though we are few? So ever are the faithful. What though we grow fewer still! This, too, may be part of God's economy. What though we see no results to gladden our souls? To wait as well as work, may be part of our appointment. What though the heaven over us seem brass, and the earth iron under our feet? This, also, is of "Him whose way is in the cloud." Let us learn a Faith that shall make that very cloud a pillar of fire and of light.

Our time shall surely come, as the Lord liveth. In the outward world, seed-time and harvest are not far disjoined; but in the moral vineyard and its husbandry, there are many "century plants," which shall still yield their treasures in due season. The planting of Moses and Isaiah has not yet all ripened for the harvest. The flower blooming to-day on the Nile, may

have descended from seed sown by Pharoah's daughter. And our faithful word or deed of this hour, may be blossoming in beauty and blessing, when future Layards shall be exhuming the ruins of New York, instead of Nineveh; and when grave antiquarians shall come from old institutions in Austral-Asia, to search the shores of the Hudson and the *debris* of the Mississippi deltas, to find traces of a once flourishing civilization.

Let us be mindful of this; and in Faith and Patience, ever possess our souls.

CONCORD, New Hampshire, 1857.

Ho! Help!

BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

Give of thy gold, O! man of wealth,
Give us thy strength, thou man of health!
Stretch forth thy hand, and do thy part,
Thou who art poor — give thou thy heart!
The slave is groaning in his chains,
His blood has cursed our hills and plains;
Our foes, regardless of his fate,
Have basely wrecked the ship of State;
Her mildew'd sails droop o'er her side,
Her hull is drifting with the tide!
Ho! to the helm, some master bold!
Each gallant sailor seize his hold!

Man every yard! let hope prevail,
And to the breeze set every sail.
No longer stand aside dismayed,
But let your valor be displayed;
Shall that low, black, and blood-stained craft,
Which dire tornadoes hither waft,
Our strong and ready crew appal!
Shall they to Slavery's dictates fall!
A manly stand may save us now,
A shrinking fear must lay us low.
Come from your farms, ye yeomen brave!
Come, as your fathers came, to save!
The cause of Liberty demands
A nobler service at your hands.
Old Nature yielding to your toil,
The very incense of her soil,
Through every echoing valley round,
Cries Freedom from the furrowed ground!
Come from the workshop and the mart!
'Tis Liberty that claims your heart!

Not only now the bleeding slave,
But hearths and altars rouse to save, —
For now within our very homes,
The tyrant with his mandate comes!
Ho! to the rescue, sons and sires! —
Arouse your strong ancestral fires!

BROOKLAWN, near New Bedford,
September 25, 1857.

De la Liberté Personnelle et de l'esclavage.

TIRÉ D'UN ECRIT INEDIT SUR LA LIBERTÉ.

BY J. J. AMPÈRE.

Le libre arbitre est ce qui constitue notre personne, la liberté personnelle est donc une liberté essentielle qui dérive de notre nature. Refuser à une créature humaine la liberté personnelle c'est prétendre anéantir l'essence de l'homme et tuer dans l'homme ce qui est l'homme même. On ne peut anéantir toute liberté personnelle dans l'homme. Déclarer qu'une créature libre n'est pas libre c'est tout aussi absurde que de déclarer qu'une pierre possè de la liberté. C'est pourquoi les stoiciens

soutenaient que l'homme peut être libre même dans les fers, car on peut toujours vouloir librement et même on ne peut vouloir autrement.

Mais s'il est impossible d'atteindre la liberté interieure de l'homme, on peut empecher toute manifestation exterieure de la liberté et traiter une créature libre comme si elle ne l'était pas; cela n'est point une absurdité, mais c'est un crime. Puisque je suis une personne, mon âme et mon corps m'appartiennent, je dois pouvoir en disposer à ma volonté, l'esclavage me vole mon corps et mon âme.

L'origine de l'esclavage est la force. La force n'est pas un droit, il n'y a pas de droit de l'esclavage.

Ici l'achat ne constitue point un droit, car nul ne saurait vendre ce qui ne lui appartient pas. Un homme ne peut appartenir à un autre homme. La proprieté est, comme on l'a dit, fondée sur la prise de possession par une personne libre, d'une chose qui ne l'est point; or,

tout homme est un être libre, on ne peut donc en prendre possession. L'esclave n'appartient point au maître qui le vend, il n'appartient point au maître qui l'a acheté, on ne peut donc faire valoir en faveur de l'esclavage le droit de proprieté. Ce droit est la condamnation du maître, car c'est le maître qui prive l'esclave de la plus incontestable des proprietés, la proprieté de lui-même.

Ce résultat découle de l'essence des choses, de l'impossibilité où est l'homme de la changer, de faire qu'une chose soit ce qu'elle n'est pas.

Il n'y a point de loi qui puisse violer cette loi.

Ce principe posé, voyons ce que l'esclavage a été et je l'écris en rougissant, ce qu'il est encore dans le monde.

L'Esclavage en lui-même est toujours monstrueux, il faudrait trouver un mot plus fort. On appelle monstrueux ce qui diffère de la forme regulière des êtres; or l'esclavage est

contraire à l'essence même de la nature humaine. La chose est si horrible que le mot qu'il faudrait trouver pour l'exprimer n'existe pas.

L'esclavage, monstrueux en lui-même, a eté à diverses epoques et chez différents peuples plus ou moins cruel, cela ne change rien à sa nature; on en peut dire autant de tous les fléaux. L'esclavage peut etre bénin, il y a des fiévres bénignes, la peste et le cholera n'ont pas toujours et partout la même intensité.

En Orient l'esclavage a été en général moins rude qu'ailleurs. On sait que dans les pays Musulman l'esclave fait comme partie de la famille, qu'il lui arriv d'épouser la fille de son maître et de s'élever aux plus grands emplois. Le despotisme est le régime à peu près universel de l'Orient. Personne n'etant libre, il n'y a pas une trés grande différence entre la condition du maître et celle de l'esclave, d'où il suit que le sort de ce dernier est plus tolérable, car le

maître ne peut beauconp mépriser une condition assez voisine de la sienne, et c'est le mépris surtout qui endurcit le cœur. Aussi la démarcation entre l'esclave et le maître n'est nulle part plus profonde que chez les nations libres, parceque nulle part l'intervalle qui les sépare n'est plus grand.

La douceur du caractère Athenien tempérait ces rigueurs, mais à Rome le contraste des deux conditions se montre dans toute son âpreté, sous la république encore plus que sous l'Empire. Le premier, qui à Rome se soit occupé de protéger les esclaves c'est un empereur, c'est Claude.

Aux Etats-Unis le mépris de l'esclave est poussé jusqu'à ses dernières limites, aussi bien que l'orgueil de l'homme libre.

Ceci ne prouve rien contre la liberté : j'ai dit comment il était naturel qu'il en fût ainsi et on ne peut appeler le niveau du despotisme qui rapproche le citoyen de l'esclave, un bienfait.

Mais cela fait sentir combien il importe aux peuples libres de ne pas tolérer dans leur sein l'esclavage, car il y est pire qu'ailleurs et il en résulte entre la liberté des uns et la servitude des autres une révoltante contradiction.

Aux Etats-Unis et partout où se so: les nègres qui sont esclaves, le préjugé de la couleur rend l'esclavage encore plus dur, car les maîtres parviennent à se persuader qu'ils ne sont pas de la même espèce que leurs esclaves. C'est ce qui fait que les nègres même libres, que les mulâtres libres, que les quarteronnes libres blanches comme des Europeénnes, parce qu'un œil exercé découvre autour de leur ongle ou dans un coin de leur œil la trace de leur origine, sont appellés *gens de couleur* et subissent la réprobation attachée à ce nom.

Cela est une absurdité grossière. Ceux qui pensent que les nègres sont d'úne autre espèce que nous, ignorent les éléments de l'histoire naturelle. Ce qui constitue l'espèce c'est que

les individus qui la composent peuvent former entre eux des unions fécondes. or les blancs savent sur ce sujet à quoi s'en tenir et les mulâtres sont-là pour les eclairer.

De plus, les nègres ont en partage les facultés intellectuelles et morales qui sont les attributs et le caractère de l'espèce humaine, ils ont le libre arbitre qui est le signe essentiel de l'humanité.

Quand certaines facultés seraient moins developpées dans la race noire, quand on admettrait que cette race est inferieure à la race blanche à beaucoup d'égards, ce que j'admettrai volontiers, quand on penserait contrairement à la tradition religieuse pour laquelle on affecte aux Etats Unis un si grand respect et contre l'opinion de la grande majorité des physiologistes, que tous les hommes ne proviennent pas d'une même souche, qu'en pourrait on conclure?

La supériorité d'intelligence ne donne nul droit sur la liberté d'autrui, autrement les gens

d'esprit auraient le droit de se faire servir par les sots; droit que les gens d'esprit n'ont, je crois, jamais reclamé précisement par ce qu'ils sont des gens d'esprit. Vouloir fonder l'esclavage sur une différence de nature est donc une insoutenable erreur.

Ce que je n'ai jamais pu comprendre c'est qu'elle ait pu etre énoncée par Aristote. Aristote dit positivement qu'il y a des natures d'esclaves. Cette proposition est encore plus inconcevable chez le prince des philosophes qu'elle ne l'est chez un planteur de la Nouvelle Orléans. Car au moins celui-ci peut arguer de la différence des traits et de la peau, mais dans l'antiquité les esclaves en général ne différaient en rien des autres hommes. Chacun pouvait devenir esclave lorsqu'il était fait prisonnier à la guerre ou lorsque la population dont il faisait partie etait réduite en captivité. Si la ville de Stagyre eut été prise d'assaut, ou si des pirates avaient capturé un vaisseau sur lequel

se serait trouvé Aristote, Aristote aurait ete esclave, eut il pour cela changé de nature? On est confondu en rencontrant une si déplorable aberration chez un tel genie, et on ne saurait l'expliquer que par ce besoin bien déplorable lui-même d'ériger en droit un fait universellement établi, ce qui permet de tout justifier. Détestable tendance dont la philosophie ne saurait trop se défendre et dont elle doit se défier en voyant où elle a conduit un penseur comme Aristote.

Dieu est juste. Il punit le mal par lui-même. Il était commode aux Grecs et aux Romains de laisser à des mains serviles le soin de cultiver la terre, de leur imposer les fonctions infimes et necessaires de la societé, pendant qu'eux-memes formaient une classe d'oisifs qui passaient des journées sur la place publique, au theatre au dans le cirque. Cet état de choses qui avait des charmes, finit par avoir des inconvenients. A Athènes, à Sparte surtout les hommes libres

finirent par se trouver dans une telle minorité qu'il n'y eut plus de peuple, mais quelques privilegiés et un troupeau d'esclaves : or là où il n'y a pas de peuple il n'y a pas d'armée. A Rome, l'accroissement du nombre des esclaves fit au travail libre une concurrence qu'il ne put soutenir, amena la ruine de la petite proprieté et par suite cet excès demesuré de la grande qui perdit l'Italie. De même les sucriers des Etats-Unis trouvent commode de faire exécuter sans payer la main d'œuvre des travaux excessifs que les blancs sauraient difficilement supporter. Mais l'esclavage est le châtiment de cette societé qui l'a souffert, il en est le seul danger, il menace sans cesse de la briser, et à ce mal, dont chacun a le sentiment nul ne voit un remède. L'esclavage est dans la constitution, le gouvernement central n'a pas plus le droit de l'abolir dans les différents états que ne l'a le parlement Anglais ou le Sénat de Paris.

Les citoyens des états à esclave ne sont dis-

posés à sacrifier ni leur proprieté, ni leur part dans les élections politiques, qui est proportionelle non seulement au nombre des citoyens, mais au nombre des esclaves. Affranchir brusquement cinq ou six millions de noirs et les jeter dans la societé serait périlleuse pour la societé et inquietant pour eux-mêmes. Tout cela est vrai et l'on concoit l'embarras d'une telle situation; mais d'autre part il faut prendre un parti car cette situation en se prolongeant ne s'ameliore pas, mais empire au contraire par l'accroissement assez rapide de la population esclave; et en même temps l'opposition à l'esclavage dans les états libres devient de plus en plus menaçante. Enfin, et ceci domine tout, l'esclavage est quelque chose en soi d'abominable, à part les atrocités plus ou moins grandes, et il y en a necessairement de trés grandes. Quand tout ce qu'on peut dire de l'humanité des maîtres, de leur intérèt à soigner leur proprieté serait vrai, la dégradation morale

à laquelle ils condamnent des êtres humains en les faisant descendre au dessous de la condition humaine, en privant des personnes que Dieu a faites libres de tout droit personnel, cette dégradation de l'homme, cette mutilation de l'œuvre de Dieu, cette violation de la liberté humaine qui est l'essence de notre nature, ne peuvent être acceptées, *cela de doit pas être.*

Les Americains disent qu'ils n'ont point institué parmi eux l'esclavage; que l'Angleterre l'a imposé à ses colonies, malgré leurs réclamations. Cela ne les dispense nullement de l'abolir. Il faut en revenir au principe fondamental que j ai posé plus haut. L'esclavage est contre le droit, faire un homme esclave c'est lui voler ce qui est à lui, sa liberté personnelle: or, quand on a herité d'un bien volé on peut choisir le mode de restitution qu'on croit le meilleur, mais il faut restituer.

Rome, ce 20 Octobre, 1857.

Requiescat in Pace.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

We have watched him to the last;
We have seen the dreaded king
Smile pacific, as he past
By that couch of suffering:
Wrinkles of aggressive years,
Channels of recondite tears,
Furrows on the anxious brow,
All are smooth as childhood's now.—
Death, as seen by men in dreams,
Something stern and cruel seems,
But his face is not the same,
When he comes into the room,
Takes the hand, and names the name,
Seals the eyes with tender gloom,

Saying: "Blessed are the laws
To which all God's creatures bend:
Mortal! fear me not because
Thine inevitable friend!"

So, when all the limbs were still,
Moved no more, by sense or will,
Reverent hands the body laid
In the Church's pitying shade,
With the pious rites that fall,
Like the rain-drops, upon all.
What could man refuse or grant
The spiritual inhabitant,
Who so long had ruled within,
With power to sin or not to sin?
Nothing. Hope, and hope alone,
Mates with Death. Upon a stone
Let the simple name be writ,
Traced upon the infant's front
Years ago: and under it,
As with Christian folk is wont,

"*Requiescat:*" or, may be,
Symbol letters, R. I. P.

Rest is happy — rest is right,
Rest is precious in God's sight.
But if he, who lies below,
  Out of an abundant heart
Drawing remedies for woe,
  Never wearied to impart
Blessings to his fellow men;
If he never rested then,
But each harvest gathered seed
For the future word and deed,—
And the darkness of his kind
  Filled him with such endless ruth,
  That the very light of truth
Pained him walking mid the blind,—
How, when some transcendant change
Gives his being boundless range,—
When he knows not time or space,
In the nearness of God's face,—

In the world of spirits how
Shall that soul be resting now?
While one creature is unblest,
How can such as he have rest?

"Rest in Peace," the legend runs,
Rest is sweet to Adam's sons.—
But can he whose busy brain
  Worked within this hollow skull,
Now his zeal for truth restrain,
  Now his subtle fancy dull,
When he wanders spirit-free
In his young immortality!
While on earth he only bore
Life, as it was linked with lore,
And the infinite increase
Of knowledge was his only peace;
Till that knowledge be possest,
How can such a mind have rest?

Rest is happy—rest is meet
For well-worn and weary feet.

Surely not for him, on whom
Ponderous stands the pompous tomb,
Prompt to blind the Future's eyes
With gilt deceit, and blazoned lies:
Him, who never used his powers
To speed for good, the waiting hours,
Made none wiser for his seeing,
Made none better for his being;
Closed his eyes, lest other's woes
Should disturb his base repose;
Catching at each selfish jest: —
How can he have right to rest?
  Rather we would deem him driven
  Anywhere in search of heaven,
Failing ever in the quest,
  Till he learns it is not given
That man should by himself be blest.

Thus my thoughts went wandering on,
  Tinged by turns with fear and hope,
Seeking in vain communion
  Realities beyond their scope;

Here we struggle with the light,
And when comes the fated night,
Into Nature's lap we fall,
Like tired children, one and all.
Day and Labor, Night and Rest,
  Come together in our mind,
And we image forth the blest
  To eternal calm resigned:
Yet it may be that the abyss
Of the lost is only this,
That for them all things to come
Are inanimate and dumb,
And immortal life they steep
In dishonorable sleep:
While no power of pause is given
To the inheritors of Heaven;
And the holiest still are those
Who are furthest from repose,
And yet onward, onward press
To a loftier godliness;
Still becoming, more than being,
Apprehending, more than seeing,

Feeling, as from orb to orb
  In their awful course they run,
How their souls new light absorb
  From the self-existing One,—
Demiurgos, throned above,
Mind of Mind, and Love of Love.

Bunker Hill in 1775, and Bunker Hill in 1857.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

On the seventeenth of June, 1775, towards sunset, the dead body of Joseph Warren was lying on the crimsoned slopes of Bunker Hill. His discomfited but resolute countrymen had slowly retreated from a defeat which was a victory. The smoke of smouldering Charlestown rose around. There lay the young hero and martyr, in the splendor of his genius, the pride of his beauty, and the fragrance of his fame.

England had passed certain unwarrantable enactments, not at all affecting the personal

liberty of the American people, but subversive of some of their legal rights and pecuniary interests. Warren, keenly alive to the moral and poetic sentiment of patriotism, unable to tolerate anything that looked like oppression, spurning the thought of fear, was among the very first to protest and to rouse his fellow citizens to resistance. And when the crisis came, when power resolved to enforce wrong, he flew to the post of peril to make his bold words good by bolder deeds. Lingering, lion-like, in the rear of the withdrawing troops, a murderous ball pierced him. And here now he lay in death, the costliest offering the land could place upon the altar of Freedom. While the tragic tidings went forth, as nightfall drew on, the sympathetic genius of his country wept over him with the descending dew.

On the seventeenth of June, 1857, as the sun was flagging towards the west, a great multitude were inaugurating a marble statue of

Joseph Warren, on Bunker Hill. Profound as the contrast between the spectacle of this hour and that presented eighty-two years before, was the change in the spirit and purpose of the people. The advance of national prosperity had not been more marked, than the inversion of principle and the degradation of sentiment had been surprising. A desperate struggle for Independence was *then* inaugurated in fire and blood. The statue of a celebrated patriot was *now* to be inaugurated with pomp and servility. The actors in that seventeenth of June, on Bunker Hill, were ready to suffer martyrdom rather than submit to an arbitrary tax. The actors in this seventeenth of June, on Bunker Hill, were willing to fawn, and creep softly, and omit the most vital part of their quotations so as not to use the word "slaves," and suppress both the golden rule and the principles of the Declaration of Independence, rather than disturb, in the least, the pampered sensibilities

of the lords of Slavedom. Upon the righteous cause of the fathers God had smiled, and when it was crowned with success, they had solemnly declared that their dearest purpose was to establish a government under which all men should be free and equal. But since that time the Southern institution of negro bondage had become so rooted, extensive, and profitable, had nourished in its aristocracy such an overweening conceit and haughtiness, had so pervadingly got possession of the general government and patronage, had diffused such an inhuman contempt for the African race, had generated such a habit of truckling and concession in the submissive and half-demoralized Northern States, that the ruling majority of the people — the spurious Democracy, the Roman Catholic Irish, and the fanatical Slaveholders — a threefold cord not easily broken — had declared that the Constitution shields Slavery wherever it

reaches, and that the star-spangled banner carries Slavery wherever it goes!

But Massachusetts had remained comparatively true to the pure vows of that earlier time. And now, amid the honors to be paid to the first great martyr of the Revolution, surely was a fitting opportunity for her eloquent sons to proclaim afresh her allegiance, and to swear for her an ever-growing devotion to the cause of universal Liberty. Would it not be done? Would not heroic voices be lifted up, and the spirit of the apotheosised patriot rise to prompt the words? Alas, that the ancient tale must ever be acted over; that those who garnish the tombs of the dead prophets will, while doing it, desecrate the cause for which they laid down their lives, and turn and stone their living descendants!

There were especial reasons for an uncompromising utterance of the mind of Massachu-

setts, on Bunker Hill, that day. The brave and scholarly senator, who had served her in the national councils with such signal fidelity, taken by surprise by a debauched and drunken coward abetted by armed and confederate bullies, had been bludgeoned nearly to death on the floor of the Capitol. This brutal atrocity the whole South had enthusiastically endorsed, scarcely an individual daring so much as to peep or mutter against it, while the thunders of applause rolled in unbroken succession from the Blue Ridge to Texas. At this very hour he was uncertainly seeking, in a foreign land, recovery from those fearful wounds. But during such a ceremony as this his heart was sure to be on Bunker Hill; and it was natural that he should wish to be kindly remembered by his friends and constituents. He had a right to expect so much. Would any other State in the Union, under such circumstances, have utterly forgotten, or purposely omitted, throughout the whole day, the

slightest recognition of the existence of such a son, nearly murdered for his noble efforts in her service? The scene lay within sight of his native city, and represented the entire Commonwealth, whose chosen senator and beloved child he was. His associates in her Congressional delegation were present, as also were other friends of his, members of Congress from free States. Not one of them was allowed to speak a word. But an arrogant slaveholder, odiously identified with the Fugitive Slave Bill, a studious insulter of Massachusetts, a bitter enemy of Mr. Sumner, an obtrusive and disgusting approver of Brooks's fiendish outrage, instead of being treated as his peers were, was singled out for particular compliment. He spoke,— the imperiousness of the slaveholder's dictation visible in each haughty gesture, the swing and cut of the slaveholder's lash audible in each domineering tone. But no man, known as an earnest friend of the slave, spoke there. Not

one timely and hearty word in behalf of true Freedom was uttered that day. Mr. Mason was the only person who so much as recognized the existence of American Slavery. I should have thought that, when they unveiled the cold effigy of Warren, the stony lips would have parted and a supernatural utterance have carried, through terror-stricken souls, the old strain with which he thrilled the Boston of 1775: — "The voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground, 'My sons, scorn to be slaves!'"

In the opinion of a large portion of the people of Massachusetts, that glorious opportunity, on Bunker Hill, was not merely wasted but profaned, and parts of the service were an unpardonable insult to every true son of the State. A generous indignation was widely kindled by sympathy with the slave, by loyalty to moral principle, and by a loathing for heartless recreancy. In many quarters, expression was given to merited rebukes, which awoke a deep

response in the bosoms of thousands, in spite of the deprecating ebullitions of meanness and hate that followed. This is one of the encouraging signs of the times, indicative of the progress made; for, twenty years ago, the sequel would have been different. It is vain now, anywhere in the free States, to attempt to cry down, or slander down, or stigmatize, an upright man, for earnestly expressing his love of impartial Freedom, and his measureless disgust for those politicians who scoff at the laws of God by deifying the reckless policy of a party of tyrants; whose exultation over their own selfish Liberty seems to derive a new relish when they feel their feet on the necks of their bondsmen, and catch a glimpse, in Southern vistas, of the American flag flapping above auction-blocks loaded with sable families, and surrounded with whips and chains! It is too late among us for that now. And in closing the record of another year of Anti-Slavery

struggle, even this humble word about Bunker Hill in 1775, and Bunker Hill in 1857, may serve as a fresh blow, from the providential tongue of truth, against the side of that "Liberty Bell" which shall yet, some day, sound for the emancipation of the last slave on the Continent.

Boston, November 1, 1857.

Extract from Dr. Joseph Warren's Oration, delibered in the Old South, Boston, March 5, 1772.

THE voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground, "My sons, scorn to be SLAVES!" In vain we met the frowns of tyrants; in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of Liberty; in vain we toiled; in vain we fought; we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders!

Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors; but like them resolve never to part with your birthright. Be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions for the preservation of your Liberty.

Follow not the dictates of passion; but enlist yourselves under the sacred banner of reason; use every method in your power to secure your

rights; at least prevent the curses of posterity from being heaped upon your memories.

If you, with united zeal and fortitude, oppose the torrent of oppression; if you feed the true fire of patriotism burning in your breasts; if you, from your souls, despise the most gaudy dress which Slavery can wear; if you really prefer the lonely cottage, whilst blest with Liberty, to gilded palaces, surrounded with the ensigns of Slavery, you may have the fullest assurance that Tyranny, with her whole accursed train, will hide her hideous head in confusion, shame, and despair.

If you perform your part, you must have the strongest confidence that the same Almighty Being, who protected your pious and venerable forefathers, who enabled them to turn a barren wilderness into a fruitful field, who so often made bare his arm for their salvation, will still be mindful of their offspring.

May this ALMIGHTY BEING graciously pre-

side in all our councils. May he direct us to such measures as he himself shall approve, and be pleased to bless. May we be ever favored of God. May our land be a land of Liberty, the seat of virtue, the asylum of the oppressed, "a name and a praise in the whole earth," until the last shock of time shall bury the empires of the world in undistinguished ruin!

Sonnet.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

To speed the aim all other aims above —
The sacred charge my native land to free,
Beautiful FRANCE, I turned with hope to thee,
Land of my friendship and my children's love!

There good SOUVESTRE made that aim his own;
There the true heart to SAINT-HILAIRE's allied;
And MICHELET's daughter, in her prime that died;
MANIN; — COLLEGNO; — sad ITALIA's crown.

And ~~D'ANGERS~~, marble-great, the work sped on; David
ARAGO, guarding every starry gleam;
And saintly MONOD, heaven in every dream:
All these were with me — and all these are gone.

Afar, in briefest battle-pause, the knell
Toll for my faithful dead that loved the cause so well.

AMERICA, November 31, 1857.

The Progress of Reform.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

THE Charleston Courier of the 19th October, has the following announcement: —

"The bishops, clergy, and lay members of the Episcopal Church, to whom the subject matter has been committed, will assemble in Montgomery, on the 25th of November, to perfect the plans for the establishment and endowment of a Southern University, under the control of the church. It is expected, we believe, that the bishops of all the slaveholding States will be present, with two or three exceptions."

This is but the commencement of a great movement which may truly be denominated

the event of the age. The Episcopal Church of the slaveholding States is about to establish and endow a *Southern* University, because it is not satisfied with the course of instruction pursued in the North. The same process is going on, in other forms, in most of the leading Protestant denominations, all equally bent upon establishing organizations in the slaveholding States, which shall be the means of raising up future generations, so profoundly imbued with convictions in religion, in literature, and in government, adapted to the wants of those regions, as to render them invulnerable to the hostility of the rest of the civilized world. It is the first note of a Declaration of Independence of all the moral restraints imposed by the united voices of philosophers and sages, of patriot martyrs and sainted victims of oppression, for the past four thousand years.

Vast, indeed, is the plan, a thousand fold more expanded than the notable one of the

renowned knight of La Mancha, although there is this striking contrast between the two, that whereas, in the latter case, the chivalrous hero went out for the purpose of succoring the distressed and liberating the captive, wherever found; in the former, the object seems to be to crush him more ruthlessly than ever, by depriving him even of the chance of mercy through the compassion of his oppressor. But the extent of the scheme cannot be measured at a single glance. In order to form a suitable idea of it, some details are indispensable. Let us look, for an instant, at a few of them.

In the first place, all established religious doctrines must be remodelled. In order to do this, some modifications of the translations of the Bible seem absolutely necessary. It would be highly convenient to go back to the practice of the Catholic Church, and cause the services to be performed, and the Bible read in an ancient tongue, so that the power of

resolving all passages of difficulty, proposed by impertinent inquirers, might be left exclusively with the clergy; but as this would give an unpleasant alarm to many tender consciences, especially among weak-minded females, some less startling change may be resorted to. The end will be better answered by altering the received version in those particulars in which it is now faulty, and marking out a special plan of instruction for persons charged with the supervision of seminaries of education. It may, for example, be made a part of it, to hold up the Old Testament as a work of higher and sounder authority than the New, and to inculcate the lesson that *all* the acts of the chosen people of God, as narrated in the historical books, constitute suitable lessons for imitation by the people of the present day. Of course, it will follow that Slavery, being found to be established under the authority of the Deity in that record, must ever appear to

good conservative men, as a most beneficent institution, suitable for all later ages of the world. To be sure, there is something said about the seventh year, and about certain obligations to furnish the bondsman liberally "out of the flock, and out of the floor, and out of the wine press," and to send him away FREE. But then the old adage may be urged, that *circumstances alter cases;* and inasmuch as the Southern country is adapted neither to pasturing of flocks, nor to the production of wine, there is no applicability in the injunctions, excepting, perhaps, as to the floor, which may mean the ground floor, of which the slaves of the South always enjoy a satiety without stirring foundations. And, after all, the fact that the whole thing was an empty ceremony clearly appears from the practice, customary in that day, and sanctioned by the law, of *presuming* that the servant loved his bondage, and then by merely thrusting an awl through his ear

into the door, at once giving him a new physical sensation of happiness, and putting a seal on his enjoyment of Slavery forever.

It is true, that in another part of the Holy Book, it is said that no more than forty stripes shall be given as a punishment. But then it is obvious, that this is meant to apply only to those stripes inflicted on *freemen*, for some criminal offence. For the reason given why the stripes shall not exceed the number named, is lest "thy brother should seem vile unto thee." Now it is made plain from these provisions, in the first place, that by confining the limitation to one class, they leave the number of stripes that may be lawfully given to all other persons, unlimited. Secondly, that in order to inflict them at pleasure on such others, no misconduct needs to be presumed. Thirdly, that as the only reason for restraint, is that it *degrades* thy brother, this can not apply to slaves, because it is of no sort of con-

sequence how much degraded they are. Of course it will be seen that a proper construction of this chapter in Deuteronomy, will clear the way for the relief of those tender consciences of persons who may have been so deluded, heretofore, as to suppose that the Bible teaches charity and mercy to slaves. There can be no doubt that the injunctions to spare the rod were intended to apply only to freemen; and only to those of them who might be vicious. Thus by parity of reasoning it may be proved that the whole system of whipping, hunting, and burning, *ad libitum*, as practised, in the present day, at the South, has the complete sanction of the Bible.

There is another class of cases in the treatment of which much information may be gathered from the examples of the Old Testament. It has been found necessary, of late, in order to get rid of troublesome opponents of Slavery, to use a little of what may be denominated

friendly violence. This has appeared to some to conflict with antique notions of generosity, and manliness, and honor. A great deal of valuable light may be obtained, on the point, from this invaluable repository of examples. For instance, it is said in one place, that David gave one of his servants, Amasa, a command to assemble the men of Judah, for a certain purpose. But when his old captain, Joab, heard of it, he came to Amasa, and said: —

"'Art thou in health, my brother?' and Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him.

"But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Jacob's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground; and struck him not again, and he died.

"And Amasa wallowed in blood, in the midst of the highway. And when the man saw that

all the people stood still, he removed Amasa out of the highway into the field.

"And when he was removed out of the highway, all the people went on after Joab, &c., &c."

Now this example will be of great use in order to confront paltry objections, like that made last year, against the course of a distinguished captain of the slaveholding cohorts, for his righteous act in punishing that pestilent incendiary, Charles Sumner, in his seat in the senate. It will be seen, at a glance, that the case of Preston S. Brooks falls far within the limits of that of Joab. When Mr. Brooks went up to senator Sumner, he did not address him as his brother, nor did he attempt to take him by the beard to kiss him, neither did he hit him in the bowels with a sword. But all these things did Joab to Amasa; and yet the witnesses, being of the chosen people of God, evidently approved of what Joab had done, for they followed him afterwards. Even Mr.

Brooks's act, which was only a little surprise on a wholly unprepared, unarmed man, not like Joab's, who had a sword to kill Amasa at one stroke, but with a stick so slender as to snap from its repeated application to a hard part of the cranium, can thus be shown to be greatly within the line of precedent. It may, therefore, be maintained and defended as a noble, and even a generous act. Joab and Preston S. Brooks may, for the future, be held up in the same breath, by the learned clergy of the new University, as models of heroic behavior, to all the rising chivalry of the South.

Neither is this quite the whole value of this Scriptural authority. It will be perceived that the text mentions that *all* the Jews, when they saw this tragedy, "stood still." It is not said that even one of them attempted to come forward and see how much Amasa was hurt, to lift him up, or to make the smallest endeavor to aid him. No, they *all* stood stock

still, until a man removed the body into a field; and then, *they all* followed Joab. Inasmuch as some flippant and ill-tempered remark was made, last year, upon the manner in which certain slaveholders "stood still" when Mr. Sumner was beaten down, without attempting to interpose, or to lift him up, or offer the smallest aid, to set at rest all such evil speaking, it will only be necessary to quote this example of the chosen people of God, in the case of Amasa, and prove that slaveholders, when "standing still," come clearly within the pale of justification proclaimed as from the voice of the Deity himself.

These instances will serve to illustrate the general line of argument that must be adopted for the future, in the great reform proposed in the religious education of the slaveholding States. It is believed that the Old Testament is amply supplied with examples to cover any supposable application of force that it may be

found necessary to resort to in order to establish, most convincingly, the rightfulness of slaveholding among the people of the United States.

Yet it must be allowed that there are a large number of texts in the Bible which seem, at first sight, to favor the notions commonly held in the civilized world touching the value of Freedom, both civil and religious. These are mostly to be found in the New Testament, the exponent of a later, and as it is thought by some, a more perfect revelation of the will of God. The weight which a proper construction of these passages may legitimately claim, must not be denied to them in the South; for such a proceeding might possibly impair the confidence of sundry worthy people in the value of Southern education. But it will be one of the great objects of the proposed institutions of learning, to furnish the means of obtaining a careful and judicious revision of the existing translation of the Holy Scriptures. In that

process it may turn out that many of the passages in question, when seen in the original tongue by the new light, supplied by slaveholding luminaries, will be susceptible of a different construction from that which they have been made to receive. Valuable assistance may be obtained from the well-recognized admission of the Saviour, of the lawfulness of the then existing civil authorities, much as their forms of administration conflicted with all modern popular notions of right. "The powers that be, are ordained of God," says St. Paul. Seen in this light, it will be easy to show that the somewhat over-frequent use of the word "free," as conveying a notion of benefit enjoyed, may be corrected by the substitution of a cognate word having no dangerous association. As, for example, where St. Paul, says, that "Being made *free* from sin, ye became the *servants* of righteousness." The first clause will be much helped by changing the word *free* to *clear;* and then

the other part will seem to be recommending a state of Slavery more decisively, as the habitual attendant of men, even when they are acting most faithfully up to their notions of duty. Should there be other instances in which no such change is practicable, as for example, in the I. Corinthians, where St. Paul begins the chapter so boldly, "Am I not an apostle? am I not *free?*" and again, in the V. Galatians, where he tells his brethren to "stand forth in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them *free*," it will be easy to inspire a caution against misconstruction, by warning the young, in the first place, that the apostle alludes only to the spiritually free; and next, that even in this sense, he probably addressed his language exclusively to people of the *white race.* With qualifications similar to these, it is probable that most of the difficult passages may be fairly explained. Should this, indeed, be the case, and such exceptional texts be

happily provided for, there is no doubt that the remainder of the Holy Scriptures may be so used as to form an inexpugnable barrier against the inroads of all the fanatics and infidels of the world.

If the expected success should attend the above described reform of the scriptural readings, one, and by far the greatest step will have been gained in the grand movement. God will then have been arrayed on the Southern side as the great protecting slaveholder of the universe. This idea should, of itself, be enough to settle all further doubts about the inestimable value of his gift of the domestic institution to mankind. Though the Scriptures do not expressly define the limits of Liberty, yet it can be plainly inferred from every page, that the word is designed to apply only to the white race. They are the legitimate representatives ordained of God to carry out his benevolent purposes to other races of the world. Now

if this be once for all established as an axiom, the next step in the progress will be made much more easy. With the help of this great moral lever, all the modern notions which have crept into literature and science, and which appear to be serious barriers in the way, may be, one by one, gradually and permanently removed. It is not practicable within the limits of the present essay, to go into details fully to show the way in which this important end will be accomplished. A few of the greatest strokes may, however, be hinted at.

And first of all, the attempt must be made to prove that one great cause of the errors disseminated over the world, at this time, is to be found in the frantic idolatry paid to the memory of the heathen nations of Greece and Rome. The time has arrived when this unworthy delusion must give way to more just notions. The senseless cry of Liberty, which was raised in those countries by a

few foolish and visionary enthusiasts, in prose and verse, has done much to pervert all later notions of the relations between the races of mankind. It is perfectly well known that the experiments which they were induced to make of this Liberty in their governments, were monstrous failures; that under them the people never were, and never could be, in the nature of things, really free. Slavery was recognized as a useful institution by them. Hence all their experience argues against their theories. Yet for some reason or other, the human race has been ever since singularly fascinated by the seductive appeals to their imaginations, which are to be found thickly sown in the works, miscalled classical, of antiquity. So deeply is this ingrained in all the ordinary forms of instruction, even in the slaveholding States, that a hope of eradication can only be cherished by striking at once at the very foundations of education. Schools must forthwith be instituted on a new

plan; school books must be written on a new plan; and schoolmasters must be raised from the class of slaveholders, exclusively to teach these new books to the coming generations. None others can be trusted, so deep and general is the taint. Even this will not avail, unless the sources from which slaveholders can draw their authorities, are at once and rapidly enlarged. Slaveholders must become poets, and historians, and philosophers, and writers on government. They must treat every subject in a slaveholding light exclusively. In the meantime, all existing works must be either totally banished from the South, or they must be subjected to a judicious expurgation, so as to be made tolerably safe for use until the expected substitutes shall have been prepared.

In pursuance of this policy it may be necessary at once to proscribe all works relating to the history of Greece before the death of Alex-

ander the Great. For example, what can be worse for the young mind than the prevailing error, in the Greek annals, that the course of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, in making away with Hippias because he was thought to be depriving the people of their liberties, was at all praiseworthy. The facts, even as stated by their own historians, show that they did themselves and their fellow citizens injury by this cold-blooded assassination. Yet so far did evil-minded fanatics succeed in perverting that transaction, that the names of these wicked men became ever after associated in Greece with ideas of the highest patriotism, and the most heroic self-devotion. It is of them that one of their poets, Callistratus, speaks in language which, even when translated from the incendiary original into bald prose, still preserves something of its dangerous fire.

"Your glory shall last forever, most beloved

Harmodius and Aristogeiton, because you slew the tyrant, and established EQUAL LAWS in Athens."

Such poetry will never do in a community where the power of a master at all approaches that of a sovereign. The safest way will be to expunge such allusions to equality altogether, and take up Grecian history at the moment of the division of Alexander's empire. The records of the oriental nations, even down to the present day, will furnish plenty of safe and profitable reading upon the laws of caste, without touching the pestilent Greek fire of anarchy and rebellion.

The same observation may apply to the Roman annals during the republic. What can be more wicked and preposterous than to exalt the conduct of the elder and the younger Brutus? Instead of examples to be imitated, they stand as marked instances of what should be avoided in human conduct. Yet such was the

strength of the current of opinion, in Roman times, that it swept with it all their poets and historians. Even Horace, the Epicurean courtier, who ought to have known better, ventures to introduce an allusion to one of these men, jocosely, as a welcome remover of a vexatious annoyance, instead of denouncing him as an incendiary and a murderer.

"Per magnos, Brute, Deos te
Oro, qui reges consueris tollere, cur non
Hunc Regem jugulas? operum hoc mihi crede tuorum
est."

The man's name was King, and the impudent poet has the audacity to pun upon it. If his name had been Masters, the joke would have been the same. It will be at once seen that the subject is altogether too grave to be so lightly treated. The passage only proves how utterly the Roman sentiment of respect for authority had become perverted by the cant of republican equality.

For these reasons it will be advisable to banish all the Roman history down to the time of the Emperor Tiberius — and all Roman historians entirely, as well as the poets, orators, and philosophers. Even Seneca is not safe reading. Neither will Gibbon's account of the Decline and Fall of the Empire serve a good purpose as a substitute. His sneers at authority are not consistent with respect for existing institutions in church and state, in spite of the fact that he was himself a stiff and steady supporter of them at home. On the whole, it would seem as if a consecutive history of Rome could be of no possible service in the slaveholding States. But a sketch of the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian, and of the Antonines, when obedience to masters was perfectly established as an axiom in a happy empire, if skilfully handled in a slaveholding light, might be of great service to advance the projected reform.

Coming down to later times, it is apparent

that the difficulties in the way increase rather than diminish. It is not easy to point out a modern book, of the smallest popularity, which is the right thing to put in the hands of the young, in the South. All cringe more or less before the idea of Liberty, without making the necessary distinctions to counteract the abuse of it. If authors like Milton and Montesquieu, Shakespear and Algemon Sydney, of former ages, and Burke, Hallam, Mackintosh, and Macaulay, in later times, had, instead of vague generalization, only taken the precaution to laud Liberty, in certain cases, and with proper exceptions, they might have been most advantageously used in the proposed plan of education; whereas, if permitted to be read in their present forms, they become serious obstacles in the way of it. However painful the sacrifice may be, there is no other course than to prohibit the use of them altogether, and to substitute in their places treatises based

upon the patriarchal theory of Sir Robert Filmer, a writer a little out of vogue at this day, it is true, but one whose small volume contains enough matter, when properly developed, to counteract the effect of all the sophistry of these times, and to reëstablish society on its only proper basis, the will of the master, and the obedience of the slave.

From this imperfect sketch some idea may, perhaps, be obtained of the nature and extent of the great movement now in agitation. It may startle a little at first; but on examination it will be found very safe and very sure in its effects. That it will not go on without meeting serious obstacles, may be readily conceded. The very partial view opened here, must convince the most sanguine of that fact. But it is believed that with courage and constancy they may be all removed. No allusion has been made to the condition of things within the United States, because very little apprehension is entertained

of it. With the aid of the executive and judicial departments of the Federal government, which are now completely under the control of the right persons, it is believed that all the efforts of fanatics and incendiaries to check the new reform, may be sternly defied. The literature of the free States can be easily modified by holding a threat over the New York publishers, that it will meet with no purchasers in the South, if not made to suit that market. The books composed for the young people will gain no circulation among them, unless the bad poetry of such pestilent factionaries as Longfellow, and Whittier, and Lowell, be completely eliminated. Presently the patronage of the South will be seen to develop a counteracting influence elsewhere, a power which will adorn the patriarchal system with all those charms which genius knows how to throw around even the most ill-favored objects.

One other obstacle remains to be noticed,

which, as springing from a once popular slaveholder, may, for that reason, be deemed worthy of attention. It is the Declaration of Independence, as first written by Thomas Jefferson. The good sense of his own contemporaries is seen to have trimmed it of many of its most dangerous errors, at the outset. The conservative wisdom of Chief Justice Taney, and his able compeers in the Supreme Court of the United States, is rapidly correcting all the remaining mischief which may be apprehended from too long a concession to its authority. It will soon be universally acknowledged that John Randolph described that paper correctly, when he called it a "fanfaronade of abstractions." President Buchanan is, in a most praiseworthy manner, exerting himself, by word and deed, to confirm a more wholesome construction of its language than has been, heretofore, ventured upon in high places. And if there be any little leaven of doubt remaining in sensible minds,

touching the errors of doctrine in that celebrated instrument, it may be confidently predicted that a strong and well-sustained threat of a dissolution of the Union will have the effect, at any time, of dispelling it altogether, and forever.

It will, then, be seen that the trifling resistance that may be made to the great movement of the age, by a few enthusiasts and fanatics, in America, is not regarded as of any account at all. The hatred of the negro, which prevails all over the free States, may be safely relied on to secure the coöperation of those who pride themselves upon being unterrified democrats, not less than faithful allies of the masters to keep in subjugation their slaves. The only serious difficulties in the way come from the religious scruples, the civilization, the poetry, the history, the philosophy, the cumulative ethics of the most intellectual portion of the European world, so far as the memory of man runneth back. With courage, patience, and perseverance, such new

foundations may be laid in the slaveholding States as will sustain a structure, that whilst it bids defiance to all the past, may inaugurate an era of glory for the future, such as has never been dreamed of in the most sanguine oriental imagination. That these qualities belong to the South as surely as those of high honor, strict good faith, and unlimited generosity, no rational being, looking back upon her career for the last half century, and especially the last year or two, can permit himself for a moment to doubt. It may, then, be confidently predicted that the grand idea will, before long, be put in vigorous operation, and fanaticism will thenceforth only provoke derision and scorn.

Harmodius and Aristogeiton.

FROM THE GREEK OF CALLISTRATUS.

SELECTED FROM THE EARLY POEMS OF G. W. DOANE.

Εν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω.

I'LL wreath my sword with myrtle, as the brave
Harmodius did,
And as Aristogeiton his avenging weapon hid,
When they slew the haughty tyrant, and re-
gained our Liberty,
And breaking down oppression, made the men
of Athens free.

Thou art not, loved Harmodius, thou art not
surely dead,
But to some secluded sanctuary, far away, art
fled;

With the swift-footed Achilles, unmolested
there to rest,
And to rove with Diomédes through the islands
of the blest.

I'll wreath my sword with myrtle, as Aristogei-
ton did,
And as the brave Harmodius his avenging
weapon hid,
When, on Minerva's festival, they aim'd the
glorious blow,
And calling on fair Freedom, laid the proud
Hipparchus low.

Thy fame, belov'd Harmodius, through ages
still shall brighten,
Nor ever shall thy glory fade, beloved Aris-
togeiton,
Because your country's champions ye nobly
dared to be,
And striking down the tyrant, made the men
of Athens free.

The South.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

WHILE, during the first ten years of our undertaking, we were encountering the ordinary outward obstacles, we used to say, when biding any unusually heavy brunt,—"Patience! our best help is coming from the South." And so it has done all along. One of her children emancipates his slaves, and submits to exile for the cause. Others lay down their slave-patrimony, and become its public servants; and in this second quarter of a century, upon which we are entering, we are equally sure that still our best help is to come from the South.

Look, for example, at Kentucky. What is doing there among slaveholders? How do they feel about Slavery? We are assured by one of our

Kentucky associates, (a gentleman,) that even in families devoted, in all appearance, to Slavery, there is deadly hatred to the system; that among the women of Kentucky, especially, there exists as strong a repugnance to it as among the women of the North. In confirmation of this, comes a letter from another of our Southern associates, (a lady,) from which the following extract is taken, in testimony to a growing sentiment which, in proportion to its increase, makes the North and the South one in heart, as they have heretofore been in name.

"I enclose a letter from an unfortunate colored man, whom unjust law (or *un-law*) makes my chattel, that you may see a bit of negro rhetoric or argument. Despite its grotesqueness, there is an under-layer of honest feeling and human aspiration that brought a dash of tears to my eyes! Ah, I know the slave's chain; its iron has entered my life, and rusts my blood! *God and the Future!*

"Of course, I have answered this letter. I did not subscribe myself 'your mistress'—but 'your friend'—which I hope to prove myself."

What, meanwhile, is the state of feeling among slaves? The following letter, from the slave above spoken of, to his mistress, will abundantly tell.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MISTRESS:

I address you, to-day, hoping you, and Miss Caroline, and her children, are well. Give my respects to them all, and receive my respects yourself, in particular. All your servants are well, and will be glad to hear from you. I am living up to what I promised you, and I hope you are living up to your promise. I have been faithful to you, and have tried to obey all orders, as a faithful servant should do, and as long as I have lived up to what a good servant should do, I hope you will not neglect me now. You requested me to stay where I am till the time was out, and as it is about to expire, I want to know how you are going to dispose of me. A great many people about here doubt your word, but I do not, and I believe you will fulfil your promise.

You promised me, before your brother, that you would free me, and you said no one should persuade you otherwise. I will be glad if you will take this letter, and read and perform its instructions or contents. I do not want you to be angry with me for

writing this letter, but extreme anxiety causes me to write it. You know that a slave, after having been confined for years and working hard for his master, when the first ray of Freedom shoots across his path, feels eagerness and desire that makes him overleap the bounds of prudence, and it is thus with me.

I hope you will excuse your humble servant. Just remember what the Lord said unto his servant when he sent him out; when he accomplished all things, what was his reward? He said, Well done good and faithful servant; I made thee ruler over a few things here, now I will make thee ruler over many. You have trusted me so far, and I have trusted you. And I believe your words, as if they were from divine origin. I ask you again not to be angry with me. I would be glad to hear from you, and to know your mind. Tell me where I can see you Christmas.

So, good by, my dear mistress. May the Lord bless you.

Your faithful and obedient servant,

——— ———.

Thus it is with slaves and slaveholders. But there is another element in the current of things which may, at any moment, rise into decisive

importance.—What do the non-slaveholders of Kentucky think and feel?

There is among them one, who, for the last ten years, has been doing a work that the world ought to know; the editor of the Newport Daily and Weekly News; the same mentioned with so appreciative a spirit, in the Westminster Review, of July last. The following letter, just received from him, tells the aims, hopes, and wants of one in process of redeeming Kentucky from Slavery.

Letter.

By William S. Bailey.

Newport, Kentucky, October 24, 1857.

Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman:

Dear Madam,—Your very kind and obliging letter is at hand. I will but briefly say that we *have* suffered much at the hands of desperadoes,—physical force having been resorted to from the beginning in the determina-

tion to dishonor me, individually, and to destroy the free press. My machine shop and printing house were set on fire, in the dead hour of the night, and all their contents destroyed. This was in August, 1850; and the friends of Slavery carried out their intentions by subscribing $1,000, on the spot, and planting a Pro-Slavery editor, from Maysville, upon my ruins. He came—but in the meantime I had procured new type and presses, placed them in our dwelling house, and issued again "The Daily and Weekly News," at the same time with their "Kentucky Flag." The editor of this paper, Mr. Pike, attacked me in it daily, and it was thrown, gratuitously, into almost every house in the city. *But the mass of the people did not like the action*, and in about three months his daily paper went down, and he left the city soon after.

This was a sore sting to the heart of the slave power. The pen of a mechanic, in the

cause of Freedom, had been honored in the very bosom of Slavery. Something was to be done.

They started another press against me — a tri-weekly, called "The Messenger." Though some of the best pens of the slave power were employed, it went down like the other, having added one more laurel to the cause of Freedom, on Southern soil. *Seven* others, in like manner, came into the field, and disappeared in regular succession, till two years ago, when we were left masters of the field.

While the newspaper war was going on, I was harrassed by the law, in every conceivable form, till finally my house and lot were sold to pay the cost of my persecution. Prior to this, I had built a new printing house of brick. The unguarded haste and malice of the newspapers successively arrayed against me, did but injure their own circulation and increase mine. *They* could raise money and start presses; but

they could not persuade non-slaveholders that Slavery increased their wages, promoted education, or gave them office. I could not raise money, because my friends were poor; but I *could* raise an army of working men to defend, by physical force, my person or my press; and though my family suffered for the comforts of life, in house, clothing, and food, *yet we kept the enemy at bay by superior numbers.*

I had taught my family to set types, or I could not have carried on the conflict. My children set about 40,000 ems per day, which, at 30 cents per thousand, would amount to $12 per week. Allow $12 per week for the support of the family, (sixteen in number,) and $60 remain as our weekly donation to the cause of Freedom, besides editorial and other labor, almost equal to the expense of setting the type.

But we have a great work to do, and have reason to be encouraged; not because we work

all day and half the night, but because the presses of Slavery have died, in a Southern city, where a free press lives; and because we have elected, in our city, seven out of ten of the commcn councilmen, the city clerk, three out of four magistrates, (myself being one,) two out of five school trustees, and the county coroner; making inroads upon the peculiar institution, while in our most crippled and forlorn condition. What, then, might have been done with a purse equal to theirs, and intellectual aid at will? O, that abler pens and stouter hearts would lend a helping hand.

One of the suits of *the oppressive power* was commenced by the high shcriff of my county, who had taken money from the people fraudulently, in the name of taxes, (by increasing the bills,) and many persons had by him been returned "delinquent," who had their receipts of payment. The auditor of the State directed the delinquent lists to be published that year,

each in its own county where a newspaper was published, and consequently, the list for my county was forwarded to me, and published. Soon came the people to me in anger, asking why I had published their names, and showing at the same time their receipts. This man had also taken $90 out of my bill for publishing said list; which, by law, amounted to $136.75. I told him of it, and proposed a quiet settlement; but he haughtily denied the fact, and refused to pay. I told him I would expose him. He dared me even to *hint* at his character. The next day I published a statement of the whole matter, which threw the city into a most fearful commotion. Scarcely a man in the town worked that day, and had it not been for the wronged tax-payers, I should have been cut in pieces and burned in a bonfire. For the most part, I was cursed by the officers and blessed by the people. But a move was finally made, that the sheriff should sue for

slander, and settle the disturbance by legal process; and so the indignation was allayed.

In the suit he alleged damages at $20,000, expecting (being sheriff) to select his own jury. But I got the case tried in the adjoining county, in the city of Covington, where the jury returned a verdict in my favor. He got nothing for his "character," but still it cost me over $300 to defend the suit.

This is but one instance of the many suits against me that filled our courts for the space of five years; and, in many cases, unjust claims were set up; and not having means to go to court, a distance of thirteen miles of bad road to ride or walk, judgment by default, or continuance, at my expense, was the result, until I was almost destitute of house and home. *But a free press and free speech, upon Southern soil, has been the result of our seven years toil.*

During our worst struggle we received no aid except little sums from the working men around

us; but since the last opposition press went down, now more than two years ago, we have become more known, and friends in this country and the old have assisted us. We procured a new font of type, last spring, out of the money sent us, feeling honored and grateful for such aid.

We want a power press, and a steam engine to drive it; and also a job and card press, with other appendages necessary for a good office, which would probably cost $3,000 or $4,000. This, upon Southern soil, for FREEDOM, would be formidable to tyrants and joy to the oppressed.

We need, also, the means of paying off the debt upon our house and lot; which will require, including interest, $3,500, and it will soon be past redemption.

I hate the name of losing my home; and if wealthy friends of the Right knew the state of the case, I think they would help me to this amount — small compared with what I have

spent in money and property — to say nothing of seven years labor of my family and myself.

Slavery, in its nature and history, is too well understood by you for me to need to mention it; but I am well satisfied, from the progress I have made here, *that it can be abolished by meeting it where it exists*, discussing it among the people upon the soil. Here, I am a Southerner, like all the rest. Elsewhere, I should be "a Northern fanatic," disbelieved and unheeded. In the South lies a silent, hidden power, potent and effectual to establish Freedom in America. It should be aroused and brought up to the struggle, and its might can be awakened and combined by a free press alone.

I should like to hear from you often; for your cheering words drive the thoughts of past troubles from our minds, and nerve my family to press on for the freedom and happiness of our people — the equality and justice of our laws.

WILLIAM S. BAILEY.

One feels that this tribune of the people could accept nothing for himself. He has given all to the cause, and counted it gain. It is only the name of being cheated and bullied out of his home, in the struggle, that he hates; the practical disadvantage of being driven from his foothold for the cause, that he is trying to avert. The whole family, parents, daughters, and little children, are at work as if they alone could save Kentucky from dishonor. As another of their friends says of them: "Mortgaging their homestead, working till midnight, practising the most rigid economy; making of their house a citadel, where the weapons of truth are defended by the weapons of death; and that, not for profit and purse, but to honor God, to save slaves and slaveholders, and deliver their noble Kentucky from her greatest shame."

O, if five thousand only, of the hundreds of thousands of dollars lately spent in the United States, in caucussing and corruption and rejoic-

ing over victories where no conquest is, had been thus applied! I pray any of our English friends, anxious to help the cause, and at the same time tormented with doubtful applications of American beggars, whose lives are worse than useless to it, to consider this opportunity. They need not, to improve it, withdraw their funds from the American Anti-Slavery Society. Let them send their donations *through* that treasury, "Care of Francis Jackson, Esq., Treasurer, No. 21 Cornhill, Boston, for William S. Bailey's Enterprise in Kentucky," and they will reach their destination safely. *Thus* offered, the gift will grace the altar, and "the altar sanctify the gift."

WEYMOUTH, Massachusetts,
November 10, 1857.

Hymn.

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF W. J. FOX.

A LITTLE child in bulrush ark,
Came floating on the Nile's broad water:
That child made Egypt's glories dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child for knowledge sought,
In Israel's temple, of its sages:
That child the world's religion brought,
And crushed the temples of past ages.

Mid worst oppressions, if remain
Young hearts for Freedom still aspiring,—
If, nursed in superstition's chain,
The human mind be still inquiring,—

Then let nor priest nor tyrant dote
On dreams of long the world commanding:
The ark of Moses is afloat,
And Christ is in the temple standing!

Education.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

About the year 1790, earlier and later, lived Caleb Bingham, instructor of youth in Boston; in that part of it that has ever since been called School Street. New England owes his memory much; for he not only trained the intellects, but roused and strengthened the hearts of her generations. He compiled his own school books, and they were in general use and esteem throughout the North, as lately as 1820, especially "the American Preceptor."

This book was composed of extracts from English Classics and American Patriots, all awakening and cherishing justice, generosity, integrity, humanity, and high-mindedness, by

illustrious examples of private and public virtue, according to the American idea of the liberty, equality, and fraternity of man.

But that terrible blow to the American Idea, the Missouri Compromise, about this time, stunned the North into a sense of the real bearing and tendency of the conditions of her union with the South, at the same time deadening the sense of Right, Truth, and Freedom, which the country had obeyed and worshipped through the desperate struggle for National Independence.

Caleb Bingham's blessed book, "the American Preceptor," had but a feeble circulation afterwards. Its every page was a reproach to frivolity, duplicity, baseness, selfishness, and bondage. It died out with that race of old, gray-haired ministers of the gospel, visitors of the schools for good, whom we all remember as long ago as we can remember anything, who used to preach against Slavery at the period of the earliest Anti-Slavery Conventions; praying

with touching fervor "that God would bless his young servant, Garrison, in whose heart he had implanted the resolution to deliver the land from the curse of Slavery; and grant themselves, his aged ones, to depart in peace, as those whose eyes had seen the beginning of this great salvation." They died without fit successors among the corrupted sons of Levi, and the apostolical succession of the gospel of Freedom fell upon the heads of Garrison's converts, the American Abolitionists; while the official teachers and preachers of the country, led by their own selfish insufficiency into the snares spread by the Southern slaveholders, lent their influence to mould all the educational operations into the likeness of Slavery. Good, true, noble-hearted CALEB BINGHAM was gathered to his fathers, and, at the end of one more generation, the American Preceptor was expurgated of its Anti-Slavery selections, after having passed through more than sixty unmutilated editions.

But the spirit of the whole book was still in antagonism with Slavery, and the quailing spirit of the times supplied its place with books of extracts, compiled by mere *literateurs*, on rhetorical, elocutionary, and declamatory principles, with more thought of demand and supply than of high-mindedness; and with an eye rather to what would sell than what would educate. For heroic rectitude and reality, disinterestness and honor, had received a blow that told immediately on education, by making it at once felt that the youth must be trained in conformity to the course adopted by the fathers. Real manhood and statesmanship had been abjured by the parents, and hence the necessity of furnishing the schools with literary abstractions, and making actors, declaimers, and metaphysical sentimentalists of the children. The moral sublime and beautiful grew feebler and feebler, with every passing year and changing edition; till, at length, in 1857, a compiler of school

books for American youth, Mr. HILLARD, rises, one day, in FANEUIL HALL, to speak contemptuously before a charitable society, of the "commonplace literature of the school books of forty years ago." One may *guess* its real sin, in his eyes, by the tenor of his next Faneuil Hall speech, delivered before a political audience, the week after; complaining of "the existence, in the community, of a principle that puts Massachusetts in an attitude of hostility to the general government;" so that when it is asserted by keen and accurate observers, in other countries, that Massachusetts is practically out of the Union by reason of her greater respect for human rights, he is obliged, reluctantly, to acknowledge that "the statement is founded on some degree of truth *so long as the Personal Liberty Bill remains* on the statute book." This maker of our children's school books then proceeds to urge his audience to vote for that candidate, as governor, who will favor the repeal of the Per-

sonal Liberty Bill, and retain in office as judge of the probate court for widows and orphans, the man who, as United States Slave Commissioner, hurried *Anthony Burns* into bondage without a proof of his being a slave!

"It is the duty of every good patriot," continues Mr. Hillard, "to vote for the man who, in seeming as well as in reality, will *restore* Massachusetts to the Union. Does it become our State to sit apart sulky and pouting, while her sisters are dancing about the flag staff of the Union, simply because she does not like the tune the fiddler is playing? Shall she not rather come forward with a smile on her face, and taking her sisters by the hand, lend to that fair circlet the grace of her form and the lightness of her step?"

And this is a Boston man's notion of the present contest!—This

"Death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems
and the Word!"

Massachusetts, a dancing girl to Slavery! No wonder that for the sake of men like this, the South calls the North "wooden nutmeg peddler;" and England says to *New* England, "what *you* lack is a *gentry*;—*patrician firmness* to resist degradation;" and France opens broad eyes of astonishment at a State where "tout le monde se dit noble, et *rien n'oblige*."

It is instructive now to remember that, in 1835, Mr. Hillard was heard to thank, as good patriots, those who refused to dance to slave-holding music; and was afterwards employed by Abolitionists, at the time when they were engaged in analyzing the Constitution, to present their arguments to the Legislature of Massachusetts.

To learn why the school literature of forty years ago is pronounced commonplace by this sort of man, who now dances so discreetly and with so smiling a face to the tunes of the Pro-Slavery fiddlers at Washington, New Englanders find

no need of recurring to the brown unmargined page that kept their infancy thoughtful and awake amid the drowsy hum of the school room, during long summer afternoons, on the narrow straight-backed seat, so high that the little pendant feet could not touch the floor: for their manhood's memory never ceases to delight in the words that enchanted their childhood; words of a power to make the untrained voices of the elder classes, "the great boys and girls," pathetic and beautiful; and save a deal of elocutionary drill, by evoking feelings the loftiest, the most profound, the most tender. To what tune did the hearts of the young New England people dance, when they stood in rows, book in hand, and heard the voice of the blood of their fathers "cry to them from the ground — my sons! scorn to be slaves!" How every heart responded to the tones of humanity in behalf the feebler and the injured

races! How keenly that young America then felt with him,

"—— who paused upon the twilight plain
Of Fontenoy, to weep the *freeborn* brave,
And thence in fancy crossed the Western main,
To melt in sadder pity for the *slave*.

* * * * *

"And *there* are men who, leaning on the laws,
What they have purchased, claim a right to hold!
CURSED BE THE TENURE! — *cursed its cruel cause!*
Freedom 's a dearer property than gold.

* * * * *

"Say that in future negroes *shall* be blest;
Ranked e'en as men, and men's just rights enjoy!
Be neither sold, nor purchased, nor oppressed!
No griefs shall wither, and no stripes destroy!"

How they made themselves one with Logan, the Mingo chief, (called the friend of white men,) in his sublime appeal to Lord Dunmore, after the massacre of his whole tribe, in cold blood and unprovoked, when Colonel Cresap spared not even their women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice in the beams of peace; but harbor not a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? *Not one.*"

But the brown blurred page bore a loftier lesson still; the apologue of the three brothers, of whom he that should, within three months, have performed the worthiest action was to receive from their father a magnificent diamond. The eldest fulfilled a trust. Good, said the father: it is only an act of justice. The second rescued a drowning child, at the risk of his life. It is well, said the father: still, it is but an act of humanity. The youngest saved the life of his deadly enemy, whom he might have left to perish, unsuspected and unblamed.

"To *thee* belongs the diamond! — for what thou hast done is divine!"

Then how young America exulted over the fall of the Bastille, and wept in admiration at the integrity of the Moorish gentlemen, who pledged his honor to shelter the Spanish knight seeking refuge with him, after having killed another in sudden quarrel; and kept his faith when the slain was brought to his garden gate by officers of justice, in search of the homicide. "Spaniard! it is my only son. Take my swiftest horse and fly with the night. You will be safe by morning. I thank my God that my faith, once given, is preserved."

Then how surely our young New England ranged itself with Aristides, when he said of the project of Themistocles, to burn the enemy's fleet in the harbor, in time of truce, that nothing could be more advantageous to the commonwealth, but, at the same time, nothing could be more unjust."

Then Pitt's Speech in Parliament, on the Slave Trade: "I know I speak with warmth; it is impossible for me not to do so; and were it possible, I should detest myself for the exercise of moderation." — "Sir, I do not understand this complimenting away the lives of human beings."

It was on hearts thus prepared, that the words of GARRISON fell.

How hushed and tremulously still were the whole school, small and great, when its finest voices and noblest hearts gave forth from their depths "the siege of Calais," — the story of her six burghers, who yielded themselves a sacrifice to Edward, to save their city from the nameless horrors of being sacked by a king and soldiery, enraged at the long resistance of Eustace de St. Pierre, the governor. Now he offers his life in ransom, and asks, "Who follows next?"

"Your kinsman!" said Jean Vissant. "Your kinsman!" said Pierre Vissant. "Your kins-

man!" said Jean d'Aire. A pause. "Who comes next?" "Your son!" said the young St. Pierre. One name alone is now wanting; and the captain of the enemy's host, Sir Walter Mauny weeping at the sight, cries, "Why was not I a citizen of Calais?"

And thousands of New England men and women took from the reading of this "commonplace literature of forty years ago," the temper of soul that made them, in fulness of time, ready to do for America the same.

Which of these children, now the men and women on whom alone the honor of their native land now rests, but recalls with delight the lovely picture, drawn by Jeremy Belknap, of the situation most favorable to happiness of any this world can afford? Which of them does not bear always on the heart that picture of happy society? — that "town consisting of a due mixture of hills, valleys, and streams of water; the land well fenced and cultivated;

the roads and bridges in good repair; a decent inn for the accommodation of travellers and public entertainments; the inhabitants mostly husbandmen—their wives and daughters domestic manufacturers; a suitable proportion of handicraft workmen, and two or three traders; a physician and a lawyer, each of whom should have a farm for his support; a clergyman of good understanding, candid disposition, and exemplary morals; not a metaphysical nor a polemic, but a serious, practical preacher. A school master who should understand his business. A club of sensible men, seeking mutual improvement. A decent musical society. A social library, well supplied, among other books, with works of natural science—helps to read the great book of nature. "'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand." No consumption of ardent spirits, no infamous traffic in slaves, no intriguing politician, horse jockey, gambler,

or sot, but all such characters treated with contempt."

Such *was* the New England township. Such it shall be again, when purged of "sots, and slaves, and cowards," ready to call any tune in the name of a slaveholding administration that it might disgrace society to dance to, provided the act promises to prove a personally profitable speculation.

But the specific purpose of these few pages, to arouse New England to the importance of *herself* directing the earliest education of her children, nor leaving the task to the tools of slaveholders, — will be promoted by making them the preface to a poetical selection from one of the despised old school books; one of the expurgated articles of the American Preceptor, when he was, indeed, as Belknap says, "a school master that knew his business." Its author was Mrs. Morton, of revolutionary times,

who was living, in the town of Quincy, as lately as the earliest publication of the Liberty Bell. And as American poets of the present time are, in general, men who find it easy to bless the union of slaveholders, and to ban the union of Abolitionists, while in this good Anti-Slavery battle, they

"——fear their fellowship to die with us,"

We turn to Europe and to America of the past, to find

"Names worthy of the grand adversity."

WEYMOUTH, Massachusetts,
October, 1857.

The African Chief.

Captured in arms fighting for his Freedom, and inhumanly murdered by his conquerors, in the Island of Hispaniola, 1791.

BY MRS. MORTON.

SEE how the black ship cleaves the main,
High-bounding o'er the violet wave,
Remurmuring with the groans of pain,
Deep-freighted with the PRINCELY SLAVE.

Did all the gods of Afric sleep,
Forgetful of their guardian love,
When the white traitors of the deep
Betrayed him in the palmy grove!

A chief of Gambia's golden shore,
Whose arm the band of warriors led,
Perhaps the lord of boundless power,
By whom the foodless poor were fed.

Does not the voice of reason cry,
"Claim the first right which nature gave;
From the red scourge of *bondage* fly,
Nor deign to live a burdened SLAVE?"

Has not his suffering offspring clung
Desponding round his fettered knee,
On his worn shoulder weeping hung,
And urged one effort to be *free!*

His wife by nameless wrongs subdued,
His bosom's friend to death resigned,
The flinty pathway bathed in blood,
Poured tortures on his frantic mind!

Stung by despair, he sought the plain,
To heaven upraised his starting eye,
Claimed Freedom from the crushing chain,
Or mid the battle's rage to die.

First of his race, he led the band,
Guardless of dangers floating round,
Till by his bold, avenging hand,
Full many a despot stained the ground.

When erst *Messenia*'s sons oppress'd,
Flew desperate to the sanguine field,
With iron clothed each injured breast,
And bade the haughty SPARTAN yield!

Did not the soul, to heaven allied,
Feel the full heart as greatly swell
As when the Roman Cato died,
Or when the Grecian victim* fell!

If later deeds quick raptures raise,
The boon *Batavia's* patriots won,
Paoli's time enduring praise,
Or the far greater WASHINGTON.

If these command thy generous zeal,
Who scorned a tyrant's mad control,
For bleeding Gambia learn to feel,
Whose chieftain claimed a kindred soul.

O! mourn the lost disastrous hour;
Lift the red eye of speechless grief,

* LEONIDAS.

While numbers throng the sultry shore,
And tear from hope the captive chief.

While the hard race of *pallid hue*,
Unpractised in the power to feel,
Resign him to the murd'rous crew,
The horrors of the quivering wheel.

Let sorrow bathe each blushing cheek;
Bend piteous o'er the tortured slave,
Whose wrongs compassion cannot speak;
Whose only refuge is the *grave*.

Judicial Procedure.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1857.

BY CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW.

THE friends of Freedom hail, as a happy augury, this judicial act of 1857, of the same righteous tribunal, by the same honored name that vindicated the law of Massachusetts, in 1836, in the case of the slave "Med."

They see in it a strengthening of the dykes so lately tampered with by the Supreme Court of the United States; while in the prompt declaration of the respondent, they behold a foreshadowing of the manner in which our true Southern brothers will receive the great popular decision which shall free millions of their brethren and ours.

M. W. C.

Supreme Judicial Court.

HABEAS CORPUS IN RELATION TO A SLAVE.

BEFORE SHAW, C. J., in Chambers, on Monday. Lucy S. Schuyler, widow, of Lawrence, petitioner for a writ of *habeas corpus*, commanding that Lewis Sweet bring

before the Court one Betty, held by said Sweet as a slave, and show by what right or pretence he presumed so to hold her, and intended to take her back to a slave State, &c. The writ was issued on Saturday, under the new statute, by the Judge of the Police Court, at Lawrence, and served upon the respondent by Deputy Sheriff Bartlett. At 11 o'clock to-day, Mr. Sweet and wife, together with their servant Betty, appeared before Chief Justice Shaw; but the case was disposed of without taking any testimony, an examination of witnesses being rendered unnecessary by the prompt declaration of the respondent's counsel, B. F. Watson, that Betty was at liberty to leave or remain with Mr. Sweet. So far she had not expressed to the family any desire to be free, nor had she manifested any opposition to the proceedings by *habeas corpus*, instituted in her behalf. He proceeded to state that Betty came from Tennessee with the respondent's family, consisting of his wife and child, Betty acting in the capacity of nurse; that they had been living at Lawrence six weeks, and that Betty had not been in any manner restrained of her liberty. Mr. Watson, in conclusion, proposed that it should be left to Betty to declare, in the presence of the Court, whether she preferred to leave, or remain with, Mr. Sweet, and stated that Mr. Sweet agreed to be bound by her answer, and to make no attempt to gain possession of her, should she decide to leave him.

C. A. Andrew, counsel for the respondent, said the proposal was a fair one.

The Chief Justice being of opinion that the examination of Betty should be in private, and free from the influence which might possibly be exercised by the mere presence of the parties, namely, the promoters of the petition and the respondent and wife, took her into the lobby and there questioned her for several minutes. Upon returning into Court he stated, that Betty appeared to be of sound mind and intelligent, and fully understood her position. She was about twenty-five years of age, and seemed competent to form an opinion for herself, and make her election. She had stated to him, that she was brought up with Mrs. Sweet from infancy, and was much attached to her; and had a free husband and relatives in Nashville, who she would not think of separating from, and she wished to return to them.

JUDGE SHAW'S REMARKS.

His Honor then said, that by the law of Massachusetts, this woman, having been brought into a free State by her master voluntarily, was not a fugitive from labor within the provision of the Constitution of the United States, and was en-

titled to her freedom; and that she could not lawfully be carried out of the State, against her consent. He believes the same rule of law, that if a slave is voluntarily carried into a free State, such slave is ever after entitled to freedom, is held in some of the slave States, if not all; it has been so judicially decided in Louisiana. But whether the law would be so held in Tennessee, in case the slave now here should voluntarily return with her master, he could not say, not being sufficiently acquainted with the laws and judicial decisions of that State, to form an opinion. But he added, to give her the full benefit of this principle hereafter, in case it could avail her to secure her freedom, in Tennessee, or any other State to which she might go, and to authenticate and perpetuate the proceedings here this day, a full record should be made of the facts, showing that she was brought into and resided some time in this State, by the voluntary act of the master; that

he disclaimed all right to carry her out of the State without her free consent, and expressed his willingness to leave her to her own free choice, so that, at any time hereafter, if her right to freedom should be drawn in question, in Tennessee or elsewhere, she could send here and obtain the authentic record of these proceedings.*

His Honor then passed an order, that Betty be at liberty to remain in Massachusetts as a free woman, or to return to Tennessee, if she saw fit: a copy of which is subjoined.

Mr. Watson, in behalf of Mr. Sweet, then inquired if he could not be protected against the interference of outside parties, and further annoyance by *habeas corpus* in keeping Betty in his family, with her own consent.

The Chief Justice replied, that any such interference with the liberty of Betty would be unlawful, and another resort to the *habeas corpus* would be ground for an action of damages, as the case had been fully adjudicated upon.

* The manuscript of his own words, with his sanction of this report and copy of the record, is graciously furnished, on request, by the Chief Justice himself.

Betty now withdrew with Mrs. Sweet to the lobby, and the crowd gradually left the court room. The attendance of colored people was very numerous, but strict order and decorum were observed throughout the proceedings.

The following is an exact copy of the record : —

Before me, Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, at chambers in the Court House, at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on Monday, the 9th day of November, Anno Domini 1857, on the return of a writ of *habeas corpus* issued by the Police Court of Lawrence, in the County of Essex, on the 7th of November instant, returnable before the Supreme Judicial Court, or some one of the Justices thereof.

The precept of the said writ was to command the sheriff, or either of his deputies, that the body of a colored woman, called Betty, whose further name was alleged to be unknown, but whose person and residence were described, by one Sullivan Sweet the younger, but whose true name was agreed before me to be Lewis Sweet, and his wife, whose true name was agreed before me to be Laura N. Sweet, restrained of her liberty, as it was said, he the officer take and have before the Supreme Judicial Court of the Common-

wealth, or one of the Justices thereof, at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, immediately after the receipt of said writ, to do and receive what said Court or Justice shall order and consider concerning her in that behoof.

And he was also commanded to summon the said Sweet and his wife, then and there to appear before said Court or Justice, to show the cause of the detaining of the said Betty. And the said writ was returned to Bayley Bartlett, Esq., Deputy Sheriff of said County of Essex, who thereupon certifies, that he has taken the body of the said Betty, and now has her before me, at the time and place abovementioned, and also that he had summoned the said Sweet, by giving him an attested copy of the said writ, on Saturday, the 7th instant, and his wife the same on the 9th instant.

And in pursuance of the said summons, the said Sweet, whose true name is admitted to be Lewis Sweet, and his wife, whose true name is admitted to be Laura N. Sweet, also appear at the same time and place.

And the said Lewis Sweet and Laura N. Sweet, by Benjamin F. Watson, Esq., their counsel and attorney, in their presence and in their behalf stated, that they came here from the State of Tennessee; that the said Betty was a slave in their service; that they went with her into various States of the Union and into the province of Canada, and then voluntarily brought her into the State of Massachusetts, and that she had resided with them in the city of Lawrence about six

weeks last past; that if she elected to remain in Massachusetts and be at liberty, they were willing she should do so; and that they had no intention or desire to prevent it.

Whereupon, I proposed and had an examination of the said Betty apart from the said Sweet and wife, and all other persons — upon which it appeared to me, that she is twenty-five years old, intelligent and capable of judging for herself; that she has a husband in Tennessee and other relatives; that she is much attached to Mr. and Mrs. Sweet; is very well treated by them, and desires to remain and return with them, and this desire she expressed decisively and upon repeated inquiries. I explained to her her right to freedom and protection here, and that she could not lawfully be taken away against her will.

Whereupon, it was ordered and adjudged, that the said Betty be at free liberty to remain with Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, or go elsewhere, at her free choice, and that all persons be interdicted and forbidden to interfere with her personal liberty in this respect.

And I direct this order to be annexed to said writ and return, and filed with the records of the Supreme Judicial Court for the County of Suffolk, for the information and security of all persons concerned.

LEMUEL SHAW,
Chief Justice, S. J. C.

Sonnet.

Written after seeing the picture, "Christus Consolator," and reprinted from the Liberty Bell of 1844.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

SAVIOUR! Consoler! in Thy presence bending,
Lo, what a train of mourners round Thee wait!
What earnest prayers from breaking hearts ascending,
Thy blessed help and comfort invocate!
Great as their sorrow, is Thy mercy great!
The youthful mother, weeping for her child —
The murderer, haunted by remorse, too late —
The maniac, tortured by his fancies wild;
And chief, the fettered and forsaken slave
Among this crowd of sufferers claims a place!
Stronger than all, *that* claim on Him who gave
His life a ransom for the human race.
When *we*, as mourners, on Thy mercy call,
May we, like Thee, have loved and pitied all!

Sonnet.

The Christus Consolator, of Ary Scheffer, and the Frontispice of the American Episcopal Book of Common Prayer.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

BORNE down by many wrongs upon the tide,
Of my life's pilgrimage, I entered where
A mighty priesthood worshipped side by side,
A stately temple filled with praise and prayer.
To them, beholding, did my heart repair:
"Bless and console me!" in my grief I cried.
They coldly asked me "if my face were fair?
By wealth and greatness earthly-glorified?"
And each a shining volume opened wide
Before my vision; and the page doth bear
Their God and Saviour, for mankind that died—
Their Great REDEEMER—*but no slave is there!*
"Down! devil in disguise!" I cried; "thou liest,
Thou curse of Christendom, the tyrant's Christ!"

The Voice of the Departed.

THE REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, OF BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

BY SAMUEL MAY, JUNIOR.

THE cause of Freedom, Humanity, and Truth, is God's, and is in no wise weakened when its best and most eloquent earthly advocates are silenced and removed by death. But it is hard for those who still remain to carry on the contest with its enemies, open or secret, to feel this truth in its fulness. As one and another valiant soldier falls at their side, as they see some true brother-in-arms, to whom they had never vainly looked for encouragement and aid, borne away from the field forever, there comes a momentary feeling of discouragement, as if the good cause had lost that, the loss of which might prove disastrous,—and the cry again goes up, as of yore, "Help, Lord! for the godly man

ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

A sorrowful and very painful thing it is when the cause of Justice and Right loses supporters who *desert* it; whose hope and courage fail, who yield to temptation, threatening, or hardship, and become ciphers or foes, where once they were friends, steadfast and true. But no discouragement follows the loss of such. The coward and the traitor stir up, in every manly breast, an honest indignation, which nerves the arm with new vigor; and the true soldiers close up their ranks with cheerful will, and move onward as with a fresh inspiration. But when a faithful soul, which has never put off the armor which it put on in its first devotion to the cause of Liberty and Right, ceases from among us, when a true and brave man falls, and we know that his hand shall no more grasp the weapons of our warfare here, then it is that we experience a deep sense of loss, and we ask, in a present doubt, who there be to make good his place.

But a true and righteous cause is a great con-

soler. It conveys to the soul a perfect assurance of its own immortality. It is known and seen to be a cause that "hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God;" standing firm and calm, where no calamity can reach it, no losses impoverish it, no power restrain or successfully resist it. Its servants may learn to distrust this or the other human instrumentality, but of the certain glorious triumph of the cause itself, they can feel no distrust. Even though they should see their bravest and best companions taken from their side, they remember that Justice and Right, and Truth, have lost nothing of their divine strength, but remain the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Especially, when a faithful and brave soldier dies cheering on his companions, and blessing their cause with his last breath, then, indeed, does the value of his constant example well supply the loss of his personal presence. A new sacredness seems given to the cause for which they are laboring, and a new tie joins them to the innumerable company, gathered out of every land, and from

every age, who are no other than the elect of God.

It was simply our purpose to place on these pages a record of the death of our friend and brother, GEORGE ARMSTRONG, which took place at Bristol, England, on the sixth of August last, to acknowledge the eminent services which, in various ways, through many years, and with a never-faltering spirit, he rendered to the Anti-Slavery cause, and to offer our tribute of respect to his memory. Educated in the English church, but leaving it for conscience's sake, he took early his stand for full religious and spiritual Freedom. As the successor of the Rev. Dr. Carpenter, in the pulpit of Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol, he maintained, and carried into new fields the spirit of manly freedom and courage for which that pulpit had been honorably distinguished. With a rare consistency he espoused the world-wide, but unpopular cause of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and to the end of his life was one of its ablest and most eloquent champions. His vigorous and well-timed blows, his peculiarly ardent and

searching words, will not cease to be felt by this generation, or to live in the memory of those who knew him and who stood with him for the Right.

In one of the later letters of his life, to a friend in this country, and in reference to the labors of the American Abolitionists, he thus wrote:

"After all, that country surely is not irredeemably lost, or irreclaimably wicked,—where such intellects ripen, and where such sentiments are cherished and expressed even by a few righteous and noble natures! May the Lord increase their number, strengthen their souls, and bless their labors.

"My heart is with them, and my heart's prayers. I am never to see them, it may be; but I shall yet know them, and love them, and be one with them—in the Great Presence,—when, through mercy, we meet in the promised Kingdom of the Everlasting Father."

LEICESTER, November 30, 1857.

The Slave's Ultima Ratio.

LETTER.

BY J. M. McKIM.

DESIRING to obtain an authentic account of the late reported insurrections in Kentucky, I wrote to my friend Mr. McKim. His reply is as follows: —

With the "weary knife-grinder," my response is,—

"Story, God bless you! I've none to tell, Sir!"

There has been no late insurrection in the South. But false as these rumors have been, it cannot be said, entirely without qualification, that there has been no collusion, of late, among the slaves, nor any attempt, on their part, to throw off the yoke. On the contrary, they are continually striving and conspiring to obtain their freedom; and with a success, too, of which we have daily the most gratifying proof. Flight, not fight, is the slave's *ultima ratio;* and many there be that betake themselves to this last resort. From all along the Atlantic seaboard, and from every part of the border States, they "fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows." They come to us from the interior of Virginia, and from the Dismal Swamp of North Carolina. They

reach us by expedients the most ingenious, and through sufferings which nothing but the hope of Liberty could make endurable. Exactly *fifty* — men, women, and children — have passed through the hands of our Vigilance Committee, in the last fortnight! Five of them came by sea, in an open skiff, doubling capes, on the rocks of which many a stauncher bark has foundered! One of the fifty came from Alabama, travelling night after night, as opportunity offered, on the top of a railroad car! A woman came to us, last summer, from a Southern port, packed in a travelling trunk! I send you, herewith, a photograph likeness of this heroine, presenting her as she appeared when the trunk was opened. I will not multiply instances; but I could tell you of hair-breadth escapes, by flood and field, — of perils by sea, and perils by land, and perils among false brethren, — escapes achieved and perils encountered by these brave men and women, compared with which all adventures of fiction would be acknowledged by you to be tame and wonderless. But this is no part of my present purpose; which is, to let you know, by these facts, that our Anti-Slavery movement has crossed the line; that having removed obstacles to the slave's escape on this side, it has passed over and now furnishes him with facilities on the other. The leaven is working even at the South; the light is beginning to shine where Cimmerian darkness before prevailed. The slaveholders cannot shut it out. White and black, bond and free, acknowledge its power. The search laws and the lynch laws, the harbor inspectors and the nightly patrols, and every other expedient to arrest discussion and hinder "fugacious slaves," have proved utterly unavailing. Other railroads are in a declining condition, and have stopped

their semi-annual dividends; but the Underground has never before done so flourishing a business.

I rejoice in these multiplying escapes, not simply or mainly because of the individual victims who are thereby rescued from bondage—though this is no small gain to humanity — but because of the moral influence they exert upon the whole slave system, and the evidence they afford of a change going on in public sentiment. The tenure by which slave property is held all along our borders, is greatly weakened by these multiplying flights. Human chattels, even when but partially enlightened, constitute a very uncertain sort of possession. The "riches" of the slaveholders, "make themselves *legs* and fly away." Then the public opinion of the North used to obstruct the passage of these escaping slaves. It is not so now. Slave law or no slave law, no active hindrance is opposed to their flight. The labors of the Abolitionists have made this law of none effect. The same is in a measure true of the South. The slaves who escape from the South are aided by free men, and free *white* men. Nine out of ten of all who come to us are brought or aided hither by Southern men. These are facts which are full of promise. They denote that the good time which is coming is moving towards us with accelerated speed. And although it would hardly be safe to fix a day for its arrival, the author of the "Impending crisis of the South" cannot be much out of the way when he intimates that the centennial anniversary of American Independence will find every slave in the land disenthralled.

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
November 19, 1857.

Truth.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Among the few things absolutely sure, is the obligation of them that search for truth to communicate what they obtain.

The Knoll, Ambleside,
November, 1857.

La Cloche.

PAR ALFRED VINET.*

O chantre grave et doux, si mon cœur te devine,
Dis, n'es tu point l'écho de cette voix divine
Dont les accents sont des Bienfaits?
Rassurante comme elle, et pleine de puissance
La tienne fait vibrer l'amour et l'espérance
Au fond des cœurs muets.

Canton de Vaud.

* Décédé.